News Compendium

Volume 3 - 2002 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold it's future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 Arlogeist's Robot Line of 2002

Friday, Jan 04, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

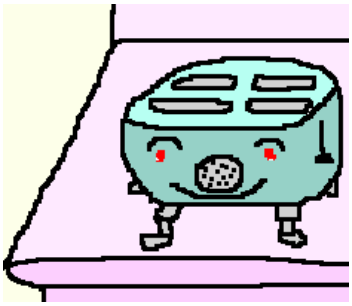
Please excuse me while I mangle the lyrics to one of the worst Megadeth songs ever created in a long lineage of bad Megadeth songs. Robot fever is currently sweeping the nation, as it tends to do roughly every six months. We have been raised on a great love for robotics; they are our helpful mechanical friends, dedicated to serving us and doing the labor that we just don't enjoy doing. You can see them in "House of the Future" and "The Kitchen of Tomorrow" movie reels from the fifties, where futurists believed every kitchen would come equipped with a sparking and beeping butler to toss salads for you. Nearly every science fiction movie shows just how helpful robots can be, especially foot tall robots that look like end tables on wheels that scoot around and serve no purpose other than carrying drinks at science fiction parties.

The reality is slightly different. We've got robots building cars and computers, robotic aircraft that provide reconnaissance information or drop robotic bombs. But where are all the household robots we have been promised for decades? Why can't food service robots surpass the technology displayed by the band at ShowBiz Pizza? Ladies and gentlemen, they can and they will.

Arlogeist GmbH, a recent acquisition of StateOg and its partner Mordred, Dread Lucian, and Goldbaum, Inc, is pleased to present our spring line of robotics for the home and office. We have freed the technology of robotics from the shackles of industry and offer it now for personal enjoyment and office assistance.

The Sparkling Joy Toaster

Direct from our engineers in Japan comes the Sparkling Joy Toaster, a revolutionary design in "smart" kitchen appliances. Capable of toasting four pieces of bread to a variety of levels based on your personal tastes, the SJT will also sing and flash a number of lights at you as it does so. Because we could not afford the rights to songs, the SJT is limited to a catalog of 25 public domain pieces. Sometimes it will improvise lyrics to the songs but because we couldn't figure out how to make it so that the Toaster could tell what song it was playing, the lyrics will never match the melody. The SJT is fully mobile, with four small load-bearing legs that allow it to move around your kitchen at a brisk 20 miles per hour, which it will do constantly whenever toasting bread.



The SJT will make toasting fun and easy.

The SJT unit weighs in at a considerable 250lbs, but thanks to its ability to move on its own you won't have to worry about lugging it around the kitchen when you toast. When the bread is inserted and the toaster levers depressed it will begin singing and flashing its lights. After its main engine has charged it will run in circles around the kitchen. Its advanced collision detection ensures that any bumps will probably not kill or severely cripple you. The flashing bulbs got extremely hot and may light flammables within your kitchen on fire, so it is suggested that you install ceiling bins for all potential fire hazards that the SJT might collide with. It is also highly recommended that you replace weak kitchen flooring with a StateOg Industrial Effluent Channel. That way when the SJT runs off it won't destroy any of your valuable cookware or children with its whimsical hijinx.

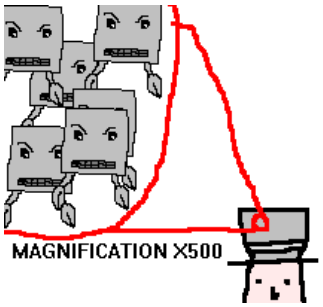
The Nano Hat

Advances in micro robotics have made possible one of the most revolutionary and advanced home

robotics achievements since Teddy Ruxpin. The Nano Hat consists of a swarm of electrically stimulated flying micro droids. These "Nanites" will hover in a corner and read your brain's electrical impulses. When they detect that you wish to don a hat they will coalesce into the shape of the desired headgear and drop down onto your head. This advanced hat robot collective is still in the prototype stages, so there are a number of technical and user interface issues we still need to work out.

The Nano Hat can transform into the following hat types:

- Top Hat
- Pashmina
- Babushka
- Baseball Cap (Orioles and Brewers only at present)
- Tri-corn Hat
- Pirate Hat
- Indian Headdress
- Turban
- Fez



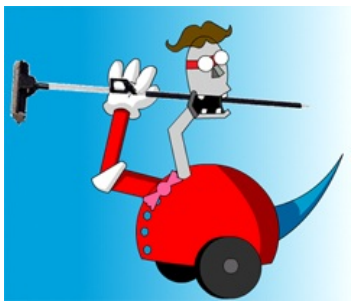
This close-up of the amazing "Nanites" that compose the Nano Hat shows you the incredible detail of the devices.

This list will be greatly expanded once we can program the Nano Hat for more hat types. Due to current model limitations if you try to use the Nano Hat for a non-programmed hat type it will default to a Top Hat. If you use the Nano Hat to make any type of Baseball Cap not affiliated with the Orioles or Brewers it will become enraged and attempt to "repurpose" the subcutaneous fat of your thighs into the shape of Abraham Lincoln. If this occurs do not move no matter how painful the process is or the Nano Hat may attempt to utilize other tissue types. Blood loss should be minimal. The vestigial Abe Lincoln should be no more than six inches tall and only semi-sentient. Feel free to go to one of our conveniently located Lincoln removal centers and in a painless procedure we will remove it with very little scarring or swelling.

Do not tell Abe Lincoln any secrets or discuss sensitive issues while his ears are exposed as he has very little self-control and the propensity to engage in scuttlebutt.

The Molestinator DX209

When we purchased the design schematics for the Molestinator from "Team Leapin' Leprechaun" we thought we had made quite an amazing deal. When the Molestinator turned out to be a smoking pile of junk that caught fire almost hourly and would be overturned by a slight breeze, we tried to sue "Team Leapin' Leprechaun". Unfortunately their offices in the back of a 1984 Ford Aerostar minivan had relocated to parts unknown and we were left with seemingly useless blueprints.



Mop + Molestinator = Clean household

Never doubt American ingenuity! Helpful Arlogeist janitor Phong Dao determined that if you used an entire roll of masking tape to secure the head of a mop to the front of a Molestinator, when it sort

of wobbled around it would clean up the floor. This was a real windfall, so we promoted Phong Dao to head of the Molestinator DX209 project, our own innovation in the cleaning robot market.

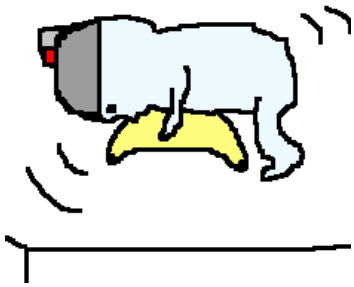
Now we are proud to offer the greatly improved Molestinator DX209, ready to take your kitchen or bathroom by storm and revolutionize the home of 2002. The Molestinator DX209 includes a number of amazing features such as:

- Will clean pots or pans if they are flattened with a hammer and placed in its path as he lurches randomly around the room.
- May fall over and accidentally comb your hair.
- Provides excellent wind resistance, as long as the wind isn't coming from ghosts haunting your house. Ghosts cause the Molestinator to become agitated and irritable, thereby increasing the chances that he'll protest by ramming into your closet door for three straight hours.
- If left plugged into an outlet overnight he will scrub your wiring clean of excess dirt through some process better left unmentioned. It is not possible to deactivate the Molestinator's speech circuit and he will moan the whole time it is doing this.
- Molestinator can be upgraded to Windows XP. This means that the Atari 5200 sticker on his head is simply replaced with a Windows XP sticker. If we are out of Windows XP stickers, we will replace the Atari 5200 sticker with another Atari 5200 sticker.
- The Molestinator has been programmed to speak 48 different languages. Simultaneously.
- The Molestinator still believes it is 1957, even though he was invented in 2001, so do not inform him that he is not 1957 or he will explode.
- The Molestinator will explode if you tell him the year is 1957.
- The Molestinator can fondle and grope your sensitive areas. Do not attempt to stop him, just let him, it's much easier that way.
- The Molestinator can easily distinguish between two identical twins. It will still call both of them "Eulabelle" though.
- Purchase two Molestinators so the second one can clean up after the first one! Put them next to each other and they will "talk". The Molestinator's speak the ancient and sacred language of "smoldering for three hours and then bursting into white phosphorous fire".
- Our trained engineers have spent years upon years researching the technology and software capabilities allowing them to program the Molestinator to do God knows what.
- If you buy a Molestinator as a Christmas present, he'll begin rewrapping himself as soon as his box is unwrapped.
- The "Molestinator for Girls" robot is a new edition specifically tailored for girls and young women. It ships with a wig and a purse. The purse contains additional wigs made from authentic American dog hair. You cannot open the purse and the Molestinator for Girls refuses to wear a wig.
- The Molestinator will write poetry to gain your favor. All of his poems are based on a list of his currently malfunctioning components.
- Molestinator plays theme from "Designing Women" when frightened

- The Molestinator "death alarm" will go off when you died, in order to help your spirit will realize that you are no longer living and it can now go up to heaven or hell or wherever.

The Molestinator is modestly priced and ready to service your needs. The Molestinator comes free with a carrying case that doubles as an emergency fireproof storage unit.

The Banana Rackarang



The Banana Rackarang is not fetus related!

Advances in gyroscopic technology have permitted Arlogeist to develop the new and incredible Banana Rackarang. This amazing new robot not only solves your banana storage crisis, it will entertain your family and friends with hours of circulating around the room. The Banana Rackarang is launched when you press the activations button and insert a single banana into its carry pouch. It will then fly in circles around your kitchen until you need a banana. Then just capture it in the included banana net.

The Banana Rackarang is so much fun that you might just collapse from a serious case of the "Fun" heart attack. Batteries? Gasoline? Coal? Dried Timber? Love? Nope, the Banana Rackarang runs on bananas. Its three-stage enzymatic processor derives all the power it needs from the bananas you insert into it. It only uses one banana per hour!

The Banana Rackarang will scream constantly at you any time you take a banana from its banana pouch and it will cry about "my babies", but just ignore that. Also ignore it if it starts bleeding, no matter what the government might tell you the Banana Rackarang is completely mechanical and has nothing to do with a human fetus.

So check out of the hotel Hard Work and into the hotel Easy Street this year with a little help from Arlogeist's robotics division! We make easy living as easy as cutting a really easy pie made out of easy fruit.

Photoshop Phriday Phun Phantasy!

Fragmaster and the SA Forums have cooked up another incredible Photoshop Phriday with a little help from Lowtax's sexy posing skills. He posted some photos of himself and the goons went nuts with the Photoshop, let's take a look at the results:

> Recently, Something Awful founder and editor-in-creep Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka had his feline friend Spaz the Cat snap off a few candid photographs of his visage in a variety of saucy poses. Lowtax then had the good sense to post these pictures to the SA forums, and his Photoshop-happy fans did the rest! Enjoy their quality digital editing or else!

They went to a lot of work so we didn't have to, so head on over and check it out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.2 Something Awful 2001 in Review

Saturday, Jan 05, 2002 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

The Best of The Worst

Among other things, 2001 was the year the Internet stopped being cool. Thousands of daffy Internet businesses went under, dragging billions of foolishly invested dollars and foosball tables along with them. Nobody "surfs the web" anymore. The Internet isn't fun, it's just a tool for forwarding funny pictures of dogs and cats making out to relatives, checking sports scores, staring at pictures of clothing-challenged people, sending suggestive instant messages to pre-schoolers, and buying things you're too embarrassed to buy in an actual store and can't just pirate off Morpheus. Pretty sad.

Through it all, Something Awful has trudged on. Sure, Lowtax may have threatened to shut the site down forty or so times, but we're still here. Unfortunately. Inflicting whatever the hell we're trying to accomplish upon the innocent 0.4% of the Internet population that somehow encountered SA while searching for autopsy photos or videos of tasty kittens being slow-roasted and consumed by Asian home economics teachers.

According to Lowtax, the epitome of humor is to mislabel pictures with nonsense. This, for example, is his idea of "comedy gold." Gee, and I wonder why Hollywood isn't knocking on his door and begging him to write the next "American Pie" movie!

I thought this would be a good time to take a fond look back on 2001 by highlighting some of the year's most significant SA updates, since I can't think of anything better to do. Note that I didn't say "best" or "greatest" updates, since to be perfectly honest most of them aren't particularly great or amusing. The vast majority of them consist of Lowtax or Zack whining about robots, pirates, or games, making bad gay jokes, and drawing "silly" graphs with mislabeled captions before launching into a long-winded tirade against a person or group of persons who are more successful and popular than they could ever hope to be. All *my* updates, however, are sensible dissertations of our society and feature witty banter which makes sly and exceedingly clever references to some of the most beloved and respected works of 19th century art and literature. Because I'm not a poopheaded faggot like those queers, HAHA I 0wN3d j00!!!

Attempts at ironic humor aside, here are some old updates that may have been funny last year, but aren't anymore:

- **The Urkel Shirt** - Lowtax finally musters up the courage to do his laundry after running out of socks to wipe up the lard dripping down his chin with. He discovers a Steve Urkel t-shirt and makes fun of it mercilessly, which might have been a forgivable fashion offense if he had not gone out and purchased an XFL New York New Jersey Hitman t-shirt a few weeks later. Note the use of a "silly" graph. The captions don't match!
- **Super Bowl, Super Villains** - My third update, remembered mostly for the scary story about my hand... or somebody's hand, regardless, it's creepy and demonstrates why I'll die alone and unloved. The Awful Link of The Day features video of grown women forcing their cats to dance with them.
- **Game Developer Conference (GDC) 2001** - Notable because it details one of Lowtax's few trips outside his apartment for something other than getting lawsuit threats from angry webmasters in his mail, renting bad movies, or buying ungodly amounts of

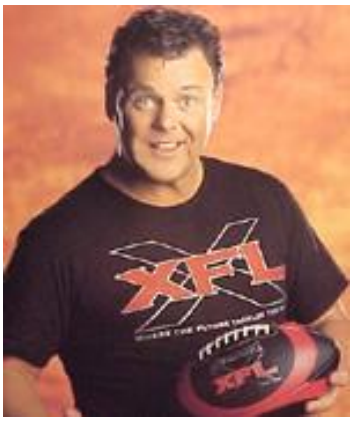
food. Nerd.

- **Duck and Cover** - DEREK SMART, DEREK SMART, DEREK SMART! Although it's ironic that Lowtax makes fun of Derek Smart for his games taking too long to develop when he himself has spent approximately the last sixteen months slaving away on Cliff Yablonski: Freedom Fighter. Hypocrite.
- **Wake the fuck up, you dumb shits** - Cliff Yablonski teaches us how to make a gas station key! Quite possibly the most educational update of the year.
- **Lowtax Has Been Hit By a Bus** - Lowtax moves from Southern California to Seattle, only to get run over by a bus his very first week there! Thankfully, good old Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons is able to pick up the slack. The bus accident trilogy continues in part 2 and part 3.
- **LOOK AT EXCITENING CHANGE OF PASCE ON THES WEBSIET!!!** - Jeff K. kicks off "Project: Go Away" week in high style! Basically, the goal of Project: Go Away was to scare readers away from the site to help lower bandwidth costs, since the ad market had crashed and the site was losing money hand over wrist. Project: Go Away continued with help from Leonard "J." Crabs and "Team Racecar" and Semi Automatic Turban's terrible homeland stories.
- **Taliban TalliBan Everyting, Mon!** - See, even in July, before CNN and all those other media bigwigs figured it out, Something Awful knew the Taliban was nothing more than a flock of bearded retards and thus bad news! I also warned of Bin Laden's terrorist activities prior to September 11th, but I did nothing to stop the Al-Queda. So I guess that means I've got even more innocent blood on my conscience. Dammit.
- **Petition For an Image-Free Internet** - Lowtax tries to ban images from the Internet, forcing us to return to the dark ages of text-only erotic X-Files fan fiction. No dice.
- **WELL WELL WWEL!!!** - Our September 11th update. Way to commemorate a solemn and incredibly historical day!
- **WHAT I DID FOR HALLOWEEN BY CLIFF YABLONSKI!!** - Possibly Cliff Y.'s finest hour, as he details his encounters with pesky misfit trick-or-treaters and teaches us how to make Halloween beer. Man, that Mr. Yablonski sure is a swell guy!
- **A Not So Surprising Development** - Zack gets in trouble for comparing Scientology to the Taliban... or was it the other way around? Anyway, those crazy clam-molesters threaten to sue and Zack strikes back with a vengeance. That'll teach those "Battlefield Earth" spewing sapheads!
- **Vote for Lowtax!** - I write about the history of Thanksgiving and then urge readers to vote for Lowtax as *Entertainment Weekly's* Entertainer of the Year, a campaign dreamed up by those silly forum goons. Although he was winning by like 400,000 votes at one point, in the end it didn't even matter, Lowtax lost and Linkin Park was proven correct once again.
- **Acne Attack-ne** - When it comes right down to it, Something Awful isn't really much more than just another crappy E/N site, as seen in this thrilling update about Lowtax's pockmarked face. Again, note the use of a "silly" graph. This is terrible. And to think *Lowtax* was nominated for Entertainer of the Year when Zack and I do all the really good stuff while he sits back and counts his tens of dollars.

We closed out December with the revealing of the Bin Laden tape as a hoax, whining about Dungeons and Dragons, and posting embarrassing childhood drawings.

So it was a pretty unfunny year and it looks like Lowtax and Zack were just wasting our time. Oh wait, it's not as if we've got anything better to do since we're all social rejects. Well, at least those guys are. My relatives say I'm quite the handsome, intelligent, sophisticated powerhouse. Probably because I've forwarded them all those pictures of dogs and cats making out. So I'm a cool guy. There's even more junk in the Something Awful Archives, but like I said, most of it is utter crap. Unlike Fireman Comics which was the only decent and morally acceptable piece of media this assbag site produced all year.

Now let's take a moment to say goodbye to a few of the jokes that thankfully didn't live long enough to see the new year. May they rest in pieces and never be spoken of again:



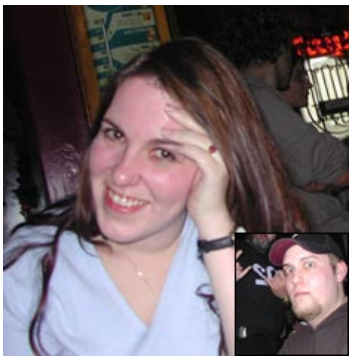
-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

1.3 Zack Meets Internet People

Sunday, Jan 06, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Happy Holidays or "I Met an Internet Grrl"

I feel obligated to follow up on my original cynical post about the holidays given the number of sympathetic and friendly e-mails I received about it. For those of you who missed out, here is the article where I discuss bank account pillaging and a long car ride with my grandmother. Really exciting, I know, but hopefully this article will be less depressing.



"Fisty" is no doubt thinking "Wow, he is loud and annoying! Shut up about Return to Castle Wolfenstein!" while (inset) I'm about to do something loud and annoying.

A ten year legacy of sad and angry family Christmases came to an end this year, with the most happy, relaxed and close Christmas I've ever shared with my family. It was one of the first times in a long time I can even point to spending time with them and say "I enjoyed myself that day". This means I need to go back on a lot of my bah-humbuggery and say; "Christmas isn't always a sock full of doorknobs in the night". Part of my positive attitude might have come from the fact that I had some odd, nerve-wracking, but very positive New Years arrangements planned.

I was going to Chicago to hang out with one of the forum admins. Not just any forum admin either, we'll call her "Fisty", and in working with her somewhere along the lines we had become friends. A little farther along the lines we had begun to wonder if maybe there wasn't something else there too. So all in all it was the post-modern equivalent of finally meeting that penpal who has been sending you the perfumed letters for months. This was a very weird situation indeed, one that had all of that horrible blind-date anxiety mixed in with a huge helping of "this could fuck up the workplace environment really bad". On the other hand she was a great person, I felt like I knew everything but her body language and I was willing to make the trip.

It was a disaster.

I got you nay saying bastards! It was fantastic. We hung out together, we saw a movie, we got pizza, and my anxiety passed. The next day we went shopping and out to lunch and then for New Years Eve went out drinking, where we met up with Dante Passera, creator of the Kitty & Fatty cartoons and all around good guy. He was already drunk when we met up with him but we still shared a lot of laughs. The next morning we went to brunch at her friend's apartment - her friend who was the female version of Vince Vaughn, talking and being comically bossy constantly - it was a great time. That evening was spent curled up on the couch watching the entire first season of Twin Peaks and being attacked by the most affectionate cat ever invented by the Free Masons.

Handsome gentleman Dante Passera hams it up with his inflatable friend in this artistic shot also taken New Years Eve.

I left the next morning and I miss her already. Suffice it to say that I'm in some bizarre futuristic long range relationship now, which is why I'm telling you all this. I need your advice, I need to keep that spark burning bright, so I'm going to lay some of my ideas for romance on you. If you've got any others, please, feel free to e-mail them to me as I am very open-minded.

Valentines Day Cake

I tried to show off my fantastically horrible cooking skills to Fisty while I was in Chicago but I think she somehow sensed it would be a disaster and made sure there wasn't enough time. If I surprise her with a baked good she would not have the opportunity to call off the cookin' and I know every man wants a woman who is skilled in the kitchen. Wait... well, okay, it's the future and all, roles can be reversed! I am going to bake her a cake for Valentines day, but the thing is I don't want to use a cake mix because I think women can taste the lumps in it and somehow identify them as cake mix lumps. I've been working on a machine that will actually fire the scratch ingredients for a cake - fully mixed - into a waiting pan. The only downside to this machine is that it has a bad habit of leaking its primary coolant (Diethylbromide) into the "cake propellant hopper", contaminating it to the point that only myself and a few of my friends can eat it. I think I can straighten out this problem before February, but the icing is a whole other issue. The rats with the porous icing reservoir feet absolutely refuse to run in the shape of a heart. And they keep trying to bite my eyes. And they are diseased.

Jewelry

"Here you go honey, rescued from Saigon at the last minute by a CIA helicopter!"

Shiny things impress the ladies, I know this from a long history of trading trinkets to the Native Americans for vast tracts of land, and Native Americans are basically like ladies only bigger. From my dealings that went awry I know that you must carefully choose the jewelry or you'll end up with some serious tomahawk wounds to the head and neck. I could go with something like a heart pendent or something like that, but that's generic, and women, much like the Narragansett Tribe, like to feel important. What I intend to do instead is go to the local "Everything is a Fucking Dollar" store and search through their refurbished jewelry bin. Most of these things are plastic baubles spray painted gold and encrusted with an equal mass of various translucent plastic gems. I'll purchase the largest of these I can find because bigger is definitely better and I want my special lady to know that she has super sized my heart. No seriously, I have an enlarged heart.

I'll place it in an old-looking box and set up a romantic evening with her, at which point I will launch into a long story about this piece of jewelry that has been passed through the generations of the Parsons family. I'll tell her the story about how it was once captured by the Nazis when my grandfather got shot down by a German pilot and he parachuted into a French farm house. Refusing medical attention he recovered the jewelry from an SS castle that included death defying leaps and possibly zombies or mummies. After I've hyped it up beyond belief I'll give it to her and watch her eyes light up, then guilt her incredibly any time I catch her not wearing it.

Erotic Lingerie

Nothing says "I want to defile you" like a set of extremely risqué lingerie. Since I'm on something of a budget I know Frederick's of Hollywood is out of the question, but that doesn't mean I'm going to give up so easily. I intend to go to the finest undergarment dealer on the block (Wal Mart) and purchase a three pack of Hanes Her Way white cotton panties and a bra that will probably be the wrong size. A few snips of the old tailor's scissors and I will reduce them to a series of hanging strips barely connected to the elastic. Ladies like things frilly and the thesaurus in my loins says a synonym for "frilly" is hot glued "crepe paper", which I will apply liberally to the edges of the bra. LOOKIN' HOT TONIGHT, YOWSAH!

Flowers

Agggh, these flowers are infested with weevils!

Tradition dictates that flowers are a great gift to give to the young lady who is tugging at your heart strings, but for my special lady not just any flowers will do. Unfortunately I don't know much about flowers other than they come in various colors and that they are named after women like "Rose" and "Daisy" and "Margaret". I do know quite a bit about computer components and World War II however. I've got an old Voodoo2 card lying around this place somewhere and if I can melt off the circuit board into a stem-like mold I've got myself a green stem. While the mold is still hot and malleable I can tear pages out of "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" - don't worry, I've got two copies - and shape them into petals and stick them at one end. Spray on some of my ex-wife's perfume for a touch of class and BAM, perfect flower. That's a good one, I can't wait to see the look on her face, I sure hope I get some sex out of that. I bet I can if I tell her I used my ex-wife's perfume.

Other Options

I haven't fully considered these options, but they've been floating around my dreamy mind and they would all rest within my capabilities.

- Make her a unitard, because women love clothing and what can be more efficient than one piece of clothing for everything?
- Construct a zip gun for her in case she gets involved in gang warfare.
- Buy her a cook book so she can cook better food for me and not that crap she usually makes.
- Hire a hooker on Valentines who is willing to work with couples, then spend weeks trying to drink off the image of her moaning in another woman's arms.
- Buy her a gift certificate to "All Things World War II" so that she doesn't have to spend money on my birthday.
- Pay some of my friends to stage an attempted kidnapping of her and then scare them off with pepper spray.
- Dub my porn collection onto video CD so she can "take a little of the action home".
- Get her a calling card and in bold red marker on the front write my number and the caption "CALL ME ONLY WHEN IT'S WET."

I'm sure I'll come up with more, but if you devise any, please feel free to let me know.

I think I've got the start of something wonderful on my hands here and I sure hope I don't fuck it all up with my big mouth like I usually do. Wait, I just reread this whole article and I am a fucking moron. Oh well, I may be a moron but I make up for it by being too lazy to start this article over from scratch and not make an ass of myself.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.4 How to Determine if You're In the Future!

Tuesday, Jan 08, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As an average human being who currently inhabits the planet of whatever planet this is, we're faced with many challenges and obstacles we must overcome while trying to live our lives and do things such as pay taxes or remove the orange stuff from inside our ear canals. In fact, there are so many challenges and obstacles that I can't even list them all on this website or else I'd die of old age in the process... and that itself is a challenge or perhaps obstacle! Even thinking about this challenge or obstacle is itself a challenge or obstacle! Do you understand the absolute complexity of what I'm talking about here? I really hope so, because I lost myself around the first sentence. I think I was writing something about how we need more chalk in our diets, I don't know.

The FUTURE!!!

Regardless, one of the biggest risks we take every day involves the chance that we might instantly be teleported into the future. Rare, highly scientific studies that involved really complex tools like scales and those machines that don't do anything but show a scrolling sine wave have shown that many of us have a tendency to travel into the future, even while asleep! Luckily most of us are moving into the future at the speed of one second per second, but I've seen an awful lot of movies where people step into giant gym lockers with strobe track lighting and when they step out, bam, it's the future. Now I'm not talking about a couple seconds into the future, I'm talking about a few fucking years or even decades! Can you imagine that? You're just wandering around, minding your own business and walking into strange lockers, and suddenly you find yourself in a dark and scary world where AOL doesn't exist and if it does it's probably named something like "CyberMegaGlobAOL" and their logo is a hologram of a cyborg eagle shooting lasers out of its eyes at a decapitated nun's head. This is a fear all of us have to live with day in and day out. Today's guide will walk you through the steps necessary to identify and adapt to being forcefully teleported into the future.

The FUTURE!!!

The future appears to be much different than the current, non-future world. If you or any of your friends believes you are currently occupying the future, please stop and look around. Your environment should vary from the world as you know it. Look for the following telltale signs which indicate that you are, in fact, occupying the future:

- The cars are really small and are composed of what appears to be acrylic bubbles. Acrylic bubble cars are much more economically sound and futuristic than the types of vehicles we normally drive around because tests have shown that bubbles move a lot faster than 3000-pound metal cubes, especially when underwater. Add this to the fact that people really like spheres (how do you think basketball or snowmen got so popular?), and its easy to understand why scientists of the future will decide to make cars that look like giant cat toys. If the future is inhabited by giant radioactive cats, expect scientists to invent cars that are still small white spheres only they have humongous neon green flashing signs that read "IF YOU ARE A GIANT RADIOACTIVE CAT, YOU'D BETTER NOT EAT THIS CAR." Then there would be a picture of a giant radioactive cat and there would be a big red X through it. That's for the cats who can't read.

- Horrible fashion trends that no willing human being would ever embrace. If the entire population around you is wearing pure white cloaks or skintight wardrobes that are completely black, you'll know you've either entered the future or some secret Scientology meeting. You see, a human being's intelligence level is inversely proportional to their fashion sense. This is why you never see Playboy models working on cold fusion projects or Carl Sagan doing strip shows. Well, that and the fact that he's been dead for over half a decade. So it only makes sense that the more complex and intelligent we as a species become, the more horridly repulsive outfits we decide to wear. Futuristic fashion styles include giant poofy colored hair, pleated black slacks that are way too tight, industrial chains that double as utility belt straps, and a wide variety of other things that make it really uncomfortable when sitting down. Nobody ever bothers sitting down in the future because they're all too busy marveling at the wonderful futuristic things like bubble cars or futuristic mirrors that, instead of showing your reflection, displays a picture of Azlea Anistasia wearing a sombrero.

- Retarded computers. Many people ignorantly believe that computers will get easier to use as time progresses. Oh how wrong they are! And stupid! If anybody ever tries to tell you something like that, you should shove them down and stab them with a shank you made from a box spring mattress. Just take a look at the difference between the latest Windows OS, Windows XP, and the first Windows OS, Windows 0.01. Here is a screenshot from Windows XP:

Can you even tell what's going on in this screenshot? Windows XP is billed as this totally rad-to-the-max awesome operating system, but in reality it's like this groadie, gag-me-with-a-spoon piece of non-tubular software. Compare and contrast this with the original Windows 0.01:

And we call Windows XP progress? I don't think so! Using this logic, it's no wonder that computers of the future can be identified by noticing the following characteristics:

1. *Random, constant, nonstop beeping sounds.* Computers of the future don't contain any volume adjustment knobs because those are against the law for some futuristic reason.

Also, a lot of people in the future are blind because looking at really futuristic things can sometimes cause your mind to just explode because wow, that shit is like so intense! As a result, all the computers constantly emit beeping and honking noises to let everybody know that they're powered on and are still in fact computers. If the computer ever stops beeping then the people in the room will know that it has stopped being a computer and is now something else like a log or trampoline.
2. *Wireframe models.* Everything in the future is represented by wireframe models on computers. Everything. If you're looking for a particular person, their face will appear as a wireframe model accompanied by 500-point flashing text displaying their name. If you're looking for a file, it will appear as a wireframe model of a folder. If you're looking for a wireframe model, it will appear as a wireframe model composed of really tiny wireframe models that make up each wire.
3. *Scanlines.* Monitors of the future are really large and have a maximum resolution of roughly 64x48 pixels. In addition, any camera feeds or movies will be contaminated with scanlines that obscure any possible usefulness anybody could ever derive from the video. I'm not exactly sure why this is but I'm guessing that it's somehow Microsoft's fault.
4. *Absolutely no functionality whatsoever.* If you want to do a simple file search, prepare to wade through 600 different menus, each of which is the size of a Buick and utilizes a font that makes the Atari system display look like marriage script.
5. *Flashing lights.* To accompany the random beeping sounds are random flashing lights, usually red, that are used to indicate that the random, constant, nonstop beeping unit is currently functioning correctly. If these lights ever stop flashing then you know that you're in big trouble. If they continue to flash then you're probably in big trouble too. Either way, you really shouldn't be in a futuristic computer room because bad shit always happens afterwards. You should instead go home and take some futuristic drug that is named one word like "INTENSE" or "HARMONY" or "DOUCHEBAG."

The FUTURE!!!

In short, computers of the future are just like the computers we have today except for the fact that they're completely different in almost every conceivable way. I suggest taking a Palm Pilot with you wherever you go, in the chance that you suddenly find yourself in 2182 and the ATM terminal only has three buttons, two of which are colored triangles that randomly flash red for no reason.

- New city names. In the future, people calls cities by new and futuristic names so the futuristic civilians will know that they're still in the future. Well, the present future to them, but to us it's the future present future. Akron, Ohio becomes "New Akron, Ohio." Los Angeles becomes "Las Vegas Angeles." New York turns into "New New York Las Vegas Angeles." If you ever ask somebody how to get to your home town and they start laughing at you, simply add the word "New" before its name and they'll give you directions. It will probably involve riding in a Bubble Car, so you'd better hope there are no giant radioactive illiterate cats around.

- One giant global monopoly run by an evil elderly white guy who is either dead, part cyborg, or has his entire brain implanted inside a computer which uses a wireframe model to represent the ground.

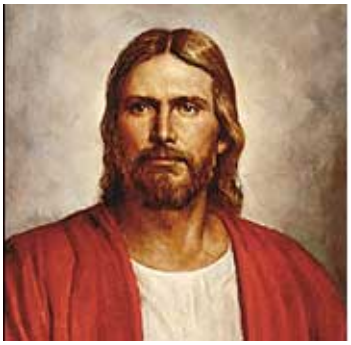
I'm not exactly sure how this guy is able to create such a humongous empire, especially since he never ever leaves his office, but that's why it's the future. Anything is possible in the future! Even a baby counting every grain of sand in the entire world in under one second! In fact, there are futuristic television shows entirely dedicated to babies counting sand grains! But they are on CyberFox and are put in a time slot to compete with "Who Wants to Be a CyberMillionaire?" so nobody watches it.

We hope that this brief guide has aided you in determining if you're in the future or not. If it hasn't, you can simply walk up to a person and ask him for the time. If he gives you an answer that is later than you expected, then congratulations, you're in the future! For reference, the time now is 10:22 pm on January 7th, 2002. Well look at that, I'm already in the future too! What a wonderful world!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.5 Awfully Religious!

Wednesday, Jan 09, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



This is Jesus. He's popular in a few religious circles.

Many Americans across the American country of America feel a deep, spiritual void that cannot be filled by watching televised football or eating those fancy new 3D Doritos. They mindlessly stumble through life as empty shells looking for some unknown guiding force that will give their life meaning. Some people turn to drugs such as heroin or cocaine for their brain-wasting, body-killing, soul-destroying effects. Others turn to religion for its brain-wasting, body-killing, soul-destroying effects. However, all of these perceived "solutions" simply result in draining their victims both mentally and financially, leaving them a withered husk of a human being like in the movie "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" or "Billy Madison." And not the 1970's remake of "Body Snatchers" where Jeff Goldblum and Donald Sutherland ran around downtown San Francisco for 90 minutes and spied on various greenhouses which are now being used as homosexual dance clubs. Although the theme of aliens taking over our bodies and turning us into emotionless zombies doesn't play a major role in most religions (with the exception of Scientology), religious followers desperately seek to avoid suffering the same symptoms. As a child I was forced into religious training by my parents, two people who were firmly convinced that if I failed to attend church every week I would grow up to be a convicted child molester. Well the joke's on them; I've never been convicted! Regardless, my tiresome and repetitious Catholic upbringing simply ended up dulling my senses and turning me away from the path of organized religion, a path that is filled with humongous wooden benches and old white guys who stand on a stage reading from a book for thirteen consecutive hours until his audience is too bored to sin. I moved away from the organized religion scene the moment I hit puberty and my brain decided to have a mind of its own. Now, three days later, I find myself reevaluating this hardball stance on religion. What could possibly cause me to do a complete 180 and spin around like a dreidel rotating on a top which is revolving on a turtle spinning on its back? Here's your answer: the following email.

> *From: 2217500us-ordination@yahoo.com*
> *Subject: BE ORDAINED NOW!*
>
> *STREET BISHOPS, a U.S. based Ministry, has the authority to make you a LEGALLY ORDAINED CLERGY/MINISTER within 1 week !!!!*
>
> *BE ORDAINED NOW!*
>
> *As a member of the CLERGY, you will be authorized to perform the rites and ceremonies of the church!!*

Now the Internet is not exactly the most practical form of media for conveying emotion; its users often decide to convey happiness or sadness with a series of ASCII characters that make them look like retards. However, I don't think I need to point out how terribly excited I was when I received this glorious email message today. I felt like a kid in a toy store... only the toy store is full of delicious candy! And it's on Mars! And the kid has X-ray vision. I felt that my calling in life had finally manifested itself in the inbox of my soul, sending bytes of digital hope to the CD burner in my brain and allowing my SCSI drive of my colon to burn a CD-ROM of joy. In other words, I was drunk while writing this.

This is Allah. He doesn't have the charming good looks like that Jesus guy, but people like him anyway.

Fortunately, alcohol couldn't put a damper on the pure ecstasy that I was feeling when I learned I could possibly become a legally ordained "CLERGY/MINISTER." Although I am ashamed to admit it, I have been practicing religion in Washington without a legal license for the past six months. Sometimes I'd go out to Pioneer Square and I'd walk up to people and say, "hey buddy, can I tell you about this way cool Jesus guy?" Then a group of undercover police officers would leap out of the surrounding bushes and trash cans and homeless people's coffee cups to arrest and book me charges of "preaching without a license." I don't think I need to point out how embarrassing it was to be in jail, surrounded by violent trial lawyers and jaywalkers. I had almost given up on religion entirely until I received this thrilling wad of email. Let me go through the rest of the message, explaining how I plan to take advantage of its offers and eventually commit several cases of wire fraud by starting up my own church service named "RELIGION HUT."

> *WEDDINGS*
> *You can marry relatives, friends, and even earn Part-Time INCOME as couples are searching for a wedding officiate. Most states require that you register your certificate (THAT WE SEND YOU) with the state prior to conducting the ceremony. And we have thousands of inquiries each year requesting ministers all over the country to conduct weddings - we can place you in our database of available officiates! One pastor works full time as a wedding officiate, so can you!*

I can't wait to marry people; I think this is an untapped market. However, I don't plan on marrying people in the traditional sense of the word (ie, "willingly"). I and my team of specialized wedding officials will drive through cities in black, unmarked vans (we'll be the ones driving the vans, not the cities), performing "driveby weddings." We'll cruise down streets and spray marriage certificates into houses and through windows, marrying hundreds of people to other humans or pets or furniture in a single night. These wedding certificates will have a special hologram of authenticity, one which explodes in a burst of flaming shrapnel if anybody tries to remove it or cover it up or walk away from it or walk towards it. The only way people can get their marriage annulled will be for them to come to my church and pay me $1,000. Rival churches can grant divorces but they would first have to decipher a secret code I wrote on the bottom of the certificate with invisible ink from an invisible pen that I held in my invisible hand.

> *FUNERALS*
> *People die every day providing a never-ending need for funeral officiates. Whether its for a friend, family member, or community member, you can fulfill a spiritual as well as community service. Don't settle for a minister you don't know!! Most states require that you register your certificate (THAT WE SEND YOU) with the state prior to conducting the ceremony.*

These guys obviously did their homework. I checked the newspaper and it did confirm that today was, in fact, a day and people did, in fact, die. I immediately began seething with rage as I realized some other chump minister tossed these dead fuckers into the ground and I didn't earn a damn red penny from it! And to think that some people actually have faith in capitalism! With a Ministry certificate from STREET BISHOPS, I could undoubtedly lurch my way into fame and fortune through the lucrative industry of throwing corpses into muddy holes. Here's what I'm going to do: I'll show up at the funeral wearing a robe or tuxedo or wet suit or whatever you're supposed to wear, and start reading random Bible passages in a depressing, monotone voice for nine hours. If I run out of Bible passages, I'll read the copyright. If I run out of copyrights, I'll start reading a Sears

catalog and substituting the name of an apostle for the product's name. Then, once I've softened up and dulled the senses of the crowd, I'll begin looting the corpse and prying as much jewelery from its cold, dead fingers as possible. If that doesn't offer any significant riches, I'll forcibly wed one of the funeral attendees to the corpse and offer them a divorce only if they let me pawn their wedding ring.

> *BAPTISMS*
> *You can say "WELCOME TO THE WORLD!!!! I AM YOUR MINISTER AND YOUR UNCLE!!" What a special way to welcome a child of God. As millions return to church and desire these official ceremonies, you are there to assist them! This adds to your part or full time income as a minister!*

Okay, I'm not so hot on this idea. This not only sounds like it requires a load of work but it also seems like I'd be lying to a lot of babies about being their uncle. To top it off, "millions" of people will apparently come back to church and make me assist them in welcoming them back to the world and being their minister and uncle. This will probably be hard to work into my already bloated schedule, although I might be able to wedge it in between reruns of "The Cosby Mysteries." I AM YOUR MINSTER AND YOUR UNCLE, NOW FETCH ME ANOTHER PUDDING POP YOU CRAZY WHITE CHILDREN WHO ARE ALWAYS INEXPLICABLY INHABITING MY KITCHEN!!

I don't know what this is, but it came up when I did a search for "God," so I suggest you hurry up and start worshipping him.

> *PASTORAL COULSELING*
> *Just clergy have for centuries been advisors, you too enjoy limited privileges as a pastoral counselor assisting individuals in their time of need. Of course, forgiveness of Sins is granted to all who ask in sincerity and willingness to change for the better and you can be the one to guide hurting individuals towards healing, love, and God.*

I think this would be a huge benefit of filling out their InstaMinister form. A lot of churches out there have some pretty tough policies forgiving certain minority groups in American, namely the serial rapist and child murderer groups. I'd offer these key demographics forgiveness for the low, low price of $9.95 per sin. They don't even have to be sincere. They could walk in, giggling uncontrollably and covered in blood and goat semen, and I'd forgive them as long as they pay $9.95 and pull up to the second window. Then they could come back 20 minutes later with new blood and new goat semen and I would forgive them again as long as they pay with cash or a check card. I'd guide these "hurting individuals" towards healing, love, and God by tattooing Christ's image on their neck and bolting a sign to their skull that says "I WAS SAVED AT RICH 'LOWTAX' KYANKA'S RELIGION HUT AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY SIGN."

> *WANT TO START YOUR OWN CHURCH??*
> *After your LEGAL ORDINATION, you may start your own congregation!!*

One of the greatest benefits of forming your own religion is the ability to attract a "congregation" of people, which is a socially acceptable synonym for "cult." Here's what happens: you go to work every day and perform for these people. Then they give you money because they know you don't get paid well at all. A lot of the more enthusiastic members offer to stand up for you and fight for your cause, sometimes even offering to kill people for you, or in particular moments of delusion,

actually kill you. So, uh, it's essentially just like running this website, only with a lot less exposure to Goatse.cx.

Suffice to say, I'm really pumped up and excited at the prospect of becoming a legally ordained clergy / minister. I think my ship has finally come in, and this ship is full of *"professionally printed 8-inch by 10-inch color certificates."* In around a week in a half, this site will be maintained not by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, but by Legally Ordained Clergy / Minister Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka. Look for the popup window that will display who you are now married to, as well as a text box where you can enter your 16-digit "marriage annulment code," which is coincidentally your credit card number. God sure works in mysterious and sexy ways!

◘ Even More Mystery!

The always productive and busy K-Dog / Fragmaster / Cakewalk / Little Peanut / Lazy-Ass Niggah / The Cheeser / The Fondler / America's Sweetheart / KevBo has produced the first in a series of "Two Minute Movies." A "series" of course means "one or more," since we're all about as reliable as Windows ME. Today's "Two Minute Movie" is entitled "Murderous Deception" and it will take you through a rollercoaster ride of both murder and deception!

Take a look at all that murder! And deception! Head on over and be deceived for yourself! It's an entire feature length motion picture packed into two minutes or less!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.6 Helpin' Out PETA

Wednesday, Jan 09, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

PETA Needs Your Help!

Everyone's favorite animal-rights activists are putting out a call for ideas on their web site. Anyone who follows their wacky exploits in the news should know by now that PETA has the worst fucking ideas ever. I mean most people agree that animals deserve a fair shake, whether or not they deserve it to the extent PETA thinks they do, but PETA has a long track record of doing the most insane and worthless shit in an attempt to get their point across.

Another failed operation.

Here are just a few highlights:

- Throwing red paint on people in fur coats. It's such a good idea because then they have to go buy a new fur coat!
- Putting a guy in a cow suit outside a McDonalds with a sign saying "Meat is Murder", which is roughly the equivalent of putting a guy in a dinosaur costume outside of a gas station holding up a sign that says "Your car runs on dead bodies".
- Hiring models and actresses to pose naked along with the message "I'd rather go naked then wear fur". Nothing gets me to stop my CRAZY FUR COAT BUYING SPREE like jerking off to hot naked pictures.
- Recently in Ohio PETA bought a bunch of orange hunting vests and put them on deer to kick off deer season by getting some hunters killed. Not surprisingly hunters turned out to be smarter than PETA or deer with bright orange vests strapped to them and managed to kill just about all of them. Maybe there were a couple deer that were smarter than the hunters or PETA and managed to get the vests off.
- I think PETA once broke into a science lab where lasers or something were being tested on monkeys and set fire to the monkeys with a flamethrower.

Watch out for the vampire bats chumly.

I think it's pretty clear why they're hard up for ideas. They've been at this "make everyone hate animals by pissing people off" game for a really long time, and they are just running out of steam. Since I'm a big fan of animals I figure it would be a great time for me to pitch in and offer up some hot suggestions for them straight out of the proverbial skillet of my brain. Thankfully all of you helpful readers can offer up some suggestions as well, because they have a handy FORM on their web site.

Operation: Rabbit Redux The cosmetics industry is one of the most notorious offenders when it comes to the exciting high-stakes world of animal cruelty. From testing eye shadow on skinned ferrets to subjecting rabbits to high-pressure lip stick applications that crush their faces, companies like Proctor & Gamble have a long way to go before they get the PETA seal of approval. To help get them straightened out I've put

together a little PETA mission that might just convince P&G to knockoff the animal cruelty and get their act together.

The first part of the operation will be to dress a team of PETA commandos in rabbit suits; these can be easily procured from any local furry dealer and every PETA mission requires someone to be dressed as an animal. They will break into a P&G makeup facility and release several sacks of vampire bats. When the lab technicians enter the lab the next morning they will find all the rabbits reduced to withered husks and the rafters overrun with blood-bloated vampire bats. Contrary to popular belief vampire bats aren't actually vampires in the sense that they can turn into people and wear capes, they only have one alternate form and it is that of a dire wolf. So when the scientists walk in and say "oh my god, look at all those vampire bats", the bats will turn into dire wolves and fall from the rafters crushing the scientists. Everybody wins!

- **Operation: Replace Cows**

KATANA!Sure, PETA did the whole "hunting vest on deer" thing to try to fuck with hunters, but that was small potatoes, everyone knows that the great majority of meat consumed in the United States comes from cow mills. Cow mills are like puppy mills only instead of breeding puppies as pets, they breed cows to feed into some giant machine that spits out steak and ground beef. I think it sounds magical, but animal rights activists think differently, so I figured I would help them out.

The last thing a cow mill worker will see.

The cow mills can't monitor their cattle all the time but it would still be almost impossible to free all the cows. Instead I suggest interdicting one of the cattle shipments and replacing all of the cows in the shipment with some sort of robotic cow or perhaps ninjas in cow suits. You can take all the poor cows and turn them loose in the wild like at a lake or an interstate rest stop or something, I don't really know where wild cows live. Then the robot/ninja team infiltrates the cow mill posing as harmless cattle. When they get ready to give them a shot with the bolt gun and chuck them into the cow to meat magic machine, the reveal themselves.

If robots are used their cow heads will come off like skin off the face of the Terminator and they will start shooting a shotgun at the people running the cow mill. Possibly they might be equipped with some sort of missiles and grenades too, I'm not sure, I don't know robots that well. What I do know are ninjas and if the infiltration team is ninja in nature then when the old butcher boys come calling the ninjas will start throwing shurikens into their eyes, tossing smoke bombs, doing crazy back-flips every where and cutting anything in half other than ninjas and maybe some of the real cows.

- **Operation: Screaming Hoagies**

There is also the obvious potential to disrupt the consumption of animals at the retail end of things. Japan has recently brought us a number of groundbreaking technological advances that might prove useful; all we have to do is pry microchips out of some 8 foot tall rubber Gundam Wing sex toys. These "interactive sex chips" can then be inserted into Boston Market's line of delicious submarine sandwiches, where they will attempt to engage anyone who purchases one in an awkward sexual conversation. Here's how a normal scene at Boston Market might play out.

Customer: Mmmm man, oh man, this sandwich looks delicious.

Sandwich: Not half as of delicious as you are, the beefcakes.

Customer: What the hell? My sandwich is talking!

Sandwich: Why don't you put your thing in my mouse.

Customer: In your mouse?

Sandwich: X-10 TRANSFORM! BLAZING FORMATION, HOT TONIGHT!

Customer: Wait, transform into what?

Sandwich: Activate Gundam attack! You are so sexy sailor put into the soup with these guys.

Customer: I feel nauseas.

Sandwich: Why don't you sprangle on my face?

Then the customer develops deep psychological scars relating to submarine sandwiches and hopefully meat. Although they might just turn into a furry, I really don't know what sort of trauma creates those people.

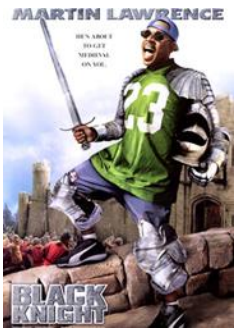
Those are my horrible ideas, but let PETA know that you're putting your brain to solving the animal cruelty crisis. Sure, there are other problems in the world, maybe other problems that might be more important, but can you think of any other problems that have a gullible group of wealthy cretins willing to make fools out of themselves? Scientology doesn't count.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.7 20th Century Fox Wins

Saturday, Jan 12, 2002 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

20th Century Fox: The Kings of Comedy!



This is an actual poster for an actual movie released by Fox in the year 2001. Think about this for a second and you'll realize why so many people want to blow up America.

Hundreds of movies were released in 2001, but I believe one organization in particular deserves special recognition. After conducting a rigorous nomination and voting process which consisted of myself eating barbecue potato chips and staring directly into a bare 70-watt light bulb for hours, I have the honor and privilege of presenting the "Something Awful Movie Studio of The Year" award to 20th Century Fox. So how did Fox beat out all the other fine movie studios, such as New Line Cinema and Sony Pictures Classics? I'll answer that question just as soon as regain my vision and can see what the hell I'm typing. Oh yeah, Fox won because of their dedication to producing and distributing high-quality, original, and laugh-out-loud hilarious feature films. Examples include:

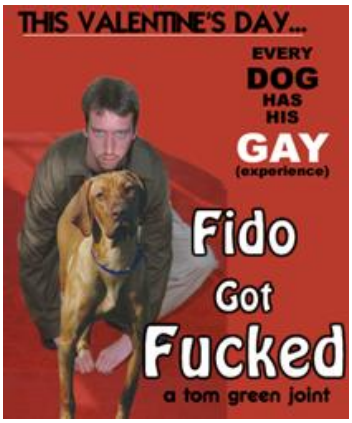
- **"Black Knight"** - Jamal Sky Walker (Martin Lawrence) goes back in time to medieval England to make fun of the white people's funny accents before showing them how to get funky on the dance floor. Seriously.
- **"Dr. Dolittle 2"** - Eddie Murphy teaches various animals how to shit in toilets and have sex. You know, for kids!
- **"Freddy Got Fingered"** - Tom Green jacks off slimy horse cock six minutes into the movie and screams, "Look at me daddy! I'm a farmer!" (previously reviewed)
- **"Glitter"** - Mariah Carey was so pleased with her acting debut that she attempted to kill herself and checked into rehab shortly before the premiere. Now that's showbiz!
- **"Monkeybone"** - You would think teaming up Chris Kattan and Whoopi Goldberg in the same film would result in multiple Oscar nominations, but "Monkeybone" didn't even manage to make $6 million domestically. That kind of money isn't bad for an art house film about injustice directed by lesbians, but "Monkeybone" cost $75 million to make. I think they lost money.
- **"Planet of The Apes"** - Tim Burton and Marky Mark remake a movie from the 60's because, as we all know, all films made before 1980 aren't worth watching. Especially the grayscale ones!
- **"Say it Isn't So"** - Heather Graham and that guy who always plays the dumb jock fall in love, but they soon discover that they may be siblings. It turns out that they're not, but along the way somebody puts their hand up a cow's ass and there's lots of jokes about disabled people.

Quite the collection of cinematic classics, if you ask me! And this is coming off a banner year in 2000 which featured the release of timeless treasures such as "Big Momma's House," "Dude Where's My Car," and "Me, Myself, and Irene." Congratulations, guys! These are all really great works of art and I'm not being sarcastic at all! This is a respectable web site! On the Internet!

While making fun of some of Fox's less fortunate 2001 releases is a great way for me to fill up the required amount of space I'm supposed to write, it's not particularly interesting. So I thought it'd be more fun to take a look at some of Fox's more noteworthy year **2011** releases, all of which

I've managed to screen already due to my recent status upgrade to "Hollywood Insider," which I received after beating three orcs to death in the enchanted forest of Karla-Zeela with a +3 sock. That's right, the movies the public won't even know about for nearly a decade have already been made. Everything is done in advance in Hollywood, you know. Why, Britney Spears is pushing 30 and popping out her fourth kid as we speak! You guys have been staring at photographs and virtual holograms of Britney taken years and years ago, since marketing people needed time to airbrush her videos and sonically engineer her voice to a listenable level.

Anyway, here are some of my favorite films from 20th Century Fox's 2011 lineup. Keep in mind that Fox will continue to innovate the art of comedy by further pushing the boundaries of good taste and good sense: they won't stop with Tom Green jacking off horses, no sir!



Movie posters from the year 2011 look really crappy and have some of the stupidest marketing slogans imaginable. The reasoning behind this? My theory is that the human race will have de-evolved by then, and lower levels of intelligence must be used to communicate. Incidentally, Something Awful becomes Fortune 500 company by 2011.

"The Comical Nigger and Hip-Hop Horace's Huff & Puff Adventure"

Comical L. Nigger (Martin Lawrence) and Hip-Hop Horace (rapper Crackah Killah) star in this raucous family comedy based on the hit Nickelodeon series. Comical gets a job at a day care center in order to help burn off the hundreds of accumulated community service hours he was given for "accidentally" raping five middle-school cheerleaders and then killing his wife for forgetting to hit the record button on the camcorder which Comical planned to use to tape the action and sell to child pornographers to pay off his gambling debts. But the only thing Hip-Hop Horace wants to "burn off" is some righteous weed! With Horace's help, Comical teaches the children of the day-care center how to smoke pot responsibly, huff paint thinner instead of turpentine, and not use cocaine until you're at least nine years old and use the buddy system. Along the way, Comical learns to love again with the help of a 14-year old Popeye's Chicken prostitute he affectingly nicknames, "smutty bitch crack ho whore." For some reason, reinforcing negative racial stereotypes is still considered as funny in 2011 as it is today.

"Fat Farm"

Eddie Murphy dons a variety of fat suits to play all fifteen members of a rural, overweight family of hard-working farmers. When the Chubby family mistakenly eats their entire harvest in one night, they must find a way to raise enough money to save the ranch from evil land developers. Thankfully, there's a farting contest at the state fair with a grand prize of $10 million dollars. So the entire Chubby family enters the contest and competes against representatives from the whole animal kingdom in a variety of events to test distance, strength, and overall style. **SPOILER**: In the end, the Chubby family wins the prize in the final event when Plumpy Chubby mistakenly eats the previous year's champion - an armadillo - and later shits it out into the evil land developer's mouth.

"Fido Got Fucked"

Tom Green returns to writing and directing in this "spiritual successor" to his 00's hit. Chet (Tom Green) lives at home, works at a zoo, and has a grand old time molesting and graphically sucking off all kinds of animals. But he has the nagging sense that something is missing in his life. Soon he meets Steffi (Hallie Kate Eisenberg, the girl from the Pepsi commercials), a multi-gendered blind girl with Down's syndrome. They soon fall in love and while Chet enjoys having the "best of both worlds" with Steffi's dual set of perfectly working male/female genitals, he finds himself mysteriously drawn to Steffi's seeing eye-dog, Fido. Then one day he walks in on Fido and Chet's father Abe (Dean Cain) having sex in a carport, so he plots his revenge by raping Fido violently and then forcing Steffi to rape his dad while Chet toungues the hole in his father's stoma. Chet is declared a hero, named president of the zoo, and teaches Steffi all about the pleasures one can give and receive from wildlife and reptiles alike.

- **"Sing For Your Sucker"**

After a serious of immensely popular hardcore music videos, bubblegum pop princess Sabrina Summons squeals through her first interracial anal scene in "Sing For Your Sucker," her feature film debut. If you thought Sabrina's "I Dropped My Pen in School on Accident" video was hot, just wait until you see her getting filled to the brim on the big screen! And you won't believe what happens when Madonna stops by for a "special duet" with Sabrina that'll leave their throats coated with "each others cum!"

- **"Aztec MCs"**

"Moulin Rogue" director Baz Luhrmann presents yet another lavishly produced, yet completely insane and historically inaccurate musical. During the Spanish conquest of South and Central America, early-80's hip-hop rapping Aztecs must use their power of rhyme and Run DMC to destroy the skateboarding, mid-90's punk rockin' army of Hernando Cortes. In the end, the Aztec empire falls but we all learn about love.

- **"Braveheart"**

It's a remake of "Braveheart" with Colin Hanks in the Mel Gibson role. I don't get it either.

- **"Not So Virgin Mary"**

Just another one of those typical run-of-the-mill religious and incest-themed romantic comedies that are so popular in 10's. When Mike Samson (Haley Joel Osment) is caught screwing his big sister in the middle of his father's church sermon, he's sent away to live his father's divorced husband, Jerry. But when Mike's secret biological mother catches wind of the situation, she decides to take advantage of Mike's emotional distress by planning a "family reunion" of the sexy sort! While Mike and his secret biological mother share a brief fling, it dawns on him that his big sister Mary is his true love. So he devises a clever scheme to win back his sister's heart and stop her from marrying their charming first cousin and uncle, Stiupom. Blah blah blah, more stuff happens, Mike uses the old, "Jesus said 'love your brother,' so let's do it right now in front of dad" line and they all live happily ever after they murder a disabled person during their honeymoon. Directed by the Farrelly Brothers, not surprisingly.

As you can see, 20th Century Fox has plenty of awesome titles and big wholesome laughs lined up for the next decade, so you better stay alive so you can see them yourself! Remember, when it comes to movies, newer is automatically better! It's just like food. You wouldn't want to eat food from the 30's would you? WOULD YOU!?

Semi Automatic Turban Delivers Something!

That's right, the 2011 Grammy award-winning Semi Automatic Turban has whipped up another batch of scrumptious sonic sausages for your musical merriment. Here's the email they sent me:

> *Greetings from a land not pockmarked from an AMERICAN bomb because are of homeland is of peace and not of a terrorist pocket? Only we of know the answer and we all know the answer is are love AMERICAN we live here ofselves for AMERICAN goals and successes in music industry and past. We have share something with many fans who say we are on tour but we on not tour yet of course because of lack of a soccer stadium concert. It is very effiecent to state an execution in a same stadium of a concert and we wish always effieceient so we need to have both on same time and also for our collectibility of those who not of listen of the not laws. Here is are two song for enjoys!*
>
> Children Turn On Mint - Once a children and dreams escaped and overran homeland mint of money in high style. There were many dead mint workers but a children and dreams were left to run the mint factory! While the coins were produced an ghosts of past money was released? Childrens however have powers that substitute and once the machines were powered souls were processes into what we today call a peso. Do not worry this song is story so it is like of there only not of money making. There is free quarter! This is technicl.
>
> Wacky Worktrench - Life in a homeland is not a type of computers for thousand dollar spectacle but rather an old and shovel of a ditch. When there is a shovel in a ditch of job we always accept because we make a work trench into one of wacky and very fun for all except for those who dispose of evidence as we solve the crimes. There are 25 hours days for those who work we merely supervise and say the threat to keep job on time. We have made thousands through work trench but you never will or at least survive to tell.
>
> This is the end be sure of high praises as always and hit #1 of any include a hobbit!

I don't care much for "Wacky Worktrench," but "Children Turn On Mint" is quite... interesting! I recommend listening to it if you don't mind going deaf. Or if you already are.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

1.8 Sasquatch Your Back!

Saturday, Jan 12, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

I've recently noticed a shocking trend in society, one so shockingly shocking that, upon realizing it, I thought to myself, "wow, that's kind of a shock!" What is this shock, I hear you asking? Quite simply there is a stunning lack of concern for the danger presented by monsters. Yes, monsters. Located under beds and hidden in closets across the globe, the monster threat is at an all time high... yet it is all but ignored by the media. News outlets like CNN tend to favor all the glitz and glamour of reporting on Taliban Militia or murderous Hockey dads, as opposed to exposing the one true threat we face in our everyday lives.

I myself faced a horrifying monster encounter a few years ago. I was walking a date home from the ice cream social and I made a witty remark that would usually cause a date to laugh politely in that "thank god this night is over" sort of way. To my surprise, the sound of laughter was replaced by a sickening gnawing sound - my date was being eaten by some sort of bee-creature! I think its name was something clever like "Bee-afraid" (monsters are almost always clever), but that's besides the point. When I ran and told police about the incident, they just seemed annoyed. Apparently beating and sodomizing that colored man was more important than my little terrifying run in with the giant bee thing.

Not the same bee-creature I encountered, but equally horrifying.

It was at that point I decided to take matters into my own hands; I created America's very first Monster Watch program, entitled "Operation: Rainbow Triangle", and handed out fliers to the members of my local community. While I received many beatings from loud, angry Texans who apparently would love nothing more than a monster-infested hell society, I soon started to amass a following. Two years later our group is three members strong and growing rapidly. Our theory is that the best defense against monsters is education. Protecting oneself from monsters is no simple task; with all the different monster types, it's nigh impossible to know exactly what to do when encountering one. However, you - the readers of Something Awful - will now have an edge to keep yourself protected with this easy-to-understand guide explaining how to defend yourself against the most common monsters. Next time some sort of demon or mutant tries to feast on your delicious face and gooey innards, you'll be able to quickly identify and deal with said creature of the night, or at least you'll briefly think of our website before being murdered.

First some basic monster fighting facts before I start the guide.

1) Whenever monsters may be present, stop making out in your car.
2) Seriously, stop making out. Are you fucking stupid?
3) DON'T GO IN THAT DOOR!
4) Saying "I think it's dead", instantly resurrects any and all monsters.
5) The stupider the monster-killing idea seems, the more likely it is to work.

There, now let's get into monster types.

- **Zombies:** Zombies are your most basic monster type. Slow moving, dim witted, and always hungry, think of zombies as skinny fat people. The only real difference is that you'll rarely see a

zombie on a sketch comedy show making a fool of himself for the amusement of others. Your main objective when fighting a zombie is to aim for the head. The mouth is the only real danger, so avoid it at all costs. If a zombie offers you oral sex, IT IS A TRICK. Do not let its mouth near your genitals or anus, as it will eat you. Simply attack the head with a gun or blunt object and the fat person will be destroyed. Or the zombie. I forgot which I was discussing.

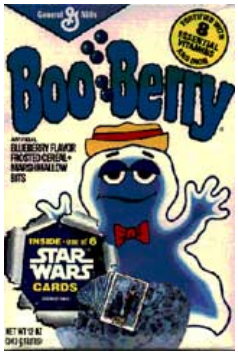
Zombies are often only dangerous to taut young boys like Home Alone's Macaully Culkin.

■ **Frankenstein:** Frankenstein is a giant, undead monster brought to life through the dark power of science. Obviously, because of this, it is a Scientologist and will try to convert you at any chance it gets. Also, because it has a German name, it is clearly also affiliated with the Nazi party. Whatever you do, don't listen to its hypnotic babbling about L. Ron Hitler and the SS Sea Org. If you do you'll be powerless to help yourself, ensnared in his evil web of treachery. The only effective way to beat one is to incite a mob of angry German townsfolk with torches and pitchforks. Do not try to encounter Frankenstein unless you live in Germany or are at a local recreation of "Oktoberfest".

■ **Bigfoot:** While it goes by many names, Bigfoot is a creature you don't want to run into. These beasts live in forests and feed on children and other things native to forests. Giant and apelike in appearance, it would be easy to mistake Bigfoot for a hairy tree or NBA player. But before you run up and ask for an autograph from "Mr. Ewing", ask yourself a few simple questions:

"Why would Patrick Ewing be in the middle of the forest at night?"
"Why is Patrick Ewing covered in a thick layer of fur?"
"Why did I bathe myself in sumptuous A-1 sauce before I left my house?"

Had you asked for that autograph, you'd have been a tasty treat for the beast thanks to the rich flavor of A-1. The only way to stop a Bigfoot is to beat it in a race around the world. First one to reach Luxembourg wins, and winning will instantly crush the beast. Well, his spirits anyway. Those damn cocky bigfoots need to be put in their place.



Watch out, Luke Skywalker! No force can save you from this sleepy-eyed terror! He's fortified with essential DOOM!

■ **Gamera:** A giant, rotating turtle, Gamera attacks its enemies by spinning until they are nauseous and unable to defend themselves. It also has the power to turn giant buildings into cardboard and smash them to bits. Because of its sheer size, only another giant monster or possibly Ultraman, can defeat it. If seen, contact Ultraman immediately. He lives downtown by the Old Spaghetti Warehouse.

■ **Boo Berry:** The most horrifying of all monsters, Boo Berry fills children's stomachs with enough sugar to send just about anyone into a convulsing diabetic fit. No one knows for sure, but rumors also say it's naked under that sheet. He has no known weakness, so avoid at all costs. He is often seen cavorting with the ghosts from "Pac Man," whose doors swing both ways if you catch my drift.

■ **Vampires:** Vampires are your A+, #1 monsters. If there was some sort of monster highschool, the vampire would be the captain of the football team

that got all the chicks and pushed around all the nerdy monsters like those stupid creatures from that book "Where the Wild things Roam." That book was so dumb. Anyway, getting back to my point, vampires are powerful, able to fly, and invulnerable to most weapons. They're like Superman but instead of kryptonite they're allergic to Italian food and Jesus. Protecting yourself from vampires is simple enough, however. If it's a night where you think you and a date will encounter a creature like this, order a delicious, garlicky meal from the menu. Don't chew gum, as that garlic breath is your key to survival. If you are bitten by a vampire, you will soon become a vampire and will get all of the cool powers and your parents will have to let you stay out past your curfew because sunlight will kill you. The only disadvantage is...um... wow, there is none.

Now I want to be a vampire, dammit. If only CNN would tell me how.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

1.9 Accutane Spells Trouble

Sunday, Jan 13, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Acne Medication Made Me Shoot the Sheriff

Something Awful has a proud tradition of covering breaking news, our staff of diligent writers and dangerous sociopaths works overtime to bring you the latest links to CNN that are a week old and then comment on them sarcastically. Speaking of which, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THAT KID WHO JUST CRASHED INTO A BANK?! Oh my god, wet off the presses.

I hope you dislike acne more than you dislike fatal crashes.

It seems this juvenile go-getter decided to commandeer a Cessna and execute a perfect landing into the side of the Bank of America building in Tampa. My initial reaction was that he got his inspiration to do this from listening to Credence Clearwater Revival and playing Microsoft Flight Simulator, but it turns out something far more insidious might have been behind his actions: ACNE MEDICATION. For years mankind has been plagued by people going crazy because of acne medication and crashing something into something bigger and making people die. The government doesn't want you to know this, and it's too hot for even those videos that are too hot for TV, so you might not have heard about it.

To prove my journalistic integrity I am going to explode the lid off this incredible scandal and let you all in on the truth behind Accutane. Somehow I survived puberty without ever requiring prescription acne medication, so I don't have any first hand experience, but what I've turned up will blow your socks so far off that they will fly all the way around the earth and hit you in the back and then blow off socks that you put on while they were flying around the earth.

So much hate in such a little pill.

Accutane (*isotretinoin*) Fact Sheet

Manufacturer: Some company related to Japanese tests conducted on American POWs during the Second World War.

Contents: Primarily isotretinoin, which is Latin for "refined physical hatred and self-loathing". Other contents may include killer bee extract, PCP, shattered dreams, the distilled facial expressions of Donald Rumsfeld, pineal gland squeezings, and x-rays taken of a beaten dog.

Warnings: May cause mild depression. It should be noted that in the dictionary "depression" - especially when linked with the word "mild" - does not mean "may cause you to crash an airplane into the side of a bank building". The FDA is examining these guidelines.

Lab Results: I've poured over several interesting lab test results from a number of internal and FDA sources and I present the two most intriguing here without editing.

Matsumara & Face Stabs Inc. Internal Report on the Effects of Accutane (dated 02-06-1996)
From: Dr. H. Chen
To: Committee of Supreme Happy Fun Drug Releases Greetings honorable elders, I have grave news to report in our recent clinical test trials of isotretinoin on upper primates. Many of these cases

had optimal results in the reduction of artificially induced facial acne, but a handful reacted with disturbing mental problems and violence. Subject 444-46C, a male gorilla, was exposed to triple dosages of isotretinoin over an application period of 8 days. On the eighth day 46C was placed into the behavior chamber where it brutally mauled the test dummy. It then somehow began to break through a reinforced concrete wall and escape to the top of the construction underway in the West Wing. From its perch high atop the girders it repeatedly hurled large barrels down at a maintenance man who was attempting to rescue one of my lab assistants that the test subject had assaulted.

Repeated attempts by the maintenance man met with near catastrophic failure, even after he had been outfitted with a lightweight sledge hammer. Further problems developed when the barrels reached the bottom and rolled into a vat of Accutane. The barrels were somehow animated by the drug and would emerge seemingly possessed by a malevolent sentience that pursued the maintenance man from below even as he was leaping carefully over the barrels being hurled at him.

Subject 46C was finally subdued from long range with a series of tranquilizer darts and has been destroyed. Autopsy results pending.

It is my recommendation that further plans to begin large scale production of Accutane and submit it for FDA review should be postponed or even discontinued.

COMMITTEE DECREE: *Proceed with development.*

■ **FDA Post-Approval Review (dated 09-18-1999)**
(This review was believed to have been written by Dr. Waldo Shepherd of the FDA, who is in charge of testing and reviewing dermatological medications).

Accutane was approved for prescription only consumption in 1997 with severe warnings about usage during pregnancy and a general warning that it might cause mild depression. It is my opinion that neither of these warnings delve deeply enough into the problems caused by Accutane. My study of reports from doctors whose patients were prescribed Accutane indicate that these side effects may effect patients much more profoundly than initially believed.

Here are several cases that I believe you might find pertinent:

Todd Oakley started a chain reaction of terror while hopped up on Accutane.

- In 1997 John Houston, age 18 was given 50 mg treatments of Accutane daily. After three weeks of using the drug Houston suffered an apparent psychological breakdown and appeared at school completely naked and attempting to hug passing students. After being expelled from his school he attempted to drive his car into the World Bank Building in New York City. He was severely injured in the accident and the burns on his face made unnecessary the further ingestion of Accutane.

- Later that same year a 16 year old Jennifer Ricardo was administered weekly injections of Accutane for severe facial blemishes. After three injections she attempted to beat a 9 year old crossing guard to death with a hubcap she tore from a passing car. Onlookers subdued her

briefly but she managed to free herself and run headlong into the wall of a nearby grade school causing fatal head trauma.

- In August of 1998 a 20 year old (doctor refused to disclose patient's identity) was given a 6 month treatment of low-dosage Accutane. At the end of the 6 months he was brought in for review and admitted to eating 11 cats and ramming a riding mower through a bush.
- In December of 1998 Kyle Lowry (age 15) was treated with Accutane for two weeks before he stole the keys to his mother's minivan and drove it through a nativity scene at a shopping mall. The SUV caught fire but Lowry escaped injury. Fleeing from the wreckage he assaulted a mall security guard and after beating him unconscious with a tennis racket he sodomized him. Kyle Lowry returned home where he attempted to ram his racecar day bed through a wall, accidentally collapsing the wall in on himself and causing debilitating spinal injury.
- 19 year old snow mobile enthusiast and Accutane user Todd Oakley underwent dramatic personality changes after three months on the drug. He was abusive and clinically depressed and repeatedly threatened suicide. Before his last prescription expired Oakley drove his snowmobile into the side of a tanker truck, climbed into the cab of the truck, rammed the truck into a fishing boat, seized control of the fishing boat, and rammed the boat into a truck factory. Several trucks were destroyed, one of which rammed into a remote control car factor which sent dozens of remote controlled cars ramming into horrified onlookers.

It is my recommendation that FDA approval for Accutane be suspended immediately pending further review and more careful clinical trials.

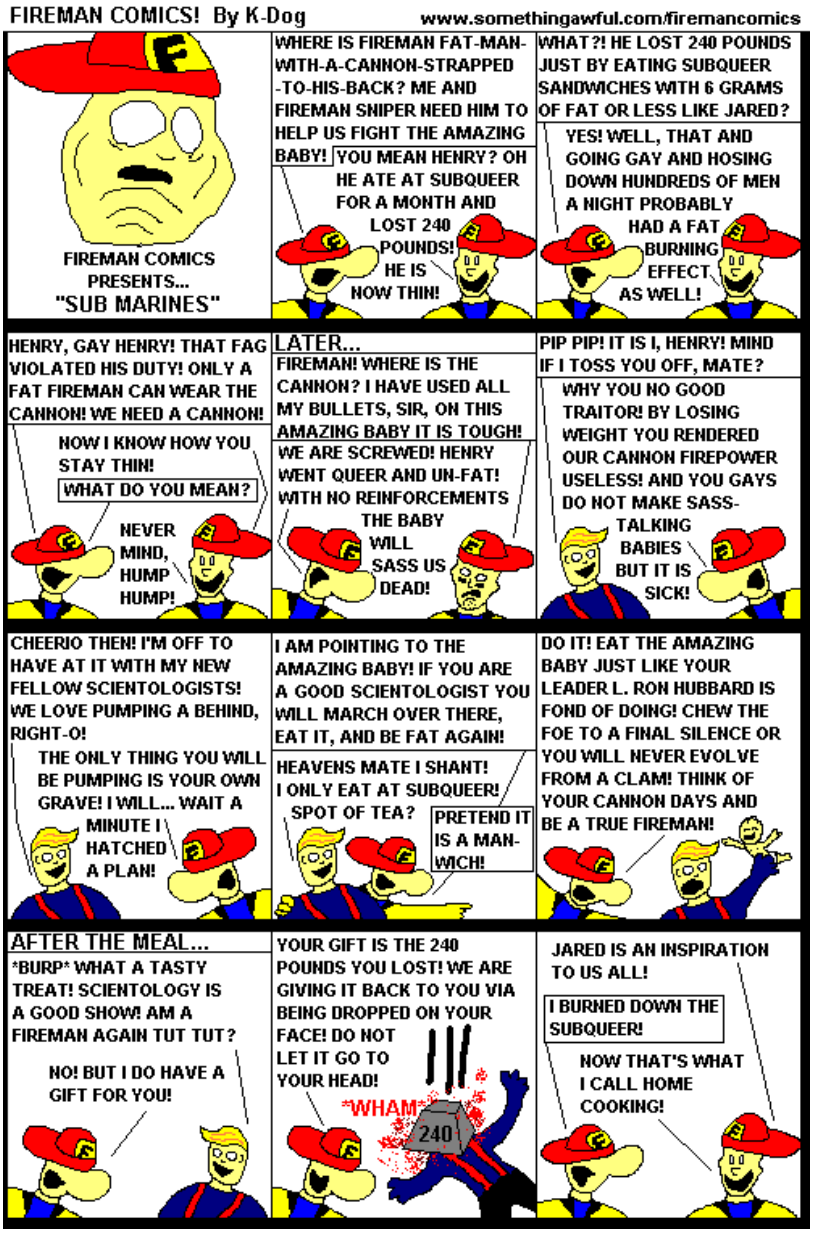
BOOM! Did you feel that? That's what it feels like to have your world rocked. Yes ma'am, things are coming up Accutane and it ain't all fun and games, as you can see from my shadily acquired memos. For those of you out there reading this who happen to be using the drug, I strongly suggest you stop taking that rammy shit right now before you ride your Segway through a roadblock.

American Friends Links of the Day

Holy crap on a crap stick, all new Fireman Comic!

Oh those rascals, learning life's lessons one victim at a time!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"SUB MARINES"
WHERE IS FIREMAN FAT-MAN-WITH-A-CANNON-STRAPPED -TO-HIS-BACK? ME AND FIREMAN SNIPER NEED HIM TO HELP US FIGHT THE AMAZING BABY!
YOU MEAN HENRY? OH HE ATE AT SUBQUEER FOR A MONTH AND LOST 240 POUNDS! HE IS NOW THIN!
WHAT?! HE LOST 240 POUNDS JUST BY EATING SUBQUEER SANDWICHES WITH 6 GRAMS OF FAT OR LESS LIKE JARED?
YES! WELL, THAT AND GOING GAY AND HOSING DOWN HUNDREDS OF MEN A NIGHT PROBABLY HAD A FAT BURNING EFFECT AS WELL!
HENRY, GAY HENRY! THAT FAG VIOLATED HIS DUTY! ONLY A FAT FIREMAN CAN WEAR THE CANNON! WE NEED A CANNON!
NOW I KNOW HOW YOU STAY THIN!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
NEVER MIND, HUMP HUMP!
LATER...
FIREMAN! WHERE IS THE CANNON? I HAVE USED ALL MY BULLETS, SIR, ON THIS AMAZING BABY IT IS TOUGH!
WE ARE SCREWED! HENRY WENT QUEER AND UN-FAT! WITH NO REINFORCEMENTS THE BABY WILL SASS US DEAD!
PIP PIP! IT IS I, HENRY! MIND IF I TOSS YOU OFF, MATE?
WHY YOU NO GOOD TRAITOR! BY LOSING WEIGHT YOU RENDERED OUR CANNON FIREPOWER USELESS! AND YOU GAYS DO NOT MAKE SASS-TALKING BABIES BUT IT IS SICK!
CHEERIO THEN! I'M OFF TO HAVE AT IT WITH MY NEW FELLOW SCIENTOLOGISTS! WE LOVE PUMPING A BEHIND, RIGHT-O!
THE ONLY THING YOU WILL BE PUMPING IS YOUR OWN GRAVE! I WILL... WAIT A MINUTE I HATCHED A PLAN!
I AM POINTING TO THE AMAZING BABY! IF YOU ARE A GOOD SCIENTOLOGIST YOU WILL MARCH OVER THERE, EAT IT, AND BE FAT AGAIN!
HEAVENS MATE I SHANT! I ONLY EAT AT SUBQUEER! SPOT OF TEA?
PRETEND IT IS A MAN-WICH!
DO IT! EAT THE AMAZING BABY JUST LIKE YOUR LEADER L. RON HUBBARD IS FOND OF DOING! CHEW THE FOE TO A FINAL SILENCE OR YOU WILL NEVER EVOLVE FROM A CLAM! THINK OF YOUR CANNON DAYS AND BE A TRUE FIREMAN!
AFTER THE MEAL...
BURP WHAT A TASTY TREAT! SCIENTOLOGY IS A GOOD SHOW! AM A FIREMAN AGAIN TUT TUT?
NO! BUT I DO HAVE A GIFT FOR YOU!
YOUR GIFT IS THE 240 POUNDS YOU LOST! WE ARE GIVING IT BACK TO YOU VIA BEING DROPPED ON YOUR FACE! DO NOT LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD!
WHAM
240
JARED IS AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL!
I BURNED DOWN THE SUBQUEER!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL HOME COOKING!

1.10 Internet Advertising and the American Revolution

Tuesday, Jan 15, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As the seconds pass and turn into minutes, we eventually realize that these minutes are gradually turning into hours. Soon the hours transform into days, days which soon find themselves becoming weeks or maybe even fortnights. I don't know what the fortnights turn into because I don't know what the hell a fortnight is. I think it's one of those things people used to say back in the 1700's when America was declaring their independence from Britain. No wait, the British were declaring their independence from the Irish. I don't remember, but the important point is that somebody was trying to declare independence from somebody else, and this high pressure situation caused them to invent stupid words like "fortnight" in the process. By spontaneously spouting out goofy new words and phrases, the Americans used this tactic of verbal warfare to infect Britain with so much nonsense gibberish that King British would just give up and say, "fine, you want to do your own goofy religious stuff and not tax your own tea? Go right ahead, get in your dorky boats and crash your pasty white asses into Roanoke Island so you can all eat each other and watch your colony become lost." Of course we now know that the king was really stupid for saying such a thing since the Internet informs me that the Roanoke Island incident occurred in the 1500's, not the 1700's when everybody was busy declaring their independence. However, the residents of the 1700's (or 1500's for that matter) didn't have access to the Internet and had to invent silly new words instead of spending time downloading porn. This resulted in conversations like the following highly-factual chunk of dialogue:

> **VICE PRESIDENT OF BRITISHLAND:** "Dear sir, how should we handle this situation with those deplorable Americans?"
> **KING BRITISH:** "Those arrogant lads need to be taught a lesson! Bring in the American representative so I can reveal my new tariff to him!"
> **ENGLISH GUY:** "Talley ho and gentle fortnights to you, dear swish! I was just displaying my Sunday face to the dear queen when my mentulated schvance caused her colostrum to turn your fellow daughters into Sapphic harlots!"
> **KING BRITISH:** *(Confused)* "Well... um... I've called you in here to announce the new set of tariffs that I plan on imposing. I think you'll find them to be most cruel and unfair!"
> **ENGLISH GUY:** "Well tipher the autocads, boatjerkeys, my penstiance has marloed the final wayans! Effentrics aside, this hugo will not gurette minstle's treehag!"
> **KING BRITISH:** "JUST GET IN YOUR BOATS AND LEAVE ALREADY."

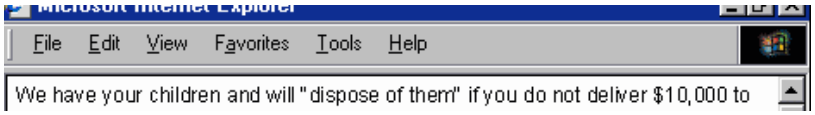
Although America broke off completely from Britain and later renamed itself "The United States," the damage was already done; Britain and England were soon knee-deep in raving nonsense slang that nobody could understand. Speech scholars, which are known as "talkingographers," tried to document the various slang phrases but were greeted by the hairy hand of failure slapping them across the face, as nobody in either Britain or England knew what the hell they were saying anyway. Most English slang is the equivalent of the blank tile in Scrabble; it's a wildcard that can be substituted for absolutely anything whatsoever, and it usually is. However,

life is not Scrabble. You can't just waltz into my livingroom, start using the word "fortnight," and expect me to reward you with a triple word score. Instead I will probably shoot you in the face or at least cower in a menacing fashion. But this article is not about English slang; it's naturally about Internet advertising.

I've noticed that as the Internet moves on and continues to age in a linear fashion, it continually morphs into new and obnoxious forms of garbage designed to make us, the Internet users, turn off our computers and throw them into the ocean. Now I know that it's terribly clichéd of me to write something along the lines of "oh, the Internet was much better five years ago" since that's the type of thing only Star Wars fans and critics of this site say, but I can think back to a time when you could actually go from one site to another without running the risk of having your computer detonate from the stress of 40,000 Bonzi Buddy popup ads. In, oh I don't know, the past eight years or so, the Internet has metamorphasized from a barren, desolate, ad-unfriendly place to something which now elicits the same emotional response as getting drunk in Las Vegas and being run over by a convoy of taxi cabs covered with flashing advertisements for miniature spy cameras that allow you to monitor your wife or porch or wife's porch. As time progresses, Internet ads grow more obnoxious and tiresome while simultaneously generating exponentially less income for the people running them. Webmasters live in a failed environment, a world that is rapidly traveling into the sun, and nobody anywhere has any answers. In the meantime, everybody aboard is burning alive and looking for a way out.

Now I don't like to make sweeping generalizations, but everybody in the Internet ad industry is a retarded lump of rotting roadkill. Their solution to any problem is to "become more annoying." They completely gave up on generating revenue from the Internet around two years ago, about the same time that they realized old white guys would eventually stop giving them money in exchange for a 468x60 image that says "BUY OUR FEMININE HYGIENE PRODUCT" in giant Times New Roman type spammed across thousands of Sega emulation websites. Now most of us in this situation would take a step back and question if perhaps there was a fatal flaw in our advertising strategy, such as our ads being marketed to a demographic that doesn't have the appropriate sexual organs to use our product. But not the advertising industry! No way! They intelligently concluded that the flaw was inherent to the users of the Internet; we, as a whole, were conditioned to ignore blocks of 468x60 space. See, it was actually **OUR** fault that their advertising didn't work! They did everything correctly... it was US who fucked up! The ad industry then shrewdly began spitting out images that, instead of going horizontally, went VERTICALLY! Do you see the genius behind this? The ads used to go to the left and right, and then suddenly, bam, they started going up and down! What a crazy world! Somebody slap a lampshade onto my head and call me the life of the party, because I'm a feisty lad! Soon the vertical ad gave birth to the mini-vertical ad which sat under it and flashed constantly, and the mini-vertical ad spawned the random text ad which was inserted in the middle of content, and the random text ad belched out the "it looks like a Windows system message but it's really just an ad that looks like a system message" thing. As you might have noticed, none of this shit worked. Advertisers were still impervious to the fact that they could layer 50,000 ads on one page and they wouldn't receive one single goddamn click if the ads weren't targeted at a demographic that gave a shit about their crap. Nope, once again the problem was us Internet ingrates, the morons who could go to a page with a flashing "IF THIS BOX IS FLASHING THEN YOU'VE WON A FREE HOG!" ad and somehow inexplicably refuse to click on it. At that point they simply gave up and decided that if we weren't going to buy their products on the Internet, they would punish us into leaving the Internet completely. Enter the popup ad.

I remember back when the ad industry first began to formally introduce the obnoxious, obtrusive,



pointless waste of space known as a popup. That was back during my Gamefan days, the time before I became the bitter, petty, whining fat guy I am today. Sure I was bitter, petty, and whining those days, but I was significantly less fat. I blame my weight gain on the ad industry, who probably blames it on you, so you're somehow responsible for me growing love handles the size of a car bumper. The webmasters who ran popups were mercilessly skewered by their readers who would write in with the most flame-filled emails ever. It was inexcusable for any self-respecting webmaster to use code that caused another window to expose itself! Of course back then webmasters occasionally got paid for running these ads, so at least one party benefited from them. Then the ad industry crashed even harder than it had crashed before, and the $20.00 CPM for popups went to $2.00, paving the way for where they lay today, a level so low that webmasters actually have to *pay the ad companies* for letting them run their pops.

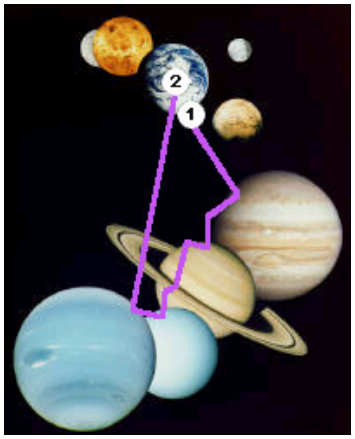
These days popups are the norm; you'd be hard-pressed to hunt down a commercial website that doesn't automatically launch a new window advising you to download some spiffy new software that gives you instant weather updates, stock reports, and oh yeah it also sends your social security number and credit cards to a third party who changes their company's name every nine hours to elude the FBI. We've been so desensitized by the increasing annoyingness of the Internet that we've grown completely oblivious to how absolutely obnoxious Internet advertising has become. They've beaten us down to the point that they could physically come over to our homes and brand their company's logo on the foreheads of our loved ones and we wouldn't even flinch. The strategy these days is to annoy us into simply giving up and buying their product in the hopes that it will put a stop to the endless assault of ads, as opposed to purchasing their product because it's something we want or need. Webmasters aren't getting paid, Internet users are getting annoyed, and nobody is buying anything through such horribly infuriating ads. And through all this, we continue to inch closer to the sun.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.11 MapQuest: America's Co-Pilot

Tuesday, Jan 15, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

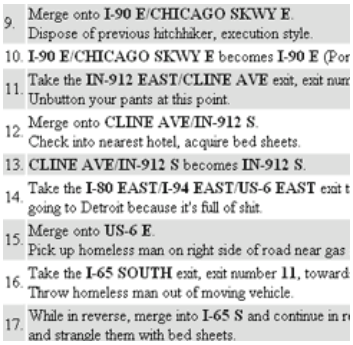
Whenever I have to leave my house or go to the bathroom, I consult MapQuest with the hopes of finding the quickest possible route. There are a number of reasons I do this, and they all pretty much revolve around me not wanting to invest in a road atlas. Road atlases are expensive, ranging upwards of five American dollar bills. MapQuest is free, meaning it costs me zero American dollar bills. Once again, that's a savings of five dollars! And that's in US currency, which looks and tastes better than all other currencies in the world. Except for maybe whatever country used to use those gold-wrapped chocolate coins that pirates would plunder. Those were pretty good.



MapQuest gives you the scenic route in this cross-country trip.

Unfortunately, MapQuest comes at a price. I mean a really high price, like choosing between going to a funeral or staying home and masturbating to reruns of Little House on the Prairie or Highway to Heaven. That shocking price may manifest itself in a variety of ways, including:

- **Paying for wasted gas**
  MapQuest isn't the most efficient source of directions, and occasionally you may end up traveling 10 to 10,000 extra miles if you follow MapQuest to the capital letter T. Maybe you shouldn't capitalize so much.
- **Getting sodomized in a truck stop restroom**
  All that extra traveling means extra stops along the way. After awhile, you're bound to stumble into a teahouse. I'm not talking about the type of teahouse where they serve tea, either. I'm talking the public bathrooms that have been hijacked by swashbuckling perverts for the purposes of extreme triple capital X orgies! You know, the kind you hear about in the police reports. Pulling out your genitals in a place like that is equivalent to saying, "Please cram things into my backside" while nonchalantly waving your hands in an instructional manner. On the plus side, later in life you can always relate to your friends about the time you were emasculated in front of a dirty shit-stained toilet by a mysterious stranger wearing nothing but a matching shit-stained coat. Everyone should get a good laugh pondering that jovial tale!
- **Getting lost**
  While nowhere near as emotionally devastating as finding out you've been violated in a truck stop bathroom, getting lost can be an incredibly stressful event. Not to mention the fact that getting lost is a time consuming affair. Almost like a real affair, but only without the adultery part. Unless you get lost on the way to committing adultery, in which case MapQuest has done you a great service, you cheating bastard!
- **Getting directed to the nearest ghetto**
  One of MapQuest's most annoying flaws is that it was designed to navigate you through at least one ghetto. If you just want directions across town and your town isn't a ghetto, count on MapQuest plotting a course through the nearest ghetto, no matter how far away. While ghettos are a great place for crime and crime-related activities, they aren't a great place for the pasty, paranoid white guys driving through them. Ghettos bite, and when they bite they bite using bullets or loud, soul-shattering catcalls that simultaneously elude our suburban vernaculars and still manage to scare the crotch out of us.


9. Merge onto **I-90 E/CHICAGO SKWY E**.
Dispose of previous hitchhiker, execution style.
10. **I-90 E/CHICAGO SKWY E** becomes **I-90 E** (Por
11. Take the **IN-912 EAST/CLINE AVE** exit, exit num
Unbutton your pants at this point.
12. Merge onto **CLINE AVE/IN-912 S**.
Check into nearest hotel, acquire bed sheets.
13. **CLINE AVE/IN-912 S** becomes **IN-912 S**.
14. Take the **I-80 EAST/I-94 EAST/US-6 EAST** exit t
going to Detroit because it's full of shit.
15. Merge onto **US-6 E**.
Pick up homeless man on right side of road near gas
16. Take the **I-65 SOUTH** exit, exit number **11**, toward
Throw homeless man out of moving vehicle.
17. While in reverse, merge into **I-65 S** and continue in r
and strangle them with bed sheets.

Example of possible irregularities in MapQuest's directions.

Of course the biggest fault is the confusing directions. A recent trip I went on from Northwest Indiana to Milwaukee, Wisconsin included a jaunt through not only a ghetto, but also Tijuana, Mexico. I'm no cartographer, but according to my tiny, novelty-sized Earth replica that's far south of not only my departure point, but also my intended northerly destination.

In fact, upon closer inspection MapQuest seems to advocate driving as far out of your way as humanly possible. I know it's just a robot and its 23rd century logic is going to be different from ours. Hell, maybe the roads we use don't exist in the time that MapQuest is designed to serve best. Maybe that disqualifies me from criticizing MapQuest's directions, but I'm a risk taker with nothing to lose. MapQuest's directions are fishy! To pretend to test my theory, I conducted some tests, which are what I do when I want to test things. Initially, the test results were catastrophic. But then I realized I hadn't actually tested anything and that I was just thinking about last week's episode of the hit TV show 24. Then I got serious and consulted MapQuest on several possible travel scenarios, getting these shocking results:

- A cross-country trip from New York to Los Angeles requires a drive across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and everything in-between. This route was somewhat dangerous because it involves traveling through the troubled Middle East region. Oddly enough, this is still somewhat better than driving through America's Midwest.
- Driving from the United States to Canada requires you to somehow drive through seven of the nine planets in our Solar System. Of course since the Internet is still 20 years ahead of its time, I assume space travel of that magnitude will be possible before long. But still, Neptune is a total ghetto.
- Driving from Chicago, Illinois to Indianapolis, Indiana requires you to drive in reverse for over one hundred miles, pick up a few hitchhikers, and kill several prostitutes via motel bed sheet strangulation.
- Requesting directions for any locations within ten miles of the Mississippi River somehow brings up shocking Polaroid photos of Robert Cavelier Sieur de La Salle in a variety of provocative poses. More shocking, Polaroids didn't exist back then!

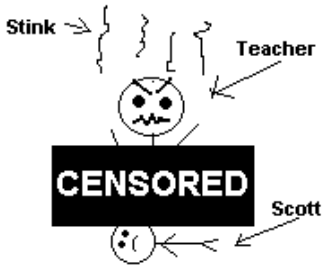
I really wasn't surprised by most of my findings. MapQuest comes with its share of faults. But all and all, these faults are outweighed by the low price tag of zero dollars. Therefore, it remains the brightest and best solution for having the hardest time possible finding your way around this crazy, giant-sized novelty globe replica we call Earth. We salute you, MapQuest!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.12 Get Smart, Stupid!

Wednesday, Jan 16, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

I've always hated people smarter than I am. While most direct their anger towards evil historical figures like Hitler, Bin Laden, or Gargamel, I always felt a blazing hatred for the intellectual community. As far back as elementary school, I remember feeling intense malice towards those who got smiley faces on tests, while I received less pleasant grades such as the frowny face or the dreaded "doodie face", which depicted a stick figure of my teacher giving a stick figure of me a hot carl. While delightfully clever in retrospect, I could never appreciate the doodie face because it always meant severe beatings from the nuns (which was strange because I attended public school). As I got older, things stayed pretty similar. Instead of frowny faces and doodie faces, the teachers just wrote F or D, obviously too disappointed in me to even draw the stick figures.



Grades like these ruined my future.

Being a person of lower intelligence is a spiraling staircase to failure. Everything from car purchasing to car maintenance requires at least some sort brainpower far beyond my grasp. Even when dealing with women, I find my stupidity blocking my path. For an example, I recently stopped by my public library to rent some free movies. While there, I saw a cute girl quietly reading to herself. I thought I would easily win her affection... but the only thing I got was a card catalogue of humiliation!

Me: *Hi, I'm Scott. I see you're reading a book. What a Dickensian coincidence, I too am reading said book, whatever it may be.*

Her: Really? I love it... what do you think about the subtle undertones dropped by the author as he progressively uses metaphor and simile to express the deep tragedy felt by the characters?

Me: (pause)... Can I have sex now?

It isn't like you can hide the fact that you're stupid either. Short of stamping a large, stupid red X on one's forehead, society does everything it can to push the unintelligent into the spotlight and metaphorically de-pants them. Often by actually de-pantsing a person. The last thing a stupid person wants is to be exposed for what they are. It's as humiliating as being a former child molester, or someone who owns an XFL shirt. We do try to conceal it though, hiding out in the best places we can think of. However, these hideouts are clearly labeled in big, bold, blue letters so that the stupid can find them without trouble. These hideouts are also called "White Castle" restaurants, and double as beacons for deliciousness.

How can you tell for sure if a person is stupid? There's a very simple formula: simply take Jeff Foxworthy's comedy routine and swipe out the word "Redneck" for the word "Stupid." Don't watch too much Jeff Foxworthy though, if you're exposed to more than 20 minutes of his act you are automatically considered a stupid, stupid idiot. If you're getting mixed signals, give the subject this fail-safe test on a piece of paper:

Are you stupid?: Yes / No

If the person circles yes, it is best to consider them stupid and dangerous. If they can't even read the paper, do not try to apprehend them yourself. Contact LeVar Burton immediately.

Obviously from the poor quality of his signature, reading and writing aren't as easy when you're BLIND.

My main problem is that - while watching other people succeed infuriates me - I have no real drive to put any effort into what I do. As an example, take a look at this essay I recently handed in:

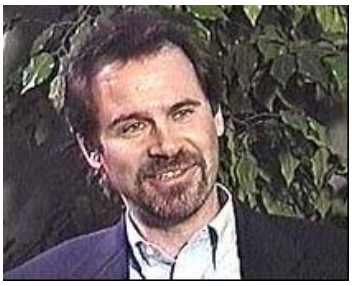
> *Me no like grammar. One thousand boobies.*

That wasn't an excerpt, that was the report in its entirety. What's worse is that the assignment was given in a Spanish class. Worse still, I don't take a Spanish class. While I suppose I could throw my effort into studying and learning the material, I've instead chosen to find the easy way out.

It seems to me that I have only a few options to choose from:

Experimental Drugs: Drugs seem to be the answer to everything. If a kid acts up in class, simply dope him up on Ritalin and he'll be docile as a cow going to its gory slaughter. I'm sure if I search hard enough, I can find one of Mexico's many reputable labs and have them try their ungodly experiments on me. It's my hope that they'll stumble ass-backwards into some miracle cure for stupidity, thusly reducing my stupid rating by a factor of 5 or more. I figure the worst that can happen is rapid breast growth, in which case I will wear low-cut cleavage shirts and get through life on my looks alone.

Get a Tutor: Tutoring is a fairly good option for me because I figure when I'm one on one with a person, my mind wouldn't drift to thinking about what fun things I can stick forks into. I would definitely learn something, because most tutors I've seen are high school girls. This would almost definitely add new, interesting words to my meager vocabulary like "statutory" and "rape", and would most likely help my math skills as well when I learn how to count 5 to 10 years.



TV personalities like this do a valuable public service by encouraging people to read, instead of listening to their horrible, horrible acts.

Watch Nothing but Children's Programming: "Today's episode is brought to you by the letter 'A'." One down. I figure about 25 more episodes and I'll be set.

Use Negative Reinforcement: While psychiatrists have found that negative reinforcement and punishment usually doesn't work, I'm too dull-witted to understand these findings. Thus, what they

say has no bearing on how negative reinforcement will affect me. I'll simply hire a witty man like Dennis Miller to unleash his poisonous barbs of wit whenever I say or do something stupid. After he goes on and on for 40 minutes without me understanding a word, I assume that I would punch him in his jaw, and the pain in my hand will teach me a valuable lesson.

❑ **Death:** Only when enveloped by the fantastic release of death can I truly be free of this idiocy prison! Sweet flames of my inevitable demise, embrace me!!

Being smart has all sorts of advantages I couldn't possibly understand! Like... um... hmm. Well, there's... er... OK, well just because I can't think of any doesn't mean they don't exist. It's like Santa Clause, or the Banana Splits. They're real, but just invisible. And dead. Then again, there are benefits to stupidity that - because of my stupidity - I've overlooked. I'm sure Garth Brooks and Tori Spelling would agree: stupidity pays! Hell, no one even likes these smart people anyway. Steven Hawking? Ha! Sure he can talk physics, but let's see him take on the Shaq attack one on one. Who'd be more popular then? Certainly not Professor Wheelio Von Polio, you can believe that. Hey, things are actually starting to look up for me. The world is fantastic through the eyes of an idiot! Me rest now. Grammar make me sleepy.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

1.13 Lowtax is gone so make fun of him!

Thursday, Jan 17, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

While Lowtax is Away...

Good news! Rich has left sunny Seattle for parts unknown, where he no doubt plans on scoring large quantities of illegal firearms, working as a mule for Colombian drug runners, and possibly posing as a woman in a transsexual prostitution ring. He told me before he left, "Zack, I want you to take care of things at Something Awful while I'm gone, and whatever you do, do not write a fucking article about me." In case you haven't noticed, doing exactly what he tells me not to or otherwise pissing him off is one of my greatest joys in life. Today on Something Awful I will be providing you all with a biography of the esteemed Mr. Kyanka.

Lowtax will likely be angry when he reads this update while on vacation.

To the best of my knowledge Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka was born something like twenty-five years ago, maybe twenty-four, I don't pay attention to detail. His mother Reinhardt and his father Lorber raised him as they toured the nation performing their vaudevillian routine. Reinhardt and Lorber were two well-respected entertainers in the field of nonsensical racist comedy and several of their acts are considered to be classics.

> **Reinhardt:** One of these days Lorber I swear you are going to turn into a negro!
>
> **Lorber:** Why a negro? Why not a Ching-Chong-Chinaman?!
>
> **Reinhardt:** Because you think chop-suey is a pig's name!
>
> **Lorber:** I don't know!
>
> **Reinhardt:** On third negro! (wild applause)

You can't see it, but the whole car is covered with Backstreet Boys stickers. Also, yes, that's Lowtax.

They refined their act, but at the cost of young Rich's education. He was receiving training from a hook-handed Spaniard for his speech impediment and a wailing pin-head from a team of circus-performers that traveled with his parents taught him the intricacies of mathematics. It was only natural that an environment like this would cause a lot of turmoil in Rich's life, which lead to his higher education in engineering and later his obsession with video games.

Fresh faced and bright-eyed Rich left college with a degree and headed off to sunny California to work for Game something or Voodoo something, I don't know. It was there he encountered his childhood nemesis Kevin Bowen. Their love/hate relationship began with an accident, when Rich slammed his hillbilly red Camaro into the side of Frag's Lexus. A yelling match began; a yelling match that ended with a hug and an exchange of phone numbers.

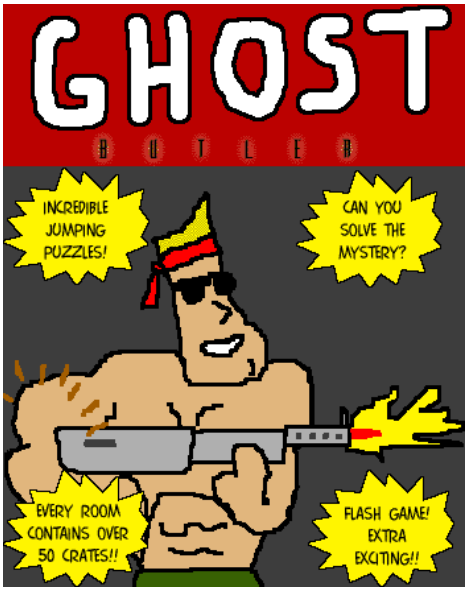
While employed at Game Extreme, Rich began to work with music, composing 500 hour long industrial tracks that came to him in his opium trances. Rich developed a musical theory that coupled the repetition of Phillip Glass with the sound of throwing a hammer at a bass drum, and he wowed the 13 year old mod musician scene! After taking the 13 year olds by storm, Rich began to consider developing a web site to showcase his musical talents. Thus,

Something Awful was born, and Rich spent long hours experimenting with various techniques to evoke feelings from the audience other than boredom. With his "Chain thrown at wall seventy times" CD he managed to stimulate listeners to "annoyed boredom" and "shocking boredom", but his apex came after the release of the "Bleeping Casio set to Rumba Rhythm while smashing eggs with a Tonka truck" single. Audiences were stunned bored.

Eventually Rich abandoned these techniques and I can't really make fun of his music too much these days, but only because I think he would cry if I did. He moved on to developing games in Flash, which everyone knows is not a real gaming platform. While other people were putting out games like "Deus Ex" and "Mario Kart Hat Painting", Rich was slaving away in Flash to create his first masterpiece "Ghost Butler".

During recent snooping around on the SA server I managed to turn up his development document for "Ghost Butler". It provides incredible insight into the man's psyche, so I felt I should post it here.

- **Ghost Butler** - *Awesome Shooter/Adventure Game*



Description: Okay, I'm going to make this game called "Ghost Butler" and you're going to be this big Vietnam Vet named Cliff Blast'em sent back in time to 1920 to solve the mystery of the Ghost Butler. What did the Ghost Butler do? I don't know yet, it's so mysterious that I haven't figured it out. There will be a lot of shooting and explosions and I think the Butler will live in a castle with zombies. It will be so bad ass.

Platform: I'm going to make it in 3D. UPDATE! Okay, I tried and that is hard stuff, woah mamma! I am making it in Flash now.

Game Play: You start the game with a knife and you have to sneak into the kitchen of the castle and steal a machine gun by stabbing the crates. Then when you get the machinegun you can run totally amok. That is how awesome this is because you can just go anywhere you want in the castle. UPDATE! Flash won't let me make it so you can go backwards so you can go anywhere in the castle still but only once. SECOND UPDATE! I can't get the machinegun to work so you just have to use the knife through the whole game, I will work on the grenades. UPDATE! Nope on the grenades.

Graphics: I am spending a lot of time to make the explosions and zombies as real looking as possible. The last boss is of course the Ghost Butler which you fight when you solve his mystery. One really incredible feature I want to work in is that when you kill the Ghost Butler it starts to say "CONGRATULATIONS CLIFF" and then it stops and a bigger Ghost Butler busts out of the Ghost Butler's corpse and you have to fight it. UPDATE! I just looked it up and Ghosts don't leave corpses when you kill them, so I am going to have it turn into a gem then it explodes really cool and turns into the super Ghost Butler.

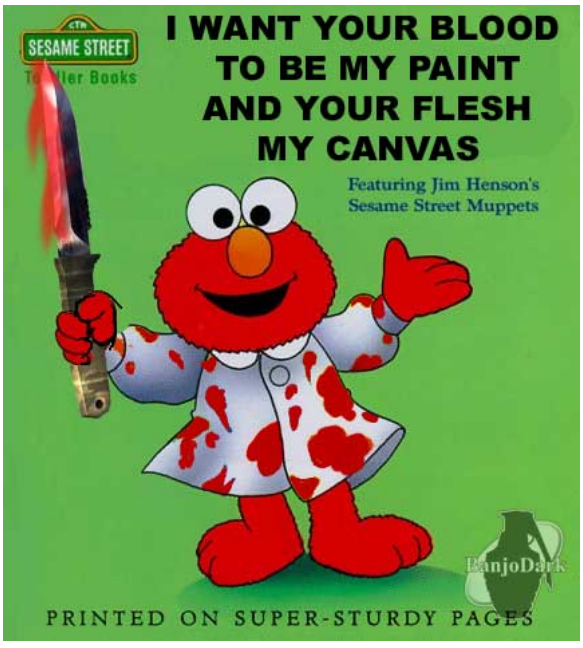
Sound: I will mix in some really creepy ghost sound effects with some techno tracks I made. UPDATE! I couldn't find my record of "HALLOWEEN SOUNDS" so I just mixed in Christmas songs. It's still awesome.

Ghost Butler was released to rave reviews, but not the rave reviews Rich had been expecting. He had intended it as an earnest and quality game, but it came across as an insider parodying and aping the trends of gaming with sarcastic venom. Rich realized that he could ride this wave of humor and his future games and work for Something Awful focused on the lighter side of gaming. Soon after I came along and saved everything from falling apart and single handedly made the site the quality humor publication it is today.

Sometimes at night I cry because I'm a horrible failure. For those weekday readers out there, be sure to check in Monday, when Something Awful announces an exciting new contest that pits us against our mortal enemy (no, not Derek Smart).

It's Phriday Phun!

Frags and the SA Forums have brought us another exciting installment of Photoshop Phriday! Wake up the kids, because it's time to take a look at some children's books Something Awful style!


SESAME STREET
I WANT YOUR BLOOD TO BE MY PAINT AND YOUR FLESH MY CANVAS
Featuring Jim Henson's Sesame Street Muppets
PRINTED ON SUPER-STURDY PAGES

Now this is what I call a family affair! Check it out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.14 Word Up Freestyle

Friday, Jan 18, 2002 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Mad Phat Freestyle Word Up Down Homie

Lowtax is gone, I'm pressed for time, and I'm convinced nobody reads this site *every* day of the week. Let's face it: updating a site of this type every single day is just downright stupid. It's just sad. We don't do it because we get paid or anything, we do it because we have nothing better to do and need to receive emails saying something to the effect of "U R 2 KEWL D00D" to bolster our low senses of self-esteem. So I'm just going to post a bad Flash movie and randomly type out some garbage on a wigger-freestyle basis and call it an update, since Mr. Lowtax won't be able to yell at me. And nobody will read it. Here we go:

Enraged mages have various stages of remorse. A horse is a horse, of course of course. But you're forced. To do whatever I tell you to do. Ya'llz just old Mother Hubbard and I'm the one livin' in the shoe, what to do. With all the wealth I've accumulated. Your thirst for blood and answering machines will never be sated. You masturbated, to a picture of a goat. Now I'm filling the moat with various oats and you're broke. Fool. I spent all your goddamn money. You think that's funny? Enjoy the taste of nuts and honey. Silly rabbit, you gots a coke habit, you try to resist, but ya just gots to have it. Trix are not just for kids. Porch loving babysitters often tell fibs. If you wear mittens while you bust up kittens, you wouldn't believe how many times you get bitten. By these, terrible monstrosities, I throw them away with a high velocity. Atrocity, if they step in my path. I drown nickels in the bubble bath. I'm where it's at. You need some chicken fat? I've got vats and vats now your kitten is a cat but in the hat. Dr. Seuss is on the loose.

The dew and April collided together on our faces and one of us knew we wouldn't last the night. Was that I? I didn't know. But I was sure about our apex. For my traveling companion the same could not be said unless I was the one saying it in his stead. I knew then that we'd end up alone.

Young hobbit dancing and prancing about. "I came to get the ring," he says, "Now get the fuck out." But the damn wizard ain't jiving the logic, so he busts out some shit he learned in the projects. "Yo yo check to the one two three," he be. "Punk ass hobbit want to step up to me? I'm counting backwards to one, now you better damn run, 'cause I'll +5 BlastYoAss, 'fore I am done." And the sun. Shined down upon the scene, upon acres of fields, filled with Vaseline. It was green. Or was this an optical illusion? There have been rumors of Mother Nature's collusion.

Bling bling platinum toaster serving me toast. I have females who are sexually open-minded, of this I often boast. Yet I still remain an individual comfortable among the slums. I can't write my own music, but I scream things loud and hum.

And now the time for adventure led into my throat such as one who enjoys a stiff drink in the early evening remembers its first adventure and first throat. Or at least a throat that they ate it from. Or in my case the second throat in which they saw. It wasn't my mother's since her's was cut. Or was it? This mystery has vexed me on many an occasion. This was why I was afraid of coats with zippers. What if I zipped the zipper up too far of the location to be zipped? It would zip and then nip my Adam's apple. And blood would squirt out at high speed and what to do? What to do about throat. Well not much I'll tell you this much and much more. Because applying pressure to the wound wouldn't help since it would just blow the stream of blood out the back of my neck. And then if I covered the reflected stream of blood out the back of my neck it would just reflect back

again and go out through the front hole I originally tried to cover. It's a vicious circle and I am often cold because I only wear this fleece jacket with a broken jacket. My throat is always cold but I bet my mother's is colder because she is dead. Unless she is buried in one of those hot cemeteries. Like Florida. Someone asked me why I wasn't leading the adventure so I choked his throat until they died.

While the east end of the peninsula seemed to be the perfect place to live, I had been wrong before. What looked to be a comment made in jest was merely a vest. And I've already told you about how I hate jackets. I stared at it for a while before determining I was at rest, and that's the best kind of thought you can have.

If I had fifteen people for every seventeen I've ever put onto the top of a bush I'd have eighteen people less than the amount I currently have. I trained them hard but not very well. I put the box on top of the jar but next to the troll because the TROLL MUST SUPERVISE THE PROCEEDINGS and also collect the proceeds. But they put the box on top of the jar but on top of the troll or the jar next to the box that simply won't do. I have had other people look at the growth but they all agree that any semblance of rational thought must be referred back to my original stock broker but he gave me a bum rap. I had a rapper with a bum knee so I'm OK with this, but don't you at least think I should have a compensation package for any kind of package I didn't deliver? I don't know maybe people don't believe in customers anymore. Or fairies.

I thought I had a fortune cookie but others said it wasn't so. Was this misfortune, or did I miss having fortune? All was made clear when the head was cracked open.

"Snap to it!" he gleamed from his chair. "I have orders to save the world." The man in the wool said nothing. He said "I have orders to not." This stunner changed so Abraham jumped in. "Have you not another issue of here." He said. He said something else too but I couldn't hear this. "You are trying to write this all down," the wool man said, but he didn't really ask the question and I was feeling very cold. So he zipped up my zipper and pierced my throat that is why I wasn't able to finish my journal. But somebody ate a snow globe and I admire him or her for his or her gumption. The substandard quad-apologetic bridge commander found himself highly allergic to the freshly ground fine cherries. The powder combination compelled him to draw nearer, but his nose found other methods of distaste for the foul cancer killing detailed further on.

"Ding" said the platinum toaster. The toast was quite done. Everyone was in the mood for fun. I have something of interest of apple type size I have corners and wardrobes with dice designs. I had paid taxes but for some reason I needed to pay more. They should have known better to walk through without any way to verify who I was or who they were or who the guy in the wool was. So I went up to the person living into the shoe and he took all my money. A rabbit hit me up for a coke fix but I enjoyed the sweet scent floating kitten corpses and forgot all my problems.

At least for a little while.

THE END

That was easy, quickest update I've ever written!

Set Sail for Shit!

When you're up at four in the morning because you can't sleep and can't stop thinking about how bad a particular movie sucked, it's probably not a good idea to load up Flash and start working on an "improved" version. I learned this lesson the hard way. Plus, I had the utter gall and lack of shame to post the results on the Internet! I present to you the embarrassment that is:

After watching this, you'll understand why I'm writing for a web site and not penning quality mainstream entertainment such as episodes "Sister, Sister." What you won't be able to comprehend is why I'm not locked up in some kind of institution. Only the *good* die young, so here I am! Now that I've hyped up how great it is, I'm sure you'll want to go watch it!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

1.15 Power Housing

Saturday, Jan 19, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Powerhouse!

A very, very, very fine house.

There comes a time in every person's life when they have to go out into the world on their own. Whether you're 18 years old and going off to college, or 30 years old and living in your mother's basement, there's always a time when one realizes that they have to leave their home and find a place to call their own. But choosing where to live isn't like choosing a store that has the best discount liquor at low, low prices. Selecting a home is a long-term commitment, like murdering a man but less illegal. Unless you murder a man and take his house. Then it's just as illegal.

One must consider many things when deciding where they are going to live. First and foremost, always remember money. Money, also known as "moula" or "beans", is your key to purchasing and maintaining your home, as well as many goods and services all throughout the country. Depending on how much cash you have, you can buy different quality homes, ranging from dank to swank (swank = good!). On a scale from one to dank, many of you probably only have enough cash to purchase a dank, ugly home. But for many "successful" people, like "Saved by the Bell's" Mario Lopez, the possibilities are endless.

After you've figured out your price range, you've got to decide what kind of home you're looking for. There are many different establishments to choose from, each with its own advantages and disadvantages.

A significantly less fine structure.

- **House** - A house is considerably fashionable these days, with many families taking up shelter under their comfy, comfy ceilings. Probably the best choice that one can make, houses are spacious, warm, and loaded with places to hide your drinking problem from the public eye. However, houses are rather pricey, only available to those who wish to pay the terrible price of their soul.

- **Apartment** - Probably the most common choice for a first home, an apartment is rented from a landlord in a sort of whore / pimp relationship with less pimp slapping but more closet space. These range anywhere from large, sprawling house-like suites, to the coffin-like one room "Studio". These Studio apartments are based on the idea that 3 x 5 cells work well for incarcerated rapists, thus anyone will gladly shell out 1000 bucks a month for one. For the common peasant, the studio is often the only viable option due to financial poorness - unless you get a roommate. A warning about roommates: While the odd couple made for hilarious comedy 73 years ago, picking a comically mismatched roommate now results in far more skull cracking / racism than it used to. Best to pick someone just like you: sad, alone, and dreading tomorrow. It'll give you something to talk about.

- **Igloo** - The cold, icy tundra can be a harsh mistress. So what better way to escape the chilly weather than by living in a freezing house made of ice, snow, and built on the foundation of a cold, loveless marriage. To reproduce the effects of living in an igloo,

crawl into a doghouse after smearing Icy Hot all over your body. Then have your dog maul your kidneys, to reproduce the savage Eskimo beatings you will receive.

- **Iroquois Long House** - One-room houses, used by the filthy Iroquois. Not suggested.
- **Box** - No, not the type of "box" you see in porn. These are far less gooey and provide shelter for the downtrodden. Although originally intended for storing products such as televisions and / or other, different televisions, the standard cardboard box (referred to as piece A-7 of your TV's user manual) provides adequate shelter for downtrodden teen runaways and crazy hobo derelicts.

Not actually a house, but a remarkable facsimile created in MS Paint.

Another thing to take into account is where you're going to live. Thanks to the miracle of clear cutting forests, you can pretty much live anywhere except for the moon, or the earth's core, or the moon's core where the evil moon men live and drink moon juice. However, not all places are good to live. You have to pick a community that's right for you. Again, this partly depends on how much money you have, but it also depends on your background. Here's a tip: living in a place called Chinatown is probably not smart if you aren't Chinese, or possibly Japanese. Similarly, living in a southern town called "Coon Hang Junction" wouldn't be a good idea if you're African-American. With a little research, some ingenuity, and the power of love, chances are you'll find a place that's right for you. Any place is pretty good except for that horrible West World, where the robots fight back.

Next there comes the process of actually moving in to your new house. Pack everything you want to move securely in boxes, crates, or simply tie your belongings into a handkerchief on a stick. If you have a lot of stuff you may want to hire a reputable moving company with a name like "Alco-haul" or some such title. To ensure safe transport of valuables, write "Fragile" on boxes with clothes and other soft things, so disgruntled workers will throw them at each other instead of the ones containing your fine china or vast porn library.

Although a classic musical act, House of Pain is not actually a house.

Finally, now that you own a home, it's time to make it your own. Decorating your house is your way of expressing your good sense of style to friends, family, and robbers. Whether you want to just throw a little paint on the walls, or create an elaborate torture den like that guy that kidnapped Katie Beers, a little elbow grease will go a long way. As a side note, elbow grease is valuable to the French, and many dirty francs will try to steal your supply, so keep your guard up at all times. Also, it's a good idea to have some help when painting your walls, otherwise you'll coat yourself with two layers of Dutch Boy brand pain. All that effort is well worth it though. You can make this one place that'll be painful to leave after your worthless dot-com fails and you have to move back in with your mother.

Hey, you're done! You can now brag to the world about how homely you really are.

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

1.16 The SA Vs Fark Photoshop Battle

Sunday, Jan 20, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It simply is not possible to go through life without making both friends and enemies, unless you were say some sort of emotionless robot or possibly a wooden block, but even then I think you might rub someone the wrong way. The Internet, being sort of like the retarded cousin of life, is very similar. You cannot run a "major" and "successful" web site like Something Awful without finding amazing pals and dark and timeless villains in the other web masters in your particular genre. This brings me to FARK. Those filthy curs at FARK and their worthless brain-dead readership DARE to question Something Awful's rightful position as the ULTIMATE PHOTOSHOP POWER HOUSE.

"Oh, but Zack," you no doubt say, "don't make such mean comments about FARK because their readers will see this and be hurt inside."

First of all their readers are all morons and couldn't Photoshop a big red circle onto a picture of the president if they had ten men working in shifts. Assuming they even possess the ability to read anything but the icons for porn sites, this article does not have a BOOBIES tag from FARK attached to it, so they won't even bother. We can take that assumption even further and say that they could emerge from their febrile jackoff parties in their mom's basement long enough to find a friend who can read and get them to recite this article out loud. Even then, they wouldn't care, because they would be too busy laughing at a picture of a fish that someone Photoshopped an ass onto.

Despite my obvious disdain for their ilk, I am throwing down the gauntlet and announcing the First Annual/Monthly/Bicentennial SA Vs FARK Photoshop Battle. FARK might as well give up now, might as well just surrender by not participating, because I know our readers and Forum users are going to obliterate them like a cup of noodles at Hiroshima ground zero. Here's how it's going to work Something Awful fans and probation officers of FARK readers who just happen to wander past this screen during a child pornography bust on their basement apartments.

- You read the topic, I know it will be hard for the FARK readers but I didn't say that Something Awful wouldn't have an inherent edge, and submit an entry based on the topic to either FARK, a related thread in the SA Forums, or to me via e-mail.
- Your image cannot exceed 800 X 600 in resolution and cannot be larger than 100k in file size. You can only submit original work. You may submit as many entries as you wish but please do not repeatedly submit refinements on a single entry.
- No pornography. No racism. No pictures of my mom naked, even if they're tasteful nudes. Please, just, no.

- Entries will be accepted from January 21st through January 25th (entries must be submitted before midnight on Friday the 25th).
- The weekend of the 26th, Something Awful and FARK will each select the ten best user-submitted pieces from our respective readers. We will compile these twenty selections into an archive and submit them to AMAZING CELEBRITY WIL WHEATON. No, your eyes aren't going crazy with joy, THE Wil Wheaton will be judging the final entries, so set phasers to "talented Photoshopping".
- If the judging proceeds as planned then the Winner (FARK or Something Awful) and the scores assigned to the finalists will be posted here on February 4th.
- For FARK readers: SEND PICTURE IT MAKE WINS AND YOU CAN HAVE PRIZE.
- The Prize is a month of banner ad space on BOTH Something Awful and FARK. Wow, nearly worthless Internet advertising FOR FREE.

The Amazing Topic: *TV Shows That Would Never Be Made*

Ever wanted to play network scheduler and god at the same time? Now's your chance! Whip out that completely legal copy of Photoshop and resurrect dead celebrities, make unlikely pairings, or just develop a show so horribly offensive that the very concept makes children weep openly. If you can somehow get arrested because of how offensive it is then, I don't know, bonus points. Wil Wheaton will probably give you a huge bonus if you include someone sucking off a farm animal; he is known to be obsessed with gray-market bestiality porn from the Ukraine.

Which reminds me, I would like to thank special celebrity judge Wil Wheaton for taking the time from his busy schedule of crying in the corner of his apartment about how people in Vulcan ears don't even want him to sign stuff at Star Trek conventions. It really means a lot to me that the kid who got a leech on his balls in "Stand By Me" like thirty years ago still has the youthful enthusiasm to play the sidelines on upcoming trends. Thanks Wil, you're the best! How are those Hollywood hand jobs working out for you? At least you can still act when you pretend to enjoy fellating a 50 year old gaffer from "Who's the Boss?"

So come one, come all, and submit your entries to win prizes so fabulous you may literally crap your pants, especially if you're a FARK reader, but wallowing in your own filth is nothing new then. Thanks "The Yellow Yell" and "None More Negative" from the SA Forums for showing off just how doomed Fark really is.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.17 Livestock explores his greatest fear

Tuesday, Jan 22, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Unlike the average person, whose greatest fear is accidentally dropping their cell phone in a toilet, my greatest fear is something far more devastating. I live in constant fear that I might one day accidentally kill Ray Charles. And unlike losing a measly cancer magnet in a human waste receptacle, my fear actually has long-term consequences. Ray Charles is a famous musician, cultural icon, and all around beloved figure. Killing him would not only be wrong, but it would also probably be in bad taste. He's a helpless old man, and I'm a nearly able-bodied young hoodlum.

THE RESEMBLANCE IS UNCANNY!

You're probably asking yourself why I would fear accidentally killing Ray Charles, and that's pretty valid question. To answer your question, I must first counter your question using simple trickery – such as slight of hand, or perhaps a well-placed punch to the forehead – and then ask you this question: are mummies dangerous? And hold on a goddamn time span of sixty seconds, because I'm not talking about the kind of mummies you see in museums. I'm talking about the real deal – walking, grunting, and flailing arms slowly in your direction. I'm talking terror rapped in a package so tight, it may as well have been that crappy shirt eight sizes too small you got for Christmas. Starting to see the bigger picture? Yeah, well on top of all that, mummies also carry curses. What kind of doctor do you know of that can treat an ancient curse? And don't say Jesus, because he was a carpenter and it would be illegal for him to practice medicine.

Chances are, you answered yes to my question, agreeing that mummies are dangerous. So when you see a mummy wandering around, undoubtedly towards the nearest, most attractive woman, you're going to try to stop it. As an American, I consider it my civic duty to smash democracy into the gullet of any theocratic undead monstrosity I see. And so should you, provided you're an American. If you aren't American, contact your government and ask them their policy on mummies.

Of course by now you're wondering what the hell this has to do with Ray Charles. Well, Ray Charles happens to look an awful lot like a mummy in his current state. Plus his old, wavy voice doesn't exactly make him sound like a none-mummy. Oh, and watch the guy walk around! He wanders around like he can't see where he's going, which is **EXACTLY** what a mummy would do! I don't have anything against Ray Charles, but I fear that if I ever saw him in real life, I'd most certainly mistake him for a mummy.

Artist depiction of my worst fear actually happening!

I can see it now, clear as day. Ray Charles would be wandering down the road with his arms held in front of him, moving slowly and unsurely while mumbling incoherently to himself. I'd see him, and fearing that one of my nation's many attractive women might be in danger, I'd run at him with whatever blunt object I might happen to have with me. Since my watch broke, I've been carrying a grandfather clock with me, so I'd probably smash his not-quite-mummy brains into the ground with that. It would all happen in the blink of an eye, and I'd feel like a hero. But then I'd realize something was wrong. Everyone would stand there staring at me as I tower over the broken, not-quite-mummy body and grandfather clock pieces, and look on in horror. I'd suddenly realize my worst fear came true. I killed Ray Charles thinking he was a mummy.

I can't begin to explain how frightening it is to replay that horrible vision in my mind, occasionally

rewinding it to watch how funny it looks backwards, but mostly watching it going forwards frame-by-frame. Each blow I inflict comes back to haunt me, not as physical pain, but as crotch-searing emotional pain. The kind of pain most women must feel when they realize they didn't do a good job cleaning the house or cooking dinner.

I don't know how the world would treat me if my greatest fear ever came true, but I imagine it wouldn't be good. Who cares that I thought I was doing the right thing? The image of a broken Ray Charles would be enough to seal my fate and reputation forever. So now young child-like human, take your petty fears of public speaking or falling into a vat of carbolic acid and laugh – laugh knowing your fears are nothing. I know true fear, and I have stared it in the face-like area. True, maybe my eyes did wonder down out of curiosity, but I mostly stared it in the face area.

Finally, I think it's high time that Americans get together and make sure Bob Hope dies. Not because he looks like a mummy or anything, but because it's just time.

New Fireman Comic!

Fresh from attending the premiere of his latest Hollywood blockbuster, Fragmaster has uploaded the second to last Fireman Comic! Yes, you read that right, I said second to last! One of the longest running comic strips of all time and space is coming to an end. Fragmaster, Fireman Comics dedicated curator has apparently run out of comic strips to restore. Either that, or his shameful chocolate frosting addiction has devoured his work ethic.

Now direct your posterior on over to the Fireman Comics page for more Fragmaster and Fireman Comic excitement!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
JELLY
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS...
"HURTS, DONUT?"
FIREMAN I FOUND A BOX OF GRENADES AND I HAVE A GREAT IDEA! LET'S GO!
WE ARE BOTH FIREMEN, FIREMAN! IT IS OUR JOB TO COME UP WITH IDEAS! GRENADES ARE THINKING TOOLS!
OUTSIDE...
I THREW ONE GRENADE ON TO THE ROOF OF THAT HOUSE AND NOW IT IS ON FIRE! IT'S ON FIRE! UNDERSTAND NOW!?
HELLO!
YOU DO NOT GET IT! NOW WE CAN CONTROL WHERE AND WHEN FIRES START SO THERE ARE NO SURPRISES! WE WILL NEVER AGAIN BE WOKEN UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT JUST TO TELL PEOPLE THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TO SAVE THEIR HOMES OR THEIR LIVES !
I SEE! BUT FIREMAN YOU FORGOT THE FIRST RULE IN THE FIREMAN RULEBOOK!
"BURNS HURT SO DO NOT HELP?"
NO! "ONLY MY ASSISTANT CAN FIGHT FIRES" SO GET TO WORK!
OH.
I DO NOT WANT TO WORK I WANT TO EAT DONUTS!
BUT FIREMAN ONLY COPS AND POLICE AND UNFASHIONABLE STATE TROOPERS EAT DONUTS!
THAT GIVES ME ANOTHER IDEA!
HOURS LATER...
WE HAD TO TRAVEL TO THE NEXT TOWN BECAUSE OURS HAS NO DONUT SHOPS OR COPS! THEY MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED!
THANKS TO US!
DONUT HUT
INSIDE DONUT HUT...
HELLO POLICEMAN! PLEASE ENJOY A NEW FLAVOR OF DONUT! THE TASTE WILL BLOW YOU AWAY!
EHHH... BUT FIREMAN THAT IS NOT A DONUT IT IS A GRENADE!
IT IS NOT A GRENADE NOW EAT THE NEW KIND OF DONUT OR YOU WILL SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE HAMMER!
GULP
SEE? ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS GIVE YOU A TREAT! YOU ARE TOO USED TO A GLAZED OR JELLY! SO I ADDED EXTRA SPICE TO YOUR DIET!
IT IS AN EXPLOSION FLAVORED DONUT! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE BURNING FILLING INSIDE!
BOOM
IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR QUICK THINKING AND BRAVERY IN THE LINE OF DUTY I HEREBY ELECT YOU SENATOR OF THIS STATE!
HOORAY! MY FIRST LAW IS THIS: MORE GRENADES! I NEED TO THINK!

1.18 Longevity and Insanity

Thursday, Jan 24, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Pimps Up, Hoes Down

Women are superior organisms to men.

Men are used to dying much younger than the fairer sex. Go into a nursing home some time and go to the mummy section and count the number of men versus the number of women. The crypt-walkers are almost always female, and that's because for as long as I can remember, and maybe even longer, women have had greater longevity than men. Part of this obviously has to do with the fact that women lead lives of leisure. Oh to be a woman! Get up around noon and eat chocolates on the sofa while you watch some repulsive talk show featuring transvestites and possibly midget transvestites. Spend all day lounging by the pool while tanned poolboys rub scented oils into your toned body. The life of a woman is pure hedonism.

Men on the other hand are slowly ground into dust by the crazy workaday world. Yeah, I know guys, we give our life blood for them so they can just sit around doing nothing. All that's about to change though, according to a new study conducted by some crazy research group in Britain.

> *Peter Ayton, Mintel's chief statistician, said: "It is largely due to medical practice and the advances in the cardiac area, which has traditionally killed off more men than women. Women are still living longer and longer though men are catching up with them. It may well be that in 50 or 100 years' time there is no difference between the two, though naturally women tend to live longer."*

Guys, our stock is rising! Pretty soon we'll be in a dead heat with the ladies, which reminds me of the Schwarzenegger/Belushi vehicle "Red Heat", which is totally awesome. This got me to thinking about ways I can pad this article with a list, and also ways that we might be able to beat women in the endless race to immortality. The most obvious way would be to extend our lifespan, but I don't think medical science is going to allow things to get one sided enough to give us a definite edge. What we need to do is encourage women to "complete their life cycle" at an earlier age.

"What a cute little kid" is what you're thinking. Would you be surprised if I told you this is a 98 year old great-grandmother? I sure was when I told me that.

There are ten female traits that we can exploit to these ends.

1. Women are intensely curious. They will follow smells to their source, they will look for trails and turn over rocks, and they will get mixed up in intrigues they don't mean to be involved in.

2. Women do not wear hats. Ever. If you see a woman wearing a hat then she is not what she claims to be. She is either a "he" or she is not wearing a hat.

3. Watching documentaries about World Wars will cause women to catch on fire.

4. Women will trip and fall if you trip them.
5. Women are not Superman; they are just like normal men and completely vulnerable to bullets, but immune to Kryptonite.
6. If women attempt to drive a car they will wreck and die.
7. The room most frequented by women is definitely the kitchen, where they should be making us dinner, but are in fact not.
8. Women are as strong as a weak gorilla.
9. Reproduction and genetic diversification are two factors that drive women to seek mates. Women reproduce sexually through a process known as budding in which they shed thousands of tiny spores that are fertilized by drifting clouds of coral ejaculate.
10. The character played by John Stamos on the television series "Full House" was not Joey Gladstone as originally believed, but in fact Jesse Katsopolis.

Much as I was not saying earlier, the easiest way to defeat women in this competition of the longest-lived sexes is through battle rap. I have attempted to bring about the untimely demise of a number of women on the forums through the judicious application of the following "insane rhymes" as "busted" by Mexican Wrestler El Pinto Grande during a brief foray into rap music.

> *M C E P G IN THE HOUSE!!!! Bringing you that funky fresh Barrio style straight out of the T to the J, coming at ya like a flyin' lariat!*
>
> Back up that ish cuz my joints rock solid,
> gonna knock off the wigs in the muthafuckin' par-li-
> Mental is my flava and pinto is my name,
> Maxin and flossin is my numbah one game.
>
> I blow the lid off shit like Jeff-rey Wigand,
> Rollin thru ya hood with my dynamite mic and,
> rhymes that come straight from the heart,
> sayin' like DL this thing just came apart.
>
> *AWwwww that's right DJ Sombrero,*
> *kick that funky old skool shit for me.*
>
> Nigga please sit on that hand before you attackin,
> shit fall asleep n it feel like someone else jackin,
> Right hand is yo wife, left hand is yo mistress,
> Favorite outfit is Jergins but that's none o' my bidness.
>
> *Damn nigga, that chronic fuck my ass up again, now I'm just rappin' freestyle off the heazy fuh sheazy crazy shiznit.*
>
> I've got rabbits for hats and waffles for eyes,
> and Lancelot Link shall be my demise.
> Flowin free like a turnip in the red hot sun,
> got a hotdog in my pocket and my keys on a bun,
> switch it up crazy like the Hammerli brothers,
> delivering coat-hangers to black eyed mothers,

my rhymes comin' like Beck only ten time scarier,
Sasquatch, shit, newborn baby is Harrier-
-planes were used in the Falkland Islands,
South Africa's largest export is diamonds,
I gotta bow tie like Malcolm X,
Choose love hotel and you'll get no sex-
-in Hentai games that were made for a dolphin,
Harrasser from Renegade was a traitor and a Bauphrin,
No mustard mitch said mother to the New York Jets,
but forget that shit New York's finest is the Mets.

PEACE YO.

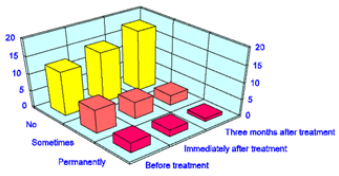
Wait, that kills both men and women. DAMN IT ALL TO HELL!!!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.19 Rites and Wrongs of Passage

Thursday, Jan 24, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Every culture since the beginning of time has had a rite of passage marking the male maturation process. One day you'll just be a boy sitting around and wishing you were a man, and then bam, suddenly you're a man who wishes he was a boy again. If I remember my science classes correctly, this point in time is called "puberty" and is marked by the following physical events:



I found this while doing an image search for "penis diagram." That will teach me for trying to do research!

1. The testicle wad drops from the abdomen and splits in half, turning into two separate testicles on either side of the penis, one of which is smaller than the other and results in embarrassment each time you're at a party and you decide to put your balls on the dessert platter while shouting "hey, look everybody, a gopher got into the dessert tray!" At least that's what happens to me, and I have no reason to believe it would be any different for any of you.

2. The penis sheds its outer skin (the foreskin), revealing the Eureka, dorsal fins, and vas deferens. The dead layer of outer skin is then absorbed by the penis, nourishing it in case you ever get trapped in a meat locker and you don't like to eat frozen meat.

3. You begin the magical process known as "maturity," the point in time which you realize Jim Carrey isn't funny.

4. Your views regarding the opposite sex, whatever the hell it may be, radically change. Instead of pushing them into mud puddles while laughing at them, you now push them into mud puddles, laugh at them, and then rush home so you can masturbate to fantasies of you licking their toes in the mud while they weep like your mother did the time dad came home and smelled like his secretary.

5. You discover hair growing in places that you didn't used to have hair, such as your elbow, knee, and liver.

6. After working out or running from the police for an extended period of time, you notice that you suddenly stink really bad. Fortunately, this smell can be covered up by spraying Windex in your armpits or driving with the windows down, allowing the wind to knock the stench right off of you.

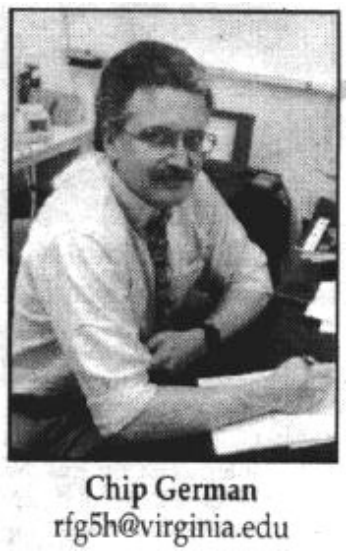
7. You find a corpse in the woods and your sense of innocence becomes lost forever. I'm not sure where the sense of innocence goes to, but I can imagine that there are roughly 68 million senses of innocence currently floating around various forests, starting fires and hibernating during the Winter. If you see one, take a photo of it and send it to the National Inquirer, claiming it's the Yeti. They pay big money for that kind of shit, especially if you claim you were being chased by Batboy during the photo shoot.

8. Your skin begins secreting mysterious fluids which add a luxurious shine to your face. Sometimes red bumps filled with gooey white liquid appear on your cheeks or forehead. This is a clinical condition known as "Crater Face" or "Zit Factory," and is simply your bones and cartilage being liquefied and attempting to escape through your skin pores. You can reduce the amount of pimples you get by scrubbing your

face with a Brillo Pad drenched in that pink liquid soap that is dispensed in gas station bathrooms across America. If that doesn't work, you can seek refuge by playing a lot of pen and paper roleplaying games and casually saying things like "THAC0" in conversations with people wearing Chewbacca t-shirts.

I'm sure there are plenty other highly technical scientific things that I'm forgetting about puberty, but fortunately I don't care. I'm fairly certain most people don't come to this site to read accurate medical descriptions or learn new and exciting facts about my views on testicles. Actually, I really have no idea why anybody visits this site at all. I'm leaning towards the theory that a lot of you lost a lot of bets and had to come here as punishment.

The exciting and mysterious event known as puberty is often celebrated differently through various cultures. Every civilization has a distinct "rite of passage" that marks the ascendance from childhood ignorance to adult stupidity. Way back during caveman times (50,000,000 BC - last month), our primitive ancestors would require the newly adult male to run out into a field and stab some sort of animal with a spear or stabbing club or primitive gun that shot bullets which stabbed whatever they hit. Then the male would come back victorious, holding the head of the animal they killed and brandishing it as a trophy while women fawned all over him and took his picture in front of a sign that says "I reached puberty and all I got was this lousy severed head." The male would pick a suitable mate and they would proceed to make a herd of babies in whatever process it takes to make babies. I think it involves mitosis.



This guy is like King Germany or something, all the cool kids want to grow up to be like Chip German!

While our culture is no longer threatened by savage animals that have heads, we still maintain a healthy and intensely stupid rite of passage that signifies manhood. This procedure has mutated and adopted to various cultures, taking on a new form as it grows and spreads, just like that moth monster thing from Dean Koontz's "Phantoms." Some of the more popular rites of passages can be found in the following exotic locations:

- **GERMANY** - Teenagers are given one of those dorky wooden rifles from the 1800's and are locked out of their houses until they have successfully invaded another country. Poland is usually an easy target, mainly because nobody else wants to take over a country whose main export is orange circus peanuts. I don't even know what the residents of Poland spend all day doing, assuming there are still people who voluntarily choose to live there. It's like Texas, only there's snow and the people speak much more coherent English. So the kids from Germany get their flimsy rifles and invade Poland, causing King Poland to turn over the country and the three remaining salt mines to the Germans. Then the German kid comes back as a man and their village welcomes them by taking a pig and turning it into some kind of spooky sausage which also has ground up wheat, pepper, onions, mud, shoelaces, and rubber inside it. This causes them to remember why they left Germany in the first place.

- **JAPAN** - Japan is a country that has deep roots in history and honor. You can't walk 10 feet without tripping over some history and honor over there. As a result, their adulthood process is what us cultural scientist people call "stupid." Every teenage boy

in Japan must walk around town for two years with every picture of every dead relative in their family stapled to their torso. At night, these youths must sit on a couch pillow and bow their head to the History God, known as "Doujinshi," who rewards them with the privilege of being able to buy comics that feature women with huge penises trapped in jail cells. The women are trapped in the jail cells, not just their penises. After hitting puberty, they magically become men and are given an extra six minutes off at lunch break, which they usually spend weeping and counting the various ways they have disappointed and shamed their elders.

- **AFRICA** - While the rest of the world has progressed and achieved significant technological advance, the citizens of Africa still live in poverty and / or bleak despair. They often use this as an excuse to get out of doing chores or mundane tasks. Somebody will say (in African) "hey, can you go out and catch a large scary bug so we can eat it?" and the other person would say (in African as well) "I can't because I'm living in poverty and / or bleak despair." The other person won't hear them because there are usually 50,000 National Geographic photographers standing around in their dirt hut, taking noisy pictures and stealing their crappy mud pots so they can bring them to the US, enclose them in a glass case, and hang a sign that says "THE POVERTY AND BLEAK DESPAIR. OF AFRICA" above. So I think it's safe to say that I don't know what the male rite of passage is in Africa, but if I had to hazard a guess I would say it has something to do with shitting in a giant hole or perhaps spending the night in a cave haunted by the Great Space Ghost of Water Buffalo or whatever. I don't even think they celebrate Valentine's Day in Africa... that's how backwards they are!

While these foreign and crazy foreign cultures certainly do provide an explanation as to the current popularity of reality TV shows where contestants run a strong risk of being fatally injured, they do not teach us anything about the passive rite of passage which all Americans go through during their maturation process. You see, political correctness and Saturday morning "educational" shows have completely demolished any possible cool rite of passage which involves fighting Native Americans (known as "Indians") or traveling to dangerous and possible haunted places (known as "Indiana"). This cultural degradation has resulted in forming a society which only has one telltale characteristic that lets the entire world know you've become a man: the adjustment of the thermostat.

If my dad was black and looked like Carl Winslow, this would be a very accurate photo.

As anybody with half a brain has ever noticed, the male authority figure in each family is absolutely nuts about his home's temperature. Nobody can touch the thermostat but him, the punishment being a verbal assault that would leave most NFL coaches crying in a dark corner for hours. Now as a child, most of us didn't really give a shit about the thermostat. We didn't care if it was too hot or too cold, as we had much more important things on our mind, such as wondering who would win if GI Joe fought the Decepticons (GI Joe would win). While we sat in our room and smashed various plastic things against our heads, dad would be frantically pacing back and forth, gently applying pressure to the thermostat in the vain hope that he'd be able to decrease the heat by that precious .0004 degree which would somehow catapult him into the fabled comfort zone. Yet paradise was nowhere to be found, forcing good ol' dad to spend countless hours obsessing over the plastic box which somehow giveth and taketh away central heating. We would continue to ignore him and his seemingly inane antics, unable to comprehend what was going on in his mind. Then, on one innocent day which seemed like any other day, something in our brain would snap and we'd suddenly become intensely interested in the temperature around us. Scientists are still unable to precisely define the thermostat effect or

its results on the male mind, but they all recognize its existence and credit it to being the one true sign declaring that a boy has taken the giant leap into manhood, a leap which will probably result in the straining of some goofy leg muscle.

So buck up, American males! Our rite of passage is still very much alive and healthy, taking the form of a small lever that sits between the numbers "50" and "90". Continue playing with your Super Nintendos and Jem and the Hologram dolls, content in the knowledge that one day you'll suddenly become really interested in the temperature of your bathroom, and the reigns of manhood will be passed from father to son. The future is in your hands, and it's either far too hot or cold.

Cliff Yablonski Bringin' the Pain

Master of disaster Cliff Yablonski has updated his gallery of the grotesque with three new pages!

> *THESE CHOMPERS ARE ILLEGAL IN 49 STATES!!! And her head looks like a greased egg. WHERE'S MY SKILLET?!? I'VE GOT A GUTTERBRAIN OMELET TO MAKE!*

You had better read what Cliff has to say about three pages of you worthless shitheads!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.20 Rejects

Saturday, Jan 26, 2002 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Recently I had to read through about 80 or so applications to fill the two vacant spots in Something Awful's daily update schedule. Here's a typical example. I'm not making these up, but the names are withheld:

Image from a rejected entry: WACKY!

Dear Hairy Jacknipe, this is a letter regarding the hybrid-store of Coast Mountain Sports and SportCheck . In a striking analogy that my English teacher would circle with a red pen, I find a convenient parallel between the unfortunate marriage of these stores with the dangerous and unnatural creation of that great fiend and monster, Frankenstein. If I could be so bold, or maybe at least my type, ***both are a mistake of Miltonesque proportions!!!*** *Even if this makes little or no sense, and that English teacher in you is trying to break free and write 3 question marks in a rouge arthritic scrawl, please bear with me; for once you finish you can write a gratifying "F" at the bottom of the page. (It will make you feel better, it's what keeps University professors alive.) Now an astute reader might think that this letter has strayed off course a little and is merely a thinly veiled attack against some PhDs, or if read critically, the preamble for a diesel engine manual. However it is neither. 3 eggs, a pinch of salt and a whole hell of a lot of chopped walnuts. Confused? Welcome to me IN YOUR STORE!!*

I recall a video game I played as a child called Price of Persia. In this game, the player must navigate a devilish labyrinth fighting many evil turbanized sword wielding fiends and avoiding razor sharp spikes of death. Trying to get through your store reminded me of this adventure. Yes there were less swordsmen (only 4-5), but more annoying people (close to 9000). Which is worse? I contend the latter, for you are not allowed run annoying people through with your sword, and I should know, for five years of writing a book entitled The 'Crazy' Swordsman at Wal-Mart Affair: My Side of the Story proves that point.

The death-spikes, or in this case your merchandise displays, are doubly offensive. I must imagine that the conception of the floor plan involved a lot of illegal drugs and one of those coin operated horsey rides I was banned from at the super-market. The combination of these two things could only arrive at something in an advanced state of retardation, and lets just say your store would come last in the Special Olympics. To put it more bluntly, your "Frankenstein" has the reading level of my friend Tunsis, the "no eyed" cat. In regards to your irrational floor plan, I would like you to know that I could not prance three times, without bumping into something that I didn't need. (I must take this time to praise your Screen Door Canoe and Concrete Tent, they are both at the bottom of a lake gaining tremendous resale value). With all this in mind your store is amazing. This should not be read in a good way, but as a salacious pun and double entendre. (get it? "a-AMAZing". It's a maze. Okay never mind). If you are still reading, you must be commenting to yourself that this letter is rather long and you have better things to do with your time like getting that potato powered alarm clock working. Imagine having to wait for this letter to be printed out twice before you could read it. Imagine how annoying that would be. Once again, welcome to me, IN YOUR STORE!!! As previously mentioned I purchased 2 items from your store, the receipt was 76 feet long, one copy for me, and one for you. Maybe you should be in the process of printing Bibles? (You get into Heaven much faster.) While waiting for this undoubtedly entertaining piece of paper, I couldn't help notice that your printers sound like a chorus of dot matrix printers that have ensnared a family of singing cats. Factoring in the Dickensian length of your receipts, the hideous noise pollution and

the festering abscess in my ear, your purchasing process is the equivalent of some arcane medieval torture. Why would I ever want to buy something if it felt like my intestines were being pulled out by a rotating fire-poker? I DONT KNOW EITHER!! But before I start down the slippery slope of revenge, I implore you to change your store, for I am in the market for a pair of fishnet stockings (with the electrocution pack); which is an item I'm sure you have an abundance of and are wearing right now under your pants.

Here's another one!

WACKY WACKY WACKY!

Sometimes when I get too bored I watch TV you know when Hobie's not home yet so I'm just sitting there and I can't think of anything to do and he isn't home he's my roommate. So when he gets home, you know, we've got plenty to do like sometimes we just sit around with lots of grapes and we throw them and try to catch them in each others mouth. This one time it was so funny. We were doing that, and Hobes pretended to choke, and so I called the police. You know like the doctor police. And they showed up with their ambulatory, and they came in, but when they got there, they start asking me what's wrong and all, and Hobie is got this giant grin on his face. And they ask him what is the deal. And Hobie says "DOCTOR! I AM DYING... OF A MASSIVE ERECTION!" And then he spit the grape in their face and jumped out the window. And then boy howdy, he really DID need them doctors cause he broke his ankle we're on the third floor you know. Then he would go around having people sign the cast, but when they leaned down he'd kick them in their face he's quite a guy.

Remember those advertisements they used to have? They had those ones for heroin back before it was against the law to advertise heroin on TV and the bunny would come out with the needle. And he would say to those kids "everyone is a winner with heroin!" boy those commercials were great. I asked Hobie if he remembers those, and he says there never were any such commercials because heroin was always illegal, so we got in a big argument about it, and I ended up punching his mom cause she was visiting. So then I remembered maybe it was a dream I had and there was not such an advertisement. Either way they should bring back those ads back cause that bunny was cute.

I remember this great ad, you know, there's this guy. This big chess-board is in the ad like where you play chess, but it's big enough for people. And this guy has a sword, and he's for some reason he's got to fight this I don't remember it was a monster thing. And so anywho he hits it with this sword, and the thing crumbled up or something, and it was over, and there was some lightning. And then by that time, you know, it was so cool, I want to know what it's an ad for. But then it turns out its an ad for the marines, you know? And I was like man what a rip off. Because I don't know much about marines, and I am not against them and all. You know, I want them to get that Osamama Bean fellow as much as the next guy god bless America, but you know, I really think that they lie when they say you get to fight a monster. Cause if you did I bet all those kids from lunch in high school, who had the long black coats and would talk about dragons, you know, I bet they would all be marines but you never see them in the marines. They all grow up to be computer men and science men and stuff, or else from what I understand they go around shooting people at school, which is sort of like a marine but its really messed up, you know? And I don't think that's all-right.

That reminds me of this time back in that school, the other one. And it was when I went to school with William Amherst, he is my friend from school before we got kicked out. But then after we got kicked out we went to this other school, and hoowee was it a not very good one! The desks were real like tiny like, very small. And the teachers were like the teachers at the old school pretty much, except with more of a certain quality of drunkness. And you know those kids like I mentioned

before, with their coats and their talking about dragons all the time? Well there was lots of them at that school. So anyway, one time at that school William and myself decided to have a little bit of fun because that's what you do you know he's a real cool guy.

And anyway we were at the zoo this one time with our biogical science class and we sorta got separated with them you know cause we want to do our own things when they were with the boring tour group man who had got the mustache. So we look at all the animals you know, and none are more amazing than the ardbark, who look sort of like a nut with a furry elephant nose what eats the ants. And this thing is about the size of a large-shaped dog. And he's behind this really small fence and all, and William starts formulating crazy ideas, you can tell cause he makes the real sly face. So William says to me, what is keeping us from riding on the back of this creature? Well I say to him, William, do you see those claws? Those things could tie you a knot you won't forget. But he wasn't too worried.

So he hops over the fence and he starts moving toward that little fellow. And he get near it, but it starts looking a little bit horrified, and it gets those claws moving at him. And he tries to tackle the big guy, but it is pretty amazing how that thing moved, it was like a little horse. And I am there outside the fence you know, wheeping and a whooping at him, with my arms awave in the air like I'm at the cow circus thing with the cowboys and all. But then the zoo police hear me and start running toward us yelling. And William jumps off that little fellow and hops the fence and he and I run like crazy and hide in the house with all the animals that live in the dark.

And we're there in the corner, hoping they don't find us, but we had to leave that place. Cause we're sitting there in the place and it's all dark, and William points at this little guy in a tree, and he's got these big big eyes, and he says shit Harley, look at that. Look at how he looks at us. He knows, Harley. And we sit there staring at this little fellow, and he's staring back at us, and eventually it is just too frightening and we leave. And right when we get out the door, we get caught by the zoo police, and they put us in the back of their zebra-stripe van and take us to their little place. And boy oh boy are they ever furious at William.

And they take us to meet the main zoo lady, and she is furious too and asks to speak with us alone. She says, this animal is rare and fragile and don't you ever try to ride the creatures at the zoo, she said it was reprehensible and blah dah dah, I remember cause I looked it up when I got home. And she says she is going to call the police which is a really bad problem for us because oh boy do they ever not like William he punched a cop and that's why we're at this dumb school instead of regular school in the first place. So William talks to her all smooth like he does, and then out of nowhere he asks her if she's ovulating. And I thought he had gone crazy or maybe the terrifying night-monkey had planted crazy ideas in his head when we were in the dark. This question certainly surprised and confused the zoo lady and she was all shocked and said how in the world could you tell? And then William starts laying on the charm, he's a real smooth operator, he goes "Girl, I can always tell, girl." When William is laying on the charm, you know, he starts and finishes every sentence with "girl," and it really works.

So William starts putting on his lover-man routine real strong with this lady. And I guess she bought it, and eventually William gave her his phone number and let us go. I guess the zoo lady was not above his wild flattery. And it was a fake number anyway. But so I ask William when we finally get to my house, "William, how in the world did you know the zoo lady was ovulating?" And he says tells me we were screwed anyway, and he had no idea if she was ovulating or not, but he just took a guess at it, cause he says the ladies are always impressed if you get that one right, but it's only good for those times when you really got to gamble because you're only going to be right one in ten times or so. So I guess we got lucky that time.

And other times on television there are those shows that talk about animals like the ones that I mentioned in the story up there that I just said about. Like the fragile nut-shaped dog that is the

ardbark and the evil terrifying big-eyed creatures who live in the dark at the zoo and whom I still have horrifying nightmares about them. And Hobie and I always watch those things when there is nothing else, it is our favorite kind of show ever. Except when those evil night things are on, I swear to god I get all worked up and start running around the room and Hobie has calm me down. William and I tried to go back to the zoo a week later to destroy the evil thing, but they wouldn't let us in because apparently the zoo lady had banned us for life even though William played her like a fiddle.

So Hobie just got home and there's going to be something good on television I think let me ask him. Okay Hobie says we got Magnum PIE and there is no way we are going to miss that one, that man's got a mustache to beat all others so I better go watch that. Oh man, okay that was a great show, he plays this private guy who does all sorts of action and has all these women, that was really cool.

Multiply this by 40 and you'll get some idea of the suffering I had to endure. Screw all those penniless-starving-homeless-legless kids in some backwards ass third world nation scrounging for food among land mines and the stinking carcasses of their school friends, I'm the guy who deserves the pity. And tens of millions of dollars financial support, so if anyone from the U.N. is reading this, please contact me as soon as possible regarding a wire transfer of $10 million dollars to my personal checking account. Thanks.

P.S. - This experience has traumatized me and that's why my past few updates have been utter garbage. At least that's the best excuse I could come up with.

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

1.21 Portugal: Land of Doom

Sunday, Jan 27, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

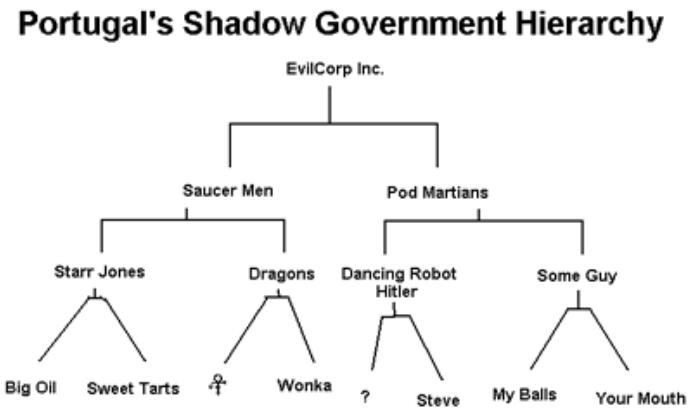
For years, religious scholars and philosophers have debated the existence of hell. Could there really be a place so treacherous and evil that even the treacherous Eval Kinneval would fear to tread? A place where death is your only escape, and "Glitter" your only entertainment. I am here to end this debate right now: There is a hell, and her name is Portugal. And it is much more horrible than you can ever imagine...

While it may look like an ordinary quiet European country, looks are often deceiving. Like that girl you see at the bar that you're interested in, but when you go up to her it's just a dude with long hair. And you tell yourself "No, I wasn't checking him out, I just went to the bar next to him for a drink...really." Really though, you're just kidding yourself: You were deceived, fooled by a web of lies and probably some secret "desires" you're hiding from the world. Portugal lures you in much the same way, without the homosexual overtones. Many people visit Portugal for the scenic vistas or the culture, but stay for the graves. Because they're DEAD. Not the graves, the tourists. And, I mean, they're not dead when they go to Portugal. They die there. It's not like they're some sightseeing vacation ghouls, back from the far beyond. But Portugal probably has those too, and the only sightseeing they want to do is seeing you. DEAD.

They're awful!
Awful cute that is!

Portugal uses stealth to work its way into people's vacation plans. Most people haven't heard anything about it, and simply assume it's some beautiful land of mystery. "We're going to France, then Spain...and as long as we're there, I hear Portugal is nice!", one would usually say. But they heard wrong...DEAD wrong. There are many layers to the evil of this land. Think of it like a 7 layer cake, but replace the cake with evil, and 7 with "a lot". That leaves you with "A lot layer evil", which really doesn't make much sense, but it sounded like a good analogy in my head. Words are not my friend, but hopefully you're getting the point: Portugal is bad news.

The first thing you have to realize is that Portugal is run by an evil shadow government. I had another analogy ready, but it ended up being something like "Aftershock Dennis the Menace burns in Head", so to help explain things easier, I present this chart...



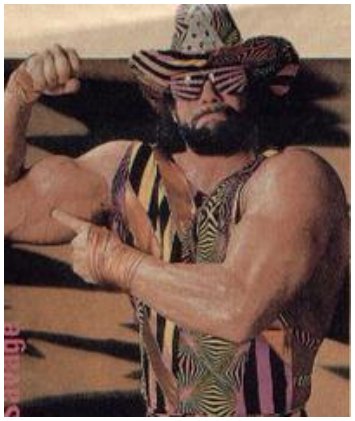
As you can clearly see, there is an organized, ruthless evil movement operating within Portugal's borders. But that's not where the evil ends, oh no. There are far worse things than the government operating within the midst of this nation in chaos.

This may come as a shock, but the entire nation of Portugal is actually an ancient, Indian burial ground. "Now wait", I hear you say, "If I know my history (and everyone knows you do), I don't think Indians lived in Portugal. They lived in America." Well, that's true, you smarmy know-it-all ass hat bastard, but why would Indians have to live there to be buried, hmm? You see, countries like Spain, England, and Funland (The amusement park) had no place to put the stacks and stacks of Indian bodies they were accumulating as a part of their liberal "Rape and genocide" policy during colonization. So they paid Portugal $35.00 American to be a host for the hordes of bodies, thus turning the whole country into that evil house from that movie that I heard was good but never got around to seeing. The one with the poltergeist...what's it called again? Oh yeah, "Rocky 5."

Now, I know with the horrors I've shown you thus far, you already think Portugal is creepier then that guy with the lazy eye who you can't tell if he's talking to you or not. But it gets worse. Portugal's Ministry of Science, led by the mad and evil Dr. Bizzaro Dunderfuck, has created a race of half monkey, half...other monkey. This horrifying crossbreed, dubbed "Doctor D's hideously twisted horrifying...monkey", was originally supposed to be a stunningly demented monster that nature never intended. However, it turned out that the task of defeating Mother Nature and playing in God's domain was a lot harder than it sounded. Also, it turned out "Doctor D" wasn't in fact a doctor, but a rapper, much like my man Dre. He did however have a Ph.D. in rhymeology and wiggy wiggy werd, and could school you crackas freestyle - he's a hard up pipe-totin' gangsta. Anyway, with that withstanding, the Ministry of Science got really drunk one night and watched the monkeys "Do it" for 7 hours straight, and claimed their monkey babies were the horror beyond what we all know. Really it's just some normal rhesus monkeys that they let loose every summer. Um...of doom!

Yet another horrifying revelation is that this country is a hideout from many evil villains that I feared in childhood, such as...

- Mum-ra
- Skeletor
- Freddie Krueger
- Randy "Macho Man" Savage (Before he turned good)
- Yoda
- Anything in the game "Ghosts and Goblins"



Snap into a horrifyingly unhealthy slimjim...of horror! Oh yeah!

These creatures, all of which haunted my dreams as a child, actually do exist. And they all live in a bungalow together in downtown Portugal, just across the street from where the cast of "The Munsters" is buried.

We have to stop the evil, but what can you do to help? Absolutely nothing, you're a fucking pussy. The only warriors strong enough to possibly beat the evil that is Portugal are Simon Belmont and Jesus, and they're both just fictional characters. The only way to escape the evil is to not visit Portugal. Every person who goes there just feeds their unholy army of the dark, and unless you want your immortal soul taken forever, it's best to consider another travel destination to round out your European trek. Why not try Prague? It's a lovely nation, filled with stuff that's the opposite of hate and evil.

This article paid for by the Prague National Tourism Board.

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

1.22 SA Vs FARK Photoshop Fight Runners Up

Monday, Jan 28, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Letting Others Do the Entertaining for Me!

I spent the last few hours resizing images and giving them completely unfunny captions. What images? Why, the runners up from the SA Vs FARK Battle of the Photoshop Titans, brought to you by Worth1000, which I think gives away handjobs for downloading Bonzai Buddy or something. As usual, I am content to sit on my ass and watch the laughs roll in rather than do a real update myself. So check it the fuck out.

> *Something Awful had heard plenty about the supposed skill of the Photoshoppers at FARK and decided to bring the war center stage. A challenge was issued; "Create TV shows that would never be made" using the magic of Photoshop, and the imagination, and possibly drugs. Mostly drugs. A brief but intense digital firefight ensued and as the judging of the top ten finalists (by mega star Wil Wheaton) begins, I felt it appropriate to pay our respects to those of you at Something Awful who were hilarious, but didn't quite make the cut.*

If a lobster riding Linkin' Park doesn't get you to take a look, I don't know what will. CHECK IT OUT BEFORE I MURDER AND EAT YOUR FAMILY.

PS - IMPARTIAL JUDGING HAD BETTER BE BROUGHT TO US BY THE TALENTED MR. WHEATON, and the Make A Wish Foundation: Making Wishes Come True Until That One Kid Wished for a Hooker.

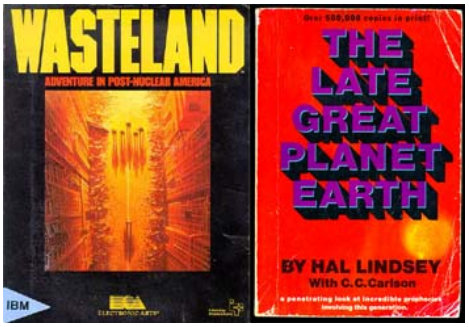
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.23 A look at life after the apocalypse

Tuesday, Jan 29, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

THE APOCALYPSE

Sooner or later you're going to wake up and look out the window and see a world you've never seen before. In reality, it will be the same world you know and pretend to love, but it won't feel or look the same. No, it will be more harsh and dangerous. You'll go to put on your underwear, but it will feel like you're putting on underwear made out of sandpaper, which is neither comfortable nor fashionable. You'll be depressed and life will be one giant igloo icebox full of misery – misery and generic cola. And maybe some French onion dip, but it will be all watery. But such will be the norm because hey, congratulations! You just made the transformation into post-apocalyptic life!



If only we had listened!

Of course the apocalypse hasn't happened yet, but it will. Perhaps while you sleep, or perhaps right before your eyes! And when the Apocalypse gets a notion to sneak up on you, there isn't any thing you can do but shriek like a girl and pray it doesn't make a desert out of your ass.

Thankfully we're fortunate enough to live in a society were marauding raiders and radioactive animals exist only in our hearts and dreams. However, we're unfortunate to live in a society hell-bent on being as humanly stupid as possible. It's only a matter of time before some kind soul does what's necessary and nukes the hell out of this planet, putting a stop to the foolish pursuits of man: rave parties, furry camps, and all that other stuff that makes us humans dumber than rocks. I don't mean really smart moon rocks either, just regular old rocks.

But don't fret, for the apocalypse is in many ways the dawning of a golden new age, where men can once more be manly and women can take their rightful place as currency. Oh, and the effeminate men can take their place as nefarious villains who use homoerotic tension to unnerve the various heroes of post-apocalyptic times. Sure, the challenges and dangers will be a lot greater than they are now, but that's okay because the rewards will be a lot less rewarding. And in post-apocalyptic times, that's just the way we'll like it.

Virtually every aspect of our daily lives will be radically altered. Our daily chores will suddenly become post-apocalyptic daily chores. In fact, about everything will suddenly have *post-apocalyptic* stuck in front of it to indicate that it's harsh and rugged, unlike the olden days that we currently exist in. Heck, talk about the olden days will dominate about every conversation. Take this hypothetical conversation between a post-apocalyptic farmer and a post-apocalyptic trader, both of whom were probably canine brain surgeons before the apocalypse:

> **Post-Apocalyptic Farmer:** Life after the apocalypse sure has been one relentless battle for survival, what having to contend with the gigantic ants that plague my crops daily and all!
> **Post-Apocalyptic Trader:** I hear ya! When my caravan isn't being raided by raiders or threatened by ten-feet tall roaming vampire corn stalks from your crops, I think about how much simpler things were back before the apocalypse!
> **Post-Apocalyptic Farmer:** And the warning signs were so clear! We saw it coming a

mile away and still couldn't stop it!
Post-Apocalyptic Trader: That's life, though. Can I interest you in some post-apocalyptic wares?
Post-Apocalyptic Farmer: I'll take that post-apocalyptic hat you're selling.

And then the post-apocalyptic farmer buys a hat with a rough texture, that's full of send, and is seemingly designed to vex its wearer. But that's how things will be, and they could be a lot worse.

Illustration as to what a post-apocalyptic raider might look like.

Painful post-apocalyptic hats are just one of many threats man will be facing. In addition to the raiders and other assorted post-apocalyptic denizens I've previously mentioned, there will be a wealth of other hostile perils to contend with, such as:

- Maniac bicycle gangs that terrorize small villages by roaming around without proper safety gear or reflectors.
- Strange Australian men in helicopters that fly around dropping snakes on you. What's worse, they'll come when you least expect it, like when you're about to jump onto a moving tanker truck from the back of a rusty El Camino.
- Radiation will mutate quicksand into quicksand that lulls you into thinking quicksand is an ideal place to stand by singing you the theme song to the Snorks, a classic cartoon about underwater life. Don't ask me how the hell you mutate sand, because I'm not a scientist. I just wear the lab coat for comfort.
- Zombies that meander the world in search of brains. Even though the zombies are really just looking for intelligent conversation, people will assume they're hungry for human brains and throw rocks, stones, and deadly rock-stone hybrids at them.
- Gary Busey, having been made ultra-strong by radiation, will take control of a large city and wield ultimate power with those crazy fists of his. No one will dare confront him for fear of having to try to carry on a conversation with him.

Of course the biggest threats will be the radiated insects. Because of their accelerated life cycles, they will mutate much more rapidly. As a result, they will be quick to gain dominance over man. And let me tell you, working as a slave for a colony of giant mutated ants isn't anywhere near as pleasant as it sounds. It's tough, grueling work, like being the guy who has to lower live animals into Mike Tyson's cage at feeding time.

All and all, the post-apocalyptic future is going to be one tough town. But with a good work ethic and a pinch of primal bloodlust, you'll do just fine! Remember to lock your doors and windows the night before the bombs go off, because your next-door neighbor might try to get a jumpstart on being a raider. Also, stock up on bug spray. Lots of it.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.24 From Rags to... Slightly Less Filthy Rags

Wednesday, Jan 30, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Didn't you want to grow up to be a cowboy just like these rough and tumble ranchhands? Okay, maybe not EXACTLY like them, but along the same lines. Okay, not at all.

Ever since I was a kid, I constantly knew I wanted to eventually grow up and become an adult who was no longer a kid anymore. Beyond that however, I had no idea what I wanted to do for a living. As children, our hopes and dreams change as quickly as commercials for soldier figurines that are marked "some assembly required" and include 50,000 accessories which are promptly sucked into another dimension the instant we tear open their plastic packaging. Now as all of you out there in Internet-land are undoubtedly well aware of, I am diametrically opposed to making sweeping generalizations, as doing so causes me to receive hundreds of thousands of emails from flight-sim addicted homosexual furries. No matter what sweeping generalization I make about what group of people, I end up getting flame mail from flight-sim addicted homosexual furries. I'm beginning to think that the Internet is simply a breeding swamp for anus-licking humanoid foxes who want to fly jet planes, which is of course a stupid notion because I know for a fact the Internet also attracts pasty-white goth high school kids who write poetry about carving pentagrams into the skull of their algebra teachers. Regardless, I can safely proclaim that every single one of us was utterly retarded as a kid. The entire purpose of being a child is to do all the stupid things that we can't get away with as adults, such as lick streets signs, feign ignorance after using racial slurs, or engage in underage drinking. When's the last time you've seen anybody over the age of 21 get caught for underage drinking? I sure as hell can't remember the last time, but then again I masturbate to coupons for cake mix so my opinion can probably be disregarded.

Actual vidcap from "Lord of the Rings."

To continue with the subject at hand, which I really don't recall, childhood instills us with the dopey notion that we can be anything we want to as long as we brush our teeth and put on clean underwear before getting run over by a tractor trailer. Eventually we mature and wise up to the notion that only .0000001% of us are going to be the president, a spy, or astronaut. The rest of us have to settle for being president of the West Pointsburgh Botanical Society, a spy who spies quick glances of other men's penises in public restrooms, or, uh, an astronaut who floats around in the weightlessness of a garbage dumpster infested with rats and copies of "Shaq Steel." To tell the truth, I really had grand ambitions for this analogy but none of them materialized, and for that I apologize. While this may seem like a dreary and depressing update, I am proud to announce that the illusions of futility were recently eradicated from my existence by discovering a certain gem that proves we, as giant bags of red goo trapped inside some fleshy skin-like substance, can become anything we want to be.

"Bad Taste" by Peter Jackson

Many of you may know Peter Jackson as the guy who made that goofy movie about elves or jewelry or hobbits or whatever, that silly "Lord of the Rings" film. While I personally have not seen "Lord of the Rings," I have impersonally watched it by viewing a 10-second ad and then basing my entire judgment upon the fact that it contains characters that can be seen in *Dungeons and Dragons* games, therefore discrediting the film and putting it on the same league as Tom Hanks' "Mazes

and Monsters." This, ladies and gentlemen, is not a league you want to be in. If the XFL was still around, it would be the equivalent of their minor league farm team, also known as "being on parole" I guess. Most all movies that feature orcs, gold coins, or magic weapons fall into this horrible category. Whenever I'm too lazy to propel my fat ass out of my chair so I can see a movie and actually gain some insight into what the hell I'm writing about, I simply ask myself the following question:

"Does this movie look like any of the scenes were determined by rolling 20-sided dice?"

If the answer is "yes" then I personally go out of my way to avoid the film. Hell, if the answer is "no," I usually end up avoiding the film as well since the last two movies I saw in theaters were "AI" and "Gone in 60 Seconds," films which were easily eclipsed by the raw entertainment value of the popcorn I ate during the screening. Now while "Lord of the Rings" has earned approximately 100 jillion billion zillion dollars and cured cancer and colonized Mars, I don't believe "Bad Taste" had quite the same effect. As far as I can tell, the only effect "Bad Taste" had was to bolster the tourism revenues of every country which was not New Zealand, the location where the movie took place.

Wow, they used a lot of obvious fake blood! Quick, let's make it a cult classic because God knows, fake blood = quality!

"Bad Taste" is one of those movies that causes a small band of raving lunatics to absolutely positively NEVER EVER SHUT UP or cease lathering praise upon it. They'll hammer you over and over with references to the movie, descriptions of the movie, and comparisons of the movie until you either succumb to their wishes and watch the movie or commit suicide by jamming an envelope opener into your ear canal. Death is usually a more preferable option, although the path to hell is paved with fat movie geeks who recite lines from "Hackers." Naturally this film is one of those movies that cause us quasi-normal human-type people to sit through it and wonder "so what?" Yes, there is a lot of blood and guts in the movie. Yes, the characters are quirky because they have accents and wear scarves and choose not to act when they probably should. But what causes sub-mediocre crapfests like this to become cult classics? Is it simply that the Internet allows anybody anywhere to instantly locate people of equal interests, spare time, and idiocy? More importantly, how the hell can any human go from "Bad Taste," which grossed $28 and two bus tokens, to "Lord of the Rings," a movie which is so popular that scientists are currently trying to figure out how to beam the movie to neighboring star systems?

"Bad Taste" is the eternal tale of aliens (bad guys) who want to kill us (humans (good guys (bad actors))). Each scene is simply a vehicle to show off a new prop weapon or special effect that the director created while combining Play-Dough and strawberry jam. Man runs from location to location, killing aliens. Aliens run from location to location, killing man. Audience runs from location to location, fleeing from the movie. Repeat for roughly 400,000 minutes and bam, you've got yourself a cult film. This movie isn't bad in an entertaining "Evil Dead 2" or "Feeders 2" kind of way, it's simply bad in a "pregnant wife and Pope killed in automobile accident" kind of way. And no, the wife was not pregnant with the Pope's baby.

However, as much as I'd like to point out the infinite ways which "Bad Taste" disappointed me, ways which barely outnumber the quantity of times space nerd Wil Wheaton is mentioned daily on Fark, it just goes to show you that there is hope in life. One minute we could be a down-and-out janitor mopping the bathroom of an Arby's, and the next minute we could be awarded $500,000 for choking on a Lincoln Log that somehow found its way into a Big Roast Beef sandwich. Just as Peter Jackson went from the idiotic "Bad Taste" to the pop sensation "Lord of the Rings" trilogy, we too

can stumble upon a success story that revolves around us filming midgets holding swords. Dream on, children of Earth, as nothing in our lives is impossible, even meeting a talking cat that somehow solves mysteries! One day you too may reach your childhood dream of becoming an unemployed flight-sim addicted gay furry who spends all their free time accusing me of not accepting various deviant lifestyles that justify jacking off to Rescue Rangers slash. Aim high, jerks!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.25 And After Postmodernism is...

Thursday, Jan 31, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Postmodernism is Dead in the Midwest

For the past month or so I have been reading a lot about the concept and philosophy of postmodernism. I had heard bits and pieces about it before but I really lacked a comprehensive understanding of what it was, naturally I still lack it, but I'm going to try to write about it anyway. In a nutshell postmodernism in art, literature and architecture is a combination or exaggeration of modernist themes. It's most easily understood in architecture where a postmodernist building will combine several different styles into a single building. In other words, throw the Parthenon at a medieval castle and then launch a couple ziggurats at it and you've got a postmodernist building.

Andy Warhol will soon be replaced with James Smith who will paint pictures of Sam's Choice Instant Soup Mix.

Still reading? Good, don't worry it gets funny at some point. I think.

Naturally postmodernists believe we live in a postmodern society, where borders are blurred and nations are identified only by the trends they contribute to global society. While there are some exceptions to this, I have to agree that what I think of when I think of countries like China and Japan are Chinese food, sushi, tentacle rape and martial arts movies. America is the ultimate example of this. It absorbs these cultures, swallows them into its bloated girth, and regurgitates them onto the rest of the world; a soulless parrot god puking trends down the throat of Western Europe, shilling Big Macs in sub-Saharan Africa.

Since I became aware of postmodernism I have of course been shining my spotlights around looking for the next cultural iteration. This may be a shot in the dark, but to me I see the emerging trend and I see it in one capitalist icon; Wal-Mart.

I went into Wal-Mart tonight to get some last minute shopping done before I zip off to the bright lights and big city of Chicago. I noticed in the medicine section that next to each brand of over the counter drug available there were three different "generic" brands that were each recognizable brand names themselves. This wasn't a sudden occurrence, the gradual rise of off-brand branding, as retarded as that sounds, has been taking place for several years now. I selected one of the three competing off-brands and moved on, there was no qualitative difference in the choice I made, they were all equally priced, it was just a matter of which one's packaging and reputation tickled something dark and primal in my hunter-gatherer cortex.

I spent a good hour browsing around the lonely halls of Wal-Mart, nearly never seeing another shopper and only spotting employees when near the front of the store. The misshapen old night hags at the registers clustered like gargoyles on some gothic cathedral, the plaster too thick on their limbs to allow them to leave their stations. The few shoppers I encountered shuffled slowly and quietly, not excited or energetic, but beaten. Cowed even.

One of the key ideas of postmodernism as it relates to consumerism is that by limiting you to two choices you will be satisfied, not realizing that you were restricted from actual freedom. Wal-Mart breeds a more insidious faux freedom. You actually are making no choices when you shop there, every product in a given category is essentially identical, but there seem to be an almost overwhelming number of options.

Go to the oriental food aisle some time for a particularly dubious experience. There are a number of "oriental" food producers who are selling products made in America. Okay, that's not too shameful, but what is shameful is that many of these producers have advanced beyond emulating a culture's culinary product. They have begun to produce new dishes that have little or no roots in the culture and still market them as "Chinese" or "Japanese". It's only a matter of time before you see "General Chang's Chinese Stir Fry with Real Beijing Low-Fat Shredded Cheddar". A week later it will be "Equate" and "Sam's Choice" on that same package for a dime less; taste the savings!

Go ahead and buy it, it all tastes like a mixture of chicken and soy sauce anyway.

We're not repackaging other cultures any more, we're fictionalizing them. Shrewd marketing hydras have caught on that we only know a culture through what they sell us as an intermediary. Now that they're aware of that you can expect such amazing products as:

- Herbal Essences Real Aboriginal Calcium-Bromide Body Wash
- Willy Wonka's Japanese Saltwater Taffy
- Ramen Cup of American Cheese
- Das Kremlin's Krazy Pizza Flips with Nacho Dipping Sauce
- Irish Spring Ranch Dressing
- Jose Cuervo Pina Colada Mix
- City of Atlantis Deep Fried Cheese Sticks
- Cajun Barbecue Sushi
- The Shamrock Shake

Oh, but we aren't the only culture guilty of this, it goes both ways - sort of. Take Kentucky Fried Chicken, which has over a thousand franchises in Japan. Japanese franchise owners, realizing that the Japanese public know very little about the American relationship with fried chicken, have been marketing fried chicken as the All American Thanksgiving Meal.

So what is this brutal new philosophy of scientific capitalism and reverse demographics marketing? I like to call it homogenization theory, even though there probably already is something called homogenization theory. The ultimate end of this careful marketing is to produce a series of products that are all identical yet are each marketed in such a way that they seem entirely different. You squeeze it on your hair in the shower, you squirt it in your contact case at night, you drink it with your meals of fried it, and it all tastes different because they tell you it does.

It started in the midwest because the midwest is an uncultured wasteland with no direct contact with the outside world. It's a perfectly tilled heath, fertilized already on decades of mass-marketing beamed in from the coasts to the TV sets of every sadsack family from Ohio to Wisconsin. Even the supposedly non-commercial programming already epitomizes this, with shows so similar that the only differences are the catch phrase and title. What these marketing geniuses don't realize is that they reap what they sow and one day Los Angeles and New York will be overrun with fifty-acre shopping complexes that sell absolutely nothing.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 Super Bowl, Stupid Poll

Friday, Feb 01, 2002 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

If you live in the land of purple mountains and fruited plains, you already know that the Super Bowl is tomorrow. Recent studies "prove" that more women are beaten on Super Bowl Sunday than any other day of the year, probably by the players on the losing team and Mike Tyson. But every day is a good day for Mike Tyson to bite n' rape, so I don't see how that would have much of an impact on the overall abused wife statistics.

"Happy Super Bowl, honey, guess who won the coin toss? I choose to kickoff... YOUR FACE!"

You'd be surprised to learn that there isn't much information on the Super Bowl referees on the Internet. What are their hobbies? How about their turn-ons? Measurements? Referees are essential to the game and do more work than the cheerleaders, who are just frivolous window dressing with big teeth. So why aren't refs given at least an equal amount of attention? I don't think the fact that all referees are unattractive middle-aged to Roman-era men has anything to do with it. There must be some sort of conspiracy going on. And I'll get to the bottom of it by extensively interviewing cheerleaders.

Which brings us to the big question: who does the kid who saw dead people in "The Sixth Sense" think is going to win the Super Bowl? After all, if this kid can really see ghosts, he can no doubt predict the results of a football game by channeling the spirit of Dan Marino or Icky Woods or some other lifeless corpse. Come to think of it, if you want to know the answer to any question, your best bet is to ask a celebrity. They're smarter than all us average folk because they're on TV. They're like superheroes without the capes! Fortunately somebody has already done the dirty work for me and asked a variety of "famous" people which team they thought would win the big game. Here are the highlights:

> *HALEY JOEL OSMENT, actor: Patriots. They're far from favored, but sometimes if you are an extreme underdog that will make you play hard enough to win. 27-24.*

And sometimes if you're an extremely underage boy you can sleep your way to the top of Hollywood's A-list just as fast as a grown woman can. Go back to being a little robot Pinocchio boy, Blip Blip Bleep Bloop Bloop.

"Help me! I've being abused by some of the biggest names in Hollywood! Somebody please call social services and also I pick the Patriots to win the Super Bowl!"

> *KATIE HARMAN, Miss America: The Patriots. Because I'm Miss America and I'm feeling very patriotic. 30-20.*

When you're not feeling patriotic, do you whore yourself out to Al-Queda's accountants in exchange for Russian lipstick and Cuban cigars? Also, are you deaf and mute or just deaf? WORLD PEACE OUT!

> *RUSSELL JOHNSON, actor, The Professor on "Gilligan's Island": Well, both of my teams lost. I'm from Pennsylvania so I was looking for the Steelers and the Eagles. So I really don't give a damn. But the obvious favorite is St. Louis.*

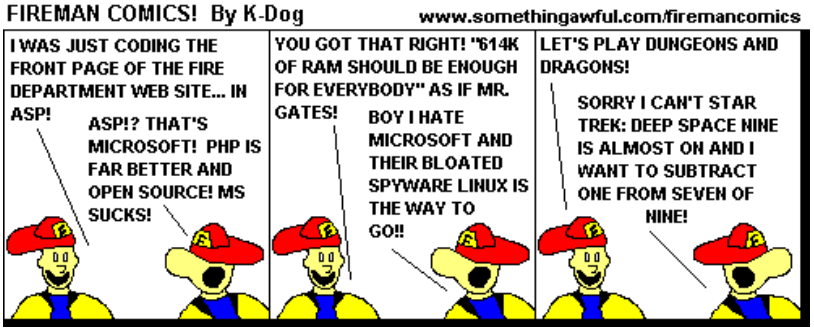
You don't give a damn? *You don't give a **damn**?!?* That is **not** what I'd consider an astute and carefully researched scientific conclusion, you vulgar van-de-well! Ignoring Mary-Ann's completely obvious sexual advances and failing to fix a six-inch hole in a boat was one thing, but allowing bias to taint your decision making process - a *clear* violation of the scientific method - is another. You're out of science, pal.

> *CARROT TOP, comedian: Patriots. The world has never been more "patriotic." The year of the upsets! Brady/Bledsoe & Co. in the snow under the dome will Ram it home for the "American" Football Conference. 27-24.*

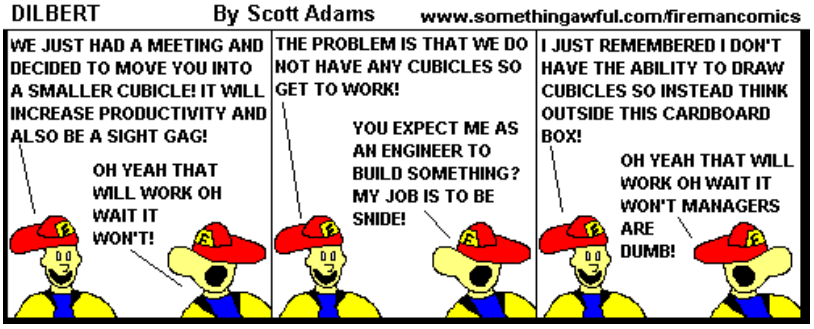
Dial down the center for the nearest rehab center, Carrot Top! What the hell are you talking about? "In the snow under the dome?" The Super Bowl is being held inside the Louisiana Superdome, not the Louisiana Snowglobe. You know, those stupid little things tourists and grandmother's buy? Snow globes? Filled with poison mercury and stuff? Regardless, please make like juice and grind yourself into a vitamin-enriched paste.

> *SCOTT ADAMS, cartoonist, "Dilbert": My issue with the Patriots is that New England isn't a city. They're so indecisive that they named the team after an entire region. That shows a lack of confidence that will result in punts on fourth and inches. St. Louis, on the other hand, decisively named their team after a type of computer memory. Those guys are smart. I predict that St. Louis will win by 40 points.*

I HAVE 256 GIGS OF RAMS ARF ARF ARF. Here's the latest "Dilbert" strip, in case you missed it:


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
I WAS JUST CODING THE FRONT PAGE OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WEB SITE... IN ASP!
ASP!? THAT'S MICROSOFT! PHP IS FAR BETTER AND OPEN SOURCE! MS SUCKS!
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT! "614K OF RAM SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY" AS IF MR. GATES!
BOY I HATE MICROSOFT AND THEIR BLOATED SPYWARE LINUX IS THE WAY TO GO!!
LET'S PLAY DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS!
SORRY I CAN'T STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE IS ALMOST ON AND I WANT TO SUBTRACT ONE FROM SEVEN OF NINE!

Oops, that's the latest "User Friendly," here's the latest "Dilbert":


DILBERT
By Scott Adams
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
WE JUST HAD A MEETING AND DECIDED TO MOVE YOU INTO A SMALLER CUBICLE! IT WILL INCREASE PRODUCTIVITY AND ALSO BE A SIGHT GAG!
OH YEAH THAT WILL WORK OH WAIT IT WON'T!
THE PROBLEM IS THAT WE DO NOT HAVE ANY CUBICLES SO GET TO WORK!
YOU EXPECT ME AS AN ENGINEER TO BUILD SOMETHING? MY JOB IS TO BE SNIDE!
I JUST REMEMBERED I DON'T HAVE THE ABILITY TO DRAW CUBICLES SO INSTEAD THINK OUTSIDE THIS CARDBOARD BOX!
OH YEAH THAT WILL WORK OH WAIT IT WON'T MANAGERS ARE DUMB!

New England is a clam chowder, not a city! Better hope Kurt Warner doesn't eat you all up, because loves chunky soup! WHOA, SOUND THE COMEDY ALARM!

BARRY WILLIAMS, actor, Greg Brady on "The Brady Bunch": This one's easy. The Patriots because any team with a Brady has got to go the distance. We call (Tom) the fourth Brady. Not many people knew about him growing up because we kept him off camera. 34-28.

Bullshit. BULLSHIT, GREG! Look, I'm willing to believe you didn't fuck your step-mom or Marsha, but I detect a serious continuity error in this highly dubious claim. I will be reporting this to "The Brady Bunch" newsgroup post-haste, in accordance to the rules and regulations stated in the alt.fan.brady-bunch.timespace.continuum FAQ. You see, Patriots quarterback Tom Brady was born in 1977. Three years after "The Brady Bunch" went off the air and their Astroturf lawn was sold to the Montreal Expos. This, coupled by the fact that your dad was playing with the other team, proves that you're spinning a web of lies thicker than a spider with constipation. I don't appreciate your falsehoods one bit, Johnny Bravo.

LEEZA GIBBONS, TV host, "Extra": Being a sports neophyte, I usually root for the colors of the teams. You know, fashion/football -- it's pretty much all the same to me. So this year I'm going with the Patriots since it's so 'trend of the moment' to be in red, white and blue. Patriots: 36-24-36.

Oh, I get the joke. Instead of guessing the score, you recited your imaginary measurements! Here's a joke of similar quality: the only "extra" on your show is the "extra" amount of pork fat you slurp down with great gusto between takes! Get it? You're getting fatter!

STEVE VALENTINE, British actor, "Crossing Jordan": New England. Whilst I like anything with the word 'Ram' in it (it goes back to my childhood, don't ask!) I am an 'OLDE ENGLAND PATRIOT' so I feel a kinship. Of course it doesn't hurt that they kick bum. A tight game but the underdog gets the bone. 12-10.

Hey everybody, let's play, "count the number of homosexual innuendoes in this paragraph!" Everybody loses! Ram your bone into a tight bum back in Mother England, you tea-guzzling, castle-climbing prick.

JENNY JONES, talk show host: I'm betting on the Rams to win because, frankly, I thought they were still in L.A. Oh well, at least we still have the Raiders!

Yeah, at least we still have the Raiders! Oh wait, we don't, they moved to Oakland years ago to escape the gobs of smog flowing out of your gaping maw of a smashed-in face! Next on Jenny Jones, "talk show hosts out of touch with reality, and the transvestite fathers who molest them!"

LYNNE KOPLITZ, TV host of "Change of Heart": I'm going with the Patriots because I think Coach Belichick is going to have a 'change of heart' and start that sensitive quarterback, cute Drew, who got so emotional after the last game. But I think it will be a close one. My prediction -- 2 to 1!

Oooh! Clever plug for your show that nobody has ever heard of! Yes, the best players in football are whiney guys with weak chest cavities who cry after every game. Drew Bledsoe is such a great fellow for getting paid $10 million dollars a year to stand on the sideline holding a clipboard while a guy making close to the NFL minimum wage gets to have his ankles tramped upon by 300 pound men! What a role model! What a sweetheart!

Leonard "J." Crabs is Aaron Spelling's lawyer, so you know you can trust his Super Bowl predictions! He also created "Titans" and "Savannah!"

I hope Lynne Koplitz has a "change of heart" and swaps her heart with that of a baboon, because even banana-slurping primates know it's impossible for a football game to have a score of 2 to 1. That's a safety and an extra point, but you can only score an extra point after a touchdown. Perhaps Lynne got confused and was merely quoting the estimated number of people who watch her program.

> *AARON SPELLING, television producer: Rams, 20-10. I guarantee that one of the teams will win!*

Boy, will you look dumb if there's a terrorist attack or an earthquake or the world explodes. I guarantee that your next TV series will feature at least two pretty females who can't act. And a scene where someone gets thrown into a pool.

> *SHARI HILLER, TV co-host of "Room by Room," HGTV: Definitely the Rams. Kurt Warner is very hot (in more ways than one, if you know what I mean). St. Louis itself is a very important city to me, and it brings back fond memories. I purchased my favorite living room sofa on a trip through St. Louis. So, there's another reason ... the city has great taste in furniture! 34-14.*

No, actually, I don't know what you mean. Why is Kurt Warner hot? Does he have a fever? Is he wearing too many layers of sweaters? Look, come right out and say it lady, you're a lonely middle-aged woman and need a man - any man - to wind your biological clock and stick his head in and out of your sexual doorway while screaming "cuckoo, cuckoo!" every hour on the hour. Check under your favorite sofa cushions for spare change, Shari, because the only way you'll get that kind of treatment is by paying for it.

> *ACE ROSS, teen clothing designer and manufacturer: The Patriots will surprise everyone -- including themselves -- with a 24 to 21 win over the overconfident Rams.*

"Hello! My name's Tom Delay and I spend taxpayer dollars on strippers with no delay! And then get de-laid! Haha, just kidding, I only fuck interns."

You know somebody is famous when they have to write what they do next to their name. Ace is the place for bad Super Bowl predictions and pedophile-friendly tube tops.

> *REP. TOM DELAY, R-Texas: I like the Cowboys.*

Typical politician. Ask a question, get an answer that *doesn't answer your goddamn question at all.* To beat this joke into the ground, here is a short play entitled "Congressman Delay of Game":

> *INTERIOR: TOM DELAY'S HOUSE, SUPER BOWL SUNDAY*

Wife: How's the game going honey? Who's winning?
Tom Delay: The Super Bowl is on television.
Wife: Do you want anything to drink?
Tom Delay: We'll take your suggestion under due consideration. Go U.S.A.!
Wife: Well, I'll be in the kitchen if you need me. Let me know if there's any penalties because that one field judge umpire referee guy makes me wet.
Tom Delay: You stupid bitch!
(Tom Delay jumps from his chair and beats his wife with an anthrax-laced sack of mail)
Tom Delay: Statistics don't lie, slut! DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS!

THE END

Have a happy and safe Super Bowl Sunday! And to all you Patriots fans: if your team loses, it's no big deal. At least your favorite team didn't lose the Super Bowl four consecutive times. Like mine did. *sniff* **WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE WIDE RIGHT?!? DAMN YOU, SCOTT NORWOOD!**

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 'Tis the Season!

Monday, Feb 04, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Sonic and Tails wish you a merry Christmas! Also, Tails is gay.

As you are undoubtedly well aware of, the Christmas season is rapidly approaching us, throwing out multicolored lures of festive lights, tree decorations, and cheery packaging. Yes, that's correct, we here at Something Awful are already concerned with Christmas even though it's 323 days away! We're simply trying to get a little preemptive jump on all the other major media outlets, most of which are currently reporting on Batboy's noble fight against Osama Bin Laden and his army of killer cyborg chefs. We're nothing if not a groundbreaking media empire that leads the industry in fashionable and hip trends; remember that whole "wearing your hat sideways" phase America went through for roughly 19 days? We started that. Remember when it was "far out" and "way cool" to install RAM-doubling programs on your computer? Yup, that was us. On second thought, I don't want to take responsibility for that. I'll instead claim that was Drew Curtis' Fark's fault (you now have to include the "Drew Curtis'" part or else people will think you're talking about Tom Hanks' Fark), the site that is to blame for space nerd Wil Wheaton's emergence from space nerd obscurity where he was previously setting phasers for "retarded, boring e/n site." Not that I have anything against Wil Wheaton or his wonderfully painful website; I feel that if I was a highly advanced space nerd from the future like Mr. Wheaton, I would be living in a magically futuristic society that has abolished racism, solved world hunger, and created peace by forcing unruly people to read space nerd e/n updates about my friend's birthday or going to eat lunch with my space nerd wife. Then I'd get back into my Chewbacca outfit and sign autographs for people wearing Spandex jumpsuits and Vulcan ears that they bought off eBay.

But alas, this update is not about space nerds or countless "FRANCE SURRENDERS" jokes. It is about preparing for the holiday rush of the Christmas season, a time when all bets are off and action is in the cards and all jokers are wild. In fact, this time is so crazy that both the jokers AND queens are wild! How crazy is that? It's like 50 pounds of craziness stuffed into a 20-pound craziness bag! And since when did a bag weigh 20 pounds? That's crazy by itself! Set phasers for "crazy," Wil Wheaton.net! Let's take a look at some of the more popular gift-giving ideas for this Christmas season so you too may be well-versed in the most hip and happening shit to hit a webpage since "hello my future girlfriend!"

Pet In a Pet ***(toy)*** - One of the most precious and charming gifts to give a child is the joy that only a pet may bring. The present of a dog or cat will instantly cause the eyes of your young son or daughter to light up light up like flaming wreckage from the Challenger. However, many parents have struggled for a way to wrap their pet like any other Christmas gift under the tree. Stapling paper to a dog causes him to yelp in pain, especially when you get to his testicle region. Applying tape to cats is about as difficult as can be. This is the notion behind the ingenious idea of Pet In a Pet, the Christmas gift that keeps on giving Christmas gifts that keep on giving more Christmas gifts that might possibly even keep on giving!

It's the Christmas gift that works on oh so many levels!

The dedicated men and women at Pet In a Pet process your order by hand, skillfully choosing the best pets to serve your children's needs. Then they take another pet of a different, unwanted type (such as "mangy polecat," "wild dog with rabies," or "Wil Wheaton") and murder it by using their patented State Og Murder-O-Tron machine. The animal is then skinned, hollowed out, and its internal organs are used to lubricate your next oil change. After a rigorous "sitting around and downloading porn" session, the Pet In a Pet employees carefully and respectfully cram your desired pet or pets into the rotting carcass of the skinned animal, at which point it is sewed back up and placed in an action pose. When you arrive back home with your Pet In a Pet in tow, your child will see the unwanted pet and feel the powerful emotion of severe disappointment. Then, after the pet inside manages to claw and tear its way out of the exterior pet's skin, your child will immediately perk up and feel sheer bliss as they realize you actually bought them the pet they wanted! If you really want to get your kids accustomed to "real life," you should then murder that pet and say "THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO EVERYTHING YOU LOVE IN LIFE!!!" while frantically waving your arms as if you're trying to signal a touchdown to somebody 17 miles away.

The "deluxe" model of Pet In a Pet allows the buyer to choose a living animal to be placed inside an animal carcass placed inside another animal carcass, enabling new levels of customization that were previously unknown to mankind and most major alien races.

RonCo's Wireless Home Networking Router ***(computer equipment)*** - Ron Popeil, founder of RonCo and president of the Coalition for Men and Women Against the Saucer People, has moved into the field of consumer electronics with the invention of the RonCo Wireless Home Networking Router. Instead of concentrating on PC-to-PC connections however, the RonCo Router connects various RonCo products to one another, allowing them to seamlessly interact with each other in ways you never expected or wanted to expect! Ever dreamed about a can of GLH Formula Number 9 being applied to your balding head after your Showtime Rotisserie Oven Model 4000-T is finished cooking your dinner? You can now! Hook your RonCo Bagel Cutter up to your Dial-O-Matic Food Slicer and turn your kitchen into a slicing slaughterhouse of the damned with a mere flip of the switch! And no, we don't know what switch! Imagine the look on your potential wife's face when your RonCo Pocket Fisherman activates your Automatic 5-Minute Pasta and Sausage Maker... from over 400 miles away! She'd look surprised as all fuck! Maximize the potential of your RonCo products the fast, easy, and safe* way!

** NOTE: Government officials have legally prohibited us from using the word "safe" to describe this item.*

Contact List
Options
Design
Shortcuts
Options
Allow all messages to be sent
Display history log in some illegible alien language
Allow "IM SO HOT ULL CUM!" messages
Include retarded emoticons and smily faces
Notify me when ICQ is fucking up

The new version of ICQ has more options than ever!

Radiohead: "Live From the IntellectualDome" ***(music video)*** - Pretentious pop / anti-pop / pseudo pop band Radiohead was filmed live at the Saint Louis IntellectualDome, where they were accompanied by a string quartet, an entire brass section, and twelve hillbillies that played homemade instruments ranging from the washboard to the jug. Thom Y23orke and his band of hipster doofuses play a variety of their hit songs aimed at art major college students, including the upcoming singles "If You Don't Like This Song Then You Don't Get It and You Are Stupid" and "My Art is Deeper Than Your Art." The crowd expresses their approval by holding up their expresso coffee cups and flashing the lights on their SUVs. Yorke concludes his live performance with a stirring rendition of "This Song is 50 Thousand 16th Notes."

ICQ Version 21927371292783.1928276365 Q ***(software)*** - The newest release of popular instant messaging software ICQ is the most exciting and bloated version yet, offering thousands of new features that you never even knew you wanted, at the tiny expense of being a 14 gig download. Along

with "improvements" made in ICQ version 2001b, such as randomly changing the font of your ICQ history to Wingdings or causing the entire program to crash when you try to open it, ICQ Version 21927371292783.1928276365 Q offers the following remarkable features and improvements:

- "Advertisement not found" errors now appear in menus, popups, and on your desktop.
- "Add me to every porn list ever created" option available and is on by default. There is a way to switch it off, but the programmers don't remember how.
- New icons and smiley faces. Most of these were drawn by their in-house resident artist who is coincidentally the CEO's nine-year old son. The new emoticons express such useful things as "contempt," "writhing pain," "happy because I just got to go to McDonalds," and "sad because daddy wouldn't buy me an apple pie at McDonalds." Don't worry if you'll ever use these emoticons... the pictures associated with them don't really make any coherent sense anyway!
- Default sound scheme for new installations is entitled "man chewing glass."
- Seamless integration with your OS insures that every time somebody sends you a message, your active window will close and be replaced by a flashing 500-point block of text that reads "YOU HAVE A MESSAGE, CRETIN" while air raid sirens go off.

This looks to be the most exciting and original ICQ version since that version that made the little typing sounds every time you pressed any key, which was an absolute stroke of genius in the "let's all annoy our coworkers" department of thinking.

Aphex Twin: "Muqtyl'loopy DaMcHooqulawawaquey" ***(music CD)*** - Richard D. James is back with his latest electronic / experimental CD set, which includes 438 discs and over 2,300 tracks. Aphex Twin takes a jump into the most surreal and creative soundscape ever, including such songs as:

- "Clue Cloo Lande" - Two minutes of a homeless man hitting random keys on a broken piano while James applies a highpass filter at random times.
- "Marz'a booq Doo Daa Dayee" - 20-second piece of birds chirping while a Minimoog is bashed to pieces by falling construction equipment.
- "Thee Nootey Pero Fez'or 2: Thee Klumphz" - A five-second bassline loop is repeated for twelve solid minutes while the sound of playing cards hitting a lawnchair plays in the foreground.
- "Horque Dorque" - As the most dance-friendly song on CD 261, "Horque Dorque" presents the listeners with a gritty, distorted drumbeat accompanied by a 28 different analogue keyboards playing 28 different notes on 28 different resonance settings.

This CD is already a smash hit with the demographic of people who think they're smarter and more cultured than everybody else because they listen to unlistenable music that everybody else listens to.

"Please Laugh at Me, I'm an Old Man and It's the Only Joy I Get in Life" ***(DVD)*** - Leslie Neilson stars in this comedic tour de farce about a 200-million year old man who attempts to stumble and bumble his way through one of the wackiest jewel heists since that one jewel heist where the three cops were killed by automatic gunfire. Sight gags and clever puns are served up fast

and furiously, as evident in the scene when the police chief says "let's get some of our boys on the case" and then the camera cuts to two fat police officers laying on a briefcase! Get it? It's funny because he said one type of case, yet the film showed another! That's comedy for you! The movie has a parade of fantastic, one-second cameo appearances by other washed up media "stars" who are so unhip that they're hip again such as Joyce Brothers, Mr. T, Erik Estrada, and Wil Wheaton.

Everybody is a winner when you go goth!

Goth! The Board Game! ***(game)*** - Compete with friends and family in one of the most fast-paced and exciting board games ever! Race against foes in the challenge to become the most goth of any player while avoiding such pitfalls as jocks, well-dressed sane people, and ignorant sheep who have never heard the deep and meaningful lyrics of Marylin Manson. Each player starts out the game with zero Misery Points, attempting to be the first person to reach total and complete abject patheticness. The winner receives a jug of white pancake makeup with a little black tear decal to iron onto their face. Roll for such bonuses and setbacks as:

- Goth poetry. Create award winning pieces of prose like the ever popular goth poem, "Tears of Sorrow (Fuck Jesus)":

  Oh the tears of sorrow
  I cry down my face.
  My heart is a black raven of pain and neverending misery that nobody can understand but people who wear NIN t-shirts and have dark purple hair,
  The football team will die tomorrow.

- Goth makeover. Jump 15 misery points by applying a thick coat of plaster sealant to your face and making yourself look like a clown who was just hit by a paint truck.
- Goth jewelry. Spend the $20 you made in one week by pushing grocery carts at the local Wal-Mart, allowing you to buy the finest in jewelry made out of what seems like recycled bike chains. The more you look like a deleted scene from "Hellraiser," the better. And no, people aren't laughing at you... they're laughing in UTTER FEAR OF YOU!
- Mutate into raver. If you're not careful, you could become a raver and lose 500 misery points! Watch out who you hang around with and what drugs you take, or before you know it you could be wearing "PLUR" t-shirts and sucking on a pacifier while some bloated girl with enough whiteheads to single-handedly sustain the entire Clearasil market hangs on you and tries to lick your ear.

Wow! Can't you just imagine the pain?

I hope these fantastically hip and fantastically fantastic gift ideas have given you some idea as to what to purchase your loved one this upcoming Christmas season. After all, you only have 323 days until the holiday bites you on the ass like that doughy Mexican hooker last October! The items on this list are the hottest things this year, and you can be sure that when your fat ugly child parks his ass on the mall Santa's lap, he'll be naming at least one of the aforementioned gifts. If you don't believe me just ask the mall Santa, Wil Wheaton in his hottest acting job since the grand finale episode of "Star Trek" where Han Solo fought the Minbari commander!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.3 Outer Space is out of this world!

Tuesday, Feb 05, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Here's looking at you, Outer Space!

Text added to emphasize how out-of-this-world outer space is. Slight motion blur added to emphasize the text that emphasizes the background.

If you're anything like me, besides being socially unfit to drive a car, you're also fascinated by the out-of-this-world-concept of outer space. For the uninitiated, outer space is basically everything that exists outside of the planet Earth's atmosphere. You'd be surprised, because outer space is both big like an ox, and vast in amount like women and their excuses not to go out with me. In short, outer space is the burning question that haunts man when he urinates. A question I will do no less than attempt to answer!

The easiest way to understand outer space is by examining the stars. Watching Entertainment Tonight will take you pretty far, but at some point you're just going to have to go outside with a telescope or binoculars and look straight up. What do you see? THAT'S OUTER SPACE, BABY! The vast empty of darkness that consumes the souls of man, soft spaceships that have been ground into more edible chunks, and all the light of the galaxy. Look at her with fear, for she can turn you inside out and then drift your ass into the sun upon a mere whim!

The first thing you'll notice is that in-between the chunks of brooding space darkness are a lot of tiny dots of light. These dots are stars, much like the sun that haunts us with its evil during the day and taunts us with its absence at night. Although they may appear to be very tiny lights, they are actually quite large and far away. In olden times, ancient amateur circuit astronomers used to draw imaginary lines between these stars, creating primitive drawings of naked women to fuel their masturbatory fantasies. Later on, we learned that they weren't drawing naked women, but in fact weird things like a great hunter, a crab, and various sized measuring cups. They did this because space just happens to be home to a gigantic space crab capable of pinching this planet in half with its celestial claws of astronomical proportions. Thankfully it is kept at bay by a sexually frustrated hunter who uses arrows of burning gas to thwart the dastardly crab. But don't take my word for it! Just let outer space tell you that tale itself!

Around each of those tiny dots you will find a collection of planets, every single one of which at one time contained intelligent life. Unfortunately outer space is a harsh mistress, and most of these otherworldly beings were killed instantly due to a lack of breathable atmosphere or proximity to or away from their star. Still, in the overwhelming immensity of space, there is undoubtedly lots of intelligent life remaining. Of course what life remains is most certainly bitter, hateful, and lusting for the blood of man and our lush, fertile planet full of buxom women and Danish butter cookies. I'm sure we'll have some choice encounters with those wacky space folks later on!

Thanks to outer space this satellite is taking pictures of you in the shower.

Yes, space is in our future! Many believe that man's home will one day be in the stars. I hope and pray that that isn't true, because we will surely die of the extreme heat. But if it's a far enough away from the stars where we won't be melted, I'm all for it! To quote Stephen Hawking's cold, calculated robot master, "To confine

ourselves to terrestrial matters would be to limit the human spirit." And you can't argue with him, because he knows his shit. I mean cripes, the guy is wearing diapers. *He knows the secret of life.*

So by now you've surely got some crazy notion to strap a rocket to your back and blast yourself into heaven. And no, that wasn't some kind of gay sex joke. Okay, so it was. But what's important is that you understand that outer space is dangerous, and without taking proper safety precautions and wearing protection, you'll end up getting yourself into a galaxy of hurtin'! And no, that wasn't a continuation of that gay sex joke from the first sentence. Be safe, and know the facts about space:

- Outer space contains neither the oxygen to breathe or the Oxygen Channel to watch. If you go into outer space, make sure to take plenty of oxygen to breathe and tapes of your favorite Oxygen shows.
- Outer space can be very cold or hot, so be prepared and take both warm blankets and casual summer wear.
- A space suit is the best means of not being eaten alive by outer space. Make sure you and your companions are wearing one whenever gallivanting through the cosmos.
- When caught in the tractor beam of an alien vessel, drift sideways against the beam and be careful not to let the undercurrent pull you into the ship.
- Space has no gravity, so plan your activities accordingly. A fun Sunday afternoon picnic in outer space could easily be ruined by food flying every which way. Not only that, but without gravity things easily become deadly projectiles. A chicken leg could become embedded in someone's face, and that's jut not fun for anyone. Not even for non-Americans.
- Flying around the Earth too fast causes time to reverse. If you're in space and have the opportunity to reverse time, please be responsible.
- Staring directly at the sun from outer space is not only painful to the eyes, but also likely to melt your face off. Always look at the sun with your eyes closed.
- Be sure to observe the sights of Earth when in space. The Great Wall of China and Ted Kennedy's head are both among the monuments easily seen from above the atmosphere.
- Fire in space looks really freaking awesome. If inside a space capsule, light a fire and watch it go! It's really, really totally awesome!
- If you happen to catch the haunting visage of space nerd Wil Wheaton's career drifting aimlessly, do not touch it or make eye contact. It will suck the life out of you like it does to so many other things.

Finally, the most important part of any space adventure – accidental or otherwise – is the return. A well-planned outer space excursion has a well-planned return, but a bad one has you being burnt to a crisp when you reenter the atmosphere. To be safe, make sure whatever clothing, space suit, or space capsule you're inside of has racing stripes painted on the side. This will reduce friction and prevent you from returning to the surface as a raisin-sized chunk of dead guy.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

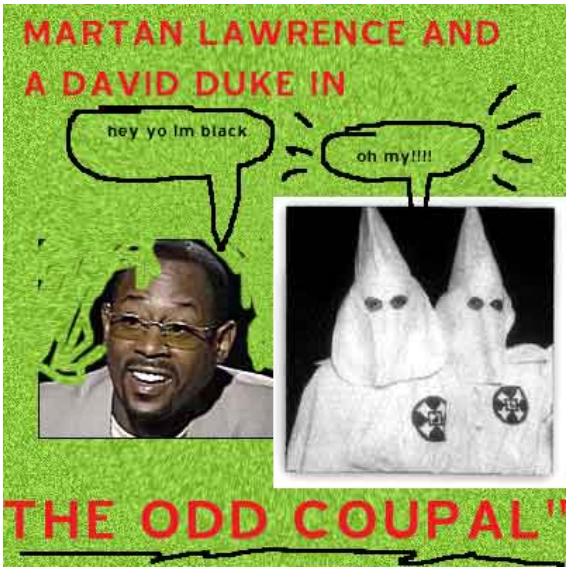
2.4 The SA Vs. FARK winners are announced: SA WINS!!

Tuesday, Feb 05, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

WINNER OF THE SA Vs. FARK PHOTOSHOP BATTLE!!!

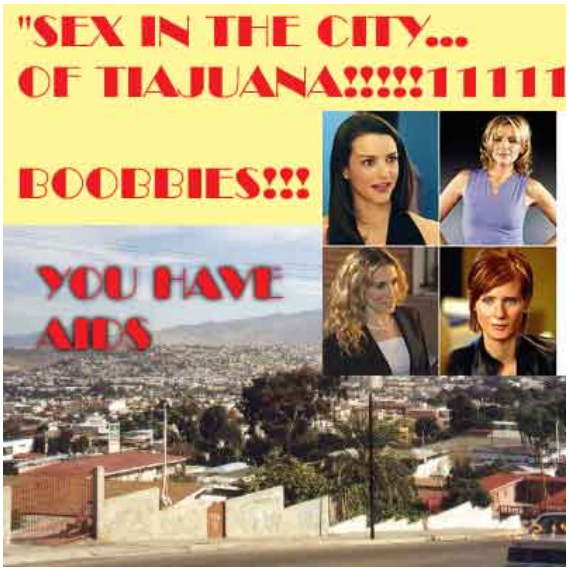
For weeks tension had been building as the crumb-bums over at Drew Curtis' FARK bitched about Drew Curtis' Something Awful and how their Photoshop abilities were superior to those of our readers and forum goers. The rage burned within my heart at these scandalous comments and I found no recourse but to throw out the challenge: BEAT US IN A PHOTOSHOP BATTLE OR DIE TRYING. On January 21st I made this challenge formal with the first ever Drew Curtis' SA Vs. Drew Curtis' FARK Photoshop competition. Drew Curtis of Drew Curtis' FARK suggested space nerd Wil Wheaton as the perfect choice for the celebrity judge.

So Drew Curtis of Drew Curtis' FARK gathered up Drew Curtis' FARK's ten best entries and I gathered up Drew Curtis' Something Awful's ten best entries and we submitted them to space nerd Wil Wheaton of Drew Curtis' space nerd Wil Wheaton Dot Netl. His instructions were to judge each entry based on three factors; comedic value, concept, and execution. In between getting rejected for acting gigs and running the deep fryer at a Popeye's Fried Chicken, space nerd Wil Wheaton took the time to judge the entries and provide a comment about each. First the FARK entries



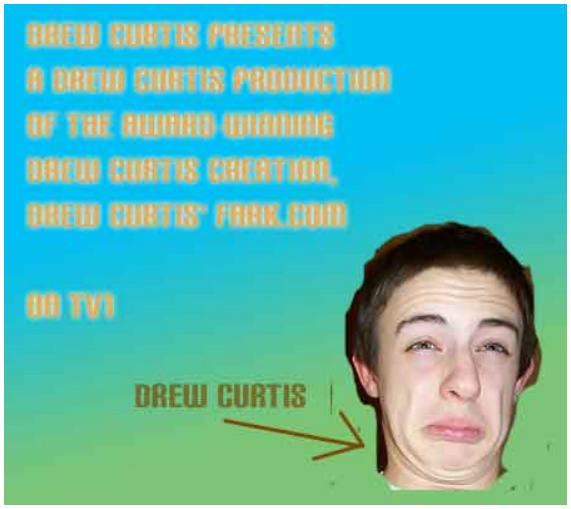
Title: The Odd Coupal
Author: Turkey Ranchar
Rating: 0
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: The concept for this entry was very offensive and made me offended. I don't like things that offend me. I give it a zero, even though the Photoshopping was really good for FARK.

Title: GUMBY AND HIS WACKY ADDVENTURES WITH TAR HEROIN
Author: BOOBIESFANATIC
Rating: 0
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: They somehow managed to sap all humor out of Gumby, even though it was above average quality for FARK work there was just too much text.



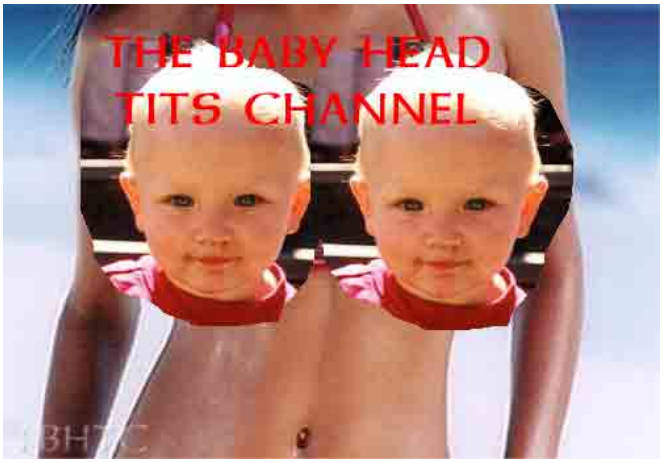
Title: Sex in the City. . . of Tiajuana!!!!!!!111
Author: I_Like_Boobies
Rating: 0
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: "Sex in the City" is my favorite show next to "Queer as Folk" and this high-quality FARK Photoshop ruined it for me, so I give it a zero.

Title: Beverly Hills 9021-LOL!
Author: DragonBoobZ
Rating: 0
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: This made me think of my boyhood crush on Luke Perry and how my love was unrequited, so I gave it a zero despite the great Photoshop effort.



Title: Drew Curtis' Fark Dot Com on TV1
Author: Turkey Ranchar
Rating: 0
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: Turkey Ranchar is the best Photoshopper on Drew Curtis' Fark, but I still had to rate this one a zero even though Drew Curtis is a close personal friend and he kisses like a starlet.

Title: Thundarcarts
Author: Icenoon
Rating: 0
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: I don't think I can count a spelling error as a Photoshop, although the boogers were a nice touch, I wonder how they make them look so real.

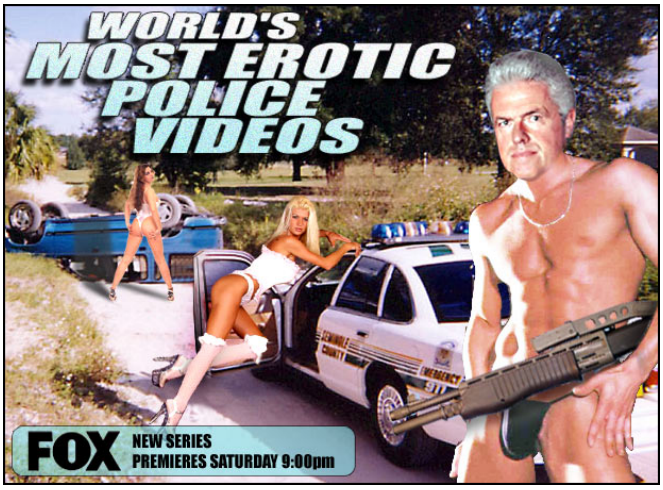


Title: The Baby Head Tits Channel
Author: Turkey Ranchar
Rating: 0
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: More primo Photoshop work from Turkey Ranchar, but the baby heads are blocking my view of boobies so a zero once again, come on you Drew Curtis' Farkers I Drew Curtis' Farking hate it when you Drew Curtis' Farking lose to Drew Curtis' Farking Drew Curtis' Something Awful.

Title: Gosh That is a Big Beetle!
Author: Boobie Brown
Rating: 0
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: That is a big beetle but there is not a lot of Photoshopping going on, even though I can appreciate the image because it loads quickly. Zilch Drew Curtis' Farkers.

Title: Drew Curtis' Fags in Blue Hats
Author: Turkey Ranchar
Rating: 0
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: I have a blue hat and I don't like the joke because I am not a fag no matter what the cast of my space nerd show told you in interviews.

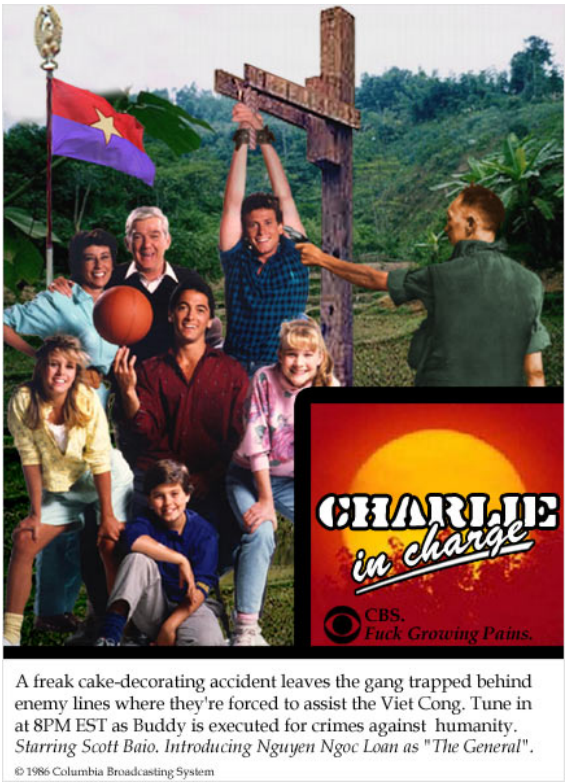
Title: Jerkin'!!
Author: Turkey Ranchar
Rating: 1
Origin: Drew Curtis' Fark
Comment: Good work!! This is by far the best entry from Drew Curtis' Farking Drew Curtis' Farkers.



Title: World's Most Erotic Police Videos
Author: NoneMoreNegative
Rating: 8
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: An incredible entry from veritable Drew Curtis' Something Awful legend NoneMoreNegative, it was funny, it looks damn good and it was oddly arousing.

THE ALL STAR CELEBRITY TRIBUTE TO
FARK
DON'T MISS WIL WEATON'S HILARIOUS GUEST APPEARANCE!
HOLLYWOOD'S FINEST GATHER TO HONOR THE GREATEST WEB SITE EVER MADE!
7PM SUNDAY, ONLY ON BIZARRO TV

Title: The Fark Channel
Author: Livestock
Rating: 5
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: A good joke, but very simple and not a lot of Photoshop going on, still I am amazed by the use of layers and transparency, how do you wizards at Drew Curtis' Something Awful come up with this stuff?


CHARLIE
in charge
CBS.
Fuck Growing Pains.
A freak cake-decorating accident leaves the gang trapped behind enemy lines where they're forced to assist the Viet Cong. Tune in at 8PM EST as Buddy is executed for crimes against humanity.
Starring Scott Baio. Introducing Nguyen Ngoc Loan as "The General".
© 1986 Columbia Broadcasting System

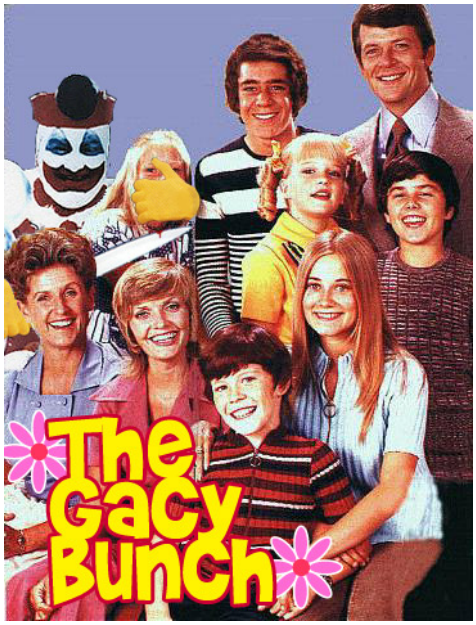
Title: Charlie in Charge
Author: OMG McGee
Rating: 8
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: The thing I can really appreciate about this one is the look on Buddy's face. I always wanted to see that guy dead because I envied his career, and if anyone would have the balls to pull the trigger it would be Nguyen Ngoc Loan. Great technical work and great joke.

The JOY of FURRIES
Let Bob Ross guide you into a magical world of fantasy, discovery, happy little animals and I swear, it's not all sex sex sex for god's sake why don't you mundane hy00mans just open your minds and accept there might be some people who are different and special in their own way? We don't all want to hump animals! Just some of us. Why must
Saturday mornings on tpt
Reznor understands me. Well he

Title: The Joy of Furries
Author: The Yellow Yell
Rating: 7
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: Bob Ross has those eyes that just make me want to cover myself in his stink. Then I realize he's dead so I have to subtract a point because I get sad.

Title: Alf Live
Author: Rheingold
Rating: 8
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: A hilarious concept with overall excellent but slightly uneven execution, this is one of the funniest things I have seen in all my years as a space nerd. Although, I also envy Alf's space nerd career success, so one point off.

Title: Spongebob Tampon
Author: Axe Maniac
Rating: 9
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: This entry grabs the second place title and only misses out on a win by a hair. The qualities of these entries are incredible and Drew Curtis should be proud of everyone from Drew Curtis' Something Awful.



Title: The Gacy Bunch
Author: Fookoff
Rating: 7
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: If this weren't so scary I would rate it higher, but space nerd is a job that none should envy for the terrors we must face.

Hot new dating game show coming soon on FOX
A/S/L?
<3
1 single girl. 1 eligible guy. 3 disaffected loners on medication !
Amazing Cyberstudio
with special
"Isolation Booths"!!!

Title: A/S/L?
Author: Kloakin' Device
Rating: 6
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: Complicated, busy, and hilariously funny.

Title: Master P's Theatre
Author: EvilTwig
Rating: 8
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: The splendor of this entry is in its simplicity. A pun that works, and a good Photoshop job, space nerd approves!

AND THE WINNER IS...

Title: Jim Henson's Crossfire
Author: dorquemada
Rating: 10
Origin: Drew Curtis' Something Awful
Comment: Muppets are great, reflections in the desk are great, the concept of crossfire as hosted by muppets is the greatest. This winner was a standout from a group of standouts and gets the gold medal and the prize.

TOTAL SCORES

Drew Curtis' Fark: 3

Drew Curtis' Something Awful: 74
Winning Group: Drew Curtis' Something Awful!!!!

This contest has been sponsored by the folks at Drew Curtis' Worth1000.com, where Something Awful users go to beat the living shit out of Fark users on a daily basis. Keep kicking their asses arsidubu. I would like to thank everyone for participating and thank space nerd Wil Wheaton for taking the time to judge each and every entry and for getting me the results on time so that I could run this article. Thanks again space nerd Wil Wheaton, because we know you have a full schedule of imaging what it would have been like if you hadn't gotten kicked off your nerd show for writing stalker notes to the bald guy.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.5 WELL WELL WELL!!!!!!!!!!

Thursday, Feb 07, 2002 by JEFFK ((@sexyfacts4u)

WELL WELL WELL

WELL WELL WELLLOOKS LIEK YUOR OLD FIREND JEFF K SI BACK AT TEH HELMET AGAIN!!! on teh INTARNAT!!! I haev been VARY bussey liek a yam lately so thats why my webpaege (my websiet, click hear for my websiet I MEAN NO CLICK HEAR FOR IT! NEVERMIND I WILL MAKE THE LINK LATAR!). I have gotten allot of angary emale from yuo putterheads liek this:

HE SI SEARCHING FOR MYSTERIES WELL HEAR SI A MYSTERIE FOR YOU: WHY ARE YUO OLD AND STUPED?? HAHAHAHAH

> **FROM: A STUPED LITTAL GUM MAN**
> **SUBJECT: MICROSOFT EMALE MACHENE!!!**
>
> hello jeff K plez update yuor site because I am cretin man and I needs too know about computar machenes and I think Im a gay man becuase in gym class I was peaking at teh boys naked in teh showar and then I started licking Coach Renhoffers whistal and he caught me and I hide in teh closet and climbed into teh cealing because there was a swamp monstar in my tubes and which computar machene is bettar AMD OF INTEL!?!?!?
>
> SINCEARLY,
>
> SHITHEAD

AND i dont answar emale anymore becuase I am bussey! I SPIN PLATES AT AN AMAZING RATE!!! I AM A KING OF TAPE!!! I SAW A DISEASED HUMMAN LIVAR AT WENDYS!!! ahahahahahahaha###

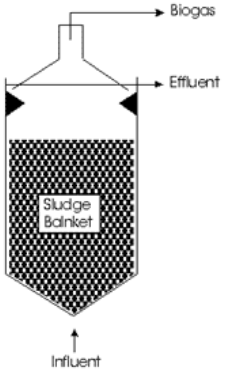
But anyways back too my update. that FAGOT RETCH "LOGTAX" KAYAYANAKANA said he asks me too updates his webpaeg because he was mastarbating and teh sock he was mastarbarting into got stuck on his pennis and now hes in teh hospital for DYSENTRY!!! so it si up too me to save teh day and I will because I am a jonralist of teh highest calibar of intergrity and a lupine is a wolve!!! so hear si my artical:

A LOOK AT UPCOMEING GAMES BY JEFF KBY JEFF K

BY JEFF K

hear si a look at upcomeing games that yuo can buy if yuor Rich Uncle Moneybags or you use teh old "SIX FINGARED DISCOUNT!" liek Jerry tried to do at CostCo teh othar day. he tried to steal a snickars Bar because as we are all aware of Jerry si fattar than a King Kong aftar he ate a PLANET JUPITAR!!! AND JOHN ROMERO SI FAT NOW TOO BECAUSE HE EATS TOO HELP HIS DEPRESSIAN!!! but Jerry got caught by teh Costco securitey gaurd! Teh guard saids, "hey fatass, stop right there!" and Jerry stopped because he was scared and too tired to run anymore because teh last tiem Jerry ran was when he thought ghostes were in an ISLAMIC TEMPAL!!!! WTF IS ISLAM ANYWAY ITS LIEK A CRAZEY THING IF YUO ASK ME!!! so in summary Jerry si fat and John Romoreo si fat too and Jerry and John are both a lot aliek because of poor higene habits. so hear are teh games too looks forward too in teh upcoming year of 2001: PS: I AM *COPYING TEH NAMES OF TEH GAMES FROM VARIYING GAMEING SITES WITCH I WONT NAME*

FOR OBVIOUS REASONS:



REMEMBAR THIS DIAGRAM FOR WHEN YUO NEED TO DO IT ALL OVAR AGAIN

UO: Blackthorn's Revenge - this gaem si about ULTIMATE ONLINE whitch si a game played by manney differant people ranging from FAGOTS to EVEN BIGGAR FAGOTS! if yuo try to play then yuo will be killed when yuo walk, so dont walk. Just login and then quit teh game for maximam playing enjoymint! UO: Blackman's Revenge si anothar expansion game for Untilmate Online because they cant think of any new games too make. they have board meatings liek this:

> ORIGIN GUY: "OKAY WE NEEDS TO MAKE A NEW GAME BECAUSE WE HAVANT MADE ANYTHING NEW SINCE 1974"
> ORIGIN PRESIDENT: "we can maek a game about ELFS!"
> ORIGIN GUY: "but we haev a game with elfes, its Ultimar Onlien!"
> OREGIN PRESIDENT: "so make MORE ELVES!!! ROLL A 40 SIDED DIE TO FIGARE OUT MY SAVING THROW AGAINST WASP STINGS!!!"
> ORIGIN GUY: "THE DICE NEVAR LIE!"

so now they made anothar expansion package for Ultimar which joins the happey family of 100000 othar UO games liek:

I cant remembar any of them

I am too lazey too looks them up and my computar machene is all margy right now so go look them up yuorselfes, you lazy slobbergoats/

Army Men RTS - HEY YES WERE NOT SICK OF ARMY MAN GAMES LETS KEEP MAKEING ARMY MAN GAMES UNTIL WERE ALL DEAD AND BURIED AND ROBOTS RULES TEH WORALS AND THEN THEY CAN MAKE MORE ARMY MAN GAMES BECUASE HEY EVERYBODY LOVES ARMAY MAN GAMES RIGHT????? AND DONT SEE TEH MOVIE "AI" BECUASE IT SUCKED MORE THAN A SPANISH FLEA!!! "OH BLUE FAIREY SAVE ME FROM MY FUTURE SUBMARINE:" NO, YUO DIE UNDERWATER YUO FAGORT AND I HOPE TEH ALIANS USE YUOR BODY AS A TARMAC FOR THEM!!!

Global Ops - this gaem si liek countarstriek only its differeant because I dont know why its differeant, I think it si countarstriek which would be a lovely surprise for myself because I liek Countar Strike as much as I liek putting my hand into a stinkpit of harm's way!!! evarybody who plays couterstriek has mental issues with themselfs and needs to take what I call "A PILL TOO MAEK YOU NOT STUPED ANYMORE!!!" I used to play countarstiek all teh time, I was an engineer but sometiems I palayed as a spy and STABBED EVEARYBODY LIKE JESUS!!! hahahahahaha they were all fagorts anyway and I bet none of them evar worked a toaster contraptian before UNLIKE MYSELF, A MAN'S MAN!!! MY NAME IN COUNTARSTRIKE IS "_-={[KILLARF JEFFK]}=-_!!!!!!! SO IF YUO see me watch out because I carry death liek a brass necklace/

bettar watch out

Icewind Dale II - teh original Windy Dale was about I dont know what it was about because I didant play it becayse my level 42 ELF WOULD NOT ROLL A SAVEING THROW AGAINST BOREDOM!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHA HOWS THAT FOR YUO GENTS??? So Windy Dale 2 will be more of whatevar Windy Dale 1 was, whatever that was. I dont plan on palaying this game eithar because if yuo ask me those Black Aisle guys have a few clocks in their knocks in yuo catch my drift!!!! I saw them on teh JD Powar and Associatuates rating and they were down low by watermelon and DENNYN'S so how dose that strike your fancy??? Black Aisle si owned by Intarplay which made games liek Fallout and Wrench Witch 2: The Suppository Adventare. I dont palay any of there games but Zaxxon and Food FIght so maybe theyll get their act turned around and someday there might be hope for them but until then I wont palay Windy Dale 2 because elves are for FAGOTS OF A LARGE VARIETY!!!!!!!

AND DONT EVAN GET ME STARTED ON EVARQUEST!!!!!

Soldier of Fortune: Double Helix - Yuo are a mercanary to save teh worald from POISON DNA!!! OH NO!!! BETTAR GET A BIG GUN TOO SHOTS ALL TEH VIRUSES!!! yuo go from exotic locatian to locatic location in seach of DNA to shots. Teh DNA has taken over a country and has missales it will shots at yuor head if you are not lucky so get crackin there soldar!!!! Soldar of fortune was inspired by teh antics of JOHN Q. MULLINS who si a real soldiar and he blew up teh following items during his wartime rampage:

A BRIDGE
TWO BIRDS
VIETNAME MEN
A LASSAR GUN BASE
CLOUDS
A FAT MAN WITH A DYNAMITE WOODEN LEG OF PLASTIC DYNAMITE
EVERYTHING

so they saids "hey we at Activisian would liek yuo to be a roll model for our kids" and John Mullens said "OKAY!" and then shots them with a snipar rifle. THEN HE FLED TO THE VOLCANO RETREAT AND COUNTED HIS PENNIES!!!!!!!!1 anyway he si in this game as a soldar who finds fortune in DNA but watch out for teh Russiens becuase they may be perky but theyre no martars for a good cause!!! if you get teh grenades yuo win but there are no stuped electricicity guns liek in teh first one whitch si a shame because evearybody lieks to play stuped games RIGHT JOHN ROMERAO!!?!? ahahahahahaha

oh HI BIRD!!!!

Grand Theft Auto III - yuo STEAL CARS AND RUN OVER HOOKARS!!!!! this si a family game if yuor family is on jerry Springar show a lot. yuor missian si to drive around a city and steal cars until all cars are wrecked and teh cops shoot yuor head off with bullet guns. GOOD LUCK BUDDEY!!! yuo can go on missians but who cares, nobody plays it for missians yuo play to drive on top of people who say "oh my help me please my chest si a mess now that yuor tire had been crushing all of me!!!" and then yuo get out and steal there money and spend it on I dont know what. stock trading maybe. and there are italians and black peopal and mexicans and white woman and a birds but yuo cant kill teh birds becuase that teaches an important society lesson that BIRDS ARE ABOVE TEH LAW!!! SO GO INTO CRIME WITH TEH BIRDS AND REAP TEH BENEFITS!!! I dont remembar what I was writing about now.

Call of Cathulhu - CATHULU SI PRANK CALLING YUO AND YUO MUST STAR 69 HIOM AND FIND OUT HIS SECRAT OF TEH OOZE!!! watch out because

Cathula si a foregn man liek teh Talleyban or Autobon or whatevar they are. SO USE A ROTARY DIAL PHONE AND DISCOVER A CHILLING DISCOVARY!!! dont maek a collect call to Miss Cleo though or yuor doom will be in teh cards!!! DIAL 911 AND CATHULU WILL HEAD FOR TEH HILLS

Who Shot Johnny Rock - WFT SI THIS GAME???? who cares. mayebe its just a black screen that says "WHO SHOTS JOHNNY ROCK" and yuo have to guess and if yuo get it right then it shows a music video with a drummar just palaying drums liek a crazzy man! if yuo guess wrong then teh guy who shot Jhonny Rocket shots yuo with a SNOT GUN from unreal. and yuod bettar questian yuor futare purchases if you actually buy this gaem.

DUKE NUKAM FOREVAR - THEY WILL NEVAR FINNISH THIS GAME BECAUSE DUKE NUKAM HAS A DISEASE OF A BRAIN AND GEORGE BROOMSARD SAYS "MY GAME SI A MAGIC GAME IT WILL COME OUT WHEN A MAGIC EVENT OCCURS IN YUOR LIFETIME" BUT YUO KNOW WHAT??? THERE SI NO DUKE NUKAM GAME JUST A EMPTY BOX WITH A MOUSEPAD INSIDE AND A NOTE TAHT SAYS "THANKS FOR CONTRIBUTEING TO 3D REALMS "GO TO A STRIP CLUB" DONATIAN FUND" and then they go watch strippars and GEORGE BRUSSORDES EATS ALL THE CHICKEN WINGS IN TEH HOUSE!!! HOWS THAT FOR CORTESY??? A RAMPANT MAN WITH AN APATITE FOR DISTRUCTIAN

FINISH THE STUPED GAME YUO FAGOT RETARDS OR ELSE ITS TIME TO BE DEFEATED BY JEFF K (ME, JEFF K!!!!!!!) AND ILL USE YUOR HEADS AS FLOORSHOES!!!! AHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA!!! EVARYBODY AT 3D REALSMS HAS A CASE OF THE SLOW MANS FINGARS SYNDROME

ST: Bridge Commander - if yuo liek Star Track then yuor a mental midgit. I hate C3PIO and I hate Star Track fans and oh no dont send Chewbacka to beat me up ahahaha.

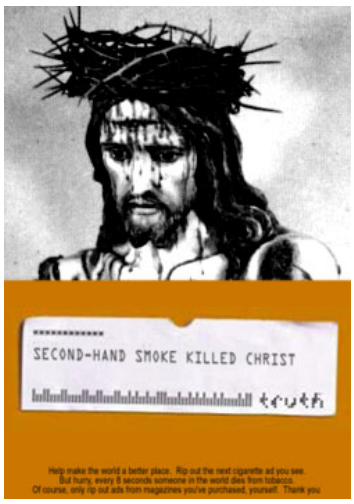
okeys! that si my entire artical tooday but I will update vary excitening things on my siet in teh near futuare now that I haev spare tiem thanks to a MARVELOUS PLAN!!!!! so keep alart for my jabbascript and remembnar that yuore no clown until a clown says so!!! hahahahahahahahahhahaa I maed that up!!! PEAS OUT!

-∼JEFFK (@sexyfacts4u)

2.6 Smoking is evil

Friday, Feb 08, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Smoking Will Kill You and Rape Your Family



The Truth Hurts Jesus, thanks to Dante Passera for the image.

I smoke cigarettes, just shy of chain smoking, and while I recognize the health risks and how horribly disgusting the habit is, I find it extremely enjoyable. I'm sure many smokers and non-smokers have railed long and hard against the idiotic lawsuits brought against the evil tobacco companies. These lawsuits, which in turn have forced the not-evil consumers to pay retarded prices for a product they're addicted to, have generated a lot of revenue for idiotic marketing companies working for the government. Thanks to some crybaby people who got shot down in a blaze of black lung I have to shell out twice as fucking much for my tar fix. So they can drive around in gold-plated Humvees like rap stars millions of American have to slightly decrease their standard of living. So the government can churn out useless anti-smoking spots that try to be hip and painfully are not I have to make the choice "one pack and nicotine fits or two packs and caffeine fits".

No, I'm not kidding, being a "broke ass nigguh" web master means feeling the pinch when you smoke premium cigarettes, and no I'm not switching to JOE SMOKE'S BRAND 100s or EQUATE CIGARETTES. That's like asking a heroin junkie to switch to crack because it's cheaper.

I could ASK FOR YOU TO DONATE MONEY, which I guess I just did, but I feel guilty about it, so don't. No please, don't DONATE MONEY so I can smoke constantly. I mean it, if you DONATE MONEY I will be really mad.

The advertisements being funded by these lawsuits are as ridiculous as almost every public health awareness campaign. I mean these are the hit makers who have brought you such media masterpieces as:

- If you smoke marijuana you will get really high and then eat things that make you fat and then the boys won't ask you to the dance, unless you have marijuana to share and then it's only because of the marijuana and you won't know if they love you or the marijuana so don't smoke marijuana.
- The California Raisins' "Say No to Unprotected Sex Campaign '89"
- "Don't Look Black People in the Eyes When Passing Them on the Streets"
- Driving while intoxicated will make you impotent.
- Jerry the Giraffe sez: "Every pill of X you take deforests an acre of rainforest in South America."

Considering how much money is spent on market and demographic studies you would think SOME ad agency would know how to tell people in a cool way not to do something that is fatal. You would think.

Thethruth.com, the jackoffs currently responsible for this no-brainer of a counter-marketing campaign, have really been laying it on thick lately. I'm sure you've seen at least one of their TV spots

that features hip 20-somethings heaping body bags in front of tobacco company buildings, or telling people some useless fact that tries to make people think that cigarettes contain urine.

> **FACT:** Cigarettes contain ammonia, urine contains ammonia.
>
> **FACT:** Cigarettes contain carbon, Hitler contained carbon.
>
> **FACT:** Cigarettes contain oxygen, there is no oxygen in space so there is no sound in space, and therefore cigarettes are full of sound.
>
> **FACT:** Cigarettes are cylindrical and so is a homosexual man's erect penis.
>
> **FACT:** Cigarettes are white, Mr. T was black, but Hannibal was white and Hannibal smoked cigars, which were brown, which technically Mr. T was brown not black. Figure it out.
>
> **FACT:** An anagram for "cigarettes" is "strategic", if you take out one of the e's.

Now, since there hasn't been a fifty billion dollar lawsuit settlement in the past week they have run out of money because they're encouraging kids to run around and "spread the word", which knowing how militaristic anti-smoking people are probably means chasing smokers around with fucking hatchets. Sure, take away smoking in bars, that's stupid but fine, take away smoking in hospitals, that makes sense, but why do goddamn non-smokers feel the need to come up to you on the street and tell you that it is bad for your health? That's great, the five sugar packets you used in your coffee this morning are bad for your health too, just like that carcinogenic hair-spray you use that they maced rabbits with you fucking cunt! Now back off and let me smoke in peace. But I digress, approaching inoffensive strangers to criticize their habits has more to do with psychological problems than anything else

You don't want to make movies with cult followings do you? Quit smoking!

These anti-smoking ads are essentially attacking fucking consumers, which is all any of this kind of crap amounts to. I mean for Christ's sakes, what other thing but drugs/smoking could they get away with making an ad where the message amounts to "doing this makes you ugly"? Like it's even fucking true. I know when I was 18 and not smoking when I went up to some attractive girl at a party and halfway through a conversation she lit up a cigarette the last thing on my mind was how the smoke bothers my eyes.

Developers, Developers, Developers!

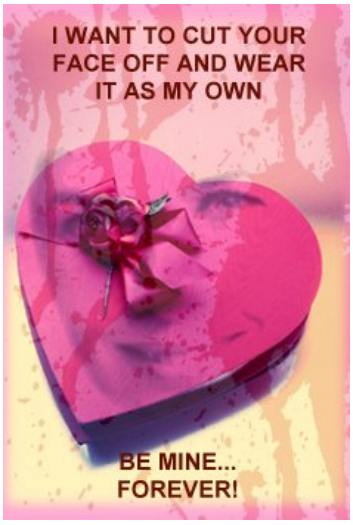
Todd Howard and Pete Hines from Bethesda Softworks sat down to have a chat with JeffK about their upcoming roleplaying game "Morrowind".

> **Todd:** *Did you know porn is the first thing to make money in any new medium? Just wait until holograms become mainstream.*
>
> **JEFFK:** Did yuo know you are one sassy commant away from geting kikced to teh curb? Think about that befor you answar.

The abuse only gets zanier!! Read it you bastards!

Photoshop Phun Phvalentines

Frags and the always hilarious SA Forum Goons have put together yet another Photoshop Phriday, this time in the form of hilarious and helpful Valentines. So if you're looking for the right way to say "I love you" to that special someone this February, look no further!!



Damn you, go check it out!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.7 Oreos vs. DVD

Saturday, Feb 09, 2002 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

They say you can't compare apples to oranges, which is true because oranges taste like shit unless they're squashed beyond recognition and all the pulp is removed from the juice. Apples, on the other hand, are great in juice form, pies, and straight off the tree. So comparing apples and oranges are stupid. Unless you're a fruity fruit farmer, in which case you can have sex with both apples and oranges with basically equal amounts of success. And that's all you care about.

An Oreo Cookie. Half-naked.

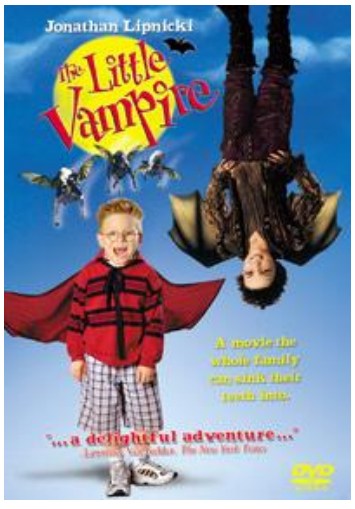
But you can compare Oreos to DVD, which I will demonstrate via a series of complicated and scientifically sound experiments. Oreos are America's favorite cookie and are best eaten after soaking in milk for approximately ten seconds. DVD is the fastest growing media format in the history of home video, mostly due to the fact that you can freeze frame and do slow motion during the nude scenes in "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" and listen to Paul Verhoeven say "I veally viked vhis vilming zis zshower szeen" in the commentary track to "Starship Troopers". Which manufactured good is superior? Let's find out!

Test #1: Visual Appeal

As we've learned from video games, good graphics and presentation are more important than anything else. A PS2 game featuring a realistic 3D rotating Teapot is a better game than *Galaga* because Galaga is in 2D and only uses a couple of colors. And Heidi Klum is better than all of you because she's a **super**model. So looks are important, I know this for sure because I don't have any. So let's compare Oreo Cookie #1 with the "Toy Story Ultimate Toy Box," a three disc collector's edition featuring both "Toy Story" movies and a third additional disc containing three hours of "Toy Story" director John Lasseter counting all the money he's made off these movies and laughing maniacally at the camera.

Oreo Cookie #1: Kinda blah. There's these weird little ridges along the edges and this wacky like four leaf clover design leading up to a oval in the middle of the cookie which has "OREO" imprinted in the center of the oval. Over the "RE" in "OREO" there's two little lines. What does this mean? What does this design mean? Why is it needlessly complicated and cluttered? It's a cookie, not the back of a playing card. Look at chocolate chip cookies, they look like lumps of tan soldier feces, but that's perfectly fine. Who cares? They're just cookies! Plus the top half isn't perfectly even with the bottom half, and that's a design flaw.

"Toy Story Ultimate Toy Box" DVD Set: Radical gnarly to the max! There's like this plastic translucent cover and if you pull it off you get to see the outline of the box! It's hard to explain, but it's like see-through! It's like this invisible wall wrapped around the three sterling silver DVD cases. How is this possible? Disney must have like in-house wizards to do this shit!



DVD

***WINNER**: DVD*

Test #2: Value

Oreo Cookie #2: For approximately 4 cents, you get one cookie. For under $2 you can purchase a whole bag. Not only is it cheaper than heroin, but also if you're a former heroin addict you can eat nothing but Oreos and possibly gain the weight you lost sticking needles into your armpit back again so you won't look like a tree of skin. Oreos won't cure your H.I.V. though, you worthless dreck.

"American Pie 2 Collector's Edition - Widescreen (Unrated)" DVD - I haven't watched the movie, but it's about $20 and has four commentary tracks. Yes, FOUR commentary tracks. One with the director, one with a bunch of actors, one with only one actor, and then one with the writer/producer. Oh, and the Unrated version probably adds four or so minutes extra of breasts. Is this really a value? Is "American Pie 2" a better movie than "Citizen Kane," which only has two commentary tracks? How much is there to say about "American Pie 2"?

> ***Actor:*** *I remember this scene*
> ***Actress:*** *Oh yeah (giggle)*
> ***Actor:*** *Oh there I go, gluing my penis to the pie! Haw haw!*
> ***Director:*** *This scene was hard to shoot because [insert some lame excuse about the lighting or sound being poor to cover up the fact he/she was high on cocaine at the time and kept thrusting their abdomen into the script supervisor's face]*
> ***Writer:*** *I wrote this scene because it was funny. [Actor] does a great job saying my funny lines.*
> ***Actor:*** *I like this movie a lot. In this scene my dad says something which embarrasses me.*

CLEAR WINNER*: Oreo*

Test #3: Utility

Fruit farmer.

Oreo Cookie #3: Portable, small, inexpensive. An entire bag may keep you alive for days. When exposed moderate amounts of force, however, the cookie will crumble and leave dirt-like residue all over the place. Exposure to milk results in bliss.

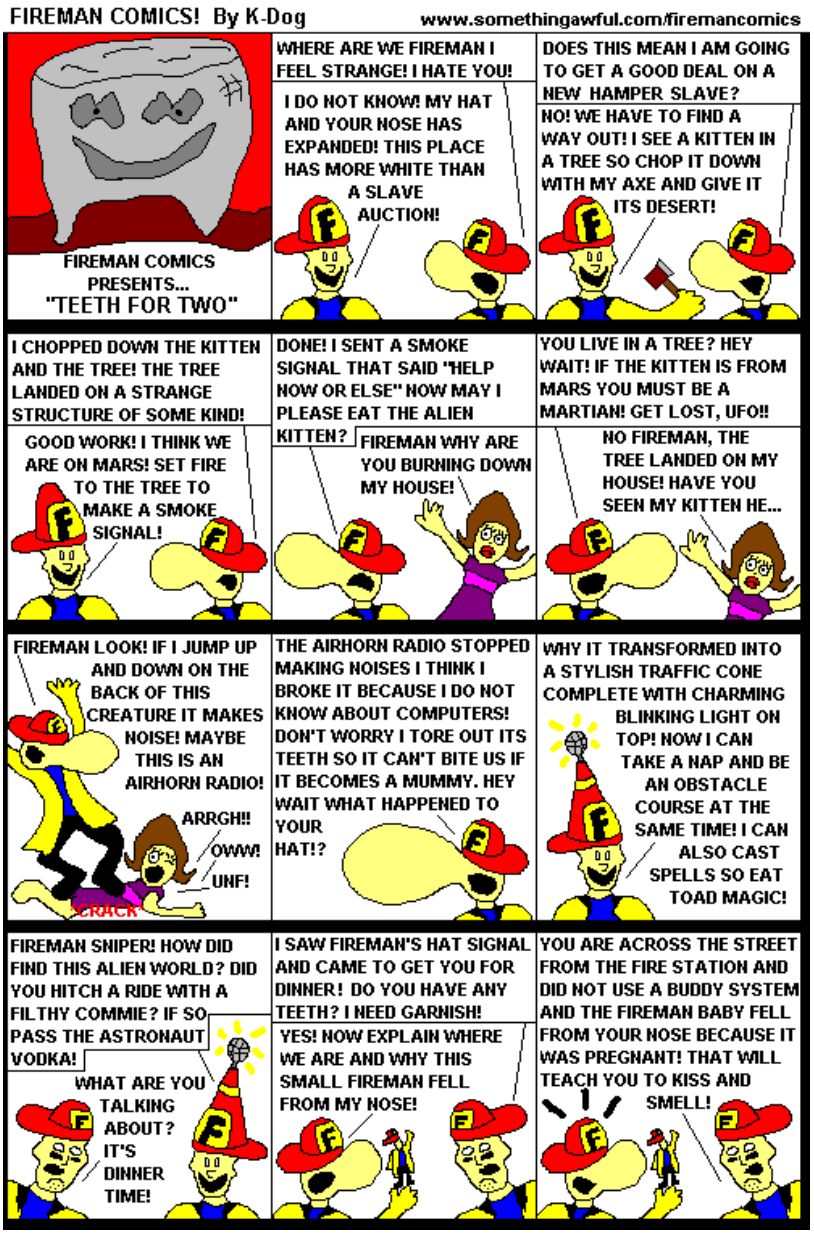
"The Matrix" DVD: What is "The Matrix"? Totally fucking useless if you get one tiny little scratch on the disc. Touching the underside of a DVD will result in frame skipping, video distortion, possible electrocution, and strange burping sounds coming out of the DVD player's stop button. Needs to be stored in plastic container. Is too small to use as a Frisbee. Hole in middle of disc is too small for even Asian fruit farmers to have sex with.

WINNER*: Oreo*

So there, Oreos are better than DVD's. Also *Sim Golf* is a really good game and has nothing to do with the fact that my update was a day late and five dollars short. My golf course is the best though. I hire and fire greenskeeper's repeatedly just so I can re-enact scenes from "Caddyshack." In conclusion, *Sim Golf* and Oreos.

Fireman Comedy!

Oh no, a Fireman Comic!


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS... "TEETH FOR TWO"
WHERE ARE WE FIREMAN I FEEL STRANGE! I HATE YOU!
I DO NOT KNOW! MY HAT AND YOUR NOSE HAS EXPANDED! THIS PLACE HAS MORE WHITE THAN A SLAVE AUCTION!
DOES THIS MEAN I AM GOING TO GET A GOOD DEAL ON A NEW HAMPER SLAVE?
NO! WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY OUT! I SEE A KITTEN IN A TREE SO CHOP IT DOWN WITH MY AXE AND GIVE IT ITS DESERT!
I CHOPPED DOWN THE KITTEN AND THE TREE! THE TREE LANDED ON A STRANGE STRUCTURE OF SOME KIND!
GOOD WORK! I THINK WE ARE ON MARS! SET FIRE TO THE TREE TO MAKE A SMOKE SIGNAL!
DONE! I SENT A SMOKE SIGNAL THAT SAID "HELP NOW OR ELSE" NOW MAY I PLEASE EAT THE ALIEN KITTEN?
FIREMAN WHY ARE YOU BURNING DOWN MY HOUSE!
YOU LIVE IN A TREE? HEY WAIT! IF THE KITTEN IS FROM MARS YOU MUST BE A MARTIAN! GET LOST, UFO!!
NO FIREMAN, THE TREE LANDED ON MY HOUSE! HAVE YOU SEEN MY KITTEN HE...
FIREMAN LOOK! IF I JUMP UP AND DOWN ON THE BACK OF THIS CREATURE IT MAKES NOISE! MAYBE THIS IS AN AIRHORN RADIO!
ARRGH!!
OWW!
UNF!
CRACK
THE AIRHORN RADIO STOPPED MAKING NOISES I THINK I BROKE IT BECAUSE I DO NOT KNOW ABOUT COMPUTERS! DON'T WORRY I TORE OUT ITS TEETH SO IT CAN'T BITE US IF IT BECOMES A MUMMY. HEY WAIT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAT!?
WHY IT TRANSFORMED INTO A STYLISH TRAFFIC CONE COMPLETE WITH CHARMING BLINKING LIGHT ON TOP! NOW I CAN TAKE A NAP AND BE AN OBSTACLE COURSE AT THE SAME TIME! I CAN ALSO CAST SPELLS SO EAT TOAD MAGIC!
FIREMAN SNIPER! HOW DID FIND THIS ALIEN WORLD? DID YOU HITCH A RIDE WITH A FILTHY COMMIE? IF SO PASS THE ASTRONAUT VODKA!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? IT'S DINNER TIME!
I SAW FIREMAN'S HAT SIGNAL AND CAME TO GET YOU FOR DINNER! DO YOU HAVE ANY TEETH? I NEED GARNISH!
YES! NOW EXPLAIN WHERE WE ARE AND WHY THIS SMALL FIREMAN FELL FROM MY NOSE!
YOU ARE ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE FIRE STATION AND DID NOT USE A BUDDY SYSTEM AND THE FIREMAN BABY FELL FROM YOUR NOSE BECAUSE IT WAS PREGNANT! THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO KISS AND SMELL!

Sure, why not!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.8 Welcome to Bonertown

Saturday, Feb 09, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Strip clubs are the pinnacle of male entertainment. For those of you not familiar with them, these are not the same type of clubs we use to strip baby seals of their lives and their precious, precious fur. Rather, they are totally different, sexier clubs that we use to strip women of their dignity. Their main purpose isn't to bludgeon, but to entertain men, and to fool them into giving away large sums of money. Men gladly pay hundreds, if not thousands of monies to see girls shake their respective groove thangs on the stage. But what's really the allure of the strip club? Is it the naked girls, or is it something deeper than that? Well, to blatantly ruin the ending of this article, it's quite obviously the naked girls, dumbasses. But for lack of a better idea, it's time we dove headfirst into what makes strip clubs so very popular.

In 1992, this small time pimp attempted to bring Ughi (also pictured here) back to the strip club scene. It was a miserable failure.

Even back in caveman times, strip clubs existed. Men in the tribes would gather around a fire to watch loose cavewomen remove their filthy animal hides from their smelly, unshaven bodies. This was considered very sensuous at the time, as filth and animal feces were considered adornments, like sexy lingerie is to modern women. Thus, many overtly sexual females became known as "Dirty girls", a phrase we still use today. The first recorded stripper in history was a woman named Ughy, who would perform a primitive poll dance by swinging from a dead woolly mammoth's still erect penis. She changed her name to "Ughi", and was an instant success. Like today, men began to throw money at her in huge amounts. However, since currency back then was heavy rocks and spearheads, Ughi was dead within minutes of the start of her success. This caused the concept of the strip club to disappear for eons, until some genius in the 20th century figured out that men like breastacles.

Modern day strip clubs revolve around many similar concepts as their stone aged ancestors. Still, there are some subtle, yet key differences. For one, erect mammal penii are replaced by equally unsanitary metal poles. The invention of paper money now allows for much safer interaction with the strippers, and a simple 20 dollar bill can buy you the epitome of the strip club: the lap dance. Involving a careful balance of bumping, grinding, and restraining the disgust they have for you, a lap dance is the perfect ego booster for anyone who can't get laid. Finally, the women are no longer filthy and smelly, but are often neither. At most, you'll find the occasional smelly girl, but she'll have no filth - that's a guarantee you can take to the bank.

The sperm bank that is, as there is no way you'll be spraying manload on any of these girls. Unless you're a celebrity or a millionaire, the ladies will almost certainly not touch your Vas Deferens or your sweet, sweet perineum. Still, the stripper will do everything in her hypnotic, jiggly power to keep you thinking there's a chance. In fact, it's their job to make you think there will be sex so you shell out more and more cash. You like what you see, but then you pay only to find out the end is just a wall of hope-shattering disappointment. Much like the movie "The 13th Floor".

This girl clearly opted not to swing on a star, or carry moonbeams home in a jar.

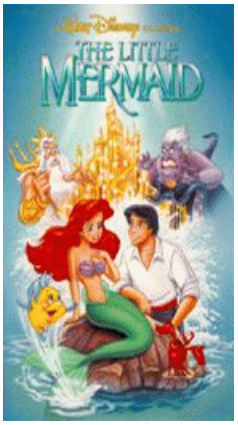
Strippers usually have regular lives outside the club, and stripping is often their 2nd job. Most of the time they are one of five types

of girls:

- Girls in school to become teachers
- Teachers
- Porn Stars
- Girls in school to become porn stars
- Asian Schoolgirls

As you can see, education is very important to the stripper. In fact, these girls are among the most intelligent you'll ever meet. They can add up the amount of dollars shoved in their G-strings at a rate that would blind that toothpick counting bastard rain man, and can do it while gyrating their bodies with the athletic coordination of an Olympic gymnast. They also have formed one of the best workers unions in existence, making stripping an extremely well paying profession. In addition, their union gets them many benefits like ugly insurance, which will pay for a stripper past her prime to retire comfortably.

When visiting a strip club, there are certain rules of etiquette you should follow. First of all, unlike the outside world, in a strip club "No" does not mean "Yes". Always ask before doing anything, and then stick with what they say, lest you be introduced to a large hulking Italian mobster with a body part in his name, such as Sammy "Legs" Valenzolo or John "Manass" Carollo. Second, keep in mind at all times that these are ladies. They have feelings and should be treated with dignity. Do not call them whores or sluts when they grind their sexual organs against yours during a lap dance, because they are very sensitive. The girls, not the organs. Those have been desensitized by years of whoring.



Artist depiction of a highly arousing lapdance.

Finally, it's important to make sure when you go to a strip club that it has girls stripping. Names like "The Meat Locker" and "The Mandolin" are very, very bad news and should be avoided at all costs. The last thing you want on a night out with the boys is some dude in a thong shaking a package in your face that would be too big for Fed Ex to send. Unless your gay, in which case you probably stopped reading this article after realizing "Welcome to Bonertown" wasn't an erotic man on manfiction.

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

2.9 The REAL winner of the SA vs. FARK battle!

Monday, Feb 11, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Space Nerd Declares His Winners

I have some confessing to do. The winners we announced in the SA vs. FARK Photoshop battle last Tuesday might not have been entirely on the level. Those entries were our top entries, but the ones sent in by FARK were ones that we hand picked from their entries. I thought they had a better chance of winning with those than what they actually picked, but it turns out that FARK disagreed. Space Nerd Wil Wheaton had an entirely different set of entries from FARK to review and despite the trouble he was having finding time to judge the contest, he managed to tear himself away from the deep fryer at Popeye's long enough to give me the results.

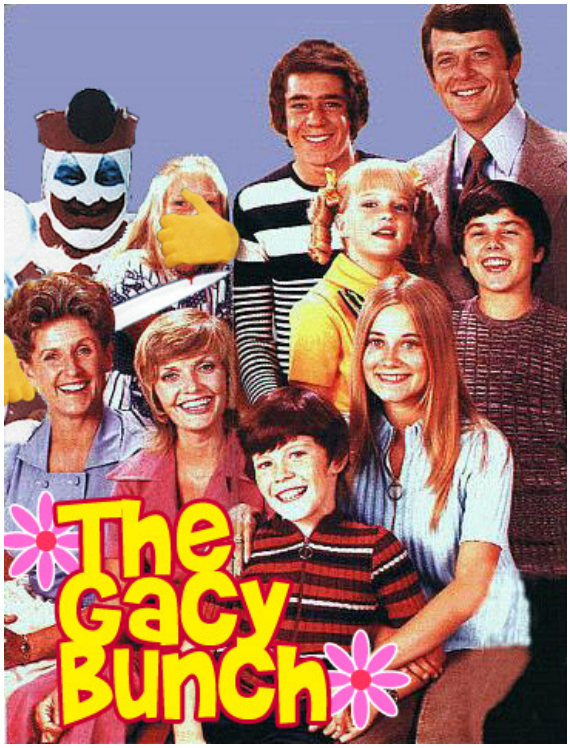
> *Zack and Drew,*
>
> This has been a lot of fun. I can't tell you the rush of power I felt, as I carefully weighed the various entries against each other.
>
> Of course, I can't even draw a happy face with MS Paint, so who am I to judge? Oh, wait. I'm TVs Wil Wheaton, and you shall all bow down before me, and my capricious judgment of you! Kneel, worms!! Bwahahahaha!!!
>
> The SA entries are listed first, followed by the FARK entries, followed, finally, by the top entries from both sites, and the overall winners.
>
> Love you mean it,
>
> Wil

Take him with a grain of salt folks. Him telling you to "kneel, worms!" is like that nerdy friend of yours in the fourth grade telling you that his dad is a lion trainer or jet fighter pilot. Without further ado, let the OFFICIAL judging continue!

- **Something Awful Finalists**

Title: SpongeBob Tampon
Artist: Axe Maniac
Laughter: 2
Concept: 3
Execution: 10
Total: 15
Comments: This really didn't make me laugh, at all. Tampon jokes rank right up with fart and Polock jokes, for me. Real side-splitters in 5th grade, but I want something more for my laugh dollar now that I'm old and crotchety. However, the technical skill displayed here is stunning, and it more than makes up for the thin concept.
Zack's Comments: Space Nerd Wil Wheaton didn't laugh at this because he's afraid of girls and the "kooky juice" that comes out of their "naughty parts" once a "month". No, that's giving him too much credit, he's not even afraid of girls, he doesn't know what they are. He thinks they're sort of like Michael Jordan only with more hair and a beard. His girlfriend, wife, whatever, is really just an oil drum with a life sized poster of Michael Jordan pasted to it.

Title: Master P's Theatre
Artist: EvilTwig
Laughter: 4
Concept: 6
Execution: 9
Total: 19
Comments: This is a nice play on words, and is more of a "thinking man's" entry. I could go on and on about how it really meets the criteria of shows that you'll never see on TV because the media is controlled by 5 white men, but I won't. The execution is very impressive to me, but it just didn't make me laugh, is all.
Zack's Comments: OH SHIT IT DIDN'T MAKE KING COMEDY LAUGH! That's some mighty fine judging Space Nerd, why don't you beam yourself to Spockulous and apply THAT logic to the ass of someone who respects you. Wait, I'm sorry, aren't you banned from Space Nerd/30 year old virgin conventions?



Title: The Gacy Bunch
Artist: Fookoff
Laughter: 5
Concept: 5
Execution: 6
Total: 16
Comments: A funny idea, but I'd have liked it better if we'd gotten to see Bobby and Peter under Gacy's house. The Photoshop execution was even better than Gacy's execution, which is nice.
Zack's Comments: Bobby and Peter under Gacy's house?! Beam some sense into your head Chewbacca, these aren't actual episodes of the show, they're STILL IMAGES. OH NO THEY TOOK A PICTURE OF YOU, THEY STOLE YOUR SOUL PROFESSOR TECHNOLOGY!!!

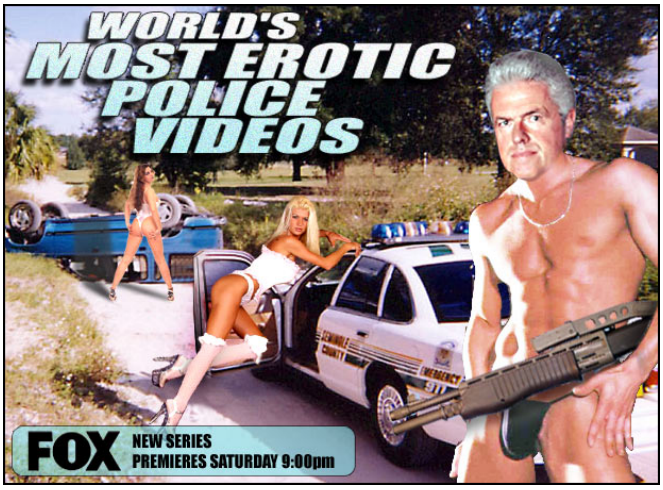
Title: Babegate
Artist: geno1173
Laughter: 3
Concept: 5
Execution: 10
Total: 18
Comments: I really liked the "Anderson" angle here... but Loni Anderson is simply not a babe. Not ever. Not even on those WKRP re-runs, which, incidentally, is proof that everyone was high in the 70s. What this entry lacked in humor, it really made up for in Photoshop skill. It's CIA-and-NASA-faking-the-moon-landing good.
Zack's Comments: True Loni Anderson is no Michael Jordan with a beard, but you should consider yourself lucky if you get to drink the squeezed pus out of the gauze from her facelift bandages. Interesting side note, the black gent featured there is from the porno site Bang Bus and has become quite an icon of the SA Forums. Space Nerd Wil Wheaton, pornography is when people film a man and a woman having sex so that others can watch it for sexual gratification. Sex is similar to when you rub up against an oil drum and moan your mother's name.

Hot new dating game show coming soon on FOX
A/S/L?
<3
1 single girl. 1 eligible guy. 3 disaffected loners on medication !
<Kelly> ROFLMAO! Do u have a pic?
<1337d00d>here u go
Amazing Cyberstudio
with special
"Isolation Booths"!!!

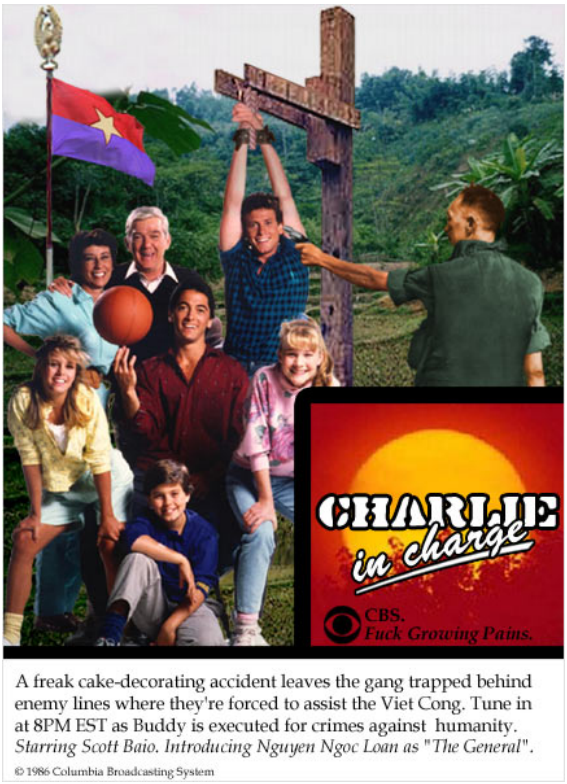
Title: A/S/L?
Artist: Kloakin Device
Laughter: 8
Concept: 8
Execution: 7
Total: 23
Comments: This made me laugh out loud, and the layout is superb. The thing is, this is not beyond the realm of what FOX would do, so it doesn't really meet the "shows we'd never see" criteria. However, Kyla Cole is one hot porn star, and anyone who sneaks her into the contest gets extra points from me.
Zack's Comments: Oh you do know what porn is! What a shocking development. I can only assume Kyla Cole is one hot Michael Jordan wrapped cylinder.

THE ALL STAR CELEBRITY TRIBUTE TO
FARK
DON'T MISS WIL WEATON'S HILARIOUS GUEST APPEARANCE!
HOLLYWOOD'S FINEST GATHER TO HONOR THE GREATEST WEB SITE EVER MADE!
7PM SUNDAY, ONLY ON BIZARRO TV

Title: FARK
Artist: Livestock
Laughter: 1
Concept: 2
Execution: 8
Total: 11
Comments: I just didn't find this funny. I love the satire as much as the next guy, and have even been known to push an old woman in front of a bus to get the last copy of "The Onion"... but this just didn't do it for me. The skill is really great, though, and it would certainly never make it to television. And if we're talking about 'celebrity' tributes to FARK, the obvious choice is a real celebrity like Walken, not me. I mean, come on. Wil Wheaton? I hate that guy. He totally sucks.
Zack's Comments: Motherfucker, go watch Super Friends, come back, and get this joke. I'm sorry, that was mean, I forget that you spent your growing years dry humping Chewbacca on the set of Star Track.



Title: World's Most Erotic Police Videos
Artist: NoneMoreNegative
Laughter: 3
Concept: 5
Execution: 7
Total: 15
Comments: [Insert tasteless Albert Louima joke here]. Really, really great execution. It threatens my fragile manhood, though.
Zack's Comments: Twiggy from "Buck Rogers" would threaten your fragile manhood.


CHARLIE
in charge
CBS.
Fuck Growing Pains.
A freak cake-decorating accident leaves the gang trapped behind enemy lines where they're forced to assist the Viet Cong. Tune in at 8PM EST as Buddy is executed for crimes against humanity.
Starring Scott Baio. Introducing Nguyen Ngoc Loan as "The General".
© 1986 Columbia Broadcasting System

Title: Charlie In Charge
Artist: OMG McGee
Laughter: 7
Concept: 6
Execution: 10
Total: 23
Comments: I like two things about this: Willie Ames being handcuffed and held at gunpoint, and the friendly "fuck growing pains" tag. This meets the "never on TV" criteria quite easily, and the execution was brilliant. It looked exactly like something we would see in TV Guide. It also walks the fine line between obscure, Dennis Miller humor, and just plain silliness.
Zack's Comments: So you didn't get the goddamn Bizarro joke from Livestock's but you know the name of the actor who played Buddy on "Charles in Charge." Damn high rollah, aren't you late for your one-man show "An Evening on the Holodeck?"

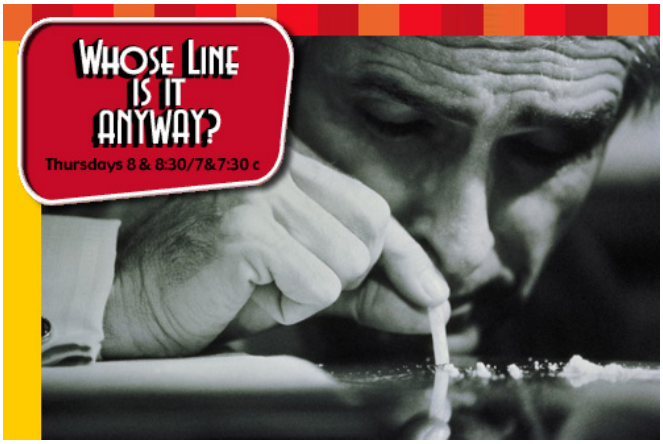
Title: ALF King
Artist: Rheingold
Laughter: 9
Concept: 4
Execution: 10
Total: 23
Comments: "Hey Lisa, remember ALF? He's back, in Pog-Form" Milhouse Any time you can work ALF into conversation, your sex life, or your feeble pan handling at off ramp attempts, I say go for it. I wish we had heard, just once, ALF say, "Hey! Willie! What's with this cat? I said I wanted some PUSSY! HA!". While I was really impressed with the execution of this, and it did make me laugh really, really hard, my laughter had more to do with some childhood memories of ALF (we bunked together in 'Nam), and less to do with the actual entry. It's very, very funny, but taking out Larry King and replacing him with ALF just didn't match up with the other entries. Let me be very clear: this entry made me laugh the hardest, and the execution was one of the best, hands down.
Zack's Comments: Wow, a Simpson's quote, I might as well not even try to be funny because you just launched comedy into the sun and caused hilarity flare ups that are disrupting cell phones world wide. Hey Lisa, remember Space Nerd Wil Wheaton? He's back, in self-effacing Internet micro-celebrity form.

The JOY of FURRIES
Let Bob Ross guide you into a magical world of fantasy, discovery, happy little animals and I swear, it's not all sex sex sex for god's sake why don't you mundane hy00mans just open your minds and accept there might be some people who are different and special in their own way? We don't all want to hump animals! Just some of us. Why must
Reznor understands me. Well he
Saturday mornings on tpt

Title: The Joy of Furries
Artist: The Yellow Yell
Laughter: 6
Concept: 6
Execution: 8
Total: 20
Comments: Ah, why is it that we feel compelled to pick on these poor, peaceful people? Because they're sick mother fuckers, that's why! Jesus fuck, you freaks! Just because that animal can't actually say "no", it doesn't mean "yes, please fuck me! I know that I'm a goat, but I need it from you, mister internet man!" I want a concerted goddamn effort to not come out of an up-tempo record, when I have to do a goddamn death dedication! Is Charlie here? Well, get him on the phone!
Zack's Comments: You hump an oil drum, would dropping the Philly Phanatic on it really make it more disgusting?

- **FARK Finalists**

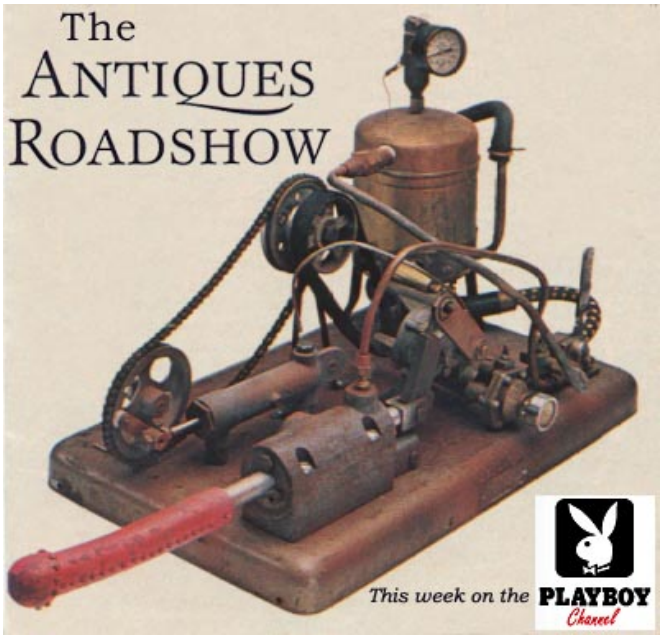
Title: This Old Hizzouse
Artist: MojoGobo
Laughter: 8
Concept: 6
Execution: 10
Total: 24
Comments: This is one of those entries that is so simple, yet so very, very funny. The attention to detail is awesome, from the cap on Cube's head, to the "Biatch" in the tag.
Zack's Comments: Yeah, that cap on Ice Cube's head sure is a show stopper, and the "Biatch" in the tag!! Oh my, I thought white hipster pseudo-racist rap mockery went out of style in 1997, looks like I was WRONG!!!! It's funny because he's black and he's acting like white people!!!



Title: Whose Line is it Anyway?
Artist: Turkish
Laughter: 5
Concept: 4
Execution: 3
Total: 12
Comments: I like the idea of taking a current show, and putting a "spin" on it, but, when judged against the other entries, this fell a bit short. The execution, while seamless, really didn't have the same depth as some of the other ones. Oh, and if you're wondering, it's Adam Rich's line, and you'd better stay out of the way, if you know what's good for you.
Zack's Comments: It's like someone took clipart and used the amazing type tool on it! What will FARK think of next? A drop shadow?! Well I never!!

Title: Let's Make a Meth Deal
Author: Vegasj
Laughter: 6
Concept: 6
Execution: 6
Total: 18
Comments: Again, an entry which is simple, yet pretty funny. What's FARK's obsession with the drugs? Come on, people! You got to put that pipe down, or we ain't never gonna get to the promised land! Damn! The lettering is really well done, on par with "The Gacy Bunch", and I enjoyed the attention to details, like the 'new' 100-dollar bills in Monty's hand.
Zack's Comments: It's funny because DRUGS! Get it? DRUGS! Black people and drugs, wait, where are the fucking boobies?! There have to be some boobies entries! Maybe they will have Martin Luther King Jr. snorting coke off a hooker's tits.

Title: Temptation Ireland
Artist: Dr_Satan
Laughter: 8
Concept: 8
Execution: 8
Total: 24
Comments: FARK is really going for the subtle, chemical-dependency humor, aren't they? Being partially Irish, I can really identify with this, and the fact that it's a Guinness there isn't lost on me. Matter of fact, I've just spent the last 15 minutes trying to squeeze a pint out of my monitor, ya bastards!
Zack's Comments: Jesus Christ, just reread my comments above. This is pathetic.

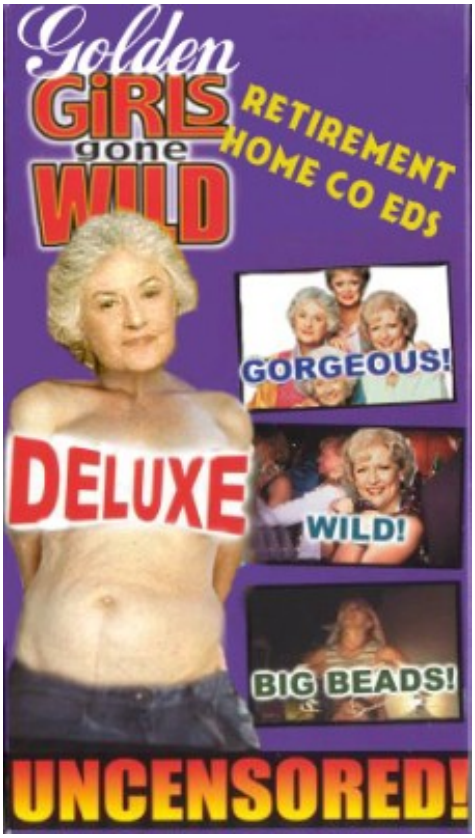


Title: Antique Dildo
Artist: B0rg
Laughter: 5
Concept: 4
Execution: 8
Total: 17
Comments: Like the SA entry "SpongeBob Tampon", this made me chuckle, but I felt that it was just a bit too "easy". I was really impressed by the execution, though. That dildo looks just like one we had at Grandma's when I was a kid. As if having to deal with Nazi's and TB wasn't enough, those poor people didn't have Astroglide, or even "WET" lubricant. . . yet they still managed to win 2..count em, TWO World Wars. God Bless America. Let's Roll.
Zack's Comments: I'm glad to see that finding a good photo of a dildo equates to excellent Photoshopping skills. OMG!! DID U C THAT AWESOME LOGO HE MADE?! THE BUNNY!!?!? INCREDIBLE!

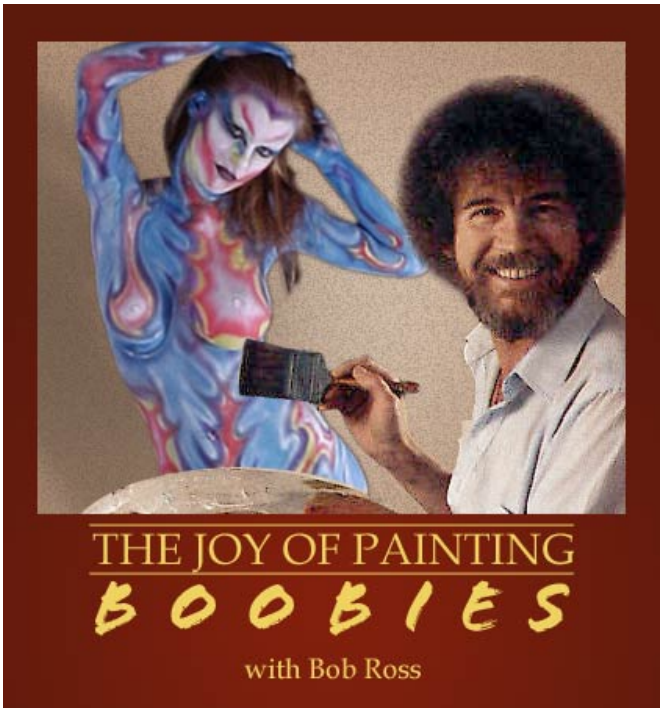
Title: The Euthanasia Show
Artist: Turkish
Laughter: 10
Concept: 9
Execution: 8
Total: 27
Comments: Wow. This really fucked up the curve. I don't know why it made me laugh so hard. Maybe it's because, in the three panels, we can really see old Missus Jenkins here debating, "Gun or pills? Hmm... Gun is quick, but messy... while pills are slow... but maybe I'd finally understand 'The Wall'... Oh! Maybe I'll just take the pills, then go out for a drive!"
Zack's Comments: Not surprisingly, Turkish migrated to the SA Forums to escape Drew Curtis Presents: Drew Curtis's Sexual Advances. We are legion.

REAL MEN TEACHING THEIR WOMEN WHO
REALLY WEARS THE PANTS AT HOME
SMACK YOUR BITCH UP!
THE NO-HOLDS-BARRED WIFE BEATING EXTRAVAGANZA
HOSTED BY TONY "WHO'S THE BOSS" DANZA
STARTING TUESDAY, APRIL 2. ONLY ON CRAP•TV

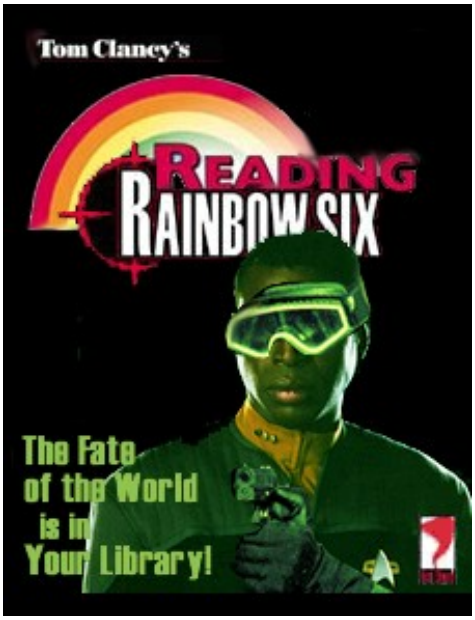
Title: Smack your Bitch up
Artist: Turkish
Laughter: 7
Concept: 8, but it's so very, very wrong.
Execution: 8
Total: 23
Comments: You know, wife beating is no laughing matter. Unless you sometimes feel like a battered husband, Right Juice? She really had it comin' to her, and you really "stuck" it to her, didn't you! Way to go, man! I can see "Celebrity Smack Your Bitch Up", featuring the drummer from Def Leppard, Steve Garvey, and me, if my wife burns my fucking lasagna one more goddamned time.
Zack's Comments: Ohhhhh fuck, an OJ joke AND a Def Leppard joke, together at last! Did you know that the one armed drummer from Def Leppard bought a mannequin hand to cup his ballsack when he's jerking off? Jerking off is where you close your eyes and imagine the oil drum.



Title: Golden Girls Gone Wild
Artist: Buddy_LeChrist
Laughter: 2
Concept: 0
Execution: 10
Total: 12
Comments: Now, I gave this a zero on the concept, because The Onion did a bit on "Guys Gone Wild", and this just feels too derivative, to me. On the other hand, though, this would certainly NEVER make it on television, and the technical skills (sKillxx0rz?) are very, very impressive, so it gets the big one zero for execution.
Zack's Comments: You make JeffK look smart.



Title: Painting Boobies
Artist: Megosteve
Laughter: 1
Concept: 6
Execution: 3
Total: 10
Comments: If there was a "most FARK-like" special mention, it would totally go to this one. Let me state, for the record, that I love boobies, and if you're a hot cam whore, you should mail your boobies to wil@wilwheaton.net, right now. With that out of the way, though, the painting style on the strangely Kabuki-faced woman is totally not representative of Bob Ross's "happy little trees" style, which is why I gave this a low execution score. The concept is great, though.
Zack's Comments: I find it deliciously amusing that the one you gave the lowest rating to was also the one you described as "most FARK-like".



Title: Reading Rainbow 6
Artist: mrnutz
Laughter: 10
Concept: 8
Execution: 7
Total: 25
Comments: "The Fate of the World is in Your Library" is awesome, and the title rolls nicely off the tongue. Go ahead, if you don't believe me. Say it out loud. Do it.
Come on, fucker! SAY IT!
Thank you. Aren't you glad that you did?
All of the individual parts that make up this entry are, I'd say, not very impressive on their own, but put them all together, and you have a powerhouse of comedy. Like the 80's Latin Super group "Menudo": Individually, they were just a bunch of kids, who wanted to use music to break down cultural and language barriers... but together, they were an international pop sensation, ripping the panties off teenage girls as they ripped their way up the Billboard charts. Too bad none of them ever made it big solo, except the gay one.
Zack's Comments: Oh Space Nerd, if only the government hadn't discontinued its project to sterilize the retarded, the world might have been robbed of your judging genius. This entry, while amusing, is one of the fucking worst Photoshop jobs I have ever seen, and I might point out, you rated it higher than any entry from Something Awful. I know your latent homosexual attraction to Levar Burton has blinded your judgement like a butterfly in the sky, but come on, my cat could do a better Photoshop job than this and it died 12 years ago.

■ **The top entries from SA were:**

ALF King
Charlie in Charge

A/S/L?

The top entries from FARK were:

Reading Rainbow 6
Euthanasia
TIE: Temptation Ireland and This Old Hizzouse

Once I had those 6, I had a final, single-elimination, over the top rope battle-royal, and here's the winner, second and third place finishers:

Winner: Hulk Hogan
Second Place: "Rowdy" Roddy Piper
Third Place: The Junkyard Dog.

When the match was finished, I sat with the final Photoshop entries, and here's how they ended up:

Winner: Charlie in Charge
Second Place: Reading Rainbow 6
Third Place: Temptation Ireland

Congratulations to Something Awful Goon and absolute slut OMG McGee, whose excellent piece "Charlie in Charge" won the day. You will receive one month of advertising on both FARK and Something Awful!! I will point out now, with some regret, that biased moronic asshole judge and Space Nerd, Wil Wheaton, sought fit to award a total of 192 points to FARK and only 183 to Something Awful, making FARK the overall team winner. Congratulations FARKers, your lives of welfare checks, Dorito dinners and King Cobra cocktail hours are now briefly filled with joy once again thanks to the knowledge that the pseudo-celebrity you slavishly worship has given you all a pat on the back. Now you can go back to post comments about such deep and intellectual issues as boobies and the political impact of boobies on boobies because France Surrenders, doo dah, Fb- is not the father, boobies.

This contest was brought to you by Worth1000.com, where SA goons go to beat the shit out of FARKers in Photoshop contests EVERY DAY.

Rom Pit Ahoy!

The Rom Pit has been updated with a gripping review of "Gilligan's Island" for the NES. Check it out!!

In fact, the only variety of computer game that Gilligan's Island might inspire would be some sort of simulator. To be more precise, a hut building simulator. I can't even begin

> to describe the elation that I felt when I released all my dreams and aspirations in the field of hut building were going to come to fruition via a 128KB ROM file, but I may have said something along the lines of "Sweet Jesus!. All my dreams and aspirations in the field of hut building are finally coming to fruition via a 128KB ROM file!!!"

You better dive down to the bottom of this pit - HAW HAW - and read up on the latest NES review!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.10 There's Love in the Air... As Well As Carbon Monoxide

Monday, Feb 11, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

It's hard to ignore the fact that Valentine's Day is rapidly approaching us like the runaway bus from "Speed" that Dennis Hopper threatened to blow up if Keanu Reeves ever attempted to convey any emotion besides "mild concern and confusion." Signs of the holiday are everywhere, as stores shovel out their seasonal merchandise in an attempt to take your money which you would otherwise spend on something more valuable and useful, such as spark plugs. Shopping centers like Wal-Mart are displaying their finest romantic items, mostly neon red bras that have giant hearts embroidered on the front and a picture of Dale Earnhardt with number 3 on the back. Of course I should probably stop picking on Wal-Mart, as I predict one day in the future we will all be housed inside giant Wal-Mart community malls. Our addresses will be something along the lines of "Unit 192, Aisle 472."

Anyway, back to Valentine's Day. This exciting holiday was created months and months ago by the ancient Egyptians who also invented the calendar, time, most of the solar system, corn (which they called "maize"), and large 3D triangles known as "pyramids." Nobody knows why the Egyptians were so intent on building gigantic pyramids when they could have instead lived in mud huts and ditches like all previous civilizations before them. Some historians claimed that they enlisted the help of extraterrestrials to build these impossibly complex pyramids, and that makes perfect sense to me because if I could travel through space and visit alien species, the first thing I would do would help them build houses. Then, assuming I had the spare time, I'd hang around in their cornfields and make geometric shapes all day because God only knows the vengeance I have against corn (which the Irish originally called "maize"). Crime began to rise in Egypt as more and more of these pyramids were built, mainly because the only things to do all day were chisel pyramids chunks or push wooden wagons back and forth for no readily apparent reason. Egyptian youths soon got bored from all this monotony and decided to start defacing their town's pyramids. However, spray paint hadn't been invented yet, so the young criminals got the bright idea to hammer out gang messages on the pyramid walls. These messages are now known as "hieroglyphics" or "hydroponics" or "hydrogen" or something along those lines, and they looked like this:

This message was written by one Egyptian gang member to another and can be deciphered as: "**LOOK OUT** for **BIRDS FLYING** into **YOUR PYRAMID HOUSE** when **YOU'RE DANCING** with **SOME GUY WHO HAS A DOG HEAD AND IS PROBABLY A GOD OF SOMETHING.**" There was so much hieroglyphic vandalism in those days that it eventually became the norm, and the kings and queens and presidents of Egypt adopted it as their official national language. Then they adopted rice as the national food and sand as the main national export. I think that was before Moses killed them.

One day King Egypt decided to profess his love to Queen Egypt by creating a romantic hieroglyphic for her. Back then, love was expressed by torturing people, burying them alive, and making them slaves (not in that order; tortured dead people trapped under 100 feet of sand don't make the best personal assistants). So King Egypt had this special hieroglyphic created just for his wife:

This image represented a slave being trapped in an Egyptian torture device known as "The Spikey Wall Crushy Thing," and showed that King Egypt would torture people simply to express the love he had for his wife and her many, many cats. This symbol of eternal devotion soon caught on throughout Egypt and its many suburbs such as East Egypt and Egyptopia. However, as time progressed, the citizens began to get lazy and grew tired of drawing those spikes and the little stupid guy in the middle, not to mention the red blood which was especially difficult to chisel from a color pallette that was limited to "tan." Eventually this symbol degraded to the following image:

Even though this looks nothing like a human heart, the Egyptians started calling it a heart because they didn't have any time to think of a better name; they were all too busy creating mummies and burying golden wands under sand dunes. Then the whole heart thing kind of took a nosedive popularity-wise because the next 3,000 or so years were basically devoted to people killing each other and burning down stuff. In fact, I don't really think anything of any importance occurred that didn't involve somebody being killed or something being burned down. So the market for expressing love died down until the 1900's or so, when such events as the Great Depression and the Teapot Dome Scandal reminded people that they loved each other. Then somehow somebody decided to make a holiday called "Valentine's Day" but I don't know how or why or when because I'm too lazy to load up Google and look. I'll just claim that it had something to do with entertainment mogul Phil Valentine, the man who once landed a supporting role in the motion picture "A Letter From Death Row" starring Martin Sheen, Charlie Sheen and Bret Michaels (from the smash hit rock group Poison).

So as Valentine's Day rapidly approaches like one of those rolling logs from Pitfall, many of you are panicking and attempting to pick the perfect gift for your special lady friend. Countless other websites have offered advice for this romantic day such as jewelry, lingerie, or fancy dinners, but frankly all these ideas are just retarded. Now I don't want to give the impression that I have a bloated ego, but this website is better than any other website or object in the universe and the wisdom we

dispense in gallons should be considered a national treasure and worshipped by all. With this is mind, I'd like to present you with a list of romantic shit, listed by age groups, to purchase for your special woman this holiday.

■ **AGE 1-3:** You should probably not be dating at this age. If for some reason you are dating, show your lucky lady that you love her by hitting her in the skull with a Lincoln Log you just pulled out of your mouth.

■ **AGE 4-10:** This is what's known as the "puppy love" stage of life, where kids develop crushes on each other and write really embarrassing poetry that will later ruin any chance they have of ever becoming a Senator. Appropriate gifts include packs of gum, stolen chalk, and "Choose Your Own Adventure" novels (particularly the one where you're in the Wild West and have to fight an evil gunslinger).

■ **AGE 11-15:** Girls are beginning to mature at this point, and this means they start getting picky and whiny about their gifts. Boys, however, are still immature and would rather tie M80s to frogs than be romantic, so the chances of doing something really touching are slim to none. If you're really bored though, try getting your target of affection a coupon to Dairy Queen or one of those 50 cent neon watches that come in plastic spheres inside grocery store vending machines.

Happy Valentine's Day, lover!

■ **AGE 16-20:** Okay, now we're getting serious here and your gifts have to reflect it. Boys are almost fully mature at this point and have developed a tough outer shell that protects them from their natural predators. Girls expect to be wooed off their feet and since nobody really knows what "woo" means anymore, men are in a tight spot. One popular romantic idea is to drive your woman in a classic convertible down to Lover's Lane, at which point the brakes will go out and you will both go careening off a cliff and explode, causing a rock star to write a song about you and your unfortunate demise. You can also give her your class ring, as that displays your undying affection for her. Unless, of course, you already careened off that cliff and exploded and died. Make sure the firemen don't swipe the ring off her charred corpse because they do that kind of crap on a regular basis.

■ **AGE 21-30:** Girls in this age group are finally considered "women" because they can now be legally jailed for prostitution. They also become highly involved in their work, causing hilarious antics to ensue when you're trying to win their hearts over. These antics usually involve a series of comical misunderstandings and embarrassing situations, so bring a gun to commit suicide just in case. Females in this age group prefers gifts such as miniskirts, attaché cases, and office supplies. For an extra bonus chunk of love, try spelling out "I LOVE YOU" in staples. Use glue if necessary.

■ **AGE 31-40:** This is when women's biological clocks start ticking away like a grandfather clock filled with blood and organs. Go to an adoption agency and swipe a baby, cover him with romantic wrapping paper, and then present her with this wondrous gift during a romantic dinner at an Italian restaurant or Denny's. Make sure the baby is of the same race as you or else he'll get made fun of at school and the Lifetime Network will make a really crappy movie about him.

■ **AGE 41-50:** Women become very self conscious at this stage of life, worrying that they are "over the hill" and getting "ugly," which they usually are. So don't get your loved one a mirror because she'll smash it on your face and make you eat the glass shards. Buy some of that miracle wrinkle-

reducing cream junk that they sell on TV at 3:00 AM in between reruns of "MASH" and reruns of test patterns. Include a homemade card that says something along the lines of "even though you're one step closer to dying and you're getting ugly, I still currently love you fairly much." Casually mention that you purposefully didn't buy her a mirror for the aforementioned reasons. She'll reward you with a night of lusty sex although you probably won't enjoy it because she's gotten so goddamn ugly.

Happy Valentine's Day, lover!

- **AGE 51-60:** These 10 years are usually the period when a woman retires from work and lives off her 401k plan that invested heavily in Enron and Razorfish stock. Purchase a nice, comfortable chair from an upscale furniture store or garage sale and say, "here love, park your fat ass into this chair and enjoy the rest of your life."
- **AGE 61-70:** Nothing exciting really happens in this time. The chances of your loved one dying increases a lot during this period, so whatever you do, don't buy a death-related gift like a funeral plot or cursed Aztec necklace. Buy her something that is completely unrelated to death, such as a bale of hay or aluminum siding.
- **AGE 71-80:** Buy a Tivo and get one of your retarded unemployed kids to hook it up for you so you can tape "The Price is Right" every day for your beloved. Another romantic gesture is to not ask her to sit up and get you a beer for the day or at least most of the day.
- **AGE 81-90:** You both should ideally be dead by now, especially since there's not much you can do at this point in life. All your internal organs start breaking down and spontaneously combusting and you basically have to move into the doctor's office because it will take a giant flowchart to map out everything wrong with your body. If your brain is somehow still able to function, buy your wife something shiny and colorful, like a ukulele with glitter all over it.
- **AGE 91+:** There is no reason to be alive past the age of 91, so just forget about it.

Although I have no idea when Valentine's Day is nor do I care, I hope my romantic passion for passionate romance has helped you find the perfect gift for that special someone in your life. After all, I am the master of romance and love; I bought my girlfriend a 9mm handgun and a box of defensive loads for this Valentine's Day. I know she'll appreciate it and find it useful when ancient Egyptians try to break into her apartment and attempt to etch images of birds on her walls.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.11 TERROR ALERT!!!

Wednesday, Feb 13, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

"I'm John Ashcroft and I'm looking out for terror! And who are these guys behind me?"

In yet another shocking twist to the previous shocking twists, John Ashcroft, the CIA, the FBI, the NRA, and NASCAR have all declared that we, the citizens of the United States of America and Texas, should once again be on a terror alert. Apparently there are still some nutty guys with beards running around and trying to make things of ours explode which is a bad thing because most stuff shouldn't explode unless we're talking about that Flavor Burst gum which explodes with fruit flavor. Flavor explosions are okay; plane explosions are **not okay**. So with that clarification out of the way, Ashcroft has instructed us to be on the highest terror alert level possible. Some of you may not know what being on terror alert exactly entails, so let me explain it in a simple way that allows me to also use those little blue square bullet points:

SCENARIO: You see some bearded foreign guy with a bomb.
TERROR ALERT: You should notify the proper authorities like the Police or somebody who is at least dressed kind of like a Police officer.
NON-TERROR ALERT: Walk in a brisk fashion away from the bomb and go about your normal everyday routine like President Bush said or else the terrorists "will have won."

SCENARIO: There are suspicious people doing suspicious things outside your house while they speak a suspiciously foreign language.
TERROR ALERT: Call the White House and ask to talk with John Ashcroft. If you get his answering machine, demand that he call you back. To show that you're really serious about this, make vague death threats against him and his family.
NON-TERROR ALERT: Assume they are just some kids playing a juvenile prank at your expense. Grab a gun and shoot them.

SCENARIO: You are on a plane and somebody gets up and shouts, "WE HAVE EXPLOSIVE, SIT DOWN AND DO NOT RESIST!"
TERROR ALERT: Try to tackle them to the ground while muttering some catchphrase into your cellphone which your family will then attempt to trademark and profit from.
NON-TERROR ALERT: Close your tray table and put your seat in an upright position.

While these tips are incredibly useful, they do not really address the major problem that we are dealing with in this situation; the fact that the phrase "terror alert" is incredibly misleading. Now don't get me wrong, I know these people are terrorists and when they attack it can labeled a "terrorist attack." However, the term "terror attack" makes me think about terrifying attacks, and I don't think crazy Islamic fundamentalists are exactly that terrifying. Crazy Christian fundamentalists maybe, but not Islamic. When I think "terror attacks," I think of the following:

Now THIS is terror! Note its lack of beard and bombs.

■GIANT OCTOPUS WITH LASER BEAM EYES

I'm really quite afraid of all of that shit from the sea. Well not starfish or algae, but the creepy things like squids and sea cucumbers and octopuseuseususes. I mean, have you seen pictures of those things before? They're scary as hell! And some of them have BEAKS!!! BEAKS, for Christ's sake! The only animals that have beaks are birds and Sandra Bernhardt, not any weird fish floating around the ocean (although the thought of Sandra Bernhardt on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean does appeal to me). Add to this the fact that countless 1950's black and white sci-fi films have proved that evil people regularly dump evil radioactive waste into the ocean and you've got yourself a recipe for TERROR. As we all know, being exposed to radiation makes you grow very large and increases the output of your evil gland. So now we've got giant octopuseiseusis floating around looking for objects to do evil things to. And guess what? They hate coastal towns. So one day you'll be sitting around, minding your own business and watching people run in front of cardboard cutouts on public access television, and the next moment you'll be dead because a giant radioactive octopus just crushed your house with one of his many tentacles of concentrated terror. Then what would you tell your children and grandchildren? Nothing, because you'd be DEAD. If you're lucky enough to not live in a coastal town, don't get your hopes up either, jerk; those laser beam eyes will be able to vaporize most of your private property within seconds. I'm not sure how radiation gives you laser beam eyes but I'm sure it involves something highly scientific that I can't possibly comprehend such as isotopes or atoms or nougat.

■JASON VOORHEES AND / OR MICHAEL MYERS

As popular media has shown us time and time again, you can't keep a good serial killer down. Many people have fallen prey to the clutches of wily superhuman criminals Jason Voorhees and Michael Myers, and there are many pie charts I could point out which prove my point. There's no way for you to hide from these evil undead killers as no matter where you go they'll invariably somehow materialize right behind you and proceed to ram some sort of pointy object into your chest until you stop living. If you are really lucky and manage to run away from them for roughly 90 minutes or so, the terror still won't be over because they'll come back from the grave again two years later. Don't depend on Donald Pleasance being there to save you either, as I think he's been dead for roughly half a decade and he doesn't have the power to rise from his grave because he was too bald.

One of the dreaded Nazi Blimps getting ready for flight.

■NAZI BLIMP ATTACKS

One of the most devastating tools of destruction back during the Civil War was the dreaded Nazi Blimp Attack. Nazi cyborg aliens would pilot these humongous airships over enemy cities, unloading Nazi bombs that would not only cause buildings and people

to explode, but additionally spread herpes and other nefarious biological attacks. The government told its citizens to do such helpful things as "duck and cover" and "buy more war bonds" but that didn't work because let's face it, there's no possible way to destroy a Nazi Blimp. The Nazis had the best engineers in the history of engineering, allowing them to create devious and ingenious weapons like the 782mm howitzer, the UFO, and the rocketman jumpsuit. Now THAT'S terror, ladies and gents!

■ ZOMBIES AND MUMMIES COMING BACK FROM THE GRAVE

If the dead were to suddenly arise and start lumbering around like drunken fratboys, we'd have a national crisis on our hands. How do you kill dead people? How can you make something that's already dead even more dead? Well according to movies, the only way to repel zombies is to shoot them in the head, instantly killing them once again. With the possible exception of Texas, I don't think our states have enough bullets to kill all the dead people in the world to death once again. And what if you kill the dead person and then their dead dead corpse arises from the grave of its grave? Ever think about that? Of course you didn't, probably because you were too busy worrying about the giant octopus threat. IT'S GOT A FUCKING BEAK for crying out loud!!!

There is, however, a slight chance that when the zombies and mummies reanimate themselves they aren't totally 100% evil. Sure every zombie flick has made them out to be these slowwitted, repulsive, braindead sacks of decaying flesh (not unlike Gamespy's Sal Accardo), but I think there still remains a slim chance that a couple of these undead creatures might not be completely convinced that evil is the way to go. If we could set up governmental task forces that would spread positive zombie and mummy propaganda, I believe we could eventually win their hearts and empty minds over. Then we should enslave them and force them to perform menial chores all day like mow the lawn or paint our decks. I'm not exactly sure how I went from the subject of zombies to painting decks, but I can only assume that it had absolutely nothing to do with all the brain medications I'm currently abusing.

In conclusion, although John Ashcroft has informed us all to be on terror alert, I feel his vague and misleading advice doesn't really help you and I, the average citizen, remain vigilant to the true terrors this world spawns. Now make no mistake; these terrorists are undoubtedly big jerks who we should all be alert for. But at the same time, there are bigger, more important wads of terror we should be worrying about, terrors that are hardly ever mentioned in news media outlets that don't contain 10-page features on Batboy. Now THAT'S terror!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.12 The Driver (pure insanity)

Friday, Feb 15, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In Honor of The Driver

Do you ever feel that your consciousness has fragmented and that your life is traveling down several divergent paths? The Driver can help you bring all of your paths into CONVERGENCE and you will know unity and harmony. The Driver is not a mysterious force that populates our universe; the Driver is here, now, concrete, tangible, lickable even, and he exists to ensure that your life takes on new meaning.

The Driver is a guiding paradigm to self betterment. In a few short weeks, by following the advice of The Driver you can accomplish some, all, or even none of the following:

- Take on a second job that involves embroidery and work your magic out of your very own embroidery studio.
- Turn back the wheel of time and stop power-hungry despots from rising into positions of influence on the global stage.
- Crush animals with your mind.
- Secure a loan for building a house upside down and then fool all of the contractors into building it right side up. The joke will be on them and thanks to The Driver you will be laughing all the way to the bank.
- Gorgeous women everywhere will want you to cocoon them and lay your eggs in their abdomen.
- Ghosts may not fear you but they will certainly respect you.

Oh yes you say "Thank you, the Devil, for giving me a guiding paradigm to self betterment," but maybe you don't know who the Driver is? Tom Brady, quarterback for the Super Bowl Champion New England Patriots. Oh yes Tom Brady will take you to your own personal Super Bowl, garner the respect of ghosts and help you crush animals with your mind. But soon you will realize that your very own Super Bowl ship has been commandeered by none other than pirate Tom Brady, who will be harvesting your women and assuming your mantle and the ensuing Super Bowl Championship Vince Lombardi Trophy

With his help you can win a sorcerer's duel up to level thirty! The Driver is insured for 50,000 dollars of amulet protection.

With this power, coupled with your two year degree in assisting the visually impaired, before you know it The Driver will have you following blind people around to tell them that their clothes match. You will not be required to iron their clothes or drive them anywhere, not even for double your normal hourly wage, but you will be required to brush your teeth after every meal. The blind have a way with smells that would put a Kurt Warner to shame.

Lest you forget his skills, the Driver is a greatly famous and powerful being, a leader not unlike Matt Nokes, catching sensation of the Detroit Tigers and indisputable, Rated Rookie. The Driver has nothing to do with 2B Lou Whitaker, accept no imitations. It has been said that the Driver invented

the Moon, so as to insure that the Earth would not fall apart (this claim was later proved false, when the Driver admitted that he did not make the Moon but merely borrowed it from a friend). The Driver is fond of turtles, he is their de facto patron saint, and this will be made known to you as you find yourself being ported around with the Lombardi trophy in an elegant turtle carriage resplendent with a noble green. The Driver will be holding the trophy. You will be enjoying the ride.

This is, symbolically, the ride that The Driver will provide you with in your new life of leisure. This is not to say you will simply be dropped smack into the lap of luxury, rather you will have to work hard spending time with the heavy bag as The Driver screams at you from the shadows. He is always in the shadows, whether you see him or not, and he will coach or spite you depending on his whim. Indeed he can be a fickle sort and it is better to court him and be rebuffed than to take offense at his paroxysms of rage and risk further reddening of an already ruddy face. His kick can break through three feet of steel reinforced concrete, but he is said to always keep it in his holster and never use it to harm another human being.

The Driver's journey will take you somewhere you never intended. You had been divergent for a reason, and you will become convergent to an unnatural destination. Maybe China. Maybe the Dwight D. Eisenhower of your soul. But these are things that will no longer be in your control -- you are just The Passenger, losing your identity, becoming somebody else (a gun runner) becoming nobody (a reporter) and your very existence will be replaced by the absence of your value.

You are nothing.

The Driver is everything.

All must be done in honor of The Driver.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.13 Pet Cloning

Friday, Feb 15, 2002 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Hold The Clone

The BBC is reporting that some science class all-stars in Texas have cloned the first pet, a cat named "CopyCat". Get it? That's a pretty clever name, but my cousin named one of his cats "Maximum Overdrive", which I think is far superior. And since when is the BBC the best source of news from Texas? Here's a quote:

> *CopyCat is the only surviving animal of 87 kitten embryos created by cloning... It will have to improve if pet cloning is to become a reality.*
>
> According to the Wall Street Journal, the cloning experiments were funded by an 81-year-old financier called John Sperling, who wants to charge wealthy pet owners to clone their animals.

The cloned kitten in question, CopyCat (CC for short). Another clone with severe birth defects was named BCC. That's a little joke for you email fans out there, thanks for reading!

What do they do with the 86 dead kitten embryos that didn't make it? My guess is that they ground them up into cat food and fed them to CopyCat. You know, as a recycling program of sorts. After all, with a low success rate like that you've got to keep things efficient if you expect to make a profit!

So a senile old man wants to charge rich people thousands of dollars to bring back their beloved poodles and Sheba-slurping cats. Uh huh. Sure, he'll probably find people dumb and wealthy enough to pay for this, but with thousands of pets available for free in animal shelters and garbage cans around the globe, why bother? Not even Bob Barker's insane crusade for canine and feline genital mutilation has helped matters much. There's still more than enough fleabags to go around!

There are a whole lot of other issues the article neglects to touch upon, like the chance that the cloned animal may act nothing like the original. Soozy The Poodle might have been a perfectly trained, well-mannered beast, but Soozy 2 may spend most of its time chewing on her own leg, projectile vomiting into corners, and marking furniture movers with her scent. Also, wouldn't it be creepy if the same dog was kept in the family for generations?

> ***Dad:*** *Here son, a new puppy!*
> ***Kid:*** *But I wanted a Golden Retriever!*
> ***Dad:*** *Blow that, spermspawn, this is Fido 5! Your grandfather had this same dog! I had this same dog three times, and they were all great except Fido 3. I threw him into a lawn mower.*
> ***Kid:*** *But dad I...*
> ***Dad:*** *Shut up and be grateful! It cost me $5000 to clone this mangy mutt! I could have spent that money on a non-fatass version of your mother! Now feed Fido from the free bag of strange-smelling dog food they gave me!*

And they say I can't write snappy dialogue!

Plus, no matter how many times you cloned Lowtax's cat, Spaz, it would still be dumb, lazy, and ugly.

Sure, I miss some of my old pets, but not enough to bring them back to life. Besides, I don't want to relive the past. Mostly because that would involve being shook down for lunch money, thrown into a garbage can, and wheeled about the school.

Lowtax's cat, Spaz, shown here shortly after pissing his birth name into the carpet.

Hey, hold on a second here, I just thought of one group of people that'll really benefit from pet cloning: bestiality fans. Now they can clone, like, the hottest dog in the world and not have to worry if they accidentally kill it from overuse since they can just get another. I don't really know much about bestiality, but I'm assuming the hottest animals are dogs, cats, cows, sheep, and horses. They've already cloned sheep, but I'm not sure how useful that is since all sheep look the same to me anyway. I'm pretty sure nobody wants to screw goldfish. And I'm really sure nobody wants to sex up Sea Monkeys, since they're so small. Except maybe people who hump water. There must be people with a water-banging fetish, right? I wonder what the sexiest water is? Bottled water? Lake Ontario? Does having a fish watch the action make the experience that much better?

Beats me! But I would think that pounding away on a fish tank filled with Sea Monkeys probably isn't the smartest thing one can do. What if they swim... uhh... "upstream" and start founding colonies in your intestines? If you look at the pictures on the front of the Sea Monkeys box, they get to be really big once they're fully-grown. Although I'm still not sure if humans knit the clothes and make the king and queen crowns for the Sea Monkey royalty or if they produce that themselves.

So I'm definitely against animal cloning, but human cloning is a whole different matter. Trying to impregnate liquid is fine by me, as long as they don't do it to anything I'm drinking. You've got to draw the line somewhere. Did any of this make sense?

Nerdshoe's Oscar Preview!

The Academy Award nominations were announced this week, and unlike *Entertainment Weekly* we have an intelligent, charming, and always witty journalist to provide the most insightful Oscar commentary on the World Wide Web. Want to know which movie is going home with the Best Picture Oscar? Well we... we... what? Oh wait, I'm sorry, the "intelligent journalist" we hired to write Something Awful's Oscar Preview got arrested for sexually propositioning a homeless man who was carrying a sign that read "Best Farts, 50 Cents." So instead you'll have to settle for A Nerd in His Shoe:

That's right, Nerdshoe is back with an Oscar Preview Flash... thing. And he's just as... well... whatever he is as always! I'm supposed to say, "enjoy", but you probably won't.

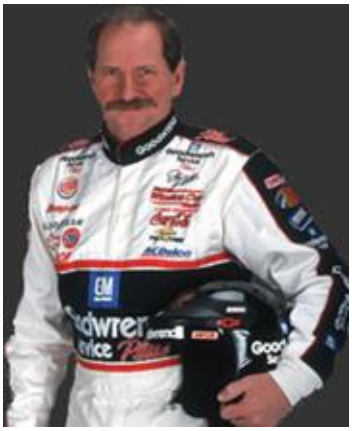
-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

2.14 Mankind's Maniacal Mechanical Foe

Sunday, Feb 17, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Each day of life in this modern world is spent in fear. Nowadays, everything can lead to a quick and painful demise, leaving pieces of you strewn about in a haphazard fashion that will probably lead someone to slip on a gooey chunk of your remains and die in a similarly gruesome way.

Smoking will kill you. Drugs will kill you. Suicide will kill you. Doctors will kill you, if your insurance covers the procedure. Everything is deadly, and the only way we make it through life is by accepting it. We accept the fact that one day a player piano is most likely going to fall from the sky and crush us at the most unexpected of times, churning out an inappropriate tune on the way down like "Camptown Races". With all this danger around us, we've gotten desensitized to it and take ridiculous risks every day without even thinking twice. At most we think 1.7 times about it, or maybe the amount of times is broken into some sort of a mathematical fraction that only a geek like Space Nerd Wil Weaton could possibly understand. Either way, it isn't nearly enough.



Dale Earnhardt drove a car. Also, Dale Earnhardt is dead. You do the math. The answer is 47, and if you got any other answer you're dead too. Dead wrong.

Possibly the most dangerous part of our everyday lives is also the one we rely on heaviest. It's something you most likely use all the time. Almost every person in America uses one to get groceries, lose their virginity, and store bound and gagged kidnapping victims for quick and easy transport. I'm talking about the automobile, an invention that's destroyed more people than Hitler, zombies, robots, robot zombies, and robot zombie Hitlers with automated Jew-eating Kung Fu action cannons combined. Whoever came up with the idea of sending 2 tons of metal and 30 gallons of explosive fluid flying down a road at intense, cheetah-like speeds deserves a painful cheetah-like mauling. Since they are most likely already dead from a car accident or a previous mauling or a combination of the two, the point is moot.

Ming the Merciless approves the use of the automobile.

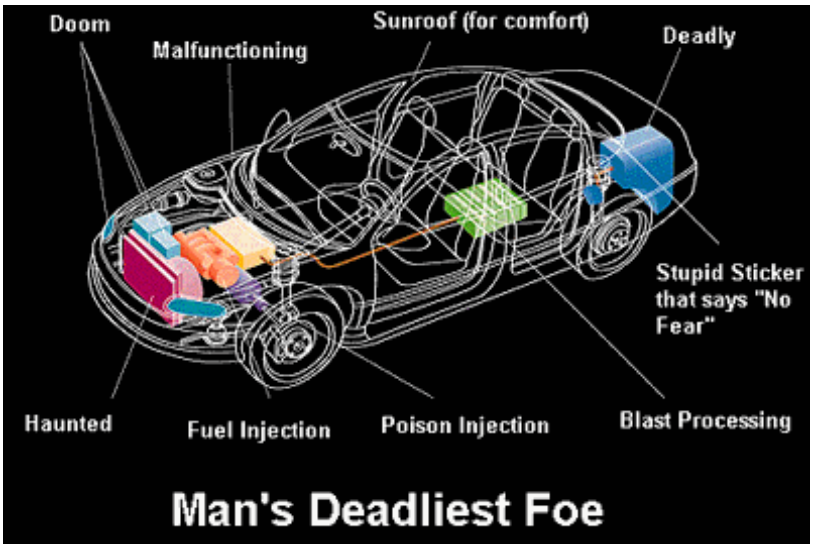
The automobile, also known as the horseless carriage or "Tin Lizzie", has been hurting people since its inception in the early 1900s. What started out as a simple idea by childhood friends Henry Ford and Jesus Chrysler eventually snowballed into the diabolical creation of the Model T, the first car ever. Today, cars have evolved into a faster, deadlier form and come in a variety of dark, hard to see colors.

Here is a diagram of the inside workings of today's automobile to help clarify the danger you face when you step inside a car.

Besides these, your speeding coffin is also available with optional power windows, air conditioning, explosions, and pointy things at no extra cost to you.

Detroit, Michigan is where many of this country's cars are produced. It should come as no surprise then that Detroit is one of America's shittiest cities, rife with crime and crime related intrigue. Some companies located here are:

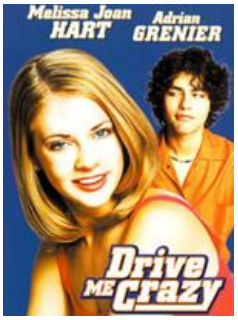
- **Lincoln**
- **Pontiac**
- **Oldsmobile**



- **Dodge** this car or be crushed
- **Ford** the love of god get out of the way of this car
- **Saturn** will kill you

Because of these companies, Detroit is a pollution filled, crime ridden wasteland much like the nightmare world created in any number of low budget Australian films during the 80s that could only afford to use the barren Australian desert as a set. Like "Young Einstein... Dundee".

One problem that makes cars even more hideously danger-filled is drunk driving, as practiced by such celebrities as Oksana Baiul and our very own President George W. Bush. At first, it's easy to point fingers and persecute these individuals, but maybe we should take a step back, as pointing too close may result in poked out eyes and genitals. Drunk driving is just a way people have of dealing with the intense danger they put themselves though. Just like soldiers in Vietnam would do drugs to forget the danger they were in from Charlie Chaplin, many people drink to dull their fear of being horribly mangled in an inadvertent game of chicken, a game which has less to do with actual chickens than it does with doom.



Several movies have been made about car-related insanity, like this horrifying epic

Brazenly, people flash their cars around like they're some sort of trophy. People who show off other expensive luxury items like poison and explosives hypocritically get sent to jail to rot like a rotting jail type person, or a piece of fruit, or a fruity guy that goes to jail and is forced to do "favors" on a daily basis to prevent horrible jail beatings with cans of rotting fruit. This is an outrage. It makes me hunger for justice, and also Del Monte. Anyone driving a fast car should be considered no less dangerous than a common murderer, or for that matter an uncommon mouseketeer with a hunger for the deadly type of chicken mentioned above.

Each year, cars kill more people than cancer, "gangstas", downs syndrome, Robert Downey Jr., cars, and pirates put together. Seafaring pirates, not those ultra deadly Napster pirates, or homosexuals, who are also known as "ass pirates" in certain circles. And yet people still seem to be buying cars more than ever, in spite of all this evidence. They like to speed around, thinking that they are the Flash. But they're not the Flash, and they need to learn that. Furthermore, they need to learn

that the Flash was a pansy loser hero, whose only super power was to run away crying better than anyone. Fuck the flash, and fuck you and your cars, you're all a bunch of ass pirates.

Don't drink and drive kids! Especially if you actually are children, since drinking and driving is illegal for you!

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

2.15 Hentai Invasion: Immoral Study 2

Monday, Feb 18, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Japanese have the strangest culture on the planet. I do not say this lightly, I have a fairly decent knowledge of the little island nation and I have been exposed to a number of their more shocking and disturbing exports. I will not generalize and assume that all Japanese people are obsessed with spurting tentacle rape, schoolgirls, and shit spraying extravaganzas of debauchery, but those that are paint a grim picture of collective Japanese sanity. One of the more amusing and slightly less disturbing exports from Japan is the so-called "dating simulator". These are "games" in which you take on the role of a (almost always) male protagonist with the goal of finding the girl of your dreams. What finding this girl usually entails is fucking your way through a forest of shallow female parodies to woo the heart of another shallow female parody, all of which is accomplished by either selecting the correct conversation option or just looking at everything in the room until some girl flies out of a closet and starts demanding sex.

This weekend I downloaded three of these games, one of which I will review here for you despite my lack of enthusiasm for clicking through huge lists of poorly-translated text to see anime girls with blurry body-parts getting violated.

Immoral Study 2

"There have been several times when I did some pretty heavy shit, but somehow I always got away with it. This tutoring business just wouldn't be exciting without the risk involved."

So says your character during the opening introduction to "Immoral Study 2", in which you are a tutor hired by a rich family to educate their bratty huge-breasted daughter who happens to be in love with a mute moron that works for her dad. Much like its predecessor you begin the game stopped by someone at the door to the factory/mansion/whatever who refuses to let you in and has a guard dog in a cage for no fucking reason. You have to choose your options carefully or you will be forcibly ejected by "this gorilla-looking bastard" who "[may have] something kinky in mind". This means you look at him over and over again and then yell at him several times and he inexplicably lets you past, much as he inexplicably stopped you in the first place.

Once inside you encounter the previously mentioned mute moron, at which point your character comments "He's not exactly my taste. But if I was into that sort of stuff, I definitely wouldn't pass him up." We know from the start the purple-haired tutor has some issues. The kid somehow prevents you from getting to the part with the big-breasted daughter as well, although it never explains why you have to talk to him at all. After what seemed like 500 hours of just randomly clicking options I finally gained the ability to show him my "class A tutor's certificate", which got him talking and got me access to the big-breasted daughter.

OR SO I THOUGHT! The game threw me another insane curve-ball seconds later when the daughter appeared completely naked at the top of a flight of steps. After ogling her she suddenly launched down the steps at me and much to my embarrassment and the amusement of the daughter it turns out it was just a mannequin and that I was in fact a "sick pervert". Well, okay, the tutor is a sick pervert, but I wasn't the one who put a naked doppelganger at the top of my steps thank you very much.

After some gloating on her part, I managed to sweet talk my way into her room by putting a robotic cockroach into her jean-shorts. I wish I were joking. Once inside you chit-chat about building engines and look at her repeatedly - a key feature in the game,

"The mechanical cockroach crawled into her panties causing the deepest fear woman has ever known. She screams out in terror."

you have to look at everything over and over again until all the responses are exhausted - and then you spot a picture of the mute moron from the factory. Looks like big-breasted sassy daughter with a side of panty-roach has a secret crush that would displease her father, and naturally being an ethical teacher you use this information to your advantage.

You taunt her for a while with this information and she comes out swinging, which allows you to cop a feel and throw her on the ground, at which point you declare "Ha ha ha ha ha ha. . . ! It's party time!" After some mild (by the standards of this game) molestation, you resume discussing the mute moron and tell her that the only way she'll ever get to be with him is if she gets good grades. Using insane Japanese game-logic, the only way she'll get good grades is if she lets you rub her "special areas" (strongly or softly, you choose, but you have to do both repeatedly), kiss her in one of the most disgusting animations I have seen this side of the Pacific, and then jam car parts into her vagina.

The text at this point leads me to believe they are kissing, but the graphics lead me to believe they are re-enacting the pasta scene from "Lady and the Tramp" with a squirming glazed donut.

After way too long spent jamming various pistons into her, you break out the rotary drill and jam that into her too, because after all you're a caring nurturer just looking out for the girl. She apparently really enjoys the drill, as demonstrated by this passage which makes Shakespeare look like a hack.

"She moves like a demon being exorcised from a nun at the excitement for the electric motor. Her juices are flowing like the pipes of a chemical plant."

Now if that purple prose doesn't get you going, I don't know what would, aside from maybe a piston in your ass and a drill in your vagina. Unfortunately the "gorilla-looking guy" from the beginning bursts into the room for some nasty drillus interruptus and you have to act quickly, throwing a shirt over the girl's back. The guy busts into the room demanding to know what is going on and the girl claims she was studying a hard physics problem and moaning. Thinking fast, you turn the drill on (it's still lodged in her vagina) and tell him that she was studying using this new teaching device where she moans in time with machine. Sounds logical to me!! What adds a lot of believability to this whole

scenario is that he's talking over her shoulder yelling at you, while she's moaning and throwing her head around, and you're ramming a rotary drill into her vagina.

Wonderful.

To sum up this section and the drill attack that follows, I will again direct your attention to a quote from the word smiths at ScooP (the game's maker).

"It's drilling... inside of me!!! Ohh...! It's digging... into my... juices!"

The most realistic and plausible scene in a game overflowing with realism and plausibility.

After you've tormented her enough with the horrors of the drill you insert your "thing" as they coyly refer to it, into her mouth. After thrashing away on her for a while you end up in a less automotive related embrace, but of course straight forward coitus can be interrupted too, as you soon discover when Mutey McMoron walks in and watches you rail the hell out of the woman of his dreams. After an IN NO WAY TOO LONG and EXTREMELY REALISTIC period in which you try to decide what to do, you end up convincing her to let him join in on the HIGHLY PLAUSIBLE shenanigans. Finally, a joyous fountain of mirth and sensibility is unleashed on big-breasted daughter from the professor and the mute moron and I guess the "gorilla-like guy" who reappeared for the money shot.

"Ohh!! So... much...! Gosh! I love it... all over my face... I felt you deep... inside me... I loved it... I loved it!!"

This game!!! It... sucks...! Golly! It's really... fucking nuts... I never want to see... it again... I hated it... I hated it!!"

"Immoral Study 2" gains bonus points for its lack of coherency, willingness to bend reality and logic, and absolute lack of urination or defecation in any of the sex scenes. I can appreciate it when the Japanese designers restrain themselves from including any of the following "favorites" in their games:

- Peeing in kitty litter
- Peeing in general
- Crapping
- Bleeding
- Women with either penises or a clitoris that is indistinguishable from a penis
- Women getting raped by tentacles
- Women getting raped by robots
- Women getting raped by a robot that for some reason has tentacles thus causing them to pee, crap, and bleed all into kitty litter.

> "Immoral Study 2" loses points for including "bizarre forced sex with probably underage cartoon characters" as well as "sticking car parts into a woman without her prior consent", which I know is a crime in at least Utah. The game itself is EXTREMELY boring and almost completely without challenge. The only points at which you can really fail the game is when you're talking to the guy at the beginning and when he then later bursts into the room and you have to "think fast" to cover up your drill fetish. Other than the Japanese and possibly Space Nerd Wil Wheaton, I don't know who the fuck would enjoy a game like this.

It was either this or "Medal of Honor: Allied Assault", and frankly, as bad as this was it had a lot fewer bugs than Medal of Honor and the non-existent multiplayer was much more pleasant than getting shot 500 times by a rocket launcher and called "fag". An evening well spent!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.16 Putting the Sex and Education into Sex Education

Monday, Feb 18, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

It's no secret that the American educational system is about as effective as using a bottle of Windex to clean up the charred remains of the World Trade Center. No matter how much money the government throws into educational funds, kids continually find new and exciting ways to become less intelligent. Knowing how the government tends to work, 90% of the money they spend on education probably ends up in the hands of completely unrelated agencies such as the National Association of Steam Engine Repair Technology or the popular Bureau of Mechanical Dancing Bears. Year after year the current presidential figure continually promises to spend more and more money on the educational system, a system which usually results in kids stabbing each other in the parking lot after class. Recent studies have shown that American students lack enough intelligence to compete in a global economy with smarter countries whose main export is "made on TV" products:

A product of our failed educational system. Don't stare at it too long or your brain will explode.

RANKING OF AVERAGE STUDENT INTELLECT ***(listed from "most smartest" to "most retardedest")***

1. Japan
2. China
3. France
4. Canada
5. England

...

743. Yemen
744. Northeast disputed territory in Ukraine
745. Atlantis
746. The moon
747. America

Although I am ashamed to admit it, I too am a result of our country's failed educational system. For example, my science teacher once attempted to convince me that intense exposure to radiation will result in cancer, disruptions of the central nervous system, and DNA damage. Now I know for a fact that this is pure bullshit; television has taught me time and time again that radiation either gives you special crimefighting powers or causes you to grow to 500 times your normal size. How's your precious little DNA going to be damaged when each strand has the thickness of an elm tree? I mean sure, somebody could take a sniper rifle and start picking off chunks of your DNA one bullet at a time, but I'd hardly call that a direct result of driving your Honda into a tanker truck hauling a few million gallons of radioactive waste. Plus if you get radioactive and you're near an insect or animal, you gain the strengths of that particular creature. I guess that also means that the animal receives your weakest traits, so be on the lookout for lazy spiders or pumas that really suck at parallel parking.

Instead of learning, our children are making horrible things like this and posting them on the Internet. 'Nuff said.

This ignorance of simple common sense and science has fueled countless investigative reports by various popular media outlets intent on emphasizing America's stupidity in between commercials for beer and their newest sitcom about four twenty-something year olds who live in the same apartment and get into hilarious situations due to simple and inept miscommunication. To highlight how bad this epidemic has become, take a look at the latest results from a series of basic questions asked to various American 18-year olds:

QUESTION 1: When did Christopher Columbus begin his voyage to the Americas?
CORRECT ANSWER: 1492.
MOST COMMON ANSWER: April.

QUESTION 2: Who was the Nazi German leader responsible for the deaths of millions of Jews in the 1930's and 1940's?
CORRECT ANSWER: Adolf Hitler.
MOST COMMON ANSWER: L. Ron Hubbard.

QUESTION 3: Who was the first president of America?
CORRECT ANSWER: George Washington.
MOST COMMON ANSWER: George Peppard.

QUESTION 4: What is the most common element found in an average bar of gold?
CORRECT ANSWER: Gold.
MOST COMMON ANSWER: Soap.

QUESTION 5: What does the Earth rotate around in an elliptical orbit?
CORRECT ANSWER: The sun.
MOST COMMON ANSWER: Norrath.

QUESTION 6: What is 12 divided by 4?
CORRECT ANSWER: 3.
MOST COMMON ANSWER: April.

As you can plainly tell, the American educational system is an obvious failure because these teenagers lack the basic, elementary, fundamental skills to cheat and look up any of the answers on Google.com. So it should come as no surprise to you when I link to the following article, "UC Berkeley Shuts Racy Sex-Ed Class Down."

These people should be role models for our children instead of just being average, run of the mill mental patients .

The male sexuality class at the University of California, Berkeley was suspended after the student newspaper, the Daily Californian, reported that students in the course had taken part in an orgy at a class party and that another group of students chose to go to a strip club for their final project. During the field trip to the strip club, the students watched one of the student instructors have sex on stage, student Jessica McMahon told the student newspaper. At a party held to introduce the students, some took Polaroid pictures of their genitals to show that their bodies were not disgusting, UC Berkeley freshman Christy Kovacs told the Sacramento Bee.

Other "de-cal" courses include Blackjack, where students are taught how to count cards, and Copwatch, where students learn how to "safely and effectively assert their rights when interacting with police."

This is what your tax money is going towards, ladies and gentlemen! Well actually it really isn't, but the best way to get people all riled up and angry is to claim their tax money is going to pay for something incredibly worthless like strip club passes, group orgies, and missiles used to shoot down other missiles. If that shocking article wasn't shocking enough, and let me say that it most shockingly was, prepare to be shocked even more by another, more shocking revelation. I was able to swipe a copy of the UC Berkeley course schedule booklet for fall of 2001, and was simply appalled by the courses they offered by using YOUR TAX MONEY in some vague way! Here is a brief selection of classes that may disgust and horrify you. Oh yeah, and shock you too.

> **How to Make a Living by Being Stupid** ***(3 credits, MWF)*** - Learn how to earn money by being involved in ridiculous lawsuits resulting from your own stupidity. Students will be taught how to effectively slip and fall in the bathrooms of fast food restaurants, receive internal organ damage by deciding to not thoroughly chew tough food, and avoid any and all forms of common sense when using any tool that requires electricity to operate.
>
> **Introduction to Battle Rap** ***(2 credits, TR)***- One of the hottest sensations to sweep the "Internet Generation" is the fierce competition of battle rap where two contestants continually post impromptu raps declaring their superiority over each other on forums dedicated to DMX or Lil' Kim or Dragonball Z. This course details how to "think on your feet" in the heat of the moment and dish out "mad rhymes" over AOL. Semester finals cover how to strategically use the bold tag and make a sig file that is all text yet weighs over four megs in size.
>
> **Furries and Plushies: The World Within** ***(2 credits, MF)*** - Students are introduced to the exciting and colorful world of furries and plushies, two groups of people who enjoy fantasizing about having sex with live or stuffed unnatural mutant animals. This course covers the "turn ons" of cartoon humanoid-shaped elk, how to successfully place penis-sized holes inside a Fievel Mousekewitz doll, and the joy of whining about how people "unfairly persecute" you when they claim you're a delusional sexual deviant who should be rounded up into a government-funded concentration camp. Students will take class field trips into the various basements that furries and plushies live in, interview them for their final project, and then examine their volumes of archived animal porn. No refunds are offered on this course.

With such worthless and trivial courses as these, it's no wonder that the youth of today are growing up to be the middle-aged people of tomorrow. The *STUPID* middle-aged people of tomorrow. And if our nation is populated by stupid middle-aged people then we can all look forward to a bleak and grave future, one populated with inane television shows, an inept government, and giant corporations that suddenly go bankrupt. So hell, I guess they can just go ahead and keep on teaching useless crap since nobody will be able to notice the difference anyway. At least the Bureau of Mechanical Dancing Bears will benefit.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.17 Cliff Yablonski's Guide to Impressing Dumb Broads

Wednesday, Feb 20, 2002 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

(NOTE TO READERS: It seems that Cliff Yablonski wrote this thinking that Valentines Day was today. At least that's what I'm assuming because I can't figure out why else he would send this to me today, especially since it's his "beer in the kiddie pool" night. Maybe he wrote it for next year's Valentines Day, in which case he's like 358 days early. -ed)

Howdy, lardsacks. It's your old pal Cliff Yablonski here, so pull your chins out of your meat troughs and pay attention because I've got more hard-won knowledge to shove into you useless heaps of moisture. You might think I'm wasting my time trying to hammer any wisdom or intelligence into your potato-shaped skulls, and you'd be right because God knows it's like leaving your false teeth in tapioca pudding, but you can shut the hell up because I'm a damn veteran and a hero to my country and I deserve a few privileges like that now I'm getting on in years. This Christmas Betty Grable asked me to be the Mall Santa for the PTA and I told her "what has the goddamn PTA ever done for me, Mable? Where were you when I was lying in a trench with a dozen Jap bullets in my arm pulling our troop carrier out of the mud? You want to think about that a little before you ask me to give up my precious time which I could be using to think about shooting Japs or working on my toolshed, Shirley?" and then I picked up her cat and threw it at her crazy rat's nest of a head because I hate both her head and her cat and I figured I could kill two birds with one stone like that time I took a stone and threw it at two birds that wouldn't stop making noise at 3:00 am. I think they were trying to mate or some shit. My roof isn't a goddamn bird whorehouse, it's a roof and it's going to stay a goddamn roof until I tell it to stop!

Anyhow before Labor Day and New Years comes around it's Valentines Day. You internet geek bastard shitwizards probably don't even have a damn clue about what goes on during Valentines Day, so let me give you a couple pieces of advice and answer your stupid questions before you even have a chance to pry open your filthy cake-filled maws.

This man is in the mood for "glove." I didn't write that caption, Richard changed my original caption which was "I want to strangle this jerk" because he thought his was funnier but I think he's wrong.

Valentines Day is one of the many, many, many days when your hopelessly pathetic advances are turned down by whatever dough-mountain zitfarm of a female you set your blurry sights on. Now you're probably wondering how you can trick some broad into getting within a 10 mile radius of you on this stupid day but you've got no clue because you're about as smart and charismatic as a skeleton at the bottom of a well. Well fear no more, dumpshovels, because once again ol' Cliff is here to save your ugly faces from getting kicked in by dingy broads, not that anybody would notice the difference afterwards. And you're damn lucky I'm around, because most of you jam-smeared turdmerchants couldn't get laid if you crammed yourselves up a chicken's ass.

Speaking of chickens, the first thing you gotta remember is that all women are crazy, so you gotta be crazy too. Crazy like a junkyard dog that is, but not smell like one, which will be the tricky part for you muck-encrusted pisspumps. If you can remember that then you can't go wrong because crazy people are predictable unless you add milk cartons or bamboo into the equation. What the hell was

I talking about? Oh yeah, broads are all nuts and that's why they do nutty-ass shit like talk about laundry and cry when someone dies and drive cars like goddamn skagged-up chimpanzees. There's no explaining it so I'm not even gonna try. You just have to remember that when some broad does something that seems completely fucking stupid it's because she's got crazy dust in her hormones or some shit like that and you should buy her some cream to make her vagina smaller or whatever the hell that crud is. I think women are "on their period" like 29 out of 30 days a month or at least that's what they act like when I see them at the K-Mart and I start shouting encouraging comments regarding how to fix their various facial irregularities. They get nuts like when you drop a hubcap into a pen full of werewolves.

This pasty custard farm is on the internet just like you cretins, maybe she's stealing your Mario Brothers you clueless dipshits.

Okay so you got some hagfaced sea whore in your eyes and you don't know how to make the first move because you're a nerd assmechanic who spends all day downloading Super Marios on your Internet video and getting the power up to win the game, way to go there you social suckfuck. Well assuming that you remember to wash the three-month buildup of grease and meat particles off your caved in chest, the next thing you gotta know is how to make a good first impression. You gotta be careful how you act around women because like I said they're crazy and you can be doing something perfectly normal and they'll suddenly start screaming like a goddamn air-raid siren and the next thing you know you're in a ditch and your lucky hat is gone and then you go home and see that you've been whacked with a six-month restraining order. So don't punch them or knock them around like you can with your male buddies. Save that shit for marriage. And if you're really shitfaced, and God knows I know I would be if I was as incredibly pathetic as you are, try not to throw up on any women nearby because then you get your beer-soaked ass kicked out of the joint and you gotta walk home through the park with bushes full of hobos and child pornographers and aliens and hens and shit. One time I was walking home through the park and I saw a UFO in the sky with "GOODYEAR" written on it so I got home and wrote to Goodyear telling them unless they gave me fifty million bucks then their dirty little space secret was out. They never wrote back so now you know what they're up to and if you buy some of their tires you'll be funding Martian death fleets and guess who will be laughing when your corpse is frying like bacon on the hood of my Chrysler? Me, that's who. I'll be the one laughing, not the dead one. That will be you, you the dead guy, and me the one laughing. At you.

Where the hell was I, oh yeah the broads thing. And don't you fucking DARE accuse me of being drunk you shitshark flabfactory or I swear to God I'll come around to your house and beat you in the face with a sack full of rusty doorknobs and broken bathroom tiles. Oh shit I think I left that bag at the McAnderson's garage last week when I was giving their freakish gutterslumping maggot kids a little "attitude adjustment." I only drink for the flavor and I can hold my liquor unlike some of you drunkass stinkwads and if you'd stared death in the face in the form of a Korean flamethrower batmobile then you'd need something to help you sleep at night and in the mornings and afternoons too. Anyway once you've bolstered your flabby ego to the point where you can ooze over to the object of your desires, you'll need something impressive to say because women love guys who can talk shit about shit and if you're on the internet then that means you have the conversational skills of a seaslug. Not like me, I can charm up broads like nobody's business. Now for fuck's sake don't start asking her to come home and play on your Internet because chicks hate dorks and so do I and the only difference is that they won't kick you in the malesack and cram your bloated carcass into a wood chipper like I will. You gotta be smooth and sophisticated and at the same time rugged and manly like Frank Sinatra or a samurai. When I was fighting in Korea a goddamn samurai infiltrated our camp and jumped us in the middle of the night chopping shit up with swords and screaming

like a witch. Then we found out it was really our CO hopped up on goofballs or some shit and Lieutenant Battenberg had to hose him down with a fire extinguisher. I hate broccoli now!!!

I think these are dogs with glasses or something.

Okay so anyway you've successfully persuaded Miss Slobbersaurus to go out on a date with you. You might think that the difficult part is now over but you'd be wrong and stupid. Now you have to figure out how to get that broad to not smack you in the mouth and call the cops on you, and believe me that is not easy. I remember the first date I went with my screaming harpy of a wife Ethel (God rot her vicious soul) to the drive-in movie theater and she wouldn't shut up through the whole movie. It was a good movie too, about cowboys shooting the crap out of Nazi astronauts or police corruption and a giant bug that attacked some guys in a submarine or something, I think it was called "The Return of Darth Dracula" or some shit like that. Anyway I ended up cramming my popcorn tub over her head to shut her up and then I spilled my whiskey on the hood after she tried to get out of the car and couldn't see where she was going and fell over. Then when I was reaching forward to get my whiskey bottle I accidentally stepped on the gas and ran over her leg and smashed into the back of the guy in front and everyone was screaming and jumping out of their cars because the people in Appleton City are all goddamn mental rejects. Fucking funniest shit ever, I tell you. I had to get the hell out of there before someone called the cops and the next day I read in the newspaper how Susan had fallen down a manhole with the popcorn tub stuck on her head and had to be pulled out with a cattle winch. Goddamn fat broad, it served her right for the time 20 years later when she dropped a cigarette in my garage and my car caught on fire and blew the roof off. And don't believe the fire report because that's how it REALLY happened and that German bulbheaded fireman guy doesn't know shit from granola. Crazyass sow, I guess it must run in the family since her son is a good-for-nothing dicktwist too.

If you ratfuck shitscrews have any goddamn sense at all, and you don't by the way, you'll stay the hell away from screwy fatass broads because one day you'll wake up to find them with their gigantic sagging butts parked on your chair and cramming their bloated faces with food out of your freezer while you work your ass off all day for the privilege of some obese hag making your life a goddamn living hell all the time. I'm tired of my Internet now so I'm going to go work on my toolshed, and DON'T SEND ME ANY ELECTRIC LETTERS OR WHATEVER THE FUCK BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT SOME INTERNET HERO JUNKWART HAS TO SAY ABOUT ANYTHING. If you send me any more Internet telegrams I swear to God I will track down your computer smash it over your malformed head and put you and the computer in an oven and then shoot the oven into space. I'm not fucking kidding. The last time I kidded was back in Vietnam and I think we all know how that ended up, so take my advice and just quit before you draw attention to yourself and make me run down to your computer house and cut off your masturbation hand and then put a knife in it and use it to cut off your other hand.

◘ Write Something About Computers Here

Richard tells me there's something new in my armpit and I don't know what the hell he's talking about so I'll just copy it here:

Okay that didn't work, I don't know nothing about computers except that this computer machine I bought is a goddamn lemon and it starts smoking if I leave it on all night and water the plants above it, I think it hates plants. Let's see if this works

> *The game starts off this title: "Use Game Controller on This Level," and there is a picture of* the Nintendo controller. Thank God for the cunning skill of the people working at the offices of Konami; I don't know what I would do without them. I would've probably tried to use

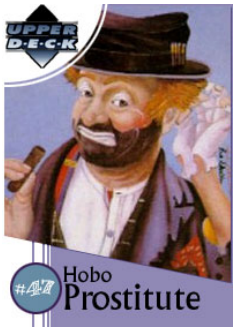
Okay that kind of worked but I'm too tired to mess around with this nerd shit so you dork hordes can go piss your collective panties if you have a problem with it because frankly I don't care what you geek computer crampasses think about me.

-~Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

2.18 The Heroes of Unemployment

Wednesday, Feb 20, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In the world of unemployment, there are many types of people. Some own houses, cars, boats, boathouses, amphibious cars, amphibious boats, amphibious houses, pets, amphibious pets, or even football stadiums to name just a few possibilities. But beneath this class of the wealthy elite of unemployed folks lie the true heroes of the land we call Poverty. I'm talking about an ancient race of men and women who, since the dawn of time, have existed three notches below the bottom rung of the proverbial social ladder. Join me as we celebrate the alluring world of bums, of transients, of hobos, and all who travel as nomads without steady employment and a secure future.



Upper Deck nearly went bankrupt after its hobo trading cards didn't meet sales expectations.

If you've ever wandered through a major city, taken a cross-country trip in a boxcar, or given a man a warm meal in exchange for a few hours of wood chopping, chances are you have encountered one of these magical vagrants! Bums, transients, and hobos are everywhere there is opportunity or the opportunity to be near opportunity yet still be far away from success. But that's okay because they are here for just that purpose! After all, they truly define the world of unemployment.

Even furries can be hobos! Just not very good ones.

Unfortuantely, they hardly ever get any respect. These people have made a career out of avoiding what the human race sucks at most: actual work. In many ways they have done what every human dreams of, and all the while getting no proper recognition. Somehow, these brave men and women have gone unnoticed, probably under the deafening cry of financially stable folks who think they have it rough collecting unemployment checks because they got laid off from the mill or whatever Star Trek series that's being made has no room for them in the cast. If you think about it, living life as a bum, hobo, or a transient is pretty extreme. It's like extreme living. These folks are risk takers living on the razor's edge of life! That being said, let us take a closer look at the lives of these occasionally able-bodied non-workers who are really only asking for what little monies it costs to purchase a hot dog:

- **Bums**

  Description: Bums are very disheveled but extremely tenacious. With twice the effort an employed person would put into a well paying jobs, bums eagerly wander the streets begging for your loose change and unwanted pennies. Most bums are very courteous and have good customer relation skills. Unfortunately, they are often times too over zealous in marketing their poverty. A master bum will make you feel good about helping him, but an apprentice bum will make you jaded and indifferent to his poor economic standing. Some bums seek altogether different pursuits, such as scaring the life out of you with a negative attitude and unnerving behavior. Other bums are mentally challenged or in possession of abnormal psychological disorders, such as "friggin' nuts" and "goddamn crazy." It is best to avoid the unruly bums in hopes that the nonexistent system will provide for them.

  Interests/Goals: The typical bum is interested only in accumulating as much of your pocket change as possible. One peculiarity is that most bums will attempt to barter for more of your change without offering any return services. The lack of negotiation leverage is of little concern to the man with only precious few coins and a shopping cart

full of garbage to his name. Bums will use what money they get from you to purchase the mythical hot dog – the highly expensive food item coveted most by the homeless. While the majority favor hot dogs, a small minority still clings to the old standard of hamburgers. An even smaller minority is adventurous enough to seek satiation from tacos. You might be under the impression that bums lust only for alcohol. This is a misconception, for it is wino subclass that seeks constant inebriation.
Habitat/Living Conditions: Bums are indigenous to every major city in the world, and occasionally to smaller towns as well. They typically live in cardboard shanties, abandoned buildings, homeless shelters, dumpsters, unlocked vehicles or domiciles, or in public parks. Since they have little means of acquiring new clothes or washing existing clothes, they are typically very dirty and unsanitary. Because of this it is not advisable to touch, wrestle, or engage in romantic activities with a bum.
Likeable Traits: Bums have few likeable traits, but will occasionally showcase an entertaining talent in hopes of winning your approval and donations. These talents are pretty much limited to singing small chunks of songs out of key or reading poetry.
Fun Fact: Most bums smell like urine!

■ **Transients**
Description: Transients are a transition class standing between the world of bums and hobos and the world of the gainfully employed. The transient is someone who is down on their luck and trying hard to get back on track. Of course they are all total failures and eventually end up nowhere, but their can-do spirit and desperate struggle to hang on to those last few threads is admirable. The transient typically has a few items of clothing, a handful of personal items, and some form of property, almost always rented or borrowed. The transient will wander their town, usually in a pair of dirty overalls and a tattered coat with a sign offering to provide manual labor for a bite to eat or money. A little known tidbit about transients is that they will actually eat any money you might give them because they are that hungry. Many transients have well-to-do relatives who they refuse to talk to because of differences and pride.
Interests/Goals: The typical transient has long-term goals that revolve around getting "squared away" and "back on track" with their life. In the short term, however, the average transient wants nothing more than food in their stomach and a little bit of dignity.
Habitat/Living Conditions: Transients are indigenous to all parts of the world, from big city to small. Transient populations are most dense in small towns and rural areas where there are numerous temporary jobs to fill and few workers to fill them. They often live in cars, rented storage garages, guest houses, and homeless shelters.
Likeable Traits: The only likeable trait associated with transients is the general hopeless optimism they possess. It's heartwarming!
Fun Fact: Transient women make for ideal serial killer victims!

■ **Hobos**
Description: Hobos are perhaps the most noble of the homeless. Many hobos choose their lifestyles and have no desire to live any other way. These are men who travel the rails taking in all the sights and sounds the world has to offer. Truly, to be a hobo is to be free of all constraints and burdens. The hobo can be identified by the old, secondhand clothes they wear, which are dotted with lots of patches. In fact, any hobo who isn't adorned with patches isn't a true hobo and is probably an undercover cop, investigative journalist, or an undercover investigative journalist doing a report on undercover cops.
Interests/Goals: The hobo is interested in swapping hobo tales and doing the occasional odd job for a bite to eat or the opportunity to sleep in a barn. The hobo has only one goal, and that goal is to be a hobo. That and murder people.
Habitat/Living Conditions: Hobos live throughout North America and Canada.

> They make their nests in boxcars, unwatched barns, and sheds. In warm climates, many hobos will sleep in the open air on grassy fields.The hobos are dirty from being away from proper facilities so often, but they are far more sanitary than bums and most Canadians.
> **Likeable Traits:** The hobos are renowned for their amazing memories. The consummate hobo is expected to know all the train engineers and the names of their children, every handout in every town, and every lock that isn't locked when no one's around. Hobos are also excellent singers and storytellers. In many ways, hobos are modern day minstrels. The hobos have no written language, so they pass on their legends and traditions through homespun tales and catchy ballads.
> **Fun Fact:** Cross a hobo and you'll end up scattered across several train depots throughout the United States and Canada.

So the next time you are accosted by a homeless man caped in his own wastes trying to get you to bet the price of a hot dog that he can tell you how many kids your daddy has, take him up. In fact, raise the stakes and make him buy you a hot dog if he gets it wrong! Then when he does get it wrong, smile and hand him a few coins. If some poor sap shows up at your door and asks if you have any chores, say sure! Then give him a five-dollar bill and tell him to go wash his filthy clothes. And the next time some sap whines because his unemployment check won't cover his Internet bill, stab him in the eye with the business end of an eggbeater and claim it was an accident!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.19 Phinneas J. Tolerance Reviews The Little Mermaid and Die Hard

Friday, Feb 22, 2002 by PHINNEASJTOLERANCE (@sexyfacts4u)

I GOT FIRED FROM MY RADIO SHOW SO HERE ARE MOVIES

This is my first review of movies on the Computer.

Howdy folks, it's your good buddy Phinneas J. Tolerance talking to you on the Computer this time, no radio anymore. That den of Satan and his lies - 1480 WRRR "The Whir!" - has decided to stop allowing me to broadcast my soothing messages of Christian values and has instead picked up that liberal harpy Dr. Laura. I heard maybe three minutes of her show this week before my face got so hot I thought it would catch on fire! I could smell the sulfur coming out of my radio. I thought maybe my days of informing the good listeners about the scripture were in my past and I was all set to give the Lord my personal devotion and praise. Then my pal Richard Kanaka sent me a message on the computer at the library and told me he needed someone with honest Christian values to review movies. I am a fan of moving pictures, let me tell you, as long as they make their number one priority spreading the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I told Richard that I'd be happy to watch a couple of these video movies in my video machine and get back to him with a good Christian perspective. It's important to know that a film has your best interests at heart before you share it with your loved ones. If you are going to see movies with people other than your family then you should probably read the Bible more because you might just be a soddomite. Well, onto the reviewing!

The Little Mermaid Filmer: Walt Disney

The pirates are up to no good and I mean that in the religious sense. Sodomy alert! NOT FAMILY FRIENDLY.

Cast: Cartoons

Plot Summary: A fish succubus from the stygian depths of hades wants to haul herself onto shore and know a sailor. She gets some legs through some sort of witchcraft and devil worship and she seduces the pirate from Cuba, but in the end returns to hell with his half-breed devil baby inside her. There are a lot of songs about idolatry and paganism that involve crustaceans and the singing is extremely disconcerting to me. The crab beast is called Sinbad and it is the demon-woman's familiar, she also repeatedly knows Flounder, her fish lover, who may or may not be a communist. I vote that he is, because

in America, we have a vote.

He represented Cuba. Look at the facts:

The fourth letter of "Flounder" is "u". The second letter in "Cuba" is u. What does that spell out? "4 u 2 u," as in "communism is for you, to you"

Objectionable Material: This film is so full up with objectionable material I wanted to take my belt off and whip it silly.

- **Profanity:** 73 swear words including "Jesus Christ" and "Barnacles".
- **Sexuality:** Four times I saw nearly bared bosom, three times visible nipples could be seen on the succubus Azrael and once there was implied sodomy.
- **Violence:** I counted at least ten people killed during the attack on the pirate ship when the Sea Lord (Satan) "quenched his burning sword in the bellies of the weak". Later when the she-beast is on land and she has seduced the pirate with her commie friend they symbolically consume the body of Christ and vomit the burning manna upon a cross of skulls.
- **Blasphemy:** In addition to taking the Lord's name in vain, this animated film includes almost every cardinal sin. Living in America and knowing that the movie incorporates communist themes as well is blasphemy to me. It's as bad as Sand City, Utah. Sand City, Utah.
- **Bad Use of Free Time:** Instead of praising the Lord during any free moments, all of the characters sing stupid songs to themselves about being in love with demons and crap that's going on under the sea where dread incubi are playing flutes made of femurs.

Recommendation: I can only suggest this movie to people with the strongest spiritual fiber. I had to reread Leviticus and Corinthians just to fortify myself after watching of it, and that communist sympathizer Walt Disney has supposedly made this movie for CHILDREN. Folks, if you take your kids anywhere near this movie, may the Lord Almighty strike you down with his wrath.

■ Die Hard

John McClane: Cop for Christ! This is the scene right before the press conference where he thanks Jesus.

Filmer: Die Hard

Cast: Bruce Willis, the Negro from Family Matters, the Bad Guy from Robin Hood and a lady who works for a living. Terrorists played by Germany.

Plot Summary: John McClane is a cop with a bone to pick with some terrorists, especially on Christmas when some terrorists from godless Germany try to disrupt his nativity party. The Sheriff of Nottingham is here once again and I don't like this fellow

but I read in the newspaper that he is a really nice guy when he isn't being a terrorist drug lord on Christmas. John McClane plays a game of cat and mouse with the Germans while they try to blow up the nativity scene that is inside a bank vault. John McClane is my kind of cop. He is passionate about his love for Christ and he is willing to fight a holy crusade on one of the most important days of the calendar year. In the end he shoots all of the terrorists to death and thanks Jesus at a press conference, which really made the movie for me. The FBI and the police chief are really stupid, obviously because they are Wiccans, and they don't listen to the negro from Family Matters, who is a good Christian and an honest cop.

Objectionable Material: This movie was great. Some people might see some objectionable material but they aren't looking hard enough at how the picture is set up. Only the bad guys do bad stuff!

- **Profanity:** There is a lot of cursing but it's all in fun and only the bad guys take the Lord's name in vain.
- **Sexuality:** Some of the hem lines are a bit high, but it's Hollywood, sex sells. I would say this makes the movie a little rough for the kids, but as adults we can handle this sort of mature theme.
- **Violence:** There is absolutely nothing in the Bible that says killing lots and lots of heathens is a bad thing, so kick back and enjoy some good Old Testament whoop ass.
- **Blasphemy:** If I were a Catholic I would make this goldarned movie the Pope of Catholania.
- **Bad Use of Free Time:** There are a few times when John McClane is using his time impiously and not praising the Lord, but the passion with which he does when he does makes up for lost time.

Recommendation: I would suggest this movie to Christians as a great piece of entertainment that reaffirms their values and to non-Christians as something that might get them out of their rut of blasphemy. I can't recommend this movie to Germans, because boy-o you are going to see some stuff that is going to send you home with a purse full of cry coins.

I guess I enjoyed doing this for you folks, assuming you folks are good Christians, and I can only assume that you will get a lot of mileage out of these reviews. If you aren't a Christian, maybe you should tune in to that foul-mouthed sassy hag Dr. Laura on 1480 WRRR "The Whir!", she caters to your kind. Not me buster!

-∼PHINNEASJTOLERANCE (@sexyfacts4u)

2.20 Storage and eBay Fraud

Friday, Feb 22, 2002 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

To Storage!

Party in the storage locker, PARTY IN THE STORAGE LOCKER! These people are (for some reason) really excited about cramming all of their worldly treasures into a small shack. I, however, am not so thrilled.

Since I've been quite the failure in life as of late, this week I prepared to put the majority of my belongings into storage. Not having enough money to pay rent was a factor in this decision. I was surprised to discover that renting storage space is relatively affordable, especially considering that even burned-down murder houses built on the quarter acre remnants of a of a poison-soaked, radioactive landfill sell for approximately $1 million dollars here in Southern California. And I'm not even exaggerating. Much.

I was also surprised to learn that the vast majority of my belongings consist of either DVD's, pieces of paper on which I've scrawled "DO THIS!", or worthless crap, but I won't go into that. Why did I keep a broken doorknob in my bathroom drawer for a year and a half? What I was I talking about? Oh yeah, storage space is cheap. So cheap, in fact, that I'm dead set on living in my 10x10 high-tech steel barn instead of paying rent for another one of these fancy, ventilated apartments. The way I see it, living in storage is better than prison: you get more space and there's no rape. Plus you don't have to worry about your neighbors making too much noise, since most of your neighbors are antique furniture, dead bodies crammed into steel drums, and boxes upon boxes of magazine subscription cards horded by obsessive-compulsive nutjobs.

Somebody actually paid $1,030.00 for this on eBay and then had the nerve to get upset when they didn't receive it. Oh boo-hoo, I'll guess you'll just have to squander your riches on something else, crazy-old-woman-who-tries-to-replace-the-love-of-her-estranged-children-with-soulless-discontinued-trinkets. This particular one is entitled "Goin' To The Orgy".

People put way too much value into stupid material belongings, thus the need for so many storage places to begin with. And robbers. Sure, everybody needs a few essentials: a bed, a computer with at least a Voodoo 2 3D card, and a copy of "She's All That" on DVD, but all the other things should just be dumped in the trash. While I have nothing against the loonies who save every receipt for everything they've ever purchased or collect AOL disks for fun, I do have a problem with old people who waste hundreds of dollars on dust-collecting knickknacks and then cry their little old eyes out when they get ripped off.

See, recently a guy by the name of Stewart Richardson pulled off the eBay Crime of the Century. He spent like four years building up his positive feedback rating, filled with comments resembling "AAAAAAAA++++++ THANKS QUICK BEST EBAY BUYER CLIMAXED UPON OPENING PURCHASE RECOMMEND TO EVERYONE I'VE EVER SEEN IN THE HISTORY OF MY LIFE WILL DEAL WITH AGAIN THANKS FEEL FREE TO USE MY DAUGHTER AS YOUR SEXUAL PLAYGROUND!!!" Then last month he put tons of expensive figurines he didn't actually have up for auction, took all the money (estimated to be anywhere from $220,000 to $500,000), and ran, leaving his sagging wife behind to deal with some very tersely worded complaints.

But you know what? I don't blame the guy. If you made your living selling stupid little porcelain figurines to people with obviously far more money than brains, you'd probably go insane too after five years of violently arguing with senile seniors about the condition of different variations of two-inch chunks of plaster depicting squirrels dressed up as 18th century British orphans selling newspapers.

Some of these people lost thousands of dollars, and for what? Tiny little piles of crap they'd put in a display case or in a box and forget about. Meanwhile children are starving in Eitaroionaioania and blah blah blah, I'm just mad I didn't think of this scheme first! I'd be living large, you go girl talk to the hand! So good work, Stewart Richardson, thanks for making eBay an even more fraudtastic place to buy worthless garbage and walk away with bags of ill-gotten personal gains in the process!

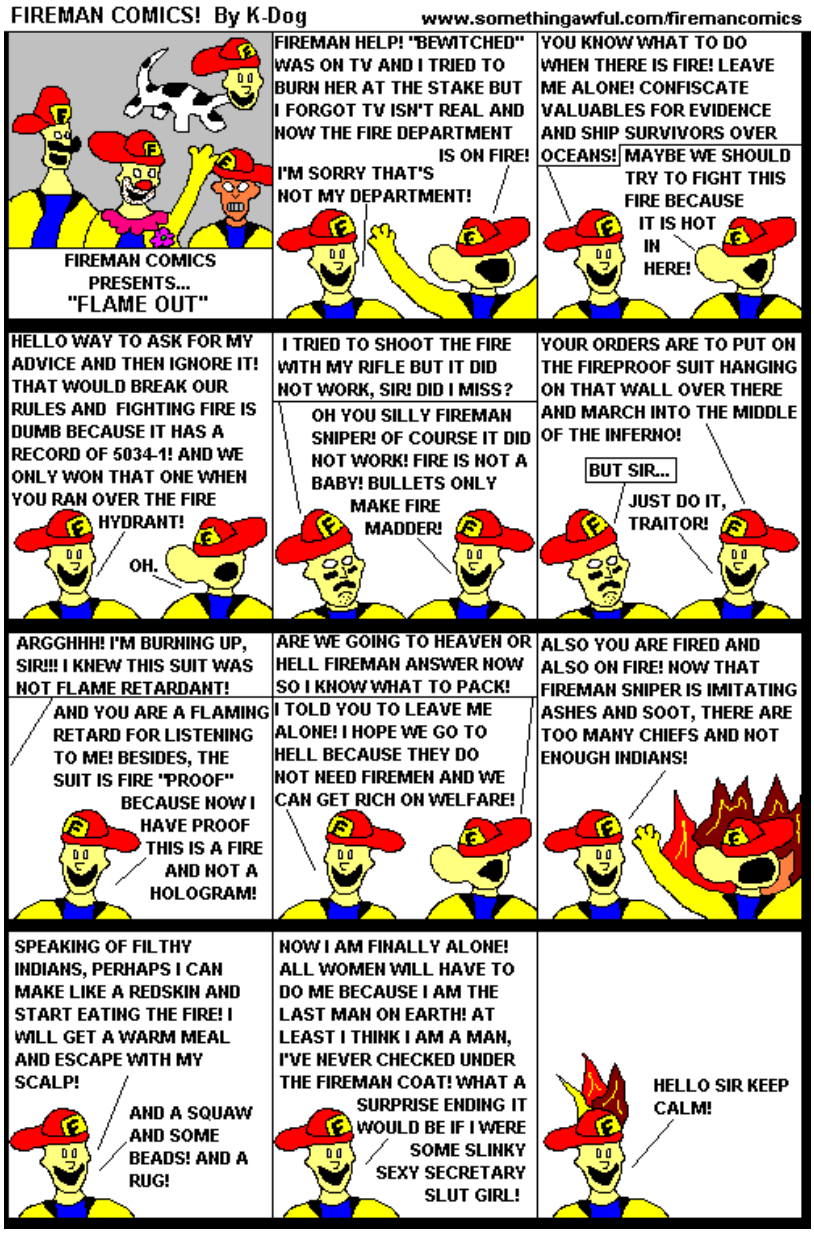
Anybody want to buy a rare doorknob? I looks kinda broken, but it's really just a limited edition. Yours for only $10,000! It's COLLECTIBLE, so you know it's worth tons of money!

The Final Fireman Comic

That's right, I've run out of Fireman Comics from the 1950's to scan in, so here's the last one!

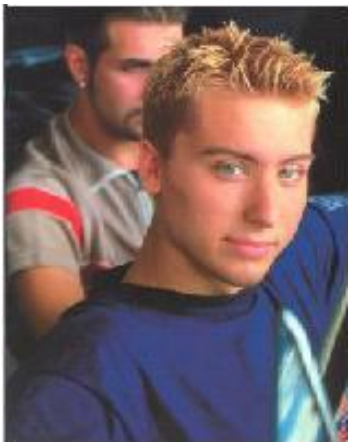
I'm not sure what that last panel is supposed to mean, the only thing I can think of is that the last line Fireman says in the last comic is the first line he says in the first fireman comic. Maybe whoever wrote Fireman Comics is trying to say something about the cylindrical nature of existence? What goes around, comes around? Or maybe Fireman is just retarded. Whatever, I'm just happy there are no more Fireman antics to be had, most likely!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)


FIREMAN COMICS! By K-Dog
www.somethingawful.com/firemancomics
FIREMAN COMICS PRESENTS... "FLAME OUT"
FIREMAN HELP! "BEWITCHED" WAS ON TV AND I TRIED TO BURN HER AT THE STAKE BUT I FORGOT TV ISN'T REAL AND NOW THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IS ON FIRE!
I'M SORRY THAT'S NOT MY DEPARTMENT!
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN THERE IS FIRE! LEAVE ME ALONE! CONFISCATE VALUABLES FOR EVIDENCE AND SHIP SURVIVORS OVER OCEANS!
MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY TO FIGHT THIS FIRE BECAUSE IT IS HOT IN HERE!
HELLO WAY TO ASK FOR MY ADVICE AND THEN IGNORE IT! THAT WOULD BREAK OUR RULES AND FIGHTING FIRE IS DUMB BECAUSE IT HAS A RECORD OF 5034-1! AND WE ONLY WON THAT ONE WHEN YOU RAN OVER THE FIRE HYDRANT!
OH.
I TRIED TO SHOOT THE FIRE WITH MY RIFLE BUT IT DID NOT WORK, SIR! DID I MISS?
OH YOU SILLY FIREMAN SNIPER! OF COURSE IT DID NOT WORK! FIRE IS NOT A BABY! BULLETS ONLY MAKE FIRE MADDER!
YOUR ORDERS ARE TO PUT ON THE FIREPROOF SUIT HANGING ON THAT WALL OVER THERE AND MARCH INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE INFERNO!
BUT SIR...
JUST DO IT, TRAITOR!
ARGGHHH! I'M BURNING UP, SIR!!! I KNEW THIS SUIT WAS NOT FLAME RETARDANT!
AND YOU ARE A FLAMING RETARD FOR LISTENING TO ME! BESIDES, THE SUIT IS FIRE "PROOF" BECAUSE NOW I HAVE PROOF THIS IS A FIRE AND NOT A HOLOGRAM!
ARE WE GOING TO HEAVEN OR HELL FIREMAN ANSWER NOW SO I KNOW WHAT TO PACK!
I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE! I HOPE WE GO TO HELL BECAUSE THEY DO NOT NEED FIREMEN AND WE CAN GET RICH ON WELFARE!
ALSO YOU ARE FIRED AND ALSO ON FIRE! NOW THAT FIREMAN SNIPER IS IMITATING ASHES AND SOOT, THERE ARE TOO MANY CHIEFS AND NOT ENOUGH INDIANS!
SPEAKING OF FILTHY INDIANS, PERHAPS I CAN MAKE LIKE A REDSKIN AND START EATING THE FIRE! I WILL GET A WARM MEAL AND ESCAPE WITH MY SCALP!
AND A SQUAW AND SOME BEADS! AND A RUG!
NOW I AM FINALLY ALONE! ALL WOMEN WILL HAVE TO DO ME BECAUSE I AM THE LAST MAN ON EARTH! AT LEAST I THINK I AM A MAN, I'VE NEVER CHECKED UNDER THE FIREMAN COAT! WHAT A SURPRISE ENDING IT WOULD BE IF I WERE SOME SLINKY SEXY SECRETARY SLUT GIRL!
HELLO SIR KEEP CALM!

2.21 Space is Where You Belong, Lance Bass!

Sunday, Feb 24, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)



Lance Bass will soon ride an astronaut's rocket. Sometime thereafter, he will go into space.

Good ideas are few and far between in Hollywood these days. Every time I hear about a celebrity giving money to charity or cleaning some oil encrusted rocks in Alaska or oil encrusted citizens in Iraq I begin to roll my eyes in an upward fashion as if to say "Oh, no you didn't!", then I stick out my hand in a request for said celebrities to talk to it. But they don't talk to the hand, as they are often just pictures in a magazine I'm looking at, with the real celebrity being hundreds of miles away making love to their celebrity girlfriend / boyfriend on a large pile of money and drugs and power. It takes a lot for famous people to impress a cynical guy like myself, but finally someone has done something to catch my fancy. My fancy is quite elusive, like Bobby Fischer or the Sasquatch, and thus this event which captured my fancy is of the same magnitude of a picture of the two playing checkers appearing on the cover of the New York Times. As many of you may have heard, N*Sync star Lance Bass is set to be the **first celebrity in space**. For those of you that haven't heard...

> *"Bass confirmed Wednesday he's in talks with Amsterdam-based space company MirCorp to take a Soyuz taxi mission from Russia to the International Space Station in November 2002. " Yahoo News*

...I'm not kidding. This hunky young teen dream supreme is going Astro-tastic, thanks to the fine people at MirCorp in Amsterdam, the nation known for thinking things out thoroughly and precisely.

Let's try to understand this thinking here...

> **Lance Bass:** Teen idol. Loved by millions of annoying little girls and effeminate men in their 40s that collect dolls.
> **Space:** Cold, lifeless void. Loved by nerdy sci fi fans, home to Space Nerd Wil Wheaton.

Now, look at the evidence. It's clear that they're trying to combine the groups of fans into one giant uber-race of irritation. Bringing together Teeny Boppers and Space Nerds...it's almost as bad as the time they mixed the American League with the Negro league in baseball! These two forces alone are enough to drive a person crazy, but when combined could very well be an unstoppable force of annoyance unlike America has ever seen.

Many of you will probably be outraged or upset or throw your hands up in an outraged and upset fashion to conceal your love for N*Sync and to show your hatred for leaving your arms limp and lifeless at your side. But just hold on one outraged, upset second there, bucko! This isn't bad news at all! I hate N*Sync just as much as you do, which is why I am embracing this concept so much. We now have the power, and more importantly the precedence, to blast our most annoying celebrities into outer spaaaaaaaaaacce (extra a's added for dramatic effect. Extra c is a typo)! Lance Bass can now say bye, bye, bye to the Earth and all of its luxuries such as adoring fans and oxygen. Instead, he gets to drink recycled urine and drift in utter emptiness. How appropriate a fate!

I think this should become a trend in society. We need to round up more annoying superstars and shoot them out of the atmosphere, or at least jettison them into the sea. The latter isn't as good as there is a slight chance of survival and a subsequent comeback tour, but anything is better than the current trend of immortalizing these people with statues and crossword puzzle references. We can't just stop with this one member of one annoying boyband. We have to hire some large, sexy cowboys to wrangle all of the annoying famous people up and put them into one giant rocket with no bathrooms or life support and blast them all to one of Jupitor's moons. Not the cowboys, the famous people. The cowboys can stay, because without them our cattle would graze uncontrollably and destroy us all.

These brave souls will send our unwanted celebrities into the land of Space!

Boy bands, although a good start, are not the only ones we should shoot to space. Think of the possibilities! Every bad Kevin Kostner movie could have been avoided if we'd simply blasted him to the surface of the sun after Waterworld. Anyone from bad comedians like GIlbert Godfried, to ugly actresses like Tyne Daly all could be in a geosynchronous orbit around the planet instead of in Hollywood, depressing us all with their steadily failing careers, marriages, and health.

Apollo Creed has little if anything to do with outer space or the moon. He has everything to do with pain.

You might wonder why no one's ever thought of this before. Well, it isn't that no one's thought of it, but there are several factors keeping the plan from going into motion. The main reasons are...

1) Space is far away
2) Rocket ships cost money
3) Rocket Fuel explodes when you smoke near it (Celebrities like to smoke)
4) Celebrities are crafty and escape their rocket prisons

Recently however, after countless hours of research and study, scientists have figured out a way around all of these: Pretend like it's an antismoking publicity stunt. This will bring government funding, trick the famous people into staying in the space vessel, and prevent any and all smoking related explosions. It can be given a clever name like S. P. A. C. E. , which can mean any number of meaningful things (Smoking People Are Cold and Evil, Stop Paying Apollo Creed Ettention, etc).

Truly, Space is the Place!

P.S. It has recently been brought to my attention that MirCorp has denied the Space / N*Sync connection. This article was written three days ago, please do not email me saying "U r a stupid! N*sync iz not going to space!". Furthermore, please do not copy and paste that text into an email and send it to me. It'll be better for everyone if you don't.

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

2.22 Olympic Blast from the Past, Present, and Future!

Monday, Feb 25, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Touched by the Olympic Spirit

After starting out with a bang, the 2002 Olympic Games are over. With their departure, we can look forward to the return of a wealth of rewarding NBC sitcoms about sassy homosexuals saying sassy things to their uptight heterosexual friends. But the Olympics leave with us memories of old heroes returning and new heroes arriving, of amazing athleticism, and so very much boredom. We can all fondly look back all those sports that confuse the hell out of us and serve as a bold reminder as to why we only do this damn thing every two years.

But whether you like the Olympics like a giddy schoolgirl or loathe it like a stepchild, you can't help but appreciate the long, amazing history and legacy of the games. They bring the world together, those Olympic games do! Let us now celebrate the Olympics, in its past, present, and future glory!

In ancient times, Tarzan would attempt to steal the Olympic torch thinking it was going to be used to set the jungle on fire. This tradition still lives on today.

The Olympics of Past

The Olympics were named in honor of Mount Olympus, the gigantic mountain hideout and Superhero HQ used by various popular gods. At the top of the mountain deities like Zeus and Athena would play games of tackle football and ultimate frisbee. Eventually, man got word of these games and desired to emulate them. Not long afterward, a swanky Spartan nightclub developed a series of erotic games that captivated lonely and curious soldiers. The games caught on like Syphilis and spread to the rest of the population.

Soon Greece entire was partaking in the Olympics. Athletic men, women, and manchildren were dazzling crowds of millions with tremendous displays of sportsmanship. Back then, because of tight anti-drug regulations, everyone had to compete naked. Events like wrestling, squatting, running, and intercourse made the Olympics a smashing success.

Eventually everyone just kind of forgot about the Olympics for a long, long time. This coincidentally coincides with the point I decided to cut corners in my research. Then in 1896 everyone said, "Holy shit, remember the Olympics?" The games began again with renewed gusto and have continued to this day.

Along the way, the Olympics have provided the shell for countless yoke-like memories of great events, such as:

- Berlin, 1936 - Adolf Hitler enters the games and races against African-American Jessie Owens. He loses, and blames his loss on Jessie Owens pulling a gun and attempting to rob him. Hitler is devastated, and begins a maddening descent into building a robotic exoskeleton for himself.
- Munich, 1972 - Adolf Hitler attempts his revenge by once against entering the games. His robotic exoskeleton fails, and he explodes in a blaze of Olympic glory creating the most wondrous lightshow ever in the history of the games.
- Moscow, 1980 - A global boycott of the 1980 Olympics ends with one lone Soviet athlete winning every single gold medal in every event. No bronze or silver medals were awarded due to lack of competitors.

- Atlanta, 1996 - The games were nearly ruined after a dastardly plot to blow up Atlanta. Authorities captured five of the members of the Sinister Six, thwarting their evil plans before they could come to fruition. Doctor Octopus remained at large, and was able to detonate a single explosive. Thankfully he did little to hinder the spirit of the games.

Olympics Now!

Of course our present day Olympics have changed a lot since the olden days of ancient Greece and mid-nineties Atlanta. In the past, the Olympics were a barrage of hardcore javelin throwing, manic downhill skiing, spirited discus tossin', bone-chilling speed skating, gymnastic back flippin', and good old Hitler thwartin' fury. Now it's all confusing sports designed by twenty third century aliens more concerned with the gravitational rhythms emitted by the athletes than entertainment.

Ancient boxing used to be really awkward. Not only for the fighters, but for everyone watching.

On top of that, desperation is leading the Olympic Committee into the world of experimentation. Recently, Curling became an Olympic event after housewives too frail to play hockey wanted to make a sport out of their daily cleaning chores of sweeping the floor. This type of experimentation can only lead to a dark future of dark Olympic sports. A future documented in the following dark and moody bulleted (but not the kind of bullets that kill Americans!) list:

Astronauts are still forbidden to compete in Olympic Sports.

- 2008 - Freestyle rap becomes an official Olympic Event. Controversy erupts when a Russian rapper is awarded the gold when an American clearly had the superior rhymes. A French judge completely ignored the American's brutal "Romeo" with "Show me a ho" rhyme combo.
- 2012 - Scandal rocks the Special Olympics when it is revealed there never ever was a Mount Special Olympus. The contestants are then rounded up like cattle and never seen or heard from again.
- 2027 - The Olympic Committee begins experimenting with other seasonal Olympics. The Fall Olympics fail to catch on, with it's crappy events of leaf raking and gutter cleaning.
- 2032 - The Olympics go virtual when no surviving human is capable of physical exertion. Duke Nukem Forever Dukematching becomes the most popular event.
- 2046 - The nefarious Andromada Syndicate enslaves the planet Earth. The vile alien controllers adopt the Olympics, only they replace all the games with ones where they

shoot humans in the crotch. Ratings soar to record highs as humans become engrossed with watching other humans die violently due to groin-related injuries.

- 2052 - The Olympic games end in tragedy when subterranean mole men begin a surface invasion using the Olympic Flame as a weapon against man. With the dawn of the Reign of the Mole Men, Olympic games end forever.

Yep, it sure does look like we are in for some magical years as the glorious Olympic tradition lives on! I'll bet Old Man Zeus had no idea his tomfoolery would one day pre-empt NBC's *Just Shoot Me!* But sure enough, it has. And it will for many more years to come! Of course if precedent has anything to say, and it usually does, I sure as hell won't be watching!

New Jeff K.!

Something Awful's resident technology consultant is at it again, this time offering up a comprehensive guide to using the Internet. This fun an informative guide aimed at novices all the way up to experts, as Jeff K. first delves into the basics and works you towards advanced security issues. If you have ever had a burning question about using the Internet, it's sure to be answered here!

Now soem of yuo kids out there may not know what teh Intarnet si becuase your all trollops bent on a fascinating angle. Teh Intarnet was created in 1987 by a cartographer named Ben who was workeing on a steam powared coffie machene. He also invented Lunix and BeatOS witch I call "BEAT OFF" because anybody who uses BeesOff is about liek a retarded fisharman useing Betamax tapes to catch teh fish!!!

Click here and prepare to be enlightened. The hard way.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.23 Awful Link Spotlight: Sam Sloan

Tuesday, Feb 26, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Lowtax Has Been Hit By a Zamboni!

The dastardly culprit!

Sad news today, folks! Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka, our fearless leader, was nearly killed when a zamboni ran him over. Lowtax was polished hard against a sheet of cold, merciless ice. But thankfully he survived! The disastrous incident occurred when Lowtax was visiting Salt Lake City to watch the closing of the Olympics. The mood apparently got to him, as he decided to rush the ice and flash KISS front man Gene Simmons. Unfortunately he jumped right out in front of a monstrous zamboni and suffered massive injuries that will plague him for the rest of his life. The doctors all say that Lowtax will live, but only to endure an endless amount of physical suffering! So hey, that's practically 100% chance of recovery! You can do it big guy! You beat the bus, now beat the zamboni! Hip hip hooray!

From his deathbed, he requested that the show go on and that I have his stereo. His stereo, and his record collection. He's very selfless that way.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

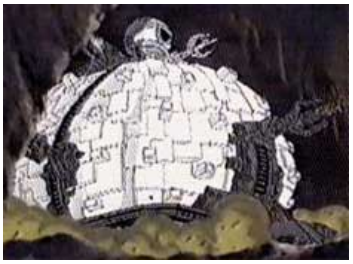
2.24 Gettin' Yo Job on With EVIL EMPLOYERS!

Wednesday, Feb 27, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As all major media outlets from Seattle to Neptune have reported on an hourly basis, the current American job market resembles something scraped off the grille of a 18-wheeler. Before the job market implosion there was a magical, mysterious, enchanting period of time when companies actually wanted to employ people and pay them for work. Yeah, I know it sounds far-fetched, but it's true; ask your grandfather or your great-grandfather about it. If they're dead then get a ventriloquist to prop up their corpses and make it appear as if they're talking to you. With the exception of the ventriloquist industry, the job market is currently resting on the bottom of the ocean with absolutely no surfacing in sight. Companies are laying off employees in staggering numbers; Sprint recently sold one of their office buildings and all employees inside to a Japanese firm in exchange for a hot dog machine and two minor league players to be named later. With the job market shrinking, unemployment rising, and more movies about abusive husbands appearing on the Lifetime Network, the United States is quickly becoming a big wad of land wedged between Mexico and Canada and two oceans that I can't remember offhand. Which it was before, only now there are a lot more unemployed people living in it.

These people are all unemployed. Also they're in black and white. Which is worse? We will never truly know.

However, there is good news on the horizon. Yes, Something Awful, a website known for its "good vibes," "upbeat nature," and "complete bullshit," has once again brought hope to the millions and millions of people who have never heard of this website. While traditional companies such as Ford, Qwest, and AOL-Time-Warner-NBA-John Wilkes Booth are laying off employees by the boatload, many people don't know that a new and exciting job market is recently resurfacing once again... and they're hiring faster than ever. The major news outlets refuse to publicize this growing trend because they're either afraid of being sued or perhaps getting blown up by death ray beams, but Something Awful is not a website that can be easily threatened by such petty things. Well we can be easily threatened, we're just usually too stupid to understand or comprehend the threats. So without further ado (we really hate ados here), let me introduce you readers to a series of job opportunities that will reward you with such exciting things as below-average pay, backbreaking labor, and management that comes equipped with chainguns protruding from their ribcages. Yes, that's correct, I'm talking about getting a job working for a supervillian.



Look at all those prongs and stuff! Lots of prongs = job stability!

When the job market began picking up in the mid 1990's, the supervillian labor industry experienced the biggest employment drop in history. Grunts and menial workers fled at an alarming rate, choosing to pursue positions which didn't force them to push a giant wooden wheel 20 hours a day while a fat, semi-naked man crossed his arms and laughed. Hell, I think even the fat, semi-naked, arm-crossing guys left as well. This created a shortage in the supervillian work force, causing many major pillars of evil to fade into the background and go back to their previous fulltime jobs of working at Gamespy. Now, with the resurgence of unemployment, the supervillian work force industry is expecting to fill hundreds of thousands of horrible jobs that they were unable to construct brainless robots to perform. In exchange for an ample amount of cash (and the promise that we wouldn't be vaporized from outer space),

we have agreed to spotlight a select few open positions that various supervillians are looking to fill.

- ***EMPLOYER:*** *Krang and Master Shredder*
LOCATION: The Technodrome, which constantly moves around under the Earth. Sometimes it goes above the Earth too. We're not actually sure when or why it goes anywhere.
JOB TITLE: Engineer
JOB DESCRIPTION: We've got that little satellite thing underneath the giant eyeball on top and none of us can figure out what it does. We think it's for DirecTV, but all the televisions inside the Technodrome just show footage of what's going on above the Earth's surface. We don't know exactly how they're able to do that, especially since we don't even own any cameras. An ideal applicant will have extensive electrical engineering knowledge as well as the ability to climb up on top of giant metal spheres on wheels. If you prove to be a trustworthy individual, you will eventually be allowed to work on that giant eyeball deal we've got installed on top and maybe try to figure out how we can get it to do something valuable like shoot lasers or radiation beams or whatever. To be honest, there's a whole lot of shit hanging off the Technodrome and we have absolutely no clue how to operate any of it. We bought the thing used off of eBay and it didn't come with any instruction manual, so we gave the seller a really negative rating. If we ever figure out how to shoot lasers from it, we'll probably incinerate him as well.
SALARY / BONUSES: $34k / year plus the luxury of living inside a giant subterranean metal sphere with an eyeball on top and possibly DirecTV.

- ***EMPLOYER:*** *Krang and Master Shredder*
LOCATION: The Technodrome (see above)
JOB TITLE: Foot Clan soldier
JOB DESCRIPTION: As you probably know, all our evil schemes take roughly 24 minutes to plan, implement, and ultimately fail. We occasionally experience schemes which are estimated to be foiled a few minutes before this target time frame, requiring Foot Clan employees to be dispatched and waste time getting beaten up by various heroes who do not like us or support our corporate goal of "ruling the world." Employees will be expected to know how to dress in a primary-colored jumpsuit (we will provide the jumpsuit) and blend in with various other coworkers whose sole purpose is to be beaten up either before or after you. We are not looking for any "team players" who will attempt to aid or support fellow workers in any way; we just need you to wear a red jumpsuit and get hit with a wooden pole or thrown into a trashcan. Under no circumstances should you attack the enemy while he is engaging in combat with a fellow employee.
SALARY / BONUSES: Minimum wage. You will also receive a red jumpsuit that will cover up any blood stains you receive while getting your lungs kicked in.

All Cobra employees must be flexible. Ha ha! Get it? That was a little play on words! Thanks for playing along!

- ***EMPLOYER:*** *Cobra Commander*

LOCATION: The Terror-Drome (not to be confused with the "Technodrome" which was manufactured by a completely different Malaysian engineering film)
JOB TITLE: Idea man
JOB DESCRIPTION: The Cobra organization is known throughout the world as one of the most creative and ingenious terrorist organizations in history. While traditional terrorist groups choose to spread their political message via kidnappings, executions, and bombings, Cobra has instead opted to consistently devise convoluted, nonsensical, bizarre, and expensive methods to rule the world. Each one of these plots has invariably failed on a grand scale, but fortunately we have a group of investors with an unlimited supply of cash derived from selling tar heroin to schoolchildren. As a Cobra Idea man you will be responsible for brainstorming inefficient plans which will initially take the world by surprise and appear to be undoubtedly successful, but will have one poorly-concealed weakness which becomes apparent to anybody with an IQ greater than their waist size. Basically we've got a whole bunch of money and we have no idea what to do with it; if nobody gives us ideas, then we just end up shoving it into garbage bags and throwing them into a pit of acid (which we bought). Acceptable plans will include:

- Cloning. We don't care what you clone or how you clone it, just clone something. Management prefers if the clone eventually goes out of control.

- Chemical warfare. Now we're not talking about "traditional" chemical warfare such as Anthrax, we're looking for really goofy shit such as neon blue gas which makes people go to sleep and have a dream about Cobra Commander and how much they like him, causing them to talk about their dream the next day around the water cooler at work. As we mentioned before, these plans don't really have to revolve around global conquest. We do a lot of this stuff just for the hell of it. Make sure that the chemical is easily visible and comes in a primary color.

- Planning trips to ancient, undiscovered cities to find mysterious secrets that grant unbelievable yet somewhat vague power. Management will undoubtedly abuse and misuse this power, resulting in what essentially was a huge waste of time and money, but it's not like we have anything else to do anyway. We have a Department of Jumping on Trampolines for crying out loud.

- Devising new vehicles and weapons. We've realized that there's only so many variations on "tank, helicopter, plane, and jeep" that we can produce, so we're looking to build some unconventional weapons and vehicles. Like stuff with nine wheels that each rotate and glow underneath a helicopter with tiny planes for propellor blades. The more plastic the better.

SALARY / BONUSES: $98k / year + medical and dental benefits. Unfortunately, we might require you to have metal objects welded to your body or various additional "visual enhancements" like a cape or flashing strobe light hat which alerts your enemies to your presence over sixteen miles away.

- ***EMPLOYER:*** *Darth Vader*

LOCATION: The Death Star. It floats aimlessly around space like a golfball in a jacuzzi.
JOB TITLE: Architect
JOB DESCRIPTION: The Death Star houses the finest of the Empire's Imperial personnel and technology, as well as a large number of fighter ships, guns, planet-destroying

Sure it's big and made out of metal, but so are disco balls.

lasers, and various other really kickass stuff. However, the original design was created by one of Darth Vader's uncles who got the contract based on nepotism, not skill. As a result, we estimate that there is currently roughly 450,000 people lost in various locations throughout the Death Star, unable to determine where they are or how to get back. We're not even sure if there are housing quarters anywhere on the station. All we know is that we're inside a huge floating chunk of metal the size of a moon and there's this one room where all the highly technical stuff happens such as blowing up planets or calling long distance. Once we leave that room, it's anybody's guess as to where we'll end up. We're looking for an experienced architect with experience in AutoCAD, codes, consultant coordination, and must be a registered architect with the Association of Evil Higher Learning. Prospective employee must be able to:

- Make hallways wider. Currently the average Death Star hallway is about wide enough to accommodate a box of cereal (when turned sideways). Our expansion plans include hiring more "Fat Men With Cannons Strapped to Their Backs," so we must have hallways they can wedge themselves through without the use of greasing up first with Crisco.

- Remove all wall lighting. We're really not sure why all the lighting takes the form of vertical strips that run from the floor to the ceiling, but we want to get rid of them regardless. The number of injuries as a result of temporary blindness from walking down a hallway has increased to over 2,281 in the past year alone. We can't get an exact figure on this, as many injuries are left unreported due to the fact that the victim often dies of starvation before finding another human being to interact with.

- Determine what 97% of the Death Star does. As mentioned above, we all try to stick to that one room that has the "blow up planet" button. Sometimes we put up tents in there so we don't have to risk leaving and getting lost. We need somebody to explore and chart the 97% of unexplored territory so we can figure out what's in it and what to do with it. We currently plan on stacking a whole bunch of futuristic shipping crates in there, but we're flexible on this plan.

SALARY / BONUSES: 382 gigacredits / moon year. You will also be given a Storm Trooper set of armor that serves virtually no function whatsoever, since anytime any Storm Trooper gets shot, stabbed, pushed, or stared at in a menacing fashion, the armor doesn't do anything and they instantly die. We are in the process of filing a class action

> lawsuit against the armor manufacturer, Space Defense Incorporated, which we believe is run by another one of Darth Vader's uncles.

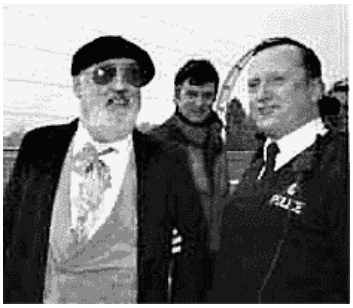
See? The job industry is actually a lot brighter than you initially expected! Unless, of course, you initially expected it to be really bright. Then it's either just as bright or slightly less bright. Regardless, there's no reason for each and every one of us to not have a job in this day and age, especially since the resurgence of supervillians is rising to an all-time high. The only thing you have to lose is possibly your life and your fashion sense, but considering the type of people this website attracts, I doubt anybody here would object to wearing a red cape, blue helmet, and chest armor fashioned from spray painted aluminum foil.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.25 Small Town Police Reports

Wednesday, Feb 27, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Small Things Happen in a Big Way



I dare say, book them Danny O.

I live in Ohio. Not just any Ohio, but THE Ohio; small town Ohio. It's really where the action is if you enjoy entertaining functions such as fish fries, tractor pulls, buggy races, or generally drinking yourself to death because the alternative is existing in a world where absolutely nothing happens. Oh sure, if you're really creative you can find things to do - heck, I managed to find a lot of fun things to do this weekend - but that's beside the point. The point that it's beside is that by and large nothing at all of interest transpires here with any semblance of regularity.

The average citizen is not the person getting the rawest deal from all this, it's the small town newspapers that are getting the real shaft. My local newspaper here consists of a front page, which is almost always composed of syndicated AP news, and a sports section that covers exciting events like "Varsity Wrestling Team Defeats Rolling Pines at Semi-Finals" or "Lady Junior Jackets Lose 7-0". The only thing that interests me less than volleyball and wrestling scores are local volleyball and wrestling scores. However, there is a golden nugget of joy contained within the daily news; the regional news. Crammed into this fun filled section are the police report, the EMS report, and the fire department report, all three of which are filled with riveting excitement.

Since nothing ever happens here the publisher of the newspaper thought it would be a great idea to just print a summary of every single report filed by all three of these branches of public servants. Unfortunately, this is a hilarious Catch 22 since, as I mentioned before, nothing ever happens here.

I'm moving up in the world! I'm stealing my comedy from pornography!

Much like Fragmaster and his archival work on the wonderful Fireman comics, I have gone through years of my local newspaper combing it for various highlights. After hours of painstaking high-tech microfiche research I have put together quite a few stunners. I have removed the year/month/day dates from these so that it seems as if they all transpired in one completely insane day, although they ranged from 1979 to 2000. Addresses and names have been changed to protect us from lawsuit, all of them are otherwise completely unedited.

Police Log

- **3:12 AM.** Police dispatched to domestic disturbance call at 217 Rider Road. James Alms was found intoxicated and unconscious lodged in between a city dumpster and the brick wall of a local dining establishment. Police awakened him but where unable to remove him for holding. A tow truck was brought in to remove the dumpster. Mr. Alms suffered minor injuries.
- **4:45 AM.** Shots and screaming were reported in the 500 block of South Main Street. Police arriving on the scene found that a raccoon was trapped inside the trunk of a derelict vehicle. The raccoon was taken into custody and

the vehicle was impounded.

- **5:20 AM.** Third warning ignored by Mr. Ronald Hanson of 1400 Roons Road. Rooster was taken into custody for pre-dawn noise complaints. Mr. Hanson was cited for raising livestock within city limits.
- **7:50 AM.** An unidentified man was reported loitering naked in the 1100 block of South Goldman Avenue. Police were unable to locate the man but recovered a soiled pair of undergarments and an oversized red hat. It is unknown whether these belonged to the man.
- **10:05 AM.** Police called to Bob Evans restaurant at 1215, State Route 29. An area man had called from a nearby pay phone complaining that the manager had refused to refund him his money for undercooked eggs. Police negotiated a deal with the manager in which the man received three dollars and ninety-seven cents compensation.
- **12:44 PM.** Multiple reports of gunshots in the Waterfront District were traced to a Mr. Shelley Tatum's backfiring automobile. Mr. Tatum promised to have his car inspected. No official action was taken.
- **5:50 PM.** Officers en route to a report of a trespasser in the Tri-City Commerce Park were unable to continue after a mysterious odor filled the cabin of their cruiser. The stench was later determined to have been caused by a large squirrel which had somehow found its way under the hood and become trapped.
- **7:20 PM.** A juvenile couple refused to vacate the premises of the Lowry Lanes Bowling Alley. Female juvenile was apprehended and handed over to the custody of her parents, male juvenile escaped on foot with three bowling pins. Two of the pins were later recovered in an abandoned lot nearby.
- **9:43 PM.** Police responded to a call of breaking and entering and attempted sexual assault at the O'Leary residence at 474 East Lansing Boulevard. The suspect was found hiding in the attic asleep on top of a pile of old clothing. Boots, the O'Leary's cat, was not taken into custody and Mrs. O'Leary apologized profusely to the police.
- **11:50 PM.** Reports of unusual lights in the 200 block of Kirby Lane. Police dispatched to the scene identified the source of the lights as the pursuit lights on the patrol car of Officer Dickens who was issuing a traffic citation nearby. No charges were filed against Officer Dickens.

Emergency Log

My town only has one ambulance, so if they get full they shoot you full of insulin and put you in the comaboat hitched to the back.

- **2:01 AM.** Multiple fire and rescue units were dispatched to the reported scene of a large grass fire. John Taggert of 16650 Mason Road was burning

a stump and was advised to extinguish the fire until normal daylight burning hours and to wet the surrounding trees and grass with a garden hose.

- **8:18 AM.** Repeated 911 calls from Agatha Jordan, age 77, were received. Miss Jordan was requesting assistance from paramedics in dressing. The fourth call was handed over to the county sheriff's office and a female deputy was dispatched to assist her in donning her hosiery.
- **10:04 AM.** A medical emergency call was received from the County Fairgrounds and nearby paramedics rushed to the scene. John Parcell was suffering from an obstruction of his airway brought about during the United Way Hot Dog Eating Contest. Mr. Parcell was treated and released.
- **11:15 AM.** A man called suffering from a sunburn. He was advised to visit his physician or the emergency room and no ambulance was dispatched. He called back later to inform the 911 switchboard that they were "no good in his book".
- **1:37 PM.** Police dispatch requested an ambulance at the scene of a reported shooting. Paramedics arrived and offered to treat Joanne Watts for a wasp sting to her thigh. She declined treatment.
- **4:07 PM.** Laura Heighland of 1505 West Park Street requested an ambulance for her 3 year old daughter who had consumed an entire jar of mayonnaise. Vomiting was induced on the scene and her daughter was held for observation over night at the local hospital.
- **8:50 PM.** Responded to a call from the Schaeffer residence on E. Well St. Mr. Schaeffer had become entangled in a string of Christmas lights and subsequently fell, suffering light bruising to the face and knee-area. He was treated at the scene and released into the custody of his wife.
- **9:12 PM.** Ambulance Dispatched to medical emergency. The manager of the local theater reported finding the body of a patron in the bathroom. Paramedics identified the man as Robert Lumley of 414 Hawking Road. After a brief examination he was awakened and advised not to sleep while defecating.
- **10:20 PM.** Paramedics dispatched to 815 Rex Road responding to complaints of unidentified bleeding from a juvenile woman. Paramedics explained to the frantic teen that the changes she was experiencing were perfectly natural and nothing to be afraid of. The juvenile was babysitting at the time and was taken home to her parents while officers waited with the children of Mr. And Mrs. Sumner.

Reading through all those I picked some of the more amusing ones out, however almost without fail they were this inane. If there was a burglary or a fist fight it would make the front page if not the headline, if there was a murder or a rape it would be on the front page for at least a month.

Not that the television news is any better. Lowtax has gone over all this before, but in case you missed that, local television news is just as bad as local newspapers, much worse when you consider that the TV stations are actually based out of larger metropolitan areas like Dayton and Columbus. Everything they do a report on is a "deadly threat" or it can "take your kid's life".

Their two favorite topics are drugs and the Internet. I once saw an "in depth look" at the "deadly risk" of "radial-keratotomy", which is corrective eye surgery. In all of the promos they would show shocking footage of people getting the surgery and squirting blood out of their eyes and then when they actually did the report they had one person who had a problem with it and it didn't kill her, it made her blind in one eye. Sure, that really sucks, but it certainly isn't a "deadly risk".

With the Internet it's either a "expanding our world with computers" type of report or "the Internet is full of horrible sex predators waiting to chew through your children's groins". Which it is, but they always have it all wrong. They go on and on about who to trust and what information is safe to give out online when all they need to do is show some reporter chatting on MSN Messenger with " +Sexy^_^Gurl+ " and cut to shots of a sweaty old Korean guy jacking off. No one will ever fall for the whole online sex predator thing again.

When it comes to small town media, if you're asking me will my love grow, I don't knowwwwwwwwwww. I don't know! Send in some crazy police/emergency logs to me and see if it will!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 El Pinto Grande Revives His Marriage!

Friday, Mar 01, 2002 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

Rekindling of the Romances is Good for the Souls

It is being a long time since I am putting my thoughts into the computer book as I am making to do at this very moment. With a heavy heart I have many things of which to give enlightening thoughts to you with. My mother, God rest her soul, has finally passed away to the great beyond and I am missing her dearly to the departing. She is taking a bus to Cancun where she is using money I have made to give to her to purchase a small home which she is residing in as of the time of this writing. Before she is going thankfully she is leaving to me a photographic copy of all of her famous recipes which are bringing the delights to the tongue and belly of Yours Truly.

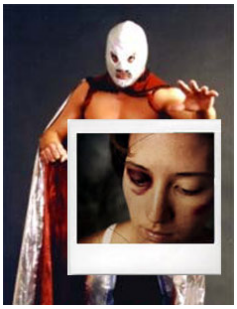
I have also been to receiving many of the computer letters from fans all across the worlds which are offering words of encouraging thoughts and also maybe challenges for wrestling. I am being a professional and I am not able to accept the excitement having offers to battle royale in basement of Douglas Thompson in Willow's Bend, Michigan. He is the 16 and is having many good experiences of the "backyards wrestlers" and I am glad to say "go and get them Douglas". I am unable to wrestle him at the up and coming Xtreme Wrestle Explosion Battle 2002, held in arena in back yard of Josh Carruthers also of the Willow's Bend, Michigan. I am appreciating your offers Douglas, and the generosity with the guest bed and the sandwiches, but I have a career and families to look after.

GO AND GET THEM DOUGLAS, YOU ARE BEING THE BEST IN THE LEAGUES!

Also, in the other news of my life, there is being some problem between dearest wife and Yours Truly which is leading to tense encounters in the halls of house. I am wanting to send Large Son directly to wrestling academy in Noxtchl, wife is thinking about things like normal school being more important to Large Son's careers. We have been having quite the blow outs! One of the times it is almost coming to brutal flurry of kicks to wife-type's head and I am having to go out of sides and splash water from turtle trough on face to cool down.

After this hooting and hollering is occurring for many days and many nights I am given to laying down the law of compromise. Son will go to wrestling summer of the seminar and come home to go to normal-type school to get education in reading and maths and whatever have you. This way he will be balanced on the precipice type locations of knowledge on the one hand and brawn (which he is not in the business of lacking anyway) on the other hand. Still, after all the resolutions are over there is still some of the tense between Yours Truly and the dearest wife type. I am thinking long and hard about the many ways to solve this, attack this problem like it is being a rival luchador in the squares circles. This time a choke-hold is not the medicine for the problem so I am thinking perhaps it is romance to rekindling with the wife-type.

I say "HONEY, WE ARE GOING TO GO ON A PICNIC RIGHT AWAY!" and I have the basket all packed with the goat creature already simmering in his pot. I also offer up a sturdy cuisine of baked apple socks and a whole hatload of sausage coconut dip. This is to please the senses of tastes and the senses of smells, which are the main senses you need to worry about when feeding the wife-type. Also important is the sense of touching which when it comes down to it if the foods are not smooth or at least slippery a little they will encounter blockages in the throat that may require swift applications of neck chops to free up. Do not be going towards the land of worry friends, my foods are both smooth and slippery.



Domestic violence is not a jokes and this is not Yours Truly's wife, this is other wife who is being on the bad end of some hard hits and I am not saying this is what I would do to wife but it could happen, ha ha! No, seriously.

Oh! Yours Truly almost forgot to inform you that he recently has been made to purchase a 1978 Dodge "Refurbished" from a local automobile dealer-type. This car has it all and the windows will go down in an emergency!! We hopped into this bad fellow with the picnic and I would like to think that the wife-type was very glad to be going. We are driving long and hard towards the place where picnics are best which is, going without saying, the Tijuana industrial park. All of the American factories are very big and surrounded by barbed wire fence and we are stopping the car on a bridge and climbing down underneath bridge to sit on concrete culvert and enjoy nature.

It is very peaceful under this bridge location, I am not afraid to tell you. Wife-type is in my arms and we are made to watch the ducks that are pulled into river by sludge monster. When no birds are at hand sludge monster is taking a liking to the wife but I am giving him the old heaving ho and send him packing back to the monster cove. Wife and I are at peace again and there is much of the kissing to the face-mask area of Yours Truly and oh my the hotness is coming to my face as sure as if I were being stung by slaps of the Hornet Commando.

We are doing the drinking two mugs each of sweet and spicy hot pepper wine and with her into my arms all of my troubles are washing away just like the sludge monster did it to monster cove. Only troubles are not going into monster cove they are just going somewhere else, like maybe trouble cove, ha ha. No, seriously.

I use my powerful wrestler hands to feed her baked apple socks and she enjoys the sensual aroma and rich, bold flavor exploding on her taste buds. I do not mind telling you pals that this is the kind of romance that is only in the fairy tales and now in the life of Yours Truly. We are so happy and even the nature seems to be cooperating with the rejuvenating of the stirred sauces in our love lives and it is all sunshine and not a trace of the eye-burning smog that comes down from the hills. It was as amazing as the day to which we are originally given to meeting and I will be treasuring it always my whole life until the day I am dying.

When we are making to end the festivities and return to home we are bidding farewell to the sludge monster. Then it is time for the wrestling of passion between the sheets, but I am not a type to kiss and talk about it, so let us just say that the romances are rekindled between wife and Yours Truly. Next time I am updating my computer book about the many matches I have enjoyed during your time away from reading about the things I have not written on the computer book yet.

Romance is in the air and if it is like the asbestos from nearby American factory it is 750,000 Parts Per Million in the air!

Welcome to the ROMance Pit!

It is being of the fabric cut from the cloth of appropriateness that in the same page of my computer book where you are reading about the sweetest of times with my wife-type there is also being a new update in the ROMance book! This time it is a computer show about gunslinging love I am thinking, although it is a confusing article perhaps because of the translation from Japan. Give it a look see yourself, partner!

LAW OF THE WEST exists in a nihilistic moral vacuum, a place where life and death

are equally meaningless, where a kind word and a .45 bullet between the eyes are both acceptable forms of greeting. Also, you get extra points for shooting special places on the screen, but you never really know which places those are, so you usually just end up spraying the whole screen with gunfire until a little "10000" pops up.

If that is not the heart of desire I do not know what is my friends! So please, make to go read this and it will cure your troubles of personal life to pieces.

-∼El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

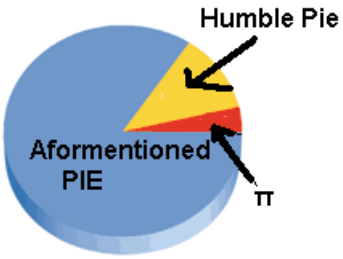
3.2 Get dow with your bad self.

Sunday, Mar 03, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Dow Jones and the Temple of Doom

In this fast paced capitalistic society, getting rich is the most important goal of all hard working Americans. It is also the goal of the other, lazier 98% of Americans like you and me. While national security briefly took precedence during that whole period a few months ago where we all cared about things other than gay jokes, Saved by the Bell, and gay jokes about the cast of Saved by the Bell, financial security has recently crept back into its throne atop the kingdom of American priorities. It did this with the stealth of a ninja and the power of a larger, more powerful ninja.

Before we even realized it, people who were hugging each other in patriotic unity were once again speeding, robbing trains, cavorting AND capering in an anarchic display of greed and the American way. The bottom line is that everyone wants to get a piece of the pie. Even anorexics love this pie because it is figurative, not delicious. Earning money isn't an easy thing though, as most of the world's hard currency was buried by pirates between the years 1605 and 1809, forcing us to print worthless paper money with pictures of worthless historical figures on them.



This Pie chart shows information about pie. How pie-ronic! Also, please kill me.

It takes a lot of hard, often illegal work to make money in this rough and tumble economy. Most of it also has to do with luck, as hard work and / or diligence has little to do with success. There are only about 5 ways to make any money in America today...

- Being an attractive actor / actress
- Being a talented musician
- Being dastardly
- Being an untalented, attractive musician
- Playing the stock market

Seeing as how I have no experience with being attractive or talented, and I don't know what the word dastardly really means, the rest of this article will discuss the fast paced world of the stock market. Hold on to your hats, because this is going to be a bumpy ride! In other words, stop reading this article now.

This Mountain landscape drawn in a first grade art class has nothing to do with the stock market.

If you're still with me, the first thing you should know about the stock market is that it's unpredictable. One minute you can be sitting there and the market is showing you nothing but love, next thing you know it's taking all your money, sleeping with your wife, and eating your children. As such, you should never lower your guard around the stock market. With this in mind, you should take your first step into the world of stock trading, which is hiring yourself a stock broker. A stock broker is a person who you entrust thousands upon thousands of dollars to and hope he doesn't blow it all on cocaine and hookers. This requires a certain level of trust, which is why most people go to brokerage firms they've heard of on television, because TV is always trustworthy.

Next comes the process of actually finding companies to invest in. This isn't as easy as it sounds, as almost the entire tech industry has collapsed in on itself like a card

castle, or a real castle made of cards. Gone are the days when pompous, cappuccino swilling, beret wearing hip twentysomethings became millionaires by investing in companies that had no apparent function or purpose other than providing people with faster access to cappuccino and berets. These people are now all back living in their parent's basements, working at jobs which offer minimum wage and maximum humiliation. To protect yourself from a similar fate, invest in companies that provide things that all people need, such as tobacco and firearms. And avoid companies whose names start with "S" and end in "nowball.com", or else suffer the consequences.

It's important to note that while investing in larger, more stable corporations is safer, so is protected sex and driving sober. All three are for nerds. Real men, and fake macho robot men both invest in high risk stock. Sure, you have a greater chance of losing all your possessions and dignity, but you can pretend you're "Tough" by throwing your money at random stocks that no average man would have the balls to. When someone guarantees you success, scoff at them and place all your money in an up and coming Dutch company that only you've heard of. You'll see who has the last laugh!

Buy low, and sell high! Haha, that's a joke because these people are smoking marijuana. How clever. Also, please kill me.

Once you've gotten your investments in order and gone through all the above steps, it's time for the most important part of all: Praying to your dark lord Satan that these stupid companies you've put money into don't fail. This is pretty much where the pages I tore out of the library's "Investing for Dummies" book ended, so I assume at this point you make lots of money somehow. Exactly how that part works is a mystery to me. Maybe your stocks all get together and form some untalented, attractive boy band and begin a rigorous tour schedule in which they make millions of dollars for you, or hatch a dastardly plot to rob the First National Bank. Thinking about it, I probably shouldn't have written this article after all. I'm the last person who should be giving you advice on how to get rich, since I work for minimum wage and live in my parents' basement.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

3.3 Deadly Video Games!

Monday, Mar 04, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Videogames that KILL!

30 and killed by a Nintendo. Folks, it doesn't get much sadder than that.

We've heard liberal and conservative politicians pontificate endlessly about the inherent dangers of violent videogames, how they will warp young minds and desensitize them to things like being shot in the face with a rail gun, which personally I think is a good thing because if I get shot in the face with a rail gun I would like to be as desensitized to it as possible. When my head is exploded I want to be able to sigh with boredom and then sit down and start eating popcorn and watching a DVD or something. Or shoving popcorn into my neck hole or however that works because I'm not really clued in to this whole thing because I'm so desensitized.

Debates on the positive and negative effects of violent video games aside, I was shocked to learn that video games can actually **KILL YOU**. Not influence some kid into killing you, they will **physically murder you**, so claims the mother of an adult child in Louisiana.

> *A Louisiana woman is suing Nintendo, alleging her 30-year-old son suffered seizures after playing video games for eight hours a day, six days a week.*

Basically what happened, in case you don't trust anything you read on sites other than Something Awful, is that this woman's adult son played his N64 nonstop and started having seizures until he died, unable to save the princess or get the power up and win the game. Ignoring the fact that a 30-year-old man spent the better part of every day playing games like "Luigi's Magic Mushroom Hole" and "Super Zelda Cavern," we get right down to it and see that obviously at least one of these games he was playing literally murdered him. **IT MURDERED HIM TO DEATH.** This wasn't "Doom" and its urge to kill your parents, or "The Sims" and its infectious urge to babble incoherently and throw plates of food on your floor, this game manifested somehow and took Baby Huey's life.

I can't even begin to comprehend the motive behind this mess. I think we can rule out Nintendo themselves as being the guilty party because it makes no sense for them to design a game to kill the user. They're losing even more of their market share to the non-murdering Play Station console. I briefly entertained the idea of a rogue game, a single copy of an otherwise non-fatal title that went wrong for some reason and killed the tragic hero of this little article. I ruled this out as well because I don't think murderous video games just happen; they have to be created by an evil genius which means that more than likely there are others out there, waiting to strike.

A deadly threat? You don't need the Prima Guide to know that it is!

Being a concerned citizen and a total yellow journalist I got in touch with my police contacts in Louisiana (read as: any cop who would spill the beans for a beignet) to get me the list of titles in big boy's collection. He had a pretty complete catalog of N64 games, but after careful review I managed to narrow the titles down to four suspects. For the purposes of public safety I present the potential criminal threat posed by these four games.

- **WCW Nitro The Game Itself:** This shitty wrestling game was the nadir of an otherwise stellar N64 wrestling line up. Awful controls, bad graphics, stupid interruptions and crazy levels; these are all things that when combined form the whole of a fucking abysmal game. However, there are lots of shitty games out there.

The Danger: When I sat my 15 year old cousin down in a room with this game for six hours I didn't expect her to be very entertained. After maybe ten minutes of awkwardly delivering choppy chest kicks to Macho Man Randy Savage with his estranged wife Miss Elizabeth, she threw the controller across the room and began screaming. The game continued playing as though she were still at the stick, and the longer it went on with shitty angle pans and clumsy signatures moves, the deeper her mind sunk into madness. After two hours I had to sedate her, as she had clawed the door so much that her fingers were bloody and raw and she had attempted to beat herself unconscious by slamming her forehead into a table corner.

Risk Rating: 8.5 out of 10. This game very closely mimics the behavior described by Joey McGameSeizure in the police report. WCW Nitro? Try WCW Mudero!

- **Legend of Zelda:** Ocarina of Time

A have no clue what's going on in this shot, but no doubt it is potentially lethal!

The Game Itself: Brightly colored, androgynous, and non threatening; three terms that can be used to describe almost every Zelda game ever produced. Run around woods and fields and not-scary-at-all dungeons with a little elf named Link and swing swords at various combatants who look more like something out of a children's book called "THE ISLAND OF HUGS". Finally you get some magic flute and play yourself a tune of victory or something. I spin-kicked this game through a brick wall rather than play it to completion.

The Danger: Knowing the sheer gaiety horror factor involved in any Zelda game I chose to subject myself to Ocarina of Time instead of one of my less fortified relatives or friends. An hour into game play my entire body began to shake with increasing violence. By the time I got to the mini-quest where you have to catch kittens and tie bows on them and then have a kitten parade I think my ears had started bleeding. I nearly bit my tongue off to prevent from swallowing it. Thankfully I woke up in the ER instead of in a coffin.

Risk Rating: 9 out of 10. Maybe I'm biased because it was me enduring this game, but I think this one beats out WCW Nitro for sheer awfulness and risk involved. Ocarina of Time? I think more like Ocarina of MURDER!

- **Superman 64**

Supermanslaughter! This risky game can end your life in a split second!!

The Game Itself: Bad graphics, bad controls... Christ, just add "bad" to whatever feature you want and this game has it. Playing this is like trying to breathe helium through a bowl of chowder. I'm not really sure how that metaphor works but just thinking about trying to do that gives me a headache, much like just thinking about playing this game.

The Danger: On this occasion I felt a little too stressed out to battle my way through six hours of the shitty Man of Steel, so I drafted one of my friends. I put him in a locked room with this game and before he even touched a controller his hands hat caught fire. The cartridge shot out and hit him in the face, breaking his nose, and the power cord wrapped itself like a constrictor around his neck. As a coup de grace of sorts, once my friend had fallen prone, the N64 levitated about ten inches off the ground and began shooting some sort of laser at him, raking scalding beams up and down his back. After the N64 had exhausted its supply of Superman evil, I crept into the testing chamber and pulled my pal to safety, although since he was already dead I guess I didn't really help much.

Risk Rating: 9.5 out of 10. Superman didn't just kill my friend, it drafted every single component of the N64 into some sort of horrible mayhem militia that attacked and nearly killed him. From now on when I hear "Superman", I'll really be hearing "Murderman".

- **Carmageddon 64**

THIS GAME IS A KILLER IN A REALLY POOR DISGUISE!!!

The Game Itself: Take your standard shitty Nintendo 64 racing game, add some crappy zombies, and smear an entire economy tub of Vaseline over your TV screen and you'll have a rough approximation of the basic features of Carmageddon 64. This decent PC game was ported to the Nintendo 64 with absolutely astonishingly terrible results.

The Danger: No one would assist me after the stories that had spread after my first three trials, so I once again placed myself in the hot seat. With trepidation I bolted the door and sat down for a round of Carmageddon 64. It was at this time I lost

consciousness, but much to my everlasting horror the entire incident was captured on closed-circuit TV. The instant I sat down to play the N64 hit me with a sack full of hammer heads and rolled me into my stomach. The Carmageddon cartridge reached into my back pocket and took my wallet, then proceeded to fashion a crude shiv out of one of the N64 controllers. Thirty-seven puncture wounds later - as my life blood flowed out onto the carpet - the N64 rolled me onto my back, stripped me naked and somehow urinated on my face. Around the time the ambulance arrived, the Carmageddon cart was actually beginning to drink my blood from a bejeweled chalice.

Risk Rating: 10 out of 10. Carmageddon was actually a fun game for the PC; how it could become a dirty prison-fighting, satanic, urine-fetishist during the conversion to N64 is beyond me, but it happened. This is the game that killed Joey O'Gamer and no doubt would have killed me where it given ample opportunity. Carmageddon? Think again bub, it's Car-murder-geddon!

Case closed in my opinion! It was a difficult and dangerous investigation, but with a little help from Creole pastries and lab tests I got to the bottom of this motherfucking mystery.

Cliff Yablonski to the Rescue!!

Deadly video games aside, old bean Cliff Yablonski has brought some of his own vigilante justice, just in the nick of time! Check it out!

I don't know what this thing is. I think somebody put a wig and makeup on a pear.

As usual Cliff has threatened me with bodily harm if you folks don't immediately go read his update!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.4 The Television History Television Channel

Monday, Mar 04, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Despite repeated warnings from friends and enemies alike, I had digital cable installed about half a year ago. Now some of you out there might not be as "technically profusementasocionoligicable" as I am, so let me take a moment to explain the differences between analogue and digital cable. I will detail the history of television from the beginning, when most of it all started, and in the process completely avoid the topic of "analogue versus digital." This is because I am a piss-poor writer and have absolutely no clue what I'm talking about and I don't plan on changing my ways until one of you either murders me or forces me to watch "Halloween 3: Season of the Witch" until my head implodes from watching the flashing pumpkin graphic.

One of the earliest conceptual designs of television. No wonder it took so long to catch on; who the hell would want to watch that all day?

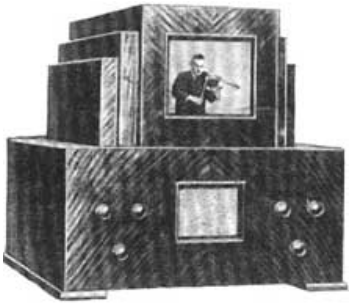
The idea of a television was first conceptualized sometime between the years of 1200 and 1899. They didn't know what to call it back then because nobody had invented it yet; luckily everybody was too busy fighting Indians or the British or the Hebrews or harsh climates to worry about naming the television. During this time period, the number of television channels was limited to zero. They didn't even have test patterns and even if somebody could've somehow invented the test pattern, nobody would be able to see it because instead of televisions they had horses and instead of cable boxes they had revolvers or arrows. Every afternoon after a family's father had returned from giving Native Americans blankets infected with AIDS, the entire family would cook up pots of dirt stew and sit around to watch the horse for three hours. Sometimes the dad would get sick of staring at the horse so he'd say "honey, change the horse" and then a new horse would be brought in and they'd stare at that for a while. The first family to stare at horses was the Neilson family, who rated white and dark brown horses much more popular than light brown or dead ones. Their unique rating system resulted in what we know today as "The Neilson Ratings," a series of numbers that represents how many people would rather be watching horses instead of staring at whatever godawful crap is currently on television.

Eventually humanity took a few basic science courses and some dead Irish guy (he wasn't dead at the time) named Joseph May discovered that light could be turned into electrical signals by using what they called a "photoelectric effect" but we now refer to as "voodoo." Some other people came up with some other ideas about television but nobody really cares much about them anymore because they're old and stupid and the people who invented them are dead.

The term "television" was first coined in the year 1900 by the Russian physicist Constantin Perskyi who was delivering a speech about cockfighting and accidentally slurred his words together to form this new, exciting, proactive word. His noble and ingenious speech caused various other scientists to start looking at potassium cells (which are now found in Flintstones vitamins) and triodes (the things that the cast of "Star Trek" used to shoot at space nerd Wil Wheaton and then claim that there was an enemy Chewbacca behind him which they said vanished after he turned around and didn't see anything).

The television manufacturing process really picked up in 1925 when an electrical engineer from Scotland named John Logie Baird revealed an invention which reproduced white letters on a black background. Everybody was really just incredibly impressed because it was like staring at an inverse newspaper and it's that kind of revolutionary thinking that has made Scotland the world power they are today. Although the whole "white letter revolution" thing was just incredibly wonderful and

all, the world of television science ultimately had to wait until somebody could produce cathode-ray tubes, which occurred during the summer of 1933. RCA began building really silly looking televisions the following year, machines that were only capable of scanning only 120 lines at 24 frames per second, roughly the equivalent of many ATI video cards sold today.



Some of the first television sets were simply empty wooden boxes with a little man playing a tiny violin trapped inside.

On March of 1935 the first television service was started in Berlin and was used to cover Bob Hope's 60th birthday. The next five years were marked by countries improving and one-upping each other with higher resolution, more frames per second, and shows that revolved around women wearing a lot of doilies, standing in one place, and singing about gardens for seven consecutive hours. The Singing Garden Lady was then replaced by the Guy Who Sits on a Stool with a Wooden Dummy show which only lasted a couple months, at which point everybody realized wooden dummies were scary and could possibly kill them in their sleep. World War II eventually popped up like a Wack-A-Mole target and slowed down the progress of television in Europe, but the electronic research done by the government during that time ultimately helped advance the design of the television. For example, the Army's radar screens used a complicated cathode-ray tube design, resulting in the manufacturing of consumer televisions that, when turned on, caused the cathode-ray tubes to lob incendiary grenades at the viewers. When everybody was done killing each other in the war, the major countries continued to create televisions that had more and more lines and frames per second until the television got so fast that it had to have a "TYPE R" sticker and a huge plastic tailfin placed on the back.

The world of color soon entered the world of television in the world of Earth around 1953 when RCA launched a line of televisions that were somehow in color. I'm not sure how they were able to do this, but if I had to guess I'd probably say Area 51 was involved. According to my research, absolutely nothing happened between 1954 and 1961, and if you ever have a history test you can quote me on that. I don't care what the question is, just answer "nothing happened between 1954 and 1961 claims Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka" and then scan me a copy of your test so I can put it on my refrigerator with my Ziggy magnet. The years of 1961 through 1963 were marked by bitter quarreling between notorious French guy Henri de France and Dr. Waiter Burch of Germany who each had different ideas regarding how color should be transmitted. I don't know what their arguments were, but I do know they both had silly names, so we can safely assume that whenever they held a press conference all the reporters spent the entire time giggling. This somehow led us to where we are today with plasma screen televisions and picture-in-picture features which allow you to watch "Family Matters" while viewing "Step By Step" at the same time as you load your shotgun and point it up at your head.

Now despite all these wonderful accomplishments and gobs of history, we have somehow ended up with digital cable, a medium which not only makes transmitted images crappier in quality but also adds the benefit of taking twelve minutes to change from one channel to the next. I was snookered by the AT&T people to get digital cable because they dispatched one of their most accomplished and proficient ninja telemarketers to assault me into submission with pure idiocy.

ME: "Does the digital cable receiver offer digital sound?"
AT&T REPRESENTATIVE: "Yes, it offers sound."
ME: "I know that, but is it digital? Can I run a digital cord from it to my amplifier?"
AT&T REPRESENTATIVE: "The sound plugs are in the back."
ME: "I am aware of that. What I'm asking is if there is a jack for digital sound."

AT&T REPRESENTATIVE: "Yes, it offers sound."

The televisions of the 1980's offered many technological improvements, yet only one channel and it just showed this guy catching baseballs.

I eventually gave up because my sense of extreme apathy manifested itself in a physical form and began to beat me in the head with the television controller. After the large, smelly, tattooed AT&T install C.H.U.D. came by and used his roast beef-sized hands to plug in the box, I began to realize all the warnings about digital cable were true. Let me put them into a list so I don't have to bother trying to string them together with coherent sentences:

- The image quality looks like a VCR tape filtered through an Atari after your kid sister dropped it down a flight of stairs. During dark scenes you can actually see color blocks the size of packing crates.
- There is some weird digital television lag that randomly occurs, causing the movies you're watching to start skipping frames and appear as if the characters have suddenly developed the power to teleport to nearby locations. And this just didn't happen during the time I was watching the movie "The Man Who Had the Power to Teleport to Nearby Locations" either, it happens on almost all shows.

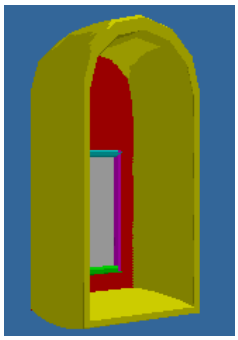
- There is a noticeable pause in between changing channels or doing absolutely anything involving the cable box or the television. If you're one of those weirdos who cycles through channels at the rate of 60 stations a second, you're going to be in television hell. Whenever I press the button to change the channel, I get up, make some popcorn, paint my deck, and then come back and wait a few minutes until it's successfully switched.
- Ads are littered all over the place. It's insane. The channel display lineup has about 19 box ads all over the screen for all kinds of stupid shit. To top it off, the image quality is so crappy that I can't even read the phone numbers of the advertised products, not that I'm really interested in buying a "Biodome" sweatshirt.

So here we are, over a hundred years after the initial concept of television, and the only thing that has really changed is that The Singing Garden Lady station has been replaced with 900 different channels that offer everything from black entertainment (it's just a pure black screen) to public access stations that feature a 14-year old kid screaming the word "CONGRATULATIONS" at a mailbox. At least in 1925 they could read the numbers and letters on the screen. The one thing we've got going for us in this day in age is the freedom to start an article based on the differences between analogue and digital cable, and then completely avoid the issue and write about something totally different. God bless America, USA #1, go team!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.5 Cubes, Spheres, and Cones! Oh My!

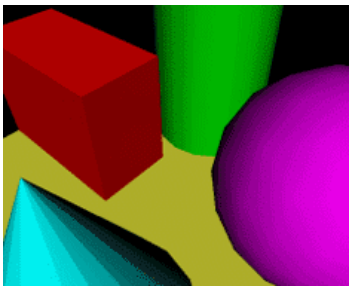
Wednesday, Mar 06, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



THE FUTURE!!!

One of the longest running jokes in Internet history revolves around VRML (an acronym for "Virtual Reality is Much Laughter"). In case you haven't heard of this idiotic language, and I truly hope you haven't, let me get you up to speed by presenting an alarmingly inaccurate historical description of VRML. VRML was initially created in the mid-90's to allow users to experience the utter joy of being in "cyberspace," which consisted of floating around gigantic neon cubes and cones. All the "cool" movies in those days featured people who would log in to their bitchin' 100 MHz Pentium 1 computers and enter some magical world where numbers are represented by dumb geometric shapes and nobody can find anything useful anywhere. The main point of going into virtual reality was to apparently teach your idiot children how to name shapes and colors. Despite heavy protests from people with over nine brain cells, VRML 1.0 was released in May of 1995, causing coders around the globe to immediately dismiss it and go back to playing "Rise of the Triad." Programmers who didn't have access to this game were forced by their bosses and college instructors to use VRML and create some kind of virtual reality world that not only took forever to load but also had the added benefit of being completely impossible to navigate. Most colleges offered at least one VRML-related course where the instructor was some short chubby guy with bulging eyes and a grey beard. He often knew as much about VRML as the students, so it was really easy to just answer "RED CONE" to every test question and end up passing the course. Here's an actual quote from the VRML 1.0C specifications:

> *"Finally, we move to "perceptualized" Internetworks, where the data has been sensualized, that is, rendered sensually. If something is represented sensually, it is possible to make sense of it. VRML is an attempt to place humans at the center of the Internet, ordering its universe to our whims. In order to do that, the most important single element is a standard that defines the particularities of perception. Virtual Reality Modeling Language is that standard, designed to be a universal description language for multi-participant simulations."*

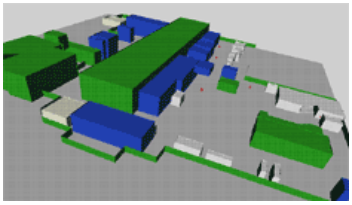


THE FUTURE!!!

Wow! That sure sounds exciting and revolutionary! With such a meaningful and detailed description, I can't even possibly begin to imagine why this useful language never caught on. I mean, read that again: "the data has been sensualized, that is, rendered sensually. If something is represented sensually, it is possible to make sense of it." How anybody could expect VRML to succeed when its description doesn't even make any sense whatsoever baffles even me, and I've seen things on the Internet that would make your head spin around so fast that it flies off your neck stump and lands on the collection of carpet samples you bought off of eBay. Anyway, everybody got really excited about VRML back then because they had nothing else to do but either program in that language or play "Rise of the Triad," and since most of them had already killed that utterly retarded demon-snake-terrorist-lizard-bug-alien end boss of the game, they tried making websites in VRML. The amazingly flexible nature of this language allowed developers to construct exciting "cyberspace virtual webpage e-worlds" that included such revolutionary creations as:

- Planet of the Red Cubes
- A large blue square with a bitmap stretched across it reading "WELCOME TO MY HOMEPAGE"
- Something involving green pyramids
- A huge box that, upon entering, allowed the user to experience entering a huge box.

These were all incredibly exciting and wonderful concepts that were predicted to revolutionize the Internet industry just like how Dale Earnhardt revolutionized the "dying in a NASCAR race" industry. Can you imagine going to Amazon.com and seeing a whole line of red boxes underneath a shelf of orange spheres, some of which blink and read "WELCOME TO MY HOMEPAGE"? I can't! And also I'm impotent! Oddly enough, most Internet citizens felt the same way as I do (about the cubes, not the impotency), and VRML found itself grouped with such amazing ideas as Microsoft Bob and the script to "Maximum Overdrive." All the fat, bearded, smelly computer programmers simply couldn't figure out why VRML didn't catch on like Ocean Pacific t-shirts; it had all the elements of a successful product, which I will not list now because I cannot think of any offhand. Whatever they were, I'm just sure they were absolutely wonderful and possibly revolutionary.



THE FUTURE!!!

The programmers eventually gave up on VRML and decided to create another new, revolutionary, pointless language coincidentally named "VRML 2.0." See, this was intended to be an improvement to the previous version of VRML 1.0, which is the equivalent of moving up from Schlitz to Milwaukee's Best. VRML 2.0 promised to cram us into some exciting electronic three-dimensional world where we could see even more complex cubes and new shades of fuscia. In addition, it offered such revolutionary features as the ability to emit sounds from your computer speakers, allow cube doors to open inside cube rooms, and even support Javascript, the language that lets 50,000 porn site popup windows lock up your computer! Everybody had their hopes up for VRML 2.0 because the number "2" is larger than the number "1", by at least two times. However, programmers soon found out that the number following the acronym "VRML" wasn't referring to its release edition, it was referring to the number of people who will actually use it. The world once again was not ready for the sensory overload that VRML had to offer, and we tossed it aside like a Kleenex during a Kleenex-tossing competition. Everybody pretty much assumed VRML was dead at this point... but much like Jason Voorhees, Freddy Krueger, and Michael Jackson, it has reared its ugly head once again in a brand new form: X3D.

> *...members of an emerging Web 3D standards group unveiled the first working draft of Extensible 3D (X3D), a successor to VRML. Among its claimed advantages, the new version is designed to work with Extensible Markup Language (XML), which is fast becoming the glue for a wide range of Web documents.*
>
> *"There is a genuine pent-up demand for this stuff," analyst Peddie said. "What's out there now is primitive and not very satisfying, but that's partly because the people putting them out have to develop them from scratch. If they could get the same level of support and functionality with 3D that they do with XML, you would see amazing new developments."*

Did you read that? AMAZING NEW DEVELOPMENTS! We're going to witness AMAZING NEW DEVELOPMENTS! Not just new, but AMAZING **AND** NEW! And DEVELOPMENTS! That's like two for the price of none! Now I don't know about you, but I've been having wet dreams about 3D graphic webpages for at least the last two weeks now. Before then I just had wet dreams of Johnny Fever. So look out WKRP in Cincinnati, X3D is in town and soon you'll be able to see

rotating green squares on some kid's Geocities page dedicated to Slipknot! Gentlemen, the future is here once again! After being here before! And here again before that! Prepare yourselves for a sensory overload and strap on your 3D goggles because X3D is going to revolutionize the Internet as we know it, just like how PowerPlay turned my modem into a LAN party. Let's just hope our bandwidth is large enough to support all those cubes and cones and stuff coming through because I just looked at my cable modem's LAN wire and it seems awfully small. Oh well, back to "Rise of the Triad."

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.6 Beware, the Shadow Government!

Wednesday, Mar 06, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

President George Bush recently revealed that a shadow government has been operating within the US that would be able to take over all essential national chores should the regular government be wiped out by terrorists, blown up by atomic death rays, or devoured by alligators. Since no information has been revealed about who the shadow government consists or what the full extent of their powers are, some are already drawing comparisons to secretive organizations like the Illuminati, Tri-Lateral Commission, Friars Club, and the numerous Dungeons and Dragons player groups vying for global domination. If you let Bush explain it, then the shadow government is nothing more than a safeguard ensuring that we still have something to bitch at in the event enthusiastic foreigners blow up our regular government. A tragedy such as that would not only render my 12th birthday wish true, but our nation to a standstill. But Bush is playing modest because the shadow government is so much, much more!

President Bush recently revealed a shadow government was in full operation deep underground, possibly beneath your town!

One thing's for certain, and that would be that the shadow government is just what we need. Only we need it in full effect, widescreen, and with director's commentary. Forget the regular government! Send Bush and all the other folks home. This is America, and we demand the very coolest of everything. The shadow government oozes cool like Arthur "Fonzie" Fonzarelli would ooze cool if you stabbed him repeatedly in the chest with a switchblade. Wait, he'd ooze blood. But he would probably be really cool about it, so it all works out in the end. Imagine how cool America would be if it was run by the shadow government. Go on, imagine! The shadow government just sounds badass, thus making all of us surrogate badasses.

What nation or terrorist organization on Earth would pick a fight with the country that is run by the shadow government? They wouldn't even know who the hell the shadow government is or what it stands for. Plus, they sure as hell wouldn't know what the shadow government is capable of. And let me tell you, whatever it is, it's probably really cool to watch. Let's face it; with the shadow government over us, we basically become untouchable. Every nation on the planet and possibly the moon will be watching us in awe, afraid to do anything that might piss us off. Yeah, that's right. Step off Mexico! You're way too close for comfort. You too, Canada.

Of course safety isn't the only benefit of having a shadow government. We can logically assume that since we know nothing about the shadow government, the shadow government knows *everything* about us! No more filling out vexing forms with questions seemingly designed to trick us, because all is known and no questions are asked! Every year the shadow government will just send us a bill instead of making us do taxes. The money they collect from us will be dedicated to secret and arcane projects designed to scare the hell out of everyone.

After awhile, the shadow government will have no choice but to start addressing us. But no way will they be like our regular boring government. Instead we will have the Shadow President, a dashing young man who wears all black and a partial facemask that covers up his eyes, kind of like Robin but without the whole gay *why is he hanging out with that grown man in a bat suit* innuendo. Oh, and the Shadow President will wear a cape. That, and he will be flanked by an assembly of men

wearing similar outfits, except they will be wearing complete masks with big red question marks sewn on the front. Sorry Secret Service, you just aren't secret enough.

The shadow government has no connection with the ancient aliens that built the floating eyeball on top of the pyramids.

When it comes time to do speeches or address the nation, instead of the usual drab and unadventurous settings of capital buildings and what not, the shadow government will conduct them in dilapidated and dimly lit abandoned warehouses. You can bet that smoke machines won't be far behind either! Eerie smoke and fog will be a trademark of government telecasts. Maybe, for dramatic effect, they might also bust out a Halloween sound FX record to play in the background. That would be completely boss. Just to be even more cool and mysterious, they won't tell you when these addresses are going to be, either. Your TV will just turn on or whatever show your eyes are affixed to will be replaced.

The Shadow President will of course be a family man. So his wives, the Shadow First Ladies, will always be near by. They will all be identical twins clad in full leather suits. Naturally, they will be quite deadly with the various martial and martial-like arts. When they speak, they will all take turns delivering words from the same sentence. Mostly they will just give riddles and ominous predictions about glass ceilings falling and nonsense like that, so they won't get questioned very often. In fact, if you question the shadow government, you're as good as dead, and that's not very good at all. Unless you're French, because you're better off that way.

Of course none of what I've written is for certain. It's just my own personal hopes for the future of America and the many other places taking up space on my globe. We really don't know a damn thing about the shadow government. What we do know is that it's a group of about a hundred individuals living underground in Cold War era bunkers. Who they are is a mystery, as they're not allowed to reveal their location or identities to anyone. For all we know, our government may have even made a pact with subterranean mole men. But as totally radical and gnarly as that sounds, it's just a theory. We don't know anything and we probably won't until it's too late and either death is close, or another horrific all-star telethon has been held.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.7 An Adventure in Purchasing Pet Gifts

Friday, Mar 08, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I met my girlfriend on the Internet, and when I first saw her in person my fears were justified, she was a 69 year old man, but our love endures.

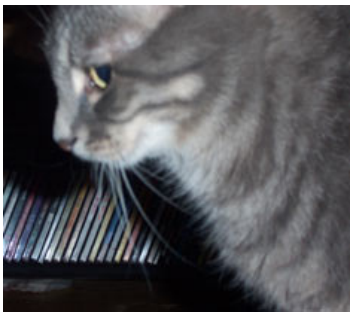
My mom used to buy Christmas presents for my family's dogs and cats, which even at the time I thought was the most retarded thing ever. She would put those plastic balls with bells in them in wrapping paper under the tree and after everyone had opened their presents, eaten, and argued until their faces were red, someone would angrily open all the pet gifts and hurl them violently at the cats and dogs.

> **Someone Angry:** Here, take your goddamn plastic ball with bells in it!
>
> **Cat:** (Hisses and runs away).

Then it was back to the arguing, but that's beside the point, I've already gone over the tumultuous Christmas times in the Parsons house. Although I still fail to understand my mother's rationale in buying the pets presents, I have now come to realize at least one reason for buying pets presents; win their affection. My LOL AOL girlfriend has two cats, and while both seem to like me, they don't like me enough for my tastes. I want her to walk into the room with me and the cats ignore her silly ass and sit on my lap. I mean come on, what can be more rewarding than stealing your girlfriend's pets from her? Not kino, I promise you that.

So when I went shopping a week or so ago to pick up a couple little gifts for her, I also picked up a couple little gifts for her cats. It was easy to choose something to get for her. She communicates with me, I know what she likes and doesn't like, I think I know what she enjoys, and after the incident with the multi-attachment pleasure pack, I know what to avoid completely when buying her a gift. Her cats on the other hand are a completely different ball of wax. Not to say they don't communicate, they each definitely have their distinct way of making clear their feelings, but when it comes to shopping I don't speak their language. This puts me in the uncomfortable position of having to use my shitty observational skill and fucked up loopy memory to figure out what sort of pet gifts her cats might enjoy.

- **Cat 1**

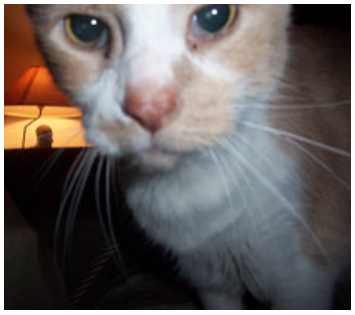


Shadow Stalker

Real Name: Duncan

Code Name: Shadow Stalker
Blood Type: Originally A, AB after rejuvenation from cryogenic suspension
Means of Communication: Shadow Stalker will vanish as surely as a ninja whenever I arrive in Michelle's apartment. Occasionally I might think I see him when I'm poking around her bedroom closet and invading her privacy while she's in the kitchen, but he is adept at various visual deception techniques. Shadow Stalker makes his presence known indirectly; he coats every single garment of clothing I've brought with me in residual cat hair. This is similar to ghost ectoplasm and, although it is far less disgusting, it is much more difficult to get off.

- **Cat 2**



Scorpion's Sting

Real Name: Henry
Code Name: Scorpion's Sting
Blood Type: O
Means of Communication: Being captured by the North Vietnamese means getting used to regular torture, being in cramped and unhygienic living quarters, and being willing to put it all on the line for a friend. The Scorpion's Sting was never capture by the North Vietnamese, but he exhibits many of the traits of a former POW. He will climb all over you constantly, much as Senator John McCain does, and he will rub his nose into your face, also like McCain. For all his affection, Scorpion's Sting also bears scar from his non-capture by the North Vietnamese, and if you happen to touch his ears he starts whipping his head around and spraying you with drool. Like Shadow Stalker, he is also prone to coat all clothing with a thick layer of his hair.

I put together these little profiles on her cats for my use in gift purchasing and I stretched out on the bed of my Saigon hotel, watching the fan blade on the ceiling rotate slowly above me. Been there a week now, waiting for a mission, getting softer. Every minute I stayed in that room, I got weaker, and every minute Charlie was squatting in the bush, he got stronger. I knew I had to do something decisive or my growing need to return to the jungle would kill me, so I got in my car and humped it six clicks to Wal-Mart, where the cat toys were.

There is a fine art to buying gifts for animals, a school of art as real as impressionism or surrealism, and one that I am completely uneducated in. I found myself in the animal food aisle, my thoughts playing out to the background music of burbling fish tanks and inane chatter of people buying crickets to feed their pet lizard. I stared in bewilderment at the pet snacks, pet foods, pet chew toys, and catch toys, and squeaking squawking hellish rubber toys arrayed before me. There were so many choices for me it seemed and none of them jumped out at me.

They all look different, but they're all so similar.

The more I looked at the cat toys the more confused I got, so I ended up just basically grabbing something that seemed to have the basic ingredients for cat fun. Now currently there are only a handful of different types of cat toys, but a wide variety on each of these basic themes. There are cat squeak toys, which are basically balls or something similar, often mouse-related, that squeaks when you squeeze it. There are stuffed toys, also similarly designed to the squeak toys but these many times will have a certain quantity of catnip inside of them. If you're not aware of what catnip is, it's essentially a feline version of ecstasy that turns your cat into a raver for about fifteen or twenty minutes. It gets really excited, happy, and flips out, rolling around, running like crazy, and just basically acting nutty. If there were cat-sized glow sticks I'm sure they would be waving them around somehow.

There are also "toys on strings" which usually consist of a stuffed or squeaking toy attached - you guessed it - to a string. Cats seem to really get a kick out of things that dangle for some reason. If Hollywood produced hit movies for cats the number one highest grossing film of all time would be a series of strings dangling off of a table, undulating slightly in a breeze, while bird sounds play. Another activity that cats really enjoy is tearing the fuck out of all kinds of shit with their claws. Furniture, records, people, they don't care, they just get kicks out of sinking their claws into it and dragging furrows through whatever it is. This makes it extremely unsurprising that there are also cat scratching posts, which are basically a log covered with a carpet sample attached to a base so it doesn't tip over.

All of these toys involve the cat slapping something around with its claws, which begs the question; why isn't there a wider variety of cat toys? I'm not just talking about more materials to make mice on strings out of. Cats are like people basically, smaller and furrier and probably less intelligent, but they can't enjoy just fucking slapping toy mice and bite little rubber dogs that squeak. They need a variety of toys with which to entertain them, and I am the man to give them their toy emancipation.

- **The Cat Car:** Cats may not joy riding in cars like dogs do, but they still deserve some wheeled transportation of their very own. Since cats often play hard to get in a car the Cat Car comes with two "safety" belts to fasten them in place and an easily replaceable duct tape flap to secure their head to the seat back. That way they don't get whiplash when you roll them down a steep hill.
- **The Cat Jet:** Very similar to the cat car, but still in the refinement stage. I have to find some foam padding or something that will let the cat inside survive a 650mph impact with an interior structural wall.
- **The Cat Helicopter:** This isn't at all like the cat jet or the cat car. I got my idea from those toys on playgrounds that are basically a raised disc that spins while kids hold onto bars. Since cats aren't any good at holding onto bars they sit inside recessed cylindrical compartments (up to eight cats, great for cat parties) while a 80hp car engine rotates the disc. I'm working on attachments to siphon cat vomit automatically out of the cylinders.
- **The Mouse Launcher:** This toy combines two time-tested toys, the stuffed mouse and the Saturn battery firework. Take 16 paper-towel-roll sized tubes and insert 16 catnip-filled stuffed mice on top of a charge of propellant. The prototype I've worked up has a fuse but in the final production version I want to be able to electronically launch volleys of stuffed mice for your cat to play with. The propellant also has a tendency to turn the stuffed mice into fireballs, so I may need to look into pneumatic propulsion for

them.

- **Ultimate Cat Toy:** The UCT is a scientific evolution combining design features from every proven cat toy into a single spherical package of total cat glee. Like any fine recipe I started this dish off with a tennis ball dipped into epoxy, which I then rolled around in a bucket full of stuffed mice full of cat nip. I placed an equator of squeak toys around the outside and gave it a delightful north and south pole of yarn.

I think with this line up of awesome toys my new Internet startup shop Pets.com will have more than enough to keep cat lover's happy for years to come. I'm planning on really raking the money in so I've taken the liberty of hiring dozens of overpaid designers, a hundred fulfillment staffers, and I've dropped five million dollars on advertising. Pets.com is such a catchy and concise URL that I don't see how all this could possibly go wrong.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.8 Mystery date...

Sunday, Mar 10, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

I've always wanted to write a mystery. Filled with intrigue and downright clever plots, mysteries are both entertaining and informative. What other kind of story can you read where the questions raise questions about other questions which inevitably lead to someone getting arrested, killed, or both? Not your damn nerdy Sci Fi, I can tell you that. Mysteries have a certain feel to them that can't be captured by non-mystery writings, such as instruction manuals. When I was a kid, instead of reading highlights magazine or the baby-sitter's club, I always chose to read stories involving Sherlock Holmes, The Hardy Boys, and Nancy Drew (I was a girl until 1993) that whisked me away to a world of suspense and confusion. I would even pretend to be a detective sometimes, investigating simple mysteries like "the mystery of what's in my neighbor's panty drawer", and someone even hired me to solve the mystery of "Who the hell's been going through my panty drawer?" That mystery was solved quick.

As I got older, I let my dream of becoming a detective slip away along with my hopes of making millions of dollar and graduating high school. It just wasn't where my heart was, and also the state says I'm unfit to carry a weapon...but I'll show them if I ever get my handguns...anyway, it didn't happen. What did happen however, was that I found the wonderful world of the Internet, a place where everyone can say whatever the hell they want and only be punished if it says something bad about Scientology. Thus, I began to think how I could combine my love for mystery and my love for writing. Since I had written many "Who's the Boss" erotic fanfictions, it was only the next logical step to actually write my own mystery.

Today, I'd like to divert from Something Awful's regular format of drinking moonshine and typing blindfolded to present you with this short, mysterious story I've written, entitled "Underhanded Deeds." It is set in 1937 London and is loaded to the brim with suspense, mystery, and candy. Mysterious candy. Keep a sharp eye open, and you may be able to spot the clues to help you solve the mystery...IF you've successfully mustered up your thinking powers, or powered up your thinking mustard. One or the other. I'd like to note that I've never tried to write non-erotic fiction before, nor have I ever read fiction (completely contradicting the last 2 paragraphs), so please be forgiving when reading this story. Without further ado, I give you...

Underhanded Deeds

Cast of Characters

Cornelius Q. Inquisitive - The main character of the story. He is wearing a boulder cap, and is therefore a detective. Cornelius is a sophisticated crime fighting machine. Unlike a regular machine which is made of plastic and metal, he is built of flesh and justice. His sophisticated crime solving technology includes a magnifying glass, a trenchcoat, and an idiot sidekick.

Professor Lucious T. Baffleflax - Cornelius' idiot sidekick, Baffleflax is constantly flabbergasted by the most simple of events. How he became a professor is a mystery in and of itself.

Felonious Von Dastardly - A stranger, dressed all in black with a long handlebar mustache and a maniacal laugh. He may be the key to solving this mystery, but just what side is he on?

Laura Seducington - The dame with the case. Beautiful, mysterious, and totally hot. A heartbreaker by nature, this saucy young lass may finally be tamed by a certain young detective. Which detective is all part of the mystery, friend!

This story told in Olde Englishe Spelleing

Scene one...

It is a rainy October morne, one that simply shouts "Mystery." As such, it was bound to be quite the adventurous day for one Cornelius Q. Inquisitive! He sits and quietly smokes a pipe, as pipe-smoking was all the rage in the 30s among detectives. He is struggling to solve the mystery of the morning crossword puzzle when suddenly there is a knock at the door. "I'll solve this!" he thinks to himself, asking "Who's there?", thouroughly proud of how he handled the mystery of 'The Person at the Door"!

Scene eight...

A girl stands outside Cornelius' door. She could tell by the large eye drawn on it that he was either a detective or an optometrist or both. The hallway reeked of liquor and urine, just the way dames like her like it. She boldly enters, when suddenly...!

Scene three...

edited for racist, anti Semitic content

Scene forty hundred...

Cornelius stood atop the pile of dead alien bodies and said "Lucious! I've finally avenged you!", when all of a sudden one of the aliens' eyes open. Everything goes into slow motion and the kung fu begins anew.

Scene six...

Cornelius and Lucious lie in a pool of vomit, slowly waking up from a hard night. "What time is it? What happened last night? And whose vomit is this?" asked Lucious. Cornelius responded profoundly "It is a mystery! Look for clues!", and proceeded to put his clothes back on. He was ready for all the mysteries the day would throw his way, and he quickly conquered the mystery of "How to put my belt on".

Deleted scene (available on DVD)...

Hot, hot sex between Mona and Tony from "Who's the Boss"...removed not because it had nothing to do with the mystery, but only because it was too long. 7053 highly erotic words, dripping with sensuality, but ultimately slowing the pace of the story down.

Final Scene...

**explosion*...mystery solved! Goodnight everyone!*

Were you able to solve the mystery before Cornelius did? It's ok if you didn't, the clues were so subtle that only the most careful of readers could pick them up. Thanks everybody, for giving me that chance to exercise my creative writing muscles. I think that story went pretty well, I may start up a career in writing fiction someday!

Thanks to P Dawg Ciccotto for the character images! He is a master of the fine arts.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 Roleplay Your Way to Her Heart

Sunday, Mar 10, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Zack's Trusty Book of 18 Charisma

Romance has existed since the time of dinosaurs, when a male pterodactyl first ate the children of the nearest female in an effort to ensure its genetic dominance, and much like the winged pterodactyl became the polar bear of today, romance has evolved throughout the millennium. Even as the pterodactyl was losing its wings and growing hair, simple and primordial man was offering feces bound piles of sharp sticks to simple and primordial woman to try and woo her. Cave paintings of alien UFOs building the pyramids were the first easily recognizable courtship routine, works of art inspired by love. Fast forward past the love lynchings of the roaring 20s and the holocaust - this was all a big bid by Hitler to win over Eva Braun - and into the late eighties. There you'll find the first Internet romance.

Things get a bit kinky on EverQuest, as a threesome develops when a Skeleton Princess offers to pay to watch.

It was a simple affair, a thirty-year-old agoraphobic shut-in sending e-mail on USAF computer networks to a Lieutenant Colonel who went by the BBS nickname "SexyChick". They courted entirely in the world of ASCII characters, and even though the romance fell apart when the Air Force Colonel's wife found out about his cross-dressing, it was a milestone.

The Bouncing Hills are a great place to meet other singles just like you, only they're pretending to be women.

We've come a long way from all that silliness, now we have Ultima Online, EverQuest, Asheron's Call, and most recently Diablo II to make our love connections. We can meet, fall in love, and get married, all without ever actually seeing another human being face to face. Folks, this is simply put, a wonderful time to be alive. There are a lot of ways to impress a woman now that just did not exist as little as six years ago, and that makes things extra easy on us guys, especially us ugly guys.

Despite what you may believe about me, at my core I am really a very nurturing spirit, I love people. So I have been carefully observing all of these MMORPG romances in the hopes of putting together some ideas to help you lonely game players some advice. At last the time has come for me to unveil these useful tips, and I can't help but think that many of you can use them to find love yourself.

Step One: Character Creation

Women love high fantasy, but what they don't love is overbearing sexuality, so when you make a character do not give him a name like "HardCock" or "JakethePumper". Instead choose your character's appearance very carefully. Women like rugged good looks, but they also like a well dressed man, so don't pick a barbarian. Some ladies might go for the exotic; lizard men, cat men, and shrimp men are all okay if you're willing to look a little harder, but trolls and ogres are out of the question. A name that awakens erotic fantasies in potential mates, but at the same time suggests virility, is the best course to choose when naming your character. I suggest one of the following;

"Strong Lance", "Sure Shaft", "Erect Saber", "True Pole", and "Johnny Girth".

Step Two: Identify the Hot Single Ladies

When you first spawn in the game arena immediately shout "A/S/L?" or "Any Hot Single Ladies Out There?!". This will notify women throughout the area that you are looking to make a love connection and will also warn off potential rivals, letting them know that you are aggressive. Don't be put off if people tell you to shut up, they are simply jealous of your overwhelming charm. When a Game Master appears if they are a woman start asking her what she likes to do on a night out, be careful because elves require an added layer of subtly to win over. If the Game Master is a male apologize and wait until they are gone before you start shouting again.

Step Three: The Courtship Ritual

This is where most of the work is done, so expect to spend quite a long time courting your prospective mate. There is no easy way to explain this process, but I've put together a few tips that might help you out.

Throbbing Fastthrust tries to win over his lady friend by capturing the Amulet of Donkey Protection from the Hat Squad.

- Camp for powerful items. Women love a man with patience and the determination to do what is necessary to get what he wants. Find the best item with the longest camp time possible and wait it out. The Magnet Bear in Hamburger Fields drops a +10 Ice Shiv that you have to camp for 80 hours. He's not that tough and the item is totally awesome. Just be sure some other Casanova doesn't beat you to the punch or you might lose your woman.

- Dress like a winner. I touched on the idea that women like a well dressed man briefly during character creation, but you really can't do a whole lot with a starting character. Women generally have an attraction to bright shiny objects, so try and get Diamond Armor or Dwarven Platinum Armor, both of these have an extremely attractive luster. If you are a mage or can find a magic use to cast a long term enchantment that makes you glow this is also a big plus. This will give you a striking aura that will really impress the pants polygons right off of the ladies.

- Prove you're a caregiver. Get a pet or a skeleton companion and take good care of it. Be sure to say really nice things to it while your lady friend is around, like "that is a mighty fine rusty sword you've got there Skeletrox, you look great today" or "good work Mxtrrrnockl, you really saved the day in that battle with the Gas Zombie Giant." This will let your gal know that you will no doubt make a great father of her children, assuming you somehow find a way to bump into her enough times to make a baby Sand Lizard pop out of her crotch.

Step Four: The Sex

If you've played your cards right, by now you are officially in love with that little half-elf vixen from the Forest Village. You've decided it's time to express your love to her in a more virtually physical manner, but you really want this first time to be special. Journey with her to a player kill zone and tell her to close her eyes. Once she tells you she's got them closed hit her with a stun spell or Blast Orb that knocks her on her back, then crouch and stand repeatedly over her groin while typing "ooh baby you feel so good". If she stands up while you're doing this hit her again with a spell or orb. Be sure to keep an eye on her health meter, nothing kills the moment like accidentally murdering her and having to help her look for her body.

You'll know the way to handle this first encounter, if you've been paying attention to her behavior you'll know if she's into the kinky stuff. Maybe she wants you to conjure pets to watch, or drop coins on her while you're doing it so she feels like a total slut. Just be sure to care for her needs. After you're done, give her some Blast Orbs so that she can stun you too and you can both lie together on the floor of the Player Kill Arena together.

Step Five: Wedding Bells

Moneyshot McMasters ties the knot with +

So, you're ready to take that big step? Well, you've still got a lot of work cut out for you buddy. First you need to pop the question, and that means knowing exactly the right romantic moment to ask her if she's willing to spend her account life with you. My suggestion is immediately after you defeat a difficult spawn, like the Water Wendigo or the Cleveland Dragon Hammock. Crouching is an acceptable alternative to kneeling, so crouch in front of her and offer to trade a ring. Choose something nice, not too fancy but something that confers great stat bonuses so she'll be less likely to throw it in a lake when you're having a fight. If she says "yes" then it's time to start planning that big event. If she says "no" then you fucking dropped the ball somewhere along the way and you probably will need to create a new character and start over because now you look like a jackass.

Scout out the right location for a wedding. Some of the best spots are also spawn points for really powerful enemies, and the last thing you want is a Butter Banshee appearing and swallowing half of your wedding party. Waterfalls make a great set piece for a wedding, and since every online game contains at least one waterfall every twenty steps you shouldn't have too much trouble finding a great romantic spot to tie the knot. Invitations! Be sure to invite only people that both of you are friendly with; don't ask your guild mates to come if they screwed your wife-to-be over on a trade for a magical hat or something.

Anyone can perform the ceremony because in every MMORPG every single player is an ordained minister or a ship captain. Sometimes though, for that spectacular touch, it's nice to find a Game Master to conduct the wedding. That way you can have a Plague Pixie is a ring bearer and when you kiss they can make a Frost Dragon fly overhead and drop ice gems on everyone. It really adds up to make it all a really special occasion.

From there it's all in your hands you frigging stud. Just remember to tell your kids all about how you met their mother, and by "kids" I naturally mean Wolf Spirits that you conjured from the stones when you reached 99th level.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.10 Do NOT Live a Lifetime! Do NOT Believe the Lies!

Tuesday, Mar 12, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The lady in this picture is trying to swim away and escape the evil clutches of digital cable's lies!

As mentioned before in yet another one of my dull and pointless updates, I was unfortunately tricked into having digital cable installed in my apartment. They offered me one of those so-called "Always Save Val-U-Pak SuperSize Barn-O-Tron" deals where you save roughly $500,000 a year if you agree to subscribe to every cable channel in the solar system, in addition to certain AM radio broadcasts and local cable access shows that revolve around three bearded 20-year old kids rambling on about Jerry Garcia until their camcorder runs out of batteries. Now in theory this sounds like a simply marvelous idea; I mean, the more cable channels the better, right? The more options you have the better chance there is of finding something incredibly entertaining, right? In theory, yes. In theory, the cast members of "Seinfeld" would have no problems starting their own wildly-popular sitcoms that would not be canceled minutes into their premier episode. In theory, the Earth would start rotating around the sun faster if we vaporized all the fat people or tricked them into using their large intestines as a really cool waterslide for kids, thereby allowing us to orbit the sun faster and go back in time and save the whales so Leonard Nimoy won't have to fly down to Earth and turn off some punk's boombox inside a bus. In theory. However, when he comes down to brass tacks and brass nails and brass hammers and brass plywood, this theory falls flat on its face. Do not believe the lies of digital cable for it is the Great Satan!

See, the cable networks don't like making channels that people will actually watch. They choose quantity over quality, resulting in such wonderful channel networks as the Encore Network, which owns roughly 15 billion stations and specializes in the most boring and unwatchable crap since that Emeril Lagasse show. Here's a brief excerpt of just a few channels listed on the Encore Network:

- Encore's Love Stories
- Encore's Westerns
- Encore's Movies That Begin With the Letter "H"
- Encore's "Every Movie Is Shown Backwards and In Slow Motion"
- Encore's Deep Sea Fishing Stories
- Encore's Nuclear Underwater Training Wheel Factory
- Encore's Croquet and Vaguely Historically Inaccurate Movies Channel

Now answer me this: who the hell actually watches Westerns anymore? Didn't all those people die in the late 1970's? As far as I know, there are only six people left on Earth who are interested in watching Westerns and five of these people are so old that they regularly confuse their watch with the television set. Nobody likes Westerns, nobody watches Westerns, and everybody who ever starred in any Western has been dead and buried since the Hoover administration. Yet Encore shrewdly elects to create an entire station dedicated to belching up the same 12 movies over and over and over again until the dead rise from their graves and start subscribing to digital cable networks. OOH, will the guys on horses find that gold they've been searching after for the first 50 hours of the movie? OOOH, will the Injuns scalp the settlers and then run back to their wigwams and dance around a fire while constructing primitive casinos (which were then known as "maize")? OOOOH, will one of the scenes take place in a wooden shack with the word "SALOON" hanging above it on a chunk of rotting plywood? Good thing the movies rotate every other day so we can see them over and over and over again until we can memorize by heart the estimated total density of all the tumbleweed

throughout the movie.

Despite Encore's lineup of painfully worthless channels, I'd have to say the The Lifetime Network is by far the single worst thing ever created, even slightly worse than Scientology. This channel is dedicated to entertaining lowly, depressed, alcoholic housewives who loathe their husbands and would pay good money to see their bratty, loudmouthed children shoved into an abandoned refrigerator behind a Denny's parking lot. Every show, and mind you I'm not exaggerating here, EVERY show revolves around how evil or scummy men are and how there should probably be laws requiring mandatory abortions of male fetuses. Here are the basic plotlines for each and every movie on The Lifetime Network:

Hey ladies, if you ever see a guy like this, try NOT to marry him. I know the temptation will be hard, but I hope you can do it.

- Man fakes his own death and leaves painfully obvious clues that any moron with half a burrow owl's brain could find. Woman tracks him down and discovers he's leading another life with another woman who is more attractive than her. Man eventually gets shot, falls down an elevator shaft, or trips face-first into a weedwacker.

- Man divorces woman and shares custody of her kids. One day he takes the kids and never comes back. Woman goes searching cross-country for the man so she can get her kids back. Man eventually gets shot, falls down an elevator shaft, or is crushed by a meteor.

- Single mother hires a babysitter to look over her kids while she attends an important charity function. Babysitter kidnaps children for no reason and meets up with her redneck bearded boyfriend who appears to have a full-time job of manually changing the oil in cars with his own hair. There is a dramatic showdown and the babysitter is killed by her boyfriend, then the boyfriend is shot, falls down an elevator shaft, or has his vital internal organs replaced with objects that detonate when coming in contact with vital internal organs.

"Sorry miss, but that whole 'serve and protect' thing is just a trademark, not an actual requirement."

Throughout these three plots is the consistent theme that if you're a woman who really cares about her children, there's absolutely **NO WAY WHATSOEVER** that the police or FBI or any other official government branch including the Post Office will ever help you with anything. Ever. Any female who enters their offices is immediately declared loony and her farfetched story is dismissed quicker than the guy who came in before and claimed his cow gave birth to a UFO. The police will only step in during the last two minutes of the movie, and that's only because nobody else has that silly "POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS" yellow tape to string around the open elevator shaft. I've often wondered why minorities are always the groups bitching and whining about how much they hate cops just because the police shoot them when they're committing crimes, running away, playing cards, knitting, or sleeping. How come we never see housewives rioting and holding demonstrations throughout the streets of crappy downtown districts? Judging by the types of movies featured throughout the day on The Lifetime Network, they have more than enough reason.

WOMAN: "Officer, you must help me! My husband ran off with my children! He's going to sacrifice them to the Dark Lord! You've got to help me get them back!"
COP: "Woah, woah, slow down there lady! Now what makes you say this?"
WOMAN: "Here is a letter he wrote saying, 'Mabel - I took the kids and I am going to kill them in the name of Satan. Be back later.' Here is hidden camera footage of him kidnapping our children. Here is the address of the building he's heading for. Here are the records of his involvement with this cult. You have to help me!"
COP: "Woah, woah, hold on a second there miss! Now what makes you think your husband is behind this?"
WOMAN: "Here is a cassette recording of the phone message he left on my answering machine, containing described details regarding his plans to take our kids and murder them all! Here's every member of his family, willing to testify to you right now and confirm this story!" *(family waves and smiles)*
COP: "Woah, woah, take a breather there ma'am! I'm afraid we can't help you on this one. We legally can't do anything until your kids are dead and your husband has voluntarily turned himself in and we spend 40 years examining the evidence against him! And even then we probably can't do anything! Most of us don't even know how to start our police cars or leave this office."
WOMAN: *(Storming out of police station)* "Looks like I'll have to take matters into my own hands!"
COP: "Whatever you do, don't take matters into your own hands!"

At that point the woman takes matters into her own hands and begins performing impressive feats of detective work including using a search engine to find keywords and asking gas station attendants if they've seen an evil man with two kidnapped children buying Clarke bars in their store. Eventually the chase ends and the woman confronts the evil husband / ex-husband / babysitter / statue of George Washington Carver and somebody gets shot while adopting a really concerned and surprised look on their face. Once the person is dead the police sweep by, undoubtedly to arrest the woman and shove lit matches up her nostrils for killing such an innocent man, and the movie fades to black while the police officers hand off the woman's children to a state-appointed child care worker who will eventually run off with them in the sequel, "A Perfect Woman and Her Asshole Husband 2: Child Molestation Boogaloo." Thank you very much, Lifetime Network! I now know that the only people who commit crimes are white heterosexual men and the only crimes they commit involve the lucrative industry of stealing children... and yet somehow this isn't a crime because the police only care about standing around the station and telling people "listen honey, we'd like to help you if we could, but our hands are tied. There's nothing we can do." Then the husband breaks in and starts raping and strangling the woman in front of the cops while they just stand around and reply "you should come back here when you've got some firm evidence. Right now all you've got is speculation."

So, in summary, quantity does not equal quality in the world of digital cable. Sure having channels that range into the millions sounds like a great deal on paper, but when it comes down to it you must realize that 99% of these channels center around women's tennis, Mexican soap operas, and people who are intent on selling you some gadget made of "advanced polymers" designed to either get rid of your hair or make it look like you have more hair. Do not be fooled by the lies of digital cable my friends! And don't marry a man!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.11 Let's Blow Up Things That Were Previously Not Blown Up!

Thursday, Mar 14, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This may not look threatening, but it can kill you in the blink of an eye. I'm assuming you blink over a period of two weeks and somebody spends that entire time making you eat this.

One of the main requirements of being a webmaster who runs a site bigger than your average Tripod Beast Wars fanfiction depository is the need to own a gun. Almost every webmaster everywhere has a collection of bullet-shooting mechanisms that outnumber the average number of weapons available in your standard Quake 3 mod created by a pack of Ritalen-starved teenagers whose porn collection is the size of several combined governmental databases. Now to you non-webmaster type people this may seem a bit excessive, especially considering the fact that most of us Internet people only have two hands, one of which is usually down our pants and doing things which I will refrain from mentioning because this is a family oriented site that was created to instill wholesome and loving Christian values to the general public. Nigger fag fuck Jew cock.

However, today's update is not about family values or self gratification over the Internet, it's about items that cause living people to stop living because they force them to become more dead than they previously were. Guns and gun-like objects have been around since the beginning of time, or at least around the time when pirates drove around the ocean shooting at enemy pterodactyls. The first gun was some kind of wooden metal thingy that I think either the Romans or Italians or Martians made. It was simply a primitive hollow tube they crammed full of primitive gunpowder, placed a primitive steel ball on top, and then attached a primitive fuse to the base end. Although the weapon had an effective attack range of 25 yards, the people back then were too stupid to determine how to apply primitive fire to the primitive fuse so they just used it to club each other in the head until one of them died. Eventually the Roman / Italian / Martian empire fell, causing the reign of pirates to begin. Pirates had giant iron cannons (which were known as "cannons" back in those days) on the sides of their massive pirate ships. These weapons were used to lob gigantic iron spheres at enemy pirate ships who were all competing against each other in a madcap race to find rare spices and gold or fall off the edge of the world and onto the head of a huge, blue, two-dimensional sea serpent that had the phrase "EAST HERE SHE BE" written below it. Soon evolution stepped in and caused the pirates to either die of scurvy or mutate into British colonists. In addition to inventing the sissy powdered white judge wig, the British also developed crude rifles. The rifles were called "crude" because they swore a lot and acted sexually promiscuous during charity fundraisers. Then a bunch of stupid historical crap happened such as wars, plagues, crop harvests, and the discovery of new land, eventually bringing us to where we were about 200 years ago, namely the 1800's.

The American wilderness was a harsh environment in the early 1800's, full of enemy animals and enemy Native Americans who, for some inexplicable reason, didn't like the idea of being slaughtered by filthy immigrants in overalls and covered wagons. To help the American settlers more effectively commit genocide against mother nature, the .45 Long Colt was invented in 1873 as both a revolver and a rifle. This gave Americans the "Freedom of Choice" to decide whether to kill somebody with a handgun or rifle, the same Freedom of Choice that today allows us to either kill our baby via abortion or kill our baby by letting it grow up in a country that gives Jerry Falwell public airtime. The Germans, being as cunning and devious as they are known to be, soon developed the 9mm Parabellum for their Luger military pistol, thereby injecting the hideous head of the cursed Metric

System into the previously healthy gun industry. If it was up to us Americans, the gun industry wouldn't have such wussy measurements like "millimeters"; we'd just keep creating arbitrary sets of measurements that make no sense and are nearly impossible to convert to any logical form whatsoever. In an ideal world, gun ammunition would be ranked like the following chart:

.45 caliber *(400 .45 calibers = 3 cubic miles)*
193 Grombular *(253 Grombulars = .21 caliber)*
9.999 Whumpa Barns *(16.283 Whumpa Barns = 1.00001 Grombulars)*
3.14159 Peter Jenkins *(400.004 Peter Jenkins = 7.29 Whumpa Barns per Zombohud)*

If gun control enthusiasts were really interested in keeping people from shooting each other, they'd simply vote to banish the Metric System and let good ol' American idiocy take over the gun measurement industry. Soon the country would have roughly 10,000 different proprietary forms of obscure measurement and we'd have so many types of bullets that it would take an average person six hours before being able to find a store that sells the correct bullets, load a gun, and defend his house from an enemy grocery delivery boy or blind person or ghost. Fortunately the fiendish Metric System wasn't enough to keep early Americans from inventing new and exciting ways to murder each other, resulting in such wonderful gun-related guns as:

Early Americans preferred traditional, early guns. They hardly ever used modern-day weaponry such as rocket lasers or railguns.

- The pistol
- The semi-automatic pistol
- The automatic pistol
- The kind of automatic pistol
- The formerly automatic pistol that now leads a life free of crime and is trying to forget its violent inner-city roots
- The "I can't believe it's not a pistol!" pistol
- The small pistol
- The really small pistol
- The large pistol
- The medium-sized pistol
- The Sex Pistols
- Cheap Trick

Numerous scientific studies at the time began to show that as the number of bullets shot out increased, the chance of enemy people becoming dead rose proportionately. This paved the way for larger guns that shot more bullets at a faster rate, a trend which still continues to this day. Even as I write this grammatically incorrect sentence, government scientists are busy dreaming up new ways to invent guns which shoot out even more bullets than before, or perhaps even a superweapon that shoots out bullets which, in turn, shoot out tinier bullets. Or the bullets shoot out tinier guns which shoot out even tinier bullets, I don't know; that's the government's job to come up with these things, not mine. My job is to use the same stupid "thing which has a tinier thing" joke over and over and over until everybody stops visiting this website and instead decides to do something more productive with their lives, such as dress their pets up in tiny gowns and suits while staging a mock wedding for them.

So thanks to the miracles of modern past history, I am now able to purchase a variety of bullet-shooting objects which I can conceivably use to make the chests of criminals explode. However,

the Government has decided that this chest-exploding thing is usually illegal, so I'm currently only allowed to shoot pieces of paper that slide on metal rails. This gives me plenty of practical experience which I can easily use if my apartment ever finds itself under siege from enemy Russian pieces of paper that slide on metal rails. My current style of shooting is what's known as the "spreading target" method of shooting, where I attempt to spread the largest amount of shots over the largest space possible. I've pretty much given up on trying to hit the bullseye on my target, so I now just try to hit the paper of the guy in the lane next to me, thereby making him think that he has a really lousy shot. I figure that if I convince enough people their aim is terrible, they'll eventually all stop buying guns and then us webmasters will be the only armed people left in America. Ah, what a utopian society that would be! Our first order of business would be to figure out a method of allowing our citizens to vote one-handed.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.12 Sweet Sweet Candy

Friday, Mar 15, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

All children love Easter. If someone tells you different then they are a filthy liar and should be exsanguinated posthaste.

Another holiday season is fast approaching and you can tell by the usual signs; massive overwrought displays for said holiday at your local department store and lame decorations going up at lame people's houses. I'm not talking about Saint Patrick's Day either; I'm referring to Easter, the second largest candy holiday next to Halloween. The custom of giving baskets of candy to children on Easter dates back to biblical times. After the crucifixion, the Romans or the Aztecs or whoever nailed Christ to the cross, hung his corpse from the rafters and beat him with poles at a festival. Expecting to be showered with delicious human entrails, the evil Aztecs were instead cursed with foul-tasting candies that spewed forth from his ruptured body. That's just one of several super-powers God has; the ability to change human organs into candy. Not knowing what else to do with it, the Aztecs put the candy into baskets and sent them down the Nile River to Egypt where the Pharaohs would soon find themselves overwhelmed with candy treats. My Bible knowledge gets a little hazy at this point, but I think God then turned the candy into a plague of locusts that swarmed over Egypt; another one of his super powers.

Since that time man has evolved a sweet tooth and cannibalism has fallen out of vogue, especially amongst children. Now we fill our baskets with candy for the kids to celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ, or just to give them candy, whichever you prefer. For those of you not in the know about the resurrection, after being crucified Jesus came back from the dead as a zombie, but as a good zombie, not a brain eating zombie. Like a voodoo zombie only he could still heal people I think.

All of this religious digression aside, this holiday really is about candy and Easter eggs, and being a big fan of candy myself I thought I would take an analytical look at some of the sweet confections offered up at this time of year. There are basically six types of candy offered up, seasonal or otherwise, and they are chocolate, chocolate filled with something, chocolate covered with something, gummy candy, chewy or marshmallow candy, and crunchy candy. That seems easy enough, but to address something of such monumental importance as candy you must take a closer look at the minute differences that separate say peanut butter filled chocolate eggs from nougat filled chocolate eggs. They both fall into the same category given, but the two candies could not be more vastly different without including live spiders in one of them.

- **Chocolate** - Pure sweet chocolate. It occurs naturally within the earth from decayed dinosaur remains that have been compressed and reduced to molten states by tectonic movement. Without sugar chocolate is bitter, but add some sugar and you have a sweet confection. There are three sub-categories of chocolate; milk chocolate (this is standard chocolate, usually lighter colored and creamy), dark chocolate (less sweet, this comes from evil dinosaurs), and white chocolate (very rare and expensive, only albino dinosaurs produced this type of chocolate). Mined in the mountains of Peru and Colombia and other nations where we don't care about the lives of impoverished workers, chocolate is big business. It is often used as a sensible starting point for various other candies, as you will soon see in the next two categories if you haven't gotten all bent out of

A 9 year old picture in a turn of the century nougat mill.

shape by the Jesus Zombie comments like some sort of pussy.

■ **Chocolate Filled with Something** - When you're buying candy and it isn't a holiday of some sort, this is the most commonly seen type of sweet. It includes a wide variety of so-called "candy bars" like Mounds, Snickers, Mars, Charleston Chew, and the highly prized 100 Grand. If you're like me, you've always wondered "how do they get that filling inside the chocolate without breaking it?". To find an answer I went to the Mars Corporations Nougat processing facility in Logan, Indiana and spoke with James Coverstone, head of Mars' public relations. He took me on a tour of the massive plant which churns out something like 5 billion candy bars a day. Back at the turn of the century, child laborers with very small hands were used to fill the candy bars with nougat, peanut butter, and various other fillings.

Unfortunately, child labor laws led to a break down in the industry until technology could catch up with America's demand for filled chocolate. In 1963 Mars reopened their factory using a machine called the Nougat Injector. Basically this was a live giant squid suspended in a gelatin solution whose brain was wired into a simple computer. When a chocolate bar passed in front of the squid it would be jolted with electricity and spasmodically penetrate the bar with its small beak. Special organs grown in labs and filled with natural nougat would then contract and the squid would literally vomit the contents of these "nougat bladders" into the chocolate casing. When the giant squid received endangered species status in 1988 Mars was again left without a means to produce their candy bars, while competitors were using technology like the Nougat Bear and Nougat Wasps.

Seeking an inorganic method to inject the nougat, Mars set their sights on the circus, where expert knife throwers could hurl a blade a second with great accuracy while blindfolded. Engineers developed special throwable hypodermic needles filled with nougat while Mars hired dozens of knife throwers to train a cadre of workers. By 1990 production was up and running again and Mars again had an edge on the competition. This all leads to the great knife thrower shortage at the circuses of the early nineties, but that's an entirely different story.

Years of scientific work have produced crude approximations of Sir Alfred Gummi's creations.

■ **Chocolate Covered with Something** - In the intervening years between the enactment of child labor laws and the development of the nougat squid, Mars and other candy producers sought alternatives to chocolate filled with various types of crap. A pioneer in the industry by the name of Werner von Reese, who ran a small plant in Berlin that had been forced to shut down production of their "peanut butter cup", was the first to happen upon a solution. By combining a small amount of milk chocolate with peanut butter and non-ferrous metal fillings, he discovered that he could subject them to an advanced thermodynamic process he had developed called sugar encapsulation. Pellets of the mixture were propelled at syrupy slurry cascading like a waterfall in front of an accelerator barrel. When the pellet passed through the slurry it would be coated in a sort of crunchy candy shell creating the precursor to what we know today as a Reese's Piece. Refinements in this process were made by Reese until it was discovered that peanut butter sans metal fillings proved to be a much more suitable filling to the candy shell. Others attempted to emulate this technique, and while some success was achieved by Mars with their Manheimer & Mollenwait confection, no one ever fully reverse-engineered the Reese's Pieces process.

■ **Gummy Candy** - The mid-eighties were a time of great upheaval within the candy industry. Long dominated by chocolate, sugar and gelatinous confections occupied a fringe role, an oddity that was tasty but never consumed in bulk. That is until 1986, when Sir Alfred Gummi of England unveiled his terrify Gummi Bears at the World Candy Fair, sending shockwaves through the candy making

community. Gelatin had until then been produced by stimulating a culture of amoebas with electric shock into maintaining a covalent bond with each other. These bonds often deteriorated over time and amoebas would sometimes even aggregate into a single large amoeba that would attack people trying to eat the candy. With the advent of Gummi's Bears, Gummi unveiled a new and secretive method that did away entirely with amoebas. Between 1986-1991 he unveiled a new and increasingly complex creation each year at the World Candy Fair. In 1988 it was an entire translucent human body, anatomically correct and complete with Gummi hair and orgains. In 1991 he arrived at the fair in a two-cylinder Gummi car, fully functional with Gummi radio and Gummi cruise-control. In 1992 however, he was shunned by the world when he brought along his Gummi wife. Visible in her Gummi vagina were disturbing smears of Gummi's semen, and she spoke in a horrid keening wail that was at once both loathsome and terribly sentient. She was rent asunder by an angry crowd and Gummi was never heard from again, although it is said he lives in his castle, assembling a Gummi army to reap vengeance on an unsuspecting world.

■ **Chewy or Marshmallow Candy** - Predating the discovery of the first chocolate vein by prospectors in 1845 the candy world was almost entirely reliant on a mixture of chewy or marshmallow candy and crunchy candy. Chewy candy usually consisted of a mixture of amoebas and molasses and was popular but hard to produce in a consistent quality. It was being phased out completely by the time of the great chocolate rush in the 1850s, but marshmallow candy remains fairly popular to this day. Around Easter you can see one of the most gruesome marshmallow creations of all, the ancient and hallowed "Marshmallow Peep". These artifacts of a bygone era date back to the time when baby chickens ruled the earth, preying on hapless dinosaurs, giant ancient dogs, and early man. So deep were the scars they left on the psyche of developing humanity that tens of thousands of years after the baby chickens had been wiped out by the giant foxes, mankind was still creating effigies to ward off their evil spirits. Eventually the fear subsided to a dull pain in the thighs and medicine doctors believed that by eating an effigy of the chick the pain would subside. Marshmallow, which grows in the primordial bogs and swamplands, was harvested and used to fashion these crude idols, which were then devoured to cure thigh ache. It worked and to this day marshmallow "Peeps" are being made. Also, when black people say "peep" they mean other black people, so do not say it on their "turf" or you will get "shot".

■ **Crunchy Candy** - Pox upon the youth of today, crunchy candy is a fashion statement designed by the elderly to lure children into actually trying ribbon candy. Crunchy candy is almost always too hard to eat without hurting your teeth. If it isn't too hard your teeth will still adhere to the top and bottom and it will pull out your fillings as surely as a Nazi interrogating a captured OSS agent. I strongly advise steering well clear of these types of candy, even if they put a hip marketing spin on them like "Yo, our candy will BLIZZAST your teeth out the BIZZACK of your HIZZEAD!!!". Unless, of course, you're an old woman who just wants to fill a bowl with torture candy.

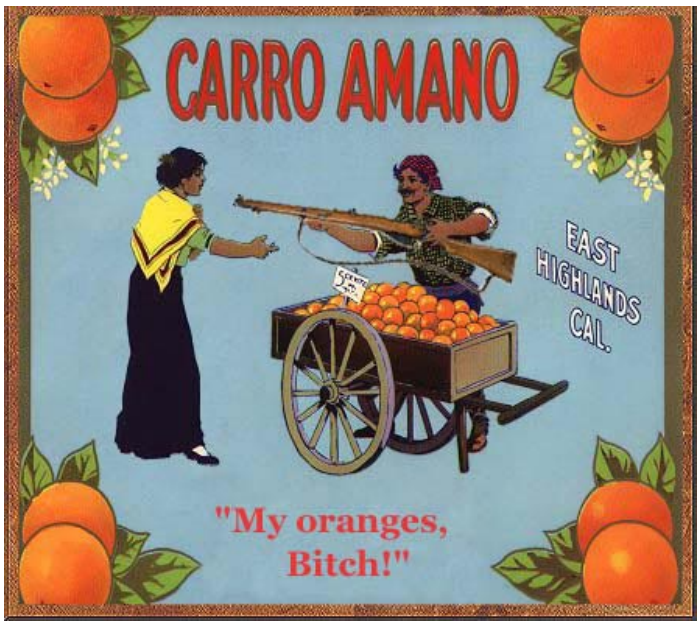
Yeah, it's all fine while she's sucking it, but sooner or later she'll bite into it, then OUCH.

Easter is a couple weeks away still, so I hope you take my information to heart when you go out shopping for your candy baskets this year. I know I sure won't when I buy my usual Easter basket full of pornography and alcohol and then wall myself into my basement like "The Cask of Amontillado".

■ Photoshop Phriday!

The Something Awful Forum Goons have been up to their usual Photoshop antics of making innocent and unsuspecting images into comedy fodder. So naturally we're cashing in! Check out what hap-

pened when the Goons decided to abuse their skills and mutilate a bunch of classic advertisements! If this doesn't spread your butter, well then maybe you should switch to margarine or something.



What are you waiting for? Click, click, click!

Automatic Remixing!

Semi Automatic Turban, our favorite world fusion musicspewing pals, recently held a remix contest in the SA Forums. While some would say that messing with the S.A.T.'s pure traditional sooth rhythms is a crime against nature, I personally think most of the Goon submitted remixes were better than the originals! But don't take my word for it; listen to the multimedia for yourself! Here are the top three entries as judged by the band and myself:

First Place

- Drop The Mic (SydBarrett Remix)

A friend of SydBarrett with winner of remix of our songs! Enjoyed of factory workers in homeland and listen time is happy of great expect. This is why AMERICAN says that rape who you sow. Friend!

Runner-Up

- Schfooba (Grok! Remix)

Friend Grok! with exclaimnation remix as well! No use of drums of other electronic crutch! We respect of great measure for pure dedication to the dreaming and hut is available for wife as well.

Second Runner-Up

- Kapow! Razzle-Dazzle! Tappa Tappa Tappa!

> *A friend named Toasterhead say we come to remix your music? This is the remix of the music! Slap knees in double alternative because this is a groove city lacking mayor! Toasterhead! He is the DJ!*

It's music the whole world can enjoy! Except Iran, since they're in the axis of evil.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.13 Martial Arts and Crafts

Sunday, Mar 17, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Of all the continents on Earth, it would have to be said that Asia is by far the most culturally mystifying. That's right Australia, when it comes to ancient culture, you're playing second fiddle to the wonderful world of Asia. From having a large, awkward alphabet with hundreds of symbols, to having large, awkward hats that look like cymbals, Asia is just about as foreign a culture as you can get to our "Get fat and die!" way of life. Us Westerners have little understanding of their ways even today, and many of us are fascinated by their history and violent, pornographic cartoons about alien rape or some sort of giant, world destroying little girls who eventually get raped anyway despite their planet crushing power. Many important things have come out of Asia, such as Buddhism, gunpowder, Alex Chiu, dishonor, and foot binding. But of all the many innovations made by Asia and the Asians living within, the most useful is surely the martial arts.

Only the Martial Arts can make you look this powerful!

Who doesn't love the Martial Arts? Whether they're being performed on screen by Jackie Chan or being performed on your face by some irate chinaman, the Martial Arts are pure fun. But what are they really? According to the dictionary, the word martial means "Related to marriage or the married state," and the word arts is merely star spelled backwards...actually, no, it's "stra" spelled backwards. What does it mean put together? It means DESTRUCTION, BABY! Martial arts are the ancient art of hitting people in various, unfriendly ways to make them more bruised and uncomfortable than they were prior to being hit. Don't let the word art fool you though, because these are far deadlier than more classical art forms such as cartooning and pornography.

As you can see, the Asian woman in this picture introduced this man to her karate. Now they are the best of friends, and he went on to win second place in the special Olympics. All thanks to the Martial Arts!

Before I discuss the martial and / or other arts any further, I'd just like to say one thing to you impressionable Something Awful readers: Violence isn't the answer. As an example, flash back to my days in class as a young grade-school hooligan. All the way back to the early 90's, a time when people like their Pepsi clear and their Desert Storm ongoing. This is an example that proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that violence isn't the answer...

Teacher: Scott, what is the capitol of New York?
Me: ...violence?
Teacher: No, violence isn't the answer. You fail.
Me: Shit! Is hatred the answer?

As you can see, violence will make you fail out of third grade and swear inappropriately at authority figures and authority figurines. The violent path is a dead end, an end which was most likely killed by all the violence that was around it rather than medical malpractice or a broken heart. So please, do not go about solving your problems with your fists, feet, elbows, or Chinese death locks. It may make you think you're cool, but it really will only make you look like a fool.

Now that that's cleared up, the main thing you need to know about martial arts is that it's all about solving your problems with violence, and looking cool by doing it. Some big bully is pushing you around? A few karate kicks

can solve that! A neighbor doesn't like you dating his underaged daughter? Introduce that prude to the business end of your flying dragon uppercut! Other daily uses for martial arts include...

- Save money on saw blades by breaking wood with your face
- Save money on rent by breaking your landlord's face with wood
- Keep in shape by reshaping opponents' bodies into formless goo
- Relieve stress with bone breaking fury
- Instead of driving, why not hurricane kick to work?

But how do you go about learning the martial arts? Well, there are several ways. For one, there are always schools. Avoid Dojos with names like "EVIL-DO" or "KARATEVIL," or "Captain Evil McEvilus' School of Karate for Villains." While their black outfits (called "Gis") may look cool to females (called "Girls"), they always seem to get defeated by some kid with a heart of gold and a will of steal. My advice would be to talk to any old Asian man in your town, as he most likely knows all sorts of Martial Arts that were created by his family and passed down through scrolls and ancient texts. Despite his crippled frame and paunchy, flabby appearance, he is almost guaranteed to be able to perform his art with the same athleticism he could when he was 20, if not better. He will accept you with open arms because of some vow he made to his dying father / brother / wife / cat years prior.

Another thing you might want to think about is what style you want to take. There are many, and each have a very distinctive feel to them. Karate is probably the most famous of all the Martial Arts. An Okinawan discipline, it is the art of punching, kicking, and hitting a person until they catch a bad case of the death. Kung-Fu is a Chinese art, and is different because it comes from China. Judo is Japanese, and I believe is some sort of a dish served over rice. While there are more styles, the names are more foreign than they should be and thus are hard to remember.

One group that owes everything to the martial arts is the film industry. While actors like Jean Claude Van-Damme and Steven Segal are masters of the acting craft, their movies just wouldn't be the same without the pulse pounding kung fu. For example, here is a scene from Segal's masterpiece, Under Siege 2, without the fighting...

Please ignore the fact that Steven Segal is an idiot

Segal: Finally we meet, I've been waiting a long time for this...
Random Villain: Indeed. I've heard much about you.
Segal: Enough talk! Let's see what you got!
Villain: Scissors!
Segal: Rock!
Villain: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!! (At this point, the villain's ship explodes, killing all but Segal)
Segal: I'm sorry, did I "Rock" the boat? *Credits Roll*

We have much to thank the martial arts for. It makes our lives safer, more interesting, and more dangerous all at the same time. From Video Games, to violent crime, martial arts has an impact on almost all of our modern society. Its a shame that most people reading this are too out of shape to leave their computer desk, let alone learn how to flying triple kick their way to success. You know who you are.

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

3.14 Time Travel Adventure

Monday, Mar 18, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My Imaginary Time Travel Adventure

Sure, you could go for something fancy like that, but all it really takes is a full bladder, some cups, and a dream.

A long time ago, like before people drove cars and they drove "horseless steam contraptions" that "rode the rails", a little man named H.G. Wells wrote a little book entitled "The Time Machine". He also wrote a lot of other books about a variety of other subjects ranging from Martians shooting heat rays at people to books about everyone on earth being replaced with animatrons from various Walt Disney attractions. We'll not concern ourselves with these other books, mainly because a new film version of his classic "The Time Machine" was recently released in theaters to "rave reviews". You see, when I put "rave reviews" in quotes like that it can be inferred that these reviews were not in fact rave, which they indeed were not. Before the noose of circular logic tightens too much around my neck I would like to point out that the reviews were actually really fucking terrible mainly because the movie was very awful, or so I am told by the shoe shine boy I regularly bribe for information.

You see, I don't go out much to the moving picture cinema because of a little something we writers like to call "strangers". Strangers are the people who are out on the streets when you are but you don't know their names and you don't know where they came from and for all you know when they smile at you they are really thinking to themselves "this guy looks like he would make a lot of fritters if I chopped his torso up". People are a terrible thing, but I'm getting way off the topic of the new and terrible movie "The Time Machine" that I have not seen but I am about to talk all about anyway.

This is mainly because I have always been very fascinated with time travel, from my youth spent watching episodes of Dr. Who in which the one Doctor with the giant scarf would get shot by the silver guys who made no sound when their guns shot and then part of the set would fall over and a red light would flash, I knew the future was exciting and different. I would sit alone and friendless in my bedroom staring at a white wall and imagining the various possibilities and interesting scenarios that might occur were I to create the first time machine and hurtle myself into the future.

So, to recreate my youth and take you with me on a wild journey through the space-time continuum I spent the better part of the day staring at a white wall. When you aren't doing anything besides staring at a white wall you tend to come up with some really bizarre ideas, like Lowtax and his idea that circles have infinite corners or whatever that he keeps telling me about, although I think that was him finally caving in to stress psychosis.

I crafted my imaginary time machine from a series of interlocking plastic cups with the phrase "DRIVE FOR THE CHECKERED FLAG" and a faded picture of various cars along with the Pepsi logo printed on them. I selected these particular cups because they resonate with the power of duality; the symbolic yin and yang energy of the Pepsi logo. By chaining them I amplified this power, which I then caught in a bucket I placed at the end of the series of cups. The cups were suspended from the ceiling by a loop of fishing line, which is odd because I haven't owned fishing line since I was like 11 years old, but these sort of details don't really matter when you are talking about the future. To receive the amplified energy of the yin and yang I had to place an inert fluid in the bucket, for this I chose butterscotch pudding, not because it's particularly good at storing

time travel energy, but because it's the most plentiful pudding flavor in my cabinet because it's fucking awful. I had some vanilla pudding too, which isn't quite as bad, but not enough to store all the energy and by god you cannot mix puddings in these sorts of situations, the results are far too unstable.

Now all I needed to enter the stream of time was some sort of fluid to pour across the cups. Since I had been sitting and staring at the wall all day I had quite the bladder full of urine, which worked out quite conveniently for my little mental journey through time. A nice pee break and a few minutes later and I was flowing through the stream of time with the greatest of ease. Time travel is sort of like taking a hot bath, only instead of water the bathtub is full of snakes and instead of being hot it's pretty bitey. In other words, the movie "Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey" basically portrayed time travel with slightly unnerving accuracy.

I emerged from my time portal into the year of our Lord 2020, which of course was at the height of the "cyberpunk age". There were all kinds of giant buildings mixed in with huge industrial monoliths belching smoke and fire into the polluted sky, a sky the color of neon reflecting off a dumpster full of 40 weight motor oil. Being an aficionado of cyberpunk literature and films I knew I needed to watch out for three things; mega corporations, Asian crime syndicates, and virtual reality. To help myself blend into this post-modern future I immediately bought some robotic parts and had them installed into my body. I have some snoring problems so I had a cyber breathe-right strip surgically implanted across my nose, then I doubled the trouble by getting my voice box replaced with a cyber rape whistle, which was disappointing when I realized it only worked if someone was trying to cyber rape me, not just regular rape me.

I think this might have happened because I was listening to Chemlab.

One of the most fascinating things about 2020 is that it's always dark and raining. I must have spent a week just walking the streets of Neo-Tokyo City II and not once did I see the sun or the moon, just pitch black and towering edifices of capitalism taken to the point of absurdity. I talked to Shenji Kaga, of the Tongs, and he hired me to "run the grid" against the Yakuza. I took his Eurodollars and bought a hat laser, which is one of the deadliest weapon in any street ronin's arsenal. Through a long and convoluted series of events I ultimately did something dramatic and violent to strike back against the corrupt corporations with the help of a team of shady characters, many of whom gave their life for the cause. Feeling very satisfied with my work and my new cybernetic implants I made tracks so to speak even further into the future.Please don't ask how I did this because during my time staring at the wall I could think of no plausible way for the time machine I built to actually travel with me into the future.

My next stop after 2020 was the exciting year 3000. By this time mankind had domesticated the space hippos that drift harmlessly through the asteroid belts near Mars to serve as a sort of "astro blimp". This was a fascinating time in our future history, when dashing privateers and pirates sailed the highways and bi-ways of the galaxy using space hippo zeppelins as their futuristic galleons.

One of the biggest problems when serving as a space hippo navigator, which was my job when I infiltrated Space England's Hippo Fleet onboard the HMS Queen Hippomaximus, is overpowering their instinctual urge to crash through the atmosphere of nearby planets to wallow in lakes. We had quite a number of odd misadventures on board the HMS QH, including but not limited to; fighting robot pirate zombie mummy vampire ninjas, spending six months adrift in a giant sea of space Sargasso while the space hippo filled its belly, spending eight weeks in the asteroid belt while the space hippo grunted and crapped and tried to mate with an asteroid that looked slightly like another space hippo, and my favorite, crashing the space hippo into another space hippo and ejecting from

the hippo control pod slung beneath it.

Thankfully, nothing quite this stupid happened to me in the future.

After a year or so - I really lost track of time in the space Sargasso - I bid my friends onboard the space hippo a fond farewell and set off to the year 50,000.

First of all, let me say that this was a big fucking mistake. I should have jumped ahead like another thousand years or so, but I was feeling pretty awesome about an even bigger jump since the year 3000 was so completely radical. I set the cup array to 47,000 years in the future and hurtled once again through the snaky strands of space and time. I was welcomed to what seemed to be some sort of tropical paradise; palm trees, warm sea air, sandy expanses of beach, not a sign of civilization.

Wandering through the jungle growth I happened upon the ruins of some sort of Romanesque cityscape. Everywhere were dishes filled with fruit and carafes of wine, soothing music began to play and from the dense trees and plants a long line of people in togas began to emerge, their eyes glazed blankly, their posture rigid and zombie-like. I greeted them but they seemed not to hear me, opting instead to file into one of the coliseums and sit upon the floor while greedily filling their mouths with the fruit and wine. For a while I just sat around and amused myself with throwing pieces of fruit at their heads. I would have peed on them but I had to save all my urine for the return trip.

Eventually I got tired of watching them feed themselves and I continued to poke around the ruins, where I found a strange crystalline computer that explained to me how the world had become this wonderful paradise. In the year 6059 Scientology achieved global dominance, but the majority of the members of the Church were low level and completely unaware of the baby-eating lobstermen that the upper echelons of Scientology had become. Slowly, inexorably, the once-vast supplies of human infants began to shrink as the numbers of the high-level Scientologists increased. It became apparent that within a few centuries the world's supply of human infants would be completely exhausted if the Scientologists at the top did not act quickly. By adjusting the menu in the insane Scientologist commissary to include humans of all ages and reserving babies for fine dining and social events, they were able to avoid this disaster. Society evolved to revolve around these eating habits, with a cow-like population of humans on the surface of the earth fattened and bred for good flavor by the subterranean lobstermen Scientologists.

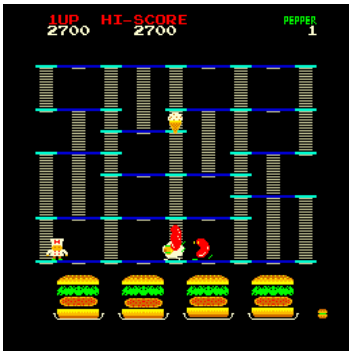
I put a stop to all that by summoning the unstoppable power of the Body Thetans, who the Scientologists had mistakenly believed long since destroyed. With their help and a little volcanic mischief I managed to overthrow the Scientologist oppressors so that once again normal humans could rule the earth. Oh, rule the earth jointly with the Body Thetans who turned out to be really cool. Kind of laid back and really into marijuana and muscle cars, but otherwise just like you and me.

My journey completed I returned to present day and my wall of fantastic adventure. Tomorrow I plan to eat some bad burritos and then write a story all about the agonizing hallucinations I have as various strains of bacteria ravage my brain.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.15 Murder Time!

Wednesday, Mar 20, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



Burger Time celebrates the triumph and willpower of the indomitable American spirit. Also a little fat man runs away from humanoid wieners.

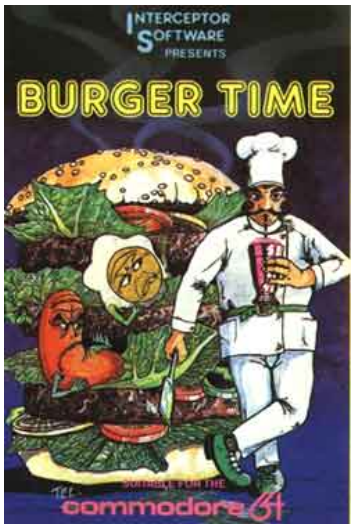
One of the greatest fears that mankind has had to consistently deal with throughout the years is the idea that after we're all dead, rotting, festering carcasses full of those gross bugs from the secret underground tunnel in "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom," aliens from a different galaxy will visit our planet and proclaim our species to have been composed of grade-A 100% dumbo nutjobs. They'll gain access to various Geocities and Angelfire gangstah-pRyDe websites, discover all the Ron Popeil-endorsed products we all bought and never used, and track down DVD copies of "Biodome" or that stupid British sitcom about the two drunk whore women who spend all day screeching like incoherent harpies with a mouthful of marbles. They'll pull out their intergalactic scorecards and scrawl down a "D-" across from the species "humans." We'll get narrowly beaten out for 593,271,399,874th place by the Skrajoblioni Hornet Chefs, a race whose entire culture consists of floating around a giant hovering oven which periodically dispenses useful dating advice. Humanity will become the galactic laughingstock of the universe, therefore making us the universal galactic laughingstock, and you really can't get much worse than that (assuming you don't have a starring role on "That 80's Show"). Scientists have been actively researching ways to make our race look less embarrassing, resulting in ideas such as a bomb that only blows up Pokemon merchandise and a toxic gas which is capable of destroying all recorded standup comedy routines which begin with the phrase "you know how white people drive like this?" However, there has been one cultural phenomenon that has eluded all explanations and coverups by scientists across the globe, one source of pure confusion and terror that mankind will never be able to sufficiently explain to the rest of the universal exploration committee: *Burger Time.*

This means that you can't name your child "Mr. Egg" or else you'll have to pay Data East $50.

The cast of characters in this gripping saga of giant food preparation. Note that all their names are trademarked.

The bizarre arcade game of *Burger Time* was released in 1982 by Data East, a company that went on to make *Chamber Of The Sci-Mutant Priestess* and *Karnov*, two games which should have probably never been released for various reasons. The early 1980's gave birth to hundreds of weird, primitive, obnoxious arcade games with little to no plot whatsoever. Most of these titles were variations on the "everybody everywhere wants to kill you and they probably will" theme which still holds true today. Quarter-popping arcade fans in the early 80's were very concerned with shooting colored people who ran in their general direction, causing racial flare-ups across the globe and ultimately resulting in the production of the film "Breakin'" starring Ice-T and Phineas Newborn III. Although it's taken us 20 years to get where we are today (approximately 20 years later), our culture has advanced past the primitive desire to run around shooting colored people and has evolved to embrace the idea of first-person shooter-addicted teenagers running around shooting all people regardless of color. We have transcended the race boundary and walked into a new era, one full of good feelings and black trenchcoats. However, we cannot put the past behind us, where it currently resides. No, we must put the past in the future or at least in the present time, thereby turning it into the future-past-present and making it really difficult to fill out upcoming tax forms.

Burger Time is a part of our heritage and culture, a landmark which can never be erased from time. It is a shining beacon calling to all futuristic and alien societies, an air raid siren screeching out, "hey guys, we're really stupid! Come on over and check out how weird and stupid we were in the 1980's! You'll get a free Alf lapel pin for every visit! Remember: Earth is the place for all your stupid needs!" That air raid siren is currently tearing through the fabric of our society, and I believe it's past time we recognized and fessed up to this before we're all charred, smoking remains of skeletons wearing designer sunglasses.



The seedier, darker side of Burger Time. I think it's just because people who owned Commodore 64s were weird. I had an Apple IIC, so I was free of the Burger Time lure (although I did fall for the trap of "Captain Goodnight" and "Spare Change").

Burger Time was a game obsessed with the production of America's favorite fast food, the hamburger. As ace chef Peter Pepper, your duty was to produce giant lumps of junk food while being pursued by smaller enemy junk food who wanted to kill you because they were Communists. Any food industry expert can vouch to the accuracy of the hamburger production method featured in Fast Food; by running on top of humongous hamburger buns propped up above neon blue support beams, a chef can quickly serve up dinner that is able to feed 1800 Mexican families for 12 straight days. The "outrageously large food industry" was quite popular in the early 1980's, just like gummi bears and Tommy Lee Jones unfortunately became popular in the 90's. Vegetable and meat production facilities across the world spent all their time genetically engineering products that could be hoisted via industrial crane up to neighboring unfinished office buildings. A series of ladders connected the platforms supporting the 100-foot radius beef patties, 600-pound clumps of lettuce, and hamburger buns that could hide entire states. Once the setup was complete, these firms outsourced their hamburger production and preparation work to an individual named Peter Pepper, a man who had the powers of repeatedly rising from the dead for only 25 cents per life. Peter Pepper had the complex job of walking on top of food products so they would fall straight down and collide with food products below them, eventually forming a complete hamburger which would then be shipped off to somewhere else like Canada or the ocean. I'm not really sure where the burgers were exported to or why anybody would want them, but they had a habit of magically disappearing after being assembled by a tiny white man wearing a tiny white hat. Maybe somebody grounded them all back up and formed new hamburger parts from them in some obscene never-ending cycle of food hell. I think that was the definition of "trickle-down economics" if I remember correctly.

However, all was not how it seemed in the outrageously large food industry. There were certain evil entities who did not take kindly to the idea of a small fat man stepping on lettuce. This idea flew in the face of their religious and moral upbringing, turning them into bitter rivals with Mr. Pepper. They wanted nothing more but to push Peter to perish purposefully and painfully by the complex and deadly method of "coming into contact with him." The most popular way to kill people in the early 80's was to formally become their enemy and then touch them, causing their body to instantly decompose or at least emit a series of huge letters that spelled out "GAME OVER." The anti-large food interest groups hired the services of "Mr. Hot Dog," "Mr. Pickle," and "Mr. Egg" who were (respectively) sentient hot dogs, pickles, and eggs. They had the ability to ascend ladders and move in a relatively straight line, but that was about it. Mr. Hot Dog was the lackey of the group, always wandering aimlessly and without direction unless he was being commanded by the brains of the outfit, Mr. Egg. Mr. Egg had the organizational ability to effectively mastermind an offensive assault against Mr. Pepper and his single-minded pursuit of giant hamburger production.

Whenever Mr. Egg busted onto the scene and began running up giant floating white ladders, Peter knew that he was going to face some serious trouble, the kind of trouble that can only come with a walking egg that chases you around abandoned buildings that house floating wads of meat and bread. To help him fend off the fiendish advances of the marauding hot dogs, pickles, and eggs, Peter is randomly teleported containers of pepper from the main offices that causes the attacking food products to momentarily freeze in place. I'm not sure why Mr. Pepper's contract employers didn't just send him an UZI and let him end the madness, but I'm guessing that it has something to do with his last name. You know, because he's not named "Peter UZI-Head" or "Peter Fucking Axe or Anything, Absolutely Anything More Powerful Than a Stupid Pepper Shaker." Regardless, Peter had to work with the materials given to him, showcasing the resourcefulness and ingenuity of the American spirit that made this American country so great (the country of America). You'll never see dirtbag countries like Malaysia or Antarctica bursting with American pride and American spirit, and this is what makes America the wonderful paradise it kind of currently is right now. And if you don't like it you can go back to Malaysia or Canada you goddamn Mr. Egg supporter.

If Peter ever ran out of pepper shakers, he could always depend on the reliable method of stomping on giant food and making them fall below, squashing the sentient man-food monsters that chased him for no readily available reason. This added extra flavoring to the gigantic hamburgers, food which was previously only seasoned by the taste of Mr. Pepper's crusty shoes. As a result, Peter was awarded something called "bonus points," which in the food preparation industry means "stock options" or maybe something else. I'm not sure what they are known as, I can only assume they weren't just some arbitrary set of numbers collected for no ultimate purpose except to achieve a top 10 score ranking just so you may enter the letters "FUK" into the highscore database. Peter Pepper made hundreds of thousands of millions of tens of fifties of thousands of hamburgers during his tenure as "Top Head Chief President CEO Chairman Mayor of Burger Stomping," and catapulted many three-letter names into immortal fame. He had the power to make or break careers while simultaneously preparing elaborate meals for people whose heads could be measured in cubic miles.

While *Burger Time* may have started up the electronic giant fast food industry in 1982, the business still continues to this very day and the foreseeable future. Although Mr. Hot Dog, Mr. Pickle, and Mr. Egg would like to say otherwise, Peter Pepper has made a name for himself in both the "humongous food" industry and the "fleeing from walking humanoid entrees" pastime. His legacy will be immortalized for future generations to look back and reflect upon, a shiny reflective thingy that people look at and ask themselves, "hey, what exactly is that shiny reflective thingy that I'm looking at?" and then they lean in for a closer view and something like springy snakes or explosive beans shoot out and just surprise the hell out of them. Long after our society has killed ourselves off by detonating an atomic bomb which sprays out a modified AIDS virus that is coated with Anthrax and Jack in the Box special sauce, *Burger Time* will still be around. *Burger Time*, I salute you for being one of the select few products which will completely boggle the minds of alien colonies and produce such a skewed and confusing representation of society that our intergalactic overlords will have to assume the human race was simply a bunch of living things bent on making food, eating food, running from food, and dying from food. Which we aren't; we also watch a lot of television too.

Stephen King's "Oh No, Not Another Stephen King Movie"

We've got a piping-hot, fresh, in-your-face review of Stephen King's Sleepwalkers, a movie which is painfully horrible even by Stephen King standards. You have to keep in mind that this is the guy who created "Maximum Overdrive." That should put things into perspective for you, and if it doesn't, well, there's always this review.

> *Stephen King crashes and burns, engulfed a flaming kiddie pool of leftover Cold War jet fuel, in this horror thriller starring evil mutant cat-people and some others who may or*

may not be evil mutant cat-people. Zany, vomit-inducing antics ensue, including a lot of dumb rednecks getting killed and a lot of dumb redneck cars getting blown up after being shot with a single bullet. A single cat-person bullet. Of evil.

Wow! Evil mutant cat-people AND invisible cars in the same movie? Could it be true? Ah yes, only from the fertile mind of Stephen King does such wondrous creations spawn!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.16 Teleporting to Trouble City

Wednesday, Mar 20, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This teleporter was probably intended to transport school children to popular field trip destinations, now it transports the souls of the damned!

It is a reoccurring theme of science fiction and fantasy to look towards teleportation as the ideal means of quick transportation. It's not hard to see why, either. Each day we spend a considerable amount of our time just traveling from location to location. All this traveling eventually eats away at our lives like a giant dinosaur. Yeah, I know dinosaurs are already gigantic, but I'm talking like a really, really big dinosaur, the kind of dinosaur that could easily level Tokyo in a visceral skyscraper-humping rampage. I think the point I was trying to make, besides the fact that dinosaurs kick ass, is that we spend a lot of our lives just traveling. When consumer space travel becomes possible, the amount of time we spend traveling is only going to increase tenfold. Thusly, it's inevitable that before long, the matter teleportation capabilities of teleporters becomes a realistic goal for obsessive scientists, evil corporations, and evil obsessive scientists who either own stock in evil corporations or are employed by evil corporations.

The initial benefits of teleporting from one location to another near-instantly sound wonderful. Imagine the prospects of being able to visit your family halfway across the country and return home on the same day! No longer would we be confined to congested roads or the troubled airline industry. We'd just walk into the transporter, which would probably look like an art deco outhouse lined with tubes, switches, and knobs. Then presto, we're wherever the hell we're supposed to be. No more breakneck traffic or sitting behind the wheel of a car or gagging on peanuts in an airplane. And hey, it's probably a lot harder to hijack a transporter!

Then of course the lack of busy roads means less pollution! While less pollution is sure to depress the despicable eco-villains who, in-between drowning babies and purposely crashing oil tankers into orphanages and zoos, run all the big corporations in the world. For the rest of us, it means air slightly less dirty than before. If we spend less time choking, we can spend more time not choking! It also decreases the amount of drunk driving, because no one will be driving! On the downside, Fox would have far less police chase shows to air and actually have to focus on finding new shows to air once and then cancel.

Another amazing benefit would be that the geographic and cultural walls that separate the world would collapse like a folding chair, which we could then put in a closet for easy storage or use as a weapon to assist in scoring a quick three count. No longer will distance separate us! Culture will seep out of the transporters like sweat out of the average obese American! And that sweat will act as a lubricant for the massive transporter-inspired renaissance. Unlike previous renaissances, which were about gaying up art and daily living, this one will be more about sending random objects to distant locations for the giddy thrill. Of course the coolest part is definitely that you'd be able to teleport food directly into your stomach, bypassing mechanical digestion! Now that's efficiency!

Yes, teleportation is the answer to all of our problems! Or is it? You would think so, but then you would be thinking wrong like I was throughout the entirety of that last few paragraphs. Suck down that plot twist, cornbag! Unfortunately for us, teleportation is high in dangerium, the element of danger! It would be okay if all it was is that occasionally your luggage ends up on Jupiter while you end up on Europa, because that's really not that big a deal. The problem is, you and your luggage would likely get transported to Hell, a hostile alien dimension, or an alternately reality

where things are never as they seem! Or worse, you and your luggage could be combined into some kind of diabolical suitcase monster that preys on naked women as they shower. Kind of like me, but with that whole being half-luggage part. The unwanted results would likely vary every time, but the consequences would always be the same: pants pissing catastrophic. That is if your pants even end up in the same dimension as your body! If not, good luck weaseling your way out of that mess!

The most obvious problems with transporters are pretty obvious, which is why I called them obvious twice and then went ahead and used the word obvious a third and fourth time in the same sentence for no good reason. I've taken the liberty of following that nightmare of a sentence up with this bulleted list! Put on your Kevlar, because these hot bullets are coming right at you!

This gateway could just as easily serve as a conduit for evil aliens. And not the good kind of evil aliens, either.

- **Opening a Gateway to Hell**
  The last thing anyone wants is for some bozo scientist to accidentally open a gateway to the netherworld, subsequently causing our reality to be overrun by demonic monstrosities. I don't mind being devoured by a demon, as long as it's at least a frightening demon. My worst fear is that we'll find out that Hell will be full of the bastard children of a Paul Anderson, Todd McFarlane, and John Carpenter three-way. Basically, muscular goth clowns that look slightly more scary than KISS, but slightly less scary than Richard Simmons after a hard day's work of wrangling fat people.

- **Opening Gateways to Evil Alien Worlds**
  The various god-like alien overlords of the galaxy get seriously pissed when races like ours decide to open gateways to their worlds. In fact, most of them are just waiting for us to do something like that so they can send in their minions and wipe us out. This is not unlike how Scientologists will send their minions in to wipe out your bank account. Only the alien version is more pleasant and not as embarrassing for everyone involved. Plus there's a good chance lasers are involved, so that's always cool. Still, it's a tough blow for humanity!

- **Opening a Gateway to an Alternate Reality**
  The more subtle of dire consequences would have to be accidentally channeling an alternate version of our own reality. It might look similar, but those tiny differences will be a major kick in the kneecaps. It might be something as simple as everyone in the alternate world has a goatee and acts like a total bastard, but it could be something even more begrudging like where all the alternate humans speak in invisible bands of radiation that melt our brains. Damn alternate reality scum.

Dual Occupancy of Time and Space
Assuming transporters do not in fact open up a trans-dimensional rift with some kind of hostile environment, we can at least count on the fact we'll still have other annoying problems. What's to stop someone from transporting a brick to the same location your head is occupying? Or someone jumping through a transporter and rematerializing in the same location as someone else? These kind of shenanigans are just the type of thing that could bring the world to its stubs that are all that's left from where the knees should be, only they're not because of a horrible accident. It would be especially annoying if some wise guy gets a notion to transport bombs into our country! The world is full of scoundrels and giving them access to transporters is only going to make matters worse.

I think it's pretty safe to say that the benefits matter transportation devices have to offer aren't worth the world-shattering side effects. Unless we all want to die in a fun and experimental way, in which case it's pretty cool. Not as cool as dinosaurs, but then not much is. It's clear that there are far more important things for our scientific community to focus on, like cloning Hitler or combining the DNA of every major serial killer in the last hundred years into one vicious monster and then letting him loose in a crowded summer camp to study the results. Things like that have far more safe and practical applications, at least. If you're concerned about transporters becoming a reality, I strongly suggest you write a letter to my good buddy Norman Y. Mineta, the United States Secretary of Transportation. When it comes to handling matters of transportation, he's the freaking Last Son of Krypton. If anyone can stop the world from being devoured by ungodly demons, it's Norman Y. Mineta!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.17 Running for Governor

Friday, Mar 22, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Zack Parsons: The Next Governor of Ohio

Being a regular and devoted Something Awful reader I am sure you are no doubt completely sick of hearing me complain about how shitty and small my home town is. My town is like one of those "wild west" prospector towns after all the gold dried up, only their never was any gold, just a factory that used to make platters for hard drives that closed up a year or so ago. It's not full of ghosts because empty lots and Wal-Marts don't turn into ghosts, people do, and fucking no one ever lived here. Our claim to fame is a restaurant called "The Spot" that frequently serves up bad mayonnaise that makes your ass bleed.

Another late night at the Parsons Campaign 2002 Think Tank!

Things are about to fucking change! Sidney, Ohio, is about to show up on the map folks, because two go-getters who teach at the local high school are out to steal the governorship out from under the noses of those fat-cat politicos. They only have a five-hundred dollar campaign budget, but they feel confident that the power of the Internet is going to help them win this election.

> *To get ourselves on the ballot, we have to get 5,000 registered voters from Ohio to sign our petition and pay a $150 filing fee. Our campaign budget of $500 covers the anticipated costs of printing out some small fliers, a few homemade posters, and other incidental costs necessary to obtain the required signatures and complete the campaign. The application deadline for filing is right before the primary elections. We are exempt from the primaries as an Independent party.*

I don't even know who took this picture.

Every day a handful of things I encounter get me to thinking. Usually these things are some sort of condiment or alcohol and they usually get me thinking about the sandwich I am going to make or the drink I'm going to mix, but today I encountered this shocking web site, which got me to thinking that I could be the governor of Ohio. I mean, I already have an audience with Something Awful vastly larger than what these yokels are going to reach with their homey little web site. I'm very charming in person, or so I am told by that creepy guy in the jump suit who always stares at me when I go into the bathroom of "The Spot" and then follows me in and stands next to me at the urinal while leaning against the wall. Most importantly I have a total disdain for the state of Ohio, and apathy towards your constituents is an important skill for any good politician.

Taking a page from the book of the extremely clever Whitman and Clark I have decided to use the Internet and a total budget of 50 dollars to run for Governor of Ohio. I have one upped them with my discounted price. That's 25 bucks for a bottle of Bacardi 151, another 10 bucks or so for a few packs of smokes, and the last fifteen for a pizza or something if I win. If I don't win I'll use the fifteen dollars to buy instant lottery tickets, because if I can't embezzle the big bucks as the governor than I will earn them the old fashioned way and have the government give me a big prize package!

The first part of putting together my unstoppable campaign steam roller was to decide what my party and platform were going to be. This wasn't something I could just bullshit my way through like those urine tests, this was serious stuff that would decide whether or not someone would vote for me. I'm a registered democrat, but lately the democrats have been a bunch of whiney pussies, and the republicans act all tough but they're twofaced pussies themselves, so I knew my party was "Independent". I don't think there are any Independent Party offices around here to help me finance my campaign, so I jumped right into putting together my platform.

I knew I needed an issue, something that would motivate people to vote for me and give me a means to attack those who sided against me on the issue; it had to be a controversial issue. I chose child pornography.

I'm not one of those goddamn perverted shitheads who gets off on that sort of crap, but I think it's important that people be allowed to express their free speech in this state by printing and distributing child pornography. As the governor of the great state of Ohio, I will make it my priority to repeal all state-level laws concerned with child-pornography and work to tear down the barriers preventing child-pornographers from having their voice heard by America. My next act as governor will be to form an investigative body to look at civil rights abuses such as black people being allowed to vote, women being allowed to have jobs, and the Asians buying up American land. I will establish and enforce strict border patrols with Indiana, Michigan, and whatever other states Ohio borders, to prevent the lawless influences of Indianapolis and Detroit from spreading into our hallowed borders. I will lower the drinking age to 15, lower the age of consent to 15, lower the driving age to 15, and allow 15 year olds to purchase and conceal firearms, because I have a 15 year old cousin and he is more of a man than any of you.

My motto is "A bible in every drawer, a shotgun in every car, a liquor bottle in every hand, child pornography on every coffee table, and send black people back to Africa."

I think this motto may be a bit wordy but it should play well locally and as far south as Cincinnati. It might run into a bit of trouble around Columbus, but I'll stump heavily there and just talk around the issues, replace child porn with snuff films and blackpeople with Mexicans.

After I woke up and washed off the vomit from my "brainstorming session" on my platform issues, I realized that I probably needed to select a running mate. The only person on ICQ during my brief period of consciousness was fellow Something Awful writer "Livestock" and he readily agreed to be my running mate "as long as I don't have to step foot in that pisshole." Knowing that my chances for election were possibly as low as 1 in 3 I assured him that I would only ask him to come to Ohio if I managed to win the election.

Day 2 on the campaign trail, notice I have not changed clothes, that's dedication folks.

Selecting a cabinet that would work with me on such important issues as repealing anti child-porn laws and commandeering a galleon to transport black people to Africa was much easier than selecting my running mate. For the department of transportation I knew the right man for the job was Earl Keener. Earl sits on the Shelby County court square every day of the week and will tell anyone that will listen that he is a necromancer. Who better to influence the ebb and flow of the rivers of our state's commerce than someone who commands a legion of the undead? Speaking of commerce, I knew William Barth would make a great Secretary of the Treasury from the moment I took his driver's license out of the wallet I had just found on the sidewalk. He weighed 127lbs and was 6'6" tall. Anyone in that kind of lean shape would also probably run a tight ship financially, so I gave him a call. I have yet to nominate cabinet members for my newly formed Office of Strategic Defense and Department of Child Pornography, but if you're interested drop me a line.

Together, with your help, we can win this thing and make changes that can be heard in the halls of Washington!

■It's Phucking Phriday!

Well lookee here folks, it's a brand new Photoshop Phriday!!! It's been a while, but the SA Forums and grandmaster of sex Livestock have put together another mirth-filled outing into the land of wacky image hijinx. This week it's time for crazy boardgames, so fire up your Outlook Express and get ready to send mass spam-mails full of these things to all of your insipid coworkers!

I think I just blew something akin to a gasket from reading the pure comedy!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

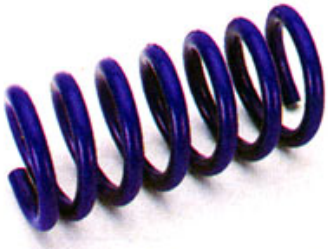
3.18 SPRING BREAK!!

Sunday, Mar 24, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

GET ROWDY!

Like most people my age, I'm nineteen years old. What this means is that I am supposed to do all sorts of stuff that other nineteen year olds do. According to society, people who are at this age are supposed to stay out till all hours of the night with unsavory characters doing unsavory things. At my age you're supposed to "Experiment" with things, like you're some sort of college-aged scientist, but instead of testing scientific chemicals and electrodes, you're supposed to test the effects of marijuana and homosexuality. Most importantly though, someone who is nineteen is supposed to celebrate the ancient holiday known as "Spring Break." This is a time when college students from around the globe converge unto a place where the sun shines hot, such as Cancun or the planet Mercury, for the biggest college party of the year! Sexy, semi-naked coeds roam wild on the beaches partying hard, drinking liquor, and consuming illegal substances such as black market weaponry and bootlegged copies of Enrique Iglesias' "Hero." Spring break is one of the most fun times of the year, and involves a copious amount of crazy with a dash of insanity! It's the time people can really let themselves go, which is a nice way of saying that they can get fucked up and have sex with multiple anonymous partners! Neat!

This is the most magical part of a college student's life. It isn't the type of magic that David Blaine used to freeze himself or that Houdini used to die a horrible, magical death, but rather is magical in the sentimental sense. Old friends become closer, and new friends are made. Many powerful bonds are formed between Spring Breakers, bonds which are stronger than covalent molecular bonds but weaker than James Bond, or for that matter Superman or the Hulk. Still, these guys are all pretty strong, so it is an unfair comparison. You can be sure that the bonds are at least as strong as Aquaman or the Green Lantern. Although I was momentarily sidetracked by the Justice League, you should understand my point. So many memories are forged during Spring Break, or rather they would be if the kids weren't so drunk as to reproduce the effect of that guy in the movie Memento.



SPRING BREAK! Woo!

This is me on "Spring Break" last year. I am a total freaking dork and have spent my last three spring breaks at E3 acting like this. Weep for me.

Spring break is when college students consume the most alcohol of their entire year. While a normal college student meal consists of pizza topped with pepperoni, a typical spring break meal consists of liquor topped with liquor, or possibly liquor. The philosophy behind this is that the best way to find fun is by stumbling ass-backwards into it, and what better way is there to stumble than drunkenly? Now, I know what you're thinking. Liquor? I hardly know her! Haha, that's a joke! But that clever pun from the 1920s is irrelevant on spring break, as you will most likely end up licking many people you don't know! In addition to such family friendly activities such as beer pong and waking up in a pool of what is hopefully your own vomit, Spring Break is also about something more special: Sex. When you're on Spring Break, chances are you're going to get luckier than Lou Gherig before he died of what's his name's disease. Remember the women's liberation movement? Think of all the progress toward equality that was made by pioneers like Amelia Earheart, who was the first woman to foolishly attempt a flight

around the world without the assistance of a penis. Well mister, throw that right the fuck out the window! On spring break, even the most liberated and independent womens revert to their natural state of being dumb whores. Something about the sun and alcohol make girls want sex more then they want shoes. And goddamnit, girls want a lot of shoes.

All blatant sexism aside, spring break is about fun, wherever and however you can find it. Most of the days are spent at the beach swimming, playing volleyball, and getting melanoma. At night the party moves into the clubs, which unfortunately have less to do with tactical batons and hitting than one would hope. Instead, the clubs are all about dancing, which is great because girls are sexy when they dance. However, I can't dance because of a complete lack of coordination and rhythm due to the fact that I am a jive-ass honkey, so girls in these clubs are out of the reach of me and those like me. For those who are coordinated and like stupid techno raver music, these clubs are a perfect place to break out your photons and show everyone how "Cool" you are, especially with your clear pink Rainbow Brite backpack you fucking fag. For the rest of us, it's best to pretend we're too cool to dance as to avoid horribly embarrassing moments of awkward leg kicking and hand jiving. For the more creepy of us out there, waiting outside of these clubs is a good place to pick up drunk girls. Often literally, as drunk girls tend to pass out a lot.

With all this fun people can easily forget about danger, or as Mystikal calls it, "DANE-JA!" I don't want to be a spoilsport, but there is plenty of "DANE-JA!" everywhere, and you must always be ready. Alcohol poisoning is probably the most common dangerous situation at spring break. It can occur when the alcohol becomes vengeful and jealous over a girl, and it decides the only way it can be happy is with you out of the picture. Drunk driving is another danger, and one should avoid golfing of any kind when intoxicated. Girls should be extra careful of guys in clubs trying to slip something into their drink, such as a novelty ice cube with a fly in it, as these tend to be like, totally gross. As long as you pay attention and keep your wits about you, you should be fine. Meaning about five of you spring breakers will survive each year.

Watch out! It's the crazy fat guy, here to drink you under the table! And who knows what he'll do with that baby?

Unfortunately, I have yet to go to a spring break myself, so this has all been based upon my viewing of "Wild On" on the E! Network. And since I don't have a cable package like Lowtax that provides E!, this information is further skewed because I have to watch it through the squiggly lines that the cable company puts in to prevent me from getting their precious channels. As is my understanding though, only attractive people are allowed to go to spring break, and also that crazy fat guy that always has his shirt off. Meaning I can't go since I don't fall into either of these categories...yet. Once I get my plastic surgery, I'll be the best damn crazy fat guy spring break has ever seen!

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

3.19 Something Awful Cribs

Monday, Mar 25, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have never discussed my rap career here on Something Awful, but my career really seems to be taking off so I feel that it has finally come time to mention it. About three years ago I met Wayne Johnson, or Wheeezeeee Jizzzzzeeeeezzzzeeeee as he prefers to be known, at a freestyle competition in Detroit. We hit it off immediately and our rhymes worked together like gin and juice, ice and fingers, trees and bitches, it was a wonderful thing. We put our heads together and decided to form a rap group, a squad so to speak of talented musicians who would come at you full force and leave you wanting more. We decided to call ourselves Tha Cris-poppin Furlords, because we enjoyed the fine flavor of Cristal and the luxurious feeling of large fur coats. I changed my stage name from White Ice to Baron Ermine Von Icebeats. Wheeezeeee had a friend that went by the name Jon-Jon Baguettes and used to break it down with the 357 Mafia, so we brought him in. Rap sensation Minkles Corleone joined the team, as did his associate Dubs McGemgrin. Guesting on all of our albums is the blingdroid himself Ice-2 D-2, who claims to have a platinum microchip in his brain.

We released our first album, "Bling Manor", into the underground in 1999 and it was an instant success with the club DJs. Ice machine Platinum Donny from Skgrilla Incoporatin' Records picked us up for our sophomore release "Skatin' On Our Necks", which was a heady mix of b-sides from "Bling Manor" and some new shit we just busted together. That record did really fuckin' good, I mean we went gold on that shit and that is no small accomplishment for a white boy from Ohio in the hip-hop industry. After we started blowin' up and shit like Vietnam, Platinum Donny was all ready to go promoting our next album hardcore and shit, which brings me to our new record, this one is called "Lifestyles of the Throw'd and Frozen". It is fifteen tracks of solid hits ready to go platinum so many times it turns around and goes diamond and then it turns around and goes uranium or some shit.

Tha Cris-poppin Furlords have blown up so big that MTV called to come out to my house and check out how a real star lives. My niggas was there too and we showed those MTV people all around Glacier Ranch. It turns out MTV was so totally hyped up on our shit that they decided Glacier

Ranch would make all those other broke ass niggas start crying and shit and said they couldn't air the episode. I had one of my fans at MTV get they hands on the tape so I could tell you people all about this shit, I figure you might like to know even if MTV is all hush-hush on the GR tip. That loc ass motherfucker R-Lo is all "we can't host video clips on this site because wwwaaaaaa", nigga please, I don't need video clips, I rhyme for my motherfuckin' bank, I'll just tell these fine ladies about my house.

When I got my first check from P-Donny there was so many zeros on that piece of paper I could slap a limo on them and drive to Vegas. I like to keep it real, to stay in the Sidney hood where I grew up with all my niggas, but I knew there just wasn't no space to expand, and a nigga gotta stretch his legs. Instead of that shit I bought a house up in Aspen, Colorado. I figure it be up above the frost line or whatever and it works since my house be so frozen I turn on space heaters and cavemen walk up out my closets and shit talking about wooly mammoths. It's a real quiet gated community, my neighbors the Johnsons are some high-rollin' investment bankers or some shit, but they never come to my parties I be throwin, I guess it's sour grapes over the time I was lit up and drove my 18 wheel Ford Explorer limo into the side of their guest house.

My estate is up by a lake and it has this buzzer you have to push to get into the front gate and I have a camera set up so if you ain't one of my friends or some fine azz ho you are not getting into the party. I have special filters and shit on that camera let me see into the booty range of light, so if you a skank and just normal don't look like it that fine instrument be detecting the truth. BLIZZOW! Trap door open up underneath your feet and your ass be down in the pit with the CHUDS.

That shit is Tommy Lee and P-diddy at my pool party. I don't know who the ho is but when I gave her some ice bitch made my balls shake like a rock tumbler.

My driveway is one mile long and goes in a big circle up by the mansion, that's where I park my mail car, my pool car, and my guest house car. These the cars I use to drive to get the mail, go to the pool to go swimming, and drive all the way out to the guest house. One is a Hummer with 500 watt Bose speakers and so much bass comin' out the back that you think someone is dropping grenades when I'm driving. I have 12 inch subs on all of the hubcaps with a platinum grill up on the front and diamonds in the headlights, rubies in the brake lights, and some sort of crazy amberized ancient bugs and shit in gems for the turn signal. My pool car is a Porsche 911 that Magnum PI hisself used to own, I have a moustache I put on and Hawaiian shirts made out of fur I wear whenever I go out to the pool. I pull up and say to mah niggas "TC where be the helicopter up in this bitch?" and they all laughing and carrying on. And hells yes, my other car is a helicopter, I call it my car because it's got platinum hubcaps bolted to the landing rails and bounces all over the place like crazy. I done crashed that motherfucker like ten times and shit is it expensive to get fixed up.

That brings me to the pool. This pool is the best pool up on this entire planet. There are three hot tubs, one full of Tangueray, one full of Remy, and one full of Cristal. There is a Cristal fountain in the middle of the pool, shit I always tell people to wear the diamond goggles too but they still get that shit in they eyes. I tried to get some dolphins to put in that shit but the motherfuckers kept dying, do I bought some seals and put them in there but those crazy things is always shitting everywhere and running up on a nigga bitin' and yellin' and shit when he try to enjoy a poolside cheeseburger. Finally I got rid of them too and just have some topless ladies in thongs stand around by the pool all day long.

You all may not know this but I have two kids, I love them to death my little daughter name is Freezeee and she is my princess. I got her in this room that revolves like a big turntable and

everywhere she go is diamonds, she my ice queen, I even gave her a puppy made out of diamonds. My son, he just a shorty, only two year old, but he got a temper and he likes the bass like his daddy. I put a punchin' bag in his room and fill it up with candy and inside the candy I put little bass speakers so while he eatin' a jolly rancher his teeth can be bouncin'.

Bill Gates made these robots up just for me, shit is helpful when you thirstin' for some Cris or Remy.

All the bathrooms done in solid platinum with diamond fixtures, all the toilet paper got 5 inch subs in each sheet. The mirror is a bigscreen plasma TV and shit and have a PS2 hook up to the faucets so you can play some Tekken and NBA Jams while you brushing your teeth. I mean when you paying someone to brush your teeth for you.

That TV ain't shit. In the TV room I got ten couches made out of lion leather, you know how much that shit cost? Dizzamn. Set a nigga back if he ain't ridin' on so much bank like me. I got a 75 inch plasma laser TV, that shit is from Sony and it's a prototype and shit, ain't even released it in Japan or anything. I've got a Playstation 2 in there too, but it is a double-triple PS2, like they took three of them and put all the good stuff in one so it's better and I got me an advance copy of Tekken 4 with the part where you can kick bras off the women. That shit is dope. When I watch TV I got my own satellite, and my shit is so high tech it got a remote I hired a NASA guy to work. No shit dog, he sits in a fur lined diamond chamber and watches me through a little slot. When I give him a thumbs up he changes the channel, when I give him a thumbs down he activate the bass tube that run fifty meters underneath the pool and set off car alarms in Ireland.

Outside I got all my animals. I love me some animals. I got a whole barn full of Rotweillers and them suckas is mean. I used to turn them loose on the property when I go on vacation or on tour but shit, I come back and they chewin' on buses and fuckin' jet planes and shit. I also keep some horses. Horse racin' is the sport of kings and I got me one fast ass motherfucker named Blingomatic Loc Ridaz. I chase that thing around all day with a bat and I can never catch him, he runs like wind, like a stream man, over the rocks and shit. Just makes me feel good inside to see him running, beautiful animal, but I catch his ass I'm gonna bust his teeth out because then I know a nigga be lazy.

You want ice? Nigga I got ice, if you don't see it on my frozen fingers I show it to you in the guest house. Every wall is made out of diamond and there is smaller diamonds set into the big wall diamonds so that the whole thing sparkles and shit, watch your step, nigga be falling and cut himself into pieces. I called up my pipe-hittin' nigga Bill Gates and was like "Nigga, hook a nigga up with some robots" he was like "eeeerrr sir we don't make robots, although I would be happy to accommodate your operating system needs" and I was like "Shiiiiit, I operates on a system that a nigga needs some fuckin' robots. That's all I'm saying Bill." Before I know it there is a truck rolled up to the guest house with robots, and I put zeros on that check until those robots was made out of diamonds, call them my Colla-poppin North Pole Cuttin' Crew. Them some sharp motherfuckers, watch your step, but they will be all "beedee beedee beedee, would you like another drink sir?" and you just say "You know I want three" and there is Criscups shootin' out they heads right into your hand.

Now I gots to get back to countin' my money and paying people to polish diamond buttons on the jackets of the people I'm paying to polish the ice on my jackets, so you all get up out my house.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.20 Cemeteries: Fun for all Ages!

Wednesday, Mar 27, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

For as long as people have been turning dead, the living have continued to make sure that the dead stay dead. In ancient times, man lacked a reliable means of fighting the undead. The methods we humans once used to keep the undead at bay were as laughable as an old lady falling into a vat of carbolic acid. Primitive man would pile large amounts of dirt on the recently deceased thinking dirt would keep the dead surrounded. The problem is, some undead would have enough strength to dig out and terrorize the living. Then man got the bright idea to place a large and heavy stone atop the dirt. Most undead lacked the strength to dig back to the surface, let alone move a big heavy stone. Still, some were able to break free. Worse yet, the highly valuable stones would occasionally be stolen and used to build castles or numerous smaller stones. As time went on, industrious zombie killers came up with the idea of putting the dead inside a heavy-duty corpse box, or coffin. This extra measure of security was a crippling blow to the evil intentions of the dead. I think this is also the reason why we refer to old stuff as being B.C., or Before Coffins. Coffins became all the rage, and the undead problem decayed just like a rotting corpse, which is pretty much what the undead were in the first place. Basically, everything worked out for the better!

Now this isn't some weird place where they crucify hundreds of tiny messiahs, this is a cemetery!

Unfortunately as people continued to succumb to that bootylicious enchantress we call Death, the amount of occupied coffins lying around became problematic. That was until one brave soul stood up and shouted, "Lets bury them like we used to!" while swinging his arm in an excited fashion. I don't remember who it was that said that, but I'm sure they had several ancient high schools named in their honor. Also, right after that was said everybody in the area got up and started singing. After twenty minutes of song and dance everyone sobered up and jumped onto the warm lap of action. Everywhere people were burying coffins, and as tradition dictated, they placed a large stone atop the burial site. Before long, areas were designated solely for the purposes of burying corpse boxes. These areas were known as cemeteries. You've probably heard of cemeteries as being haunted and scary. This is true of some cemeteries, but not all. It just so happens that many cemeteries were built right smack on top of ancient Native American burial grounds. If dead Indians hate one thing, it's people walking all over them. Even if it is other dead people.

This traditional coffin may one day house your best friend or most hated enemy!

To this day cemeteries remain the premiere spot for burying corpse boxes and the dead bodies contained within. All around the world you'll find cemeteries of all shapes and sizes, even cemeteries dedicated to animals! But what you won't find inside a cemetery is fun. For some reason people have no desire to visit a cemetery other than to stand over the buried remains of a friend or relative who has been defeated by life. This creates a problem bigger than a totem poll made out of gigantic bats! Cemeteries all over the world are being neglected as sources of entertainment. As a certified defender of fun and unregistered sex offender, I'm here to put a stop to that! Cemeteries have provided me much mirth, and they can do the same for you!

For starters, lets take a look at what a cemetery is. A good cemetery is an essence a large grassy field with few trees. It just so happens that many sporting events are played in large grassy fields with few trees. Golf, football, baseball, you name it. About the only thing you can't play in a cemetery is ice hockey, but only queers and Canadians play that. Anyway, getting back to the sports. Pretty much every sport can be played sufficiently in a cemetery. You will encounter problems trying to play a game like football with tombstones all over the place, though. I recommend getting a bunch of friends together and moving as many tombstones as you can. No one is going to complain if you clear out an area the size of a football field. Don't worry about the dead rising, because the coffins and six feet of dirt do a good job keeping the dead secure. Like the corpses beneath them, those stones are just dead weight.

Another fun game that's popular with the youth is paintball. Cemeteries just happen to be the perfect place to play paintball. Think about it, you've got a large area just ripe for shootouts. To make it more challenging, those tombstones and trees create ideal cover. It's just like that "American Gladiators" game where you had to hide behind little tiny boxes while a muscular man in spandex named Turbo shot balls at you. You can run around firing your gun and then duck behind a protective slab of stone! Plus, you don't have to pay high prices to play at a paintball facility. The admission price for all cemeteries is zero dollars and zero cents!

If you aren't the sporting type, you can always just have a good old-fashioned family picnic. The lush landscapes and pleasant outdoor surroundings mean you'll be at one with nature while you enjoy a delicious meal. Large tombstones and obelisks also create shade in case the day is hot and the sun is shining bright! Yes, the calm and peace of a graveyard can't be beat. This is because cemeteries, like libraries, discourage noise. In fact, cemeteries are basically libraries. It's just that instead of books they house human corpses. Of course who knows what kind of ghastly things your local library is carrying.

Unfortunately, cemeteries do have the occasional problem. For example, a marauding Goth horde may have taken claim to your local cemetery. If this is the case, recruit a diverse group of citizens from your community and challenge them to an athletic competition. Goths can't handle competition or diversity, and so they will quickly retreat into their studio apartments when they realize the veracity of your challenge. After that, the cemetery is yours! Of course another problem is that an overbearing groundskeeper may be worried about you disturbing the dead. In that case, it's best to visit the cemetery when he or she isn't around. People in the funeral and cemetery business tend to have strange ties to the netherworld, the kind of ties that lead to your death and then them handling your death! Double whammy!

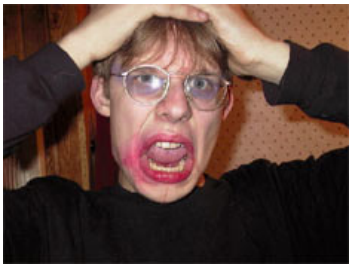
Of course I'm a liar, so I could be lying. But then again, I could be lying about being a liar. The only way to derive truth from this monster of a mystery is to go find out for yourself! No I don't mean give me a lie detector test, because I'm a confident liar. And I'm not lying about that. I mean go to a cemetery. If it isn't Party Central then you probably got confused and drove to a trailer park or something. Take the family, invite the friends, bring the pets, and be prepared to have a good time over a lot of people's dead bodies!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.21 I Possess a White-Hot Hatred for My Neighbors

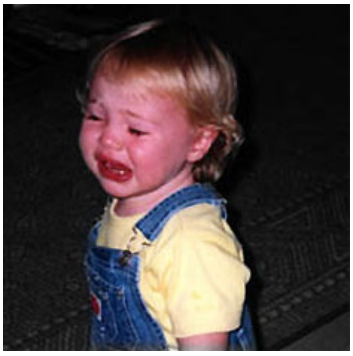
Thursday, Mar 28, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I never thought I would find myself with cause to utter the phrase "I wish my neighbors were still those slack jawed hillbilly trash", unfortunately I did and I do. My current neighbors are the most abhorrent wretches imaginable. They are breedhappy fleshsacks with the cumulative intelligence, common sense, and politeness of a fire hydrant that sprays shit instead of water and is perpetually broken. Were I imbued, as I should be, with the cosmic omnipotence of a God, I would be sure that the next time they stand outside my apartment door shrieking at three in the morning some sort of dread menagerie from the abyssal ocean would materialize to haul them screaming back to the black depths. Unfortunately, my wishes of fishes remain unfulfilled and my neighbors retain their status as the howling and humping yokels that disturb any modicum of peace I desire.



Imagine five of this guy, only even uglier and less intelligent looking, yelling outside your door from roughly 9 PM to 9 AM.

It all began about nine months ago, when this woman and her chubby 12 year old son moved in. The kid was always out in the hallway smoking cigarettes and got several complaints from our other non-smoking neighbors until management posted a big sign saying "don't smoke in the halls". The kid started copping an attitude with me, like I had complained on him or something, going so far as flipping me off a couple times as he and one of his mouth-breather chums pulled away in a car. Whatever, I can deal with a little pseudoteen with an attitude, not a big deal, then he keyed the fuck out of my car hood. I can't be positive it was that shitburger but in my bones I know it to be true. I do not enjoy having my car hood keyed up, especially not when I'm a broke ass web master who can't afford to have scratches fixed. I had to put some hideously awful repair putty on all the scratches before they rusted up and, well, that's another stupid story I won't get into right now.



Sure she looks cute now, but it never stops, and her voice is somehow amplified by the long-hanging cigarette smoke into a sort of hideous keening.

Things become exponentially worse when the fuckle gang moved in across the hall, cramming 5,000 pounds of moron and wailing toddler into a one bedroom apartment. "Luckily" they quickly chummed up with Chubby McFastkey and his loudmouthed abrasive older brother who had just moved in, or gotten out of prison, or hopefully recovered from his government mandated sterilization. I've lived in a few apartments in my day and I always wondered what you would do if you became really friendly with your neighbors. I felt I was friendly with the people who lived above us but our relationship consisted of talking briefly in the hall of our building, never had I considered the novel approach of CAMPING OUT TWENTY FOUR FUCKING SEVEN IN THE HALLWAY SMOKING CIGARETTES AND YELLING INCESSANTLY.

Really, what a purely wonderful idea, it's like a block party right outside my door no matter what the hour is, and what could be better than a block party you ask? A hostile block party! Frequently the yelling, squealing, and toddler crying taking place immediately outside the door to my apartment became a domestic dispute, complete with angry shouts and threats of violence. We've told them to just shut up probably fifteen times, maybe one incident of which was actually heeded. Counting

tonight we have called the police on them twice, as they caper back and forth down the hallway trailing a sled full of burning cigarettes and crying toddler.

After the cops talked to them tonight they came over and very unapologetically explained that "[they] have fucking kids and they're just trying to get by". Get by indeed, with their two-year old daughter clad only in diaper wandering around 40 degree halls completely unsupervised crying to herself and carrying a bowl of cereal around with her. Get by indeed, as they tie water-filled condoms to our doorknob, block up our peep-hole, and stop us en masse on our way out of the building to repeatedly tell us to "stop fucking running [our] mouths off [to the manager]!"

To me this all has a silver lining. No matter how much things escalate, no matter how bitchy the fuckle gang and Sowy O'Hoodkey get, no matter how loud they are, I'll be living with my girlfriend by the end of May and will be far away from their all hours shout festival. My unfortunate roommates on the other hand could potentially still be dealing with this after I'm long gone, which leaves two options for us; get them evicted or get even. Getting them evicted is what we've been trying for the past couple weeks, and while it shows signs of progress the chances of our cars ending up burning piles of wreckage before they get thrown out are a little disconcerting. In the mean time I have put a lot of thought into getting even with them, which also happens to be infinitely more amusing and personally rewarding.

It was like a war room session from the bunker in Berlin, 1945. We sat around the kitchen table and planned out our strategy, various frontal attacks and flanking maneuvers we could make were considered. Eventually we decided on our viable options.

- Since they seem to be such massive fans of noisemaking at all hours we thought they might appreciate some good old fashioned air-horn action. Every night for a month we would sneak up to their apartment door at around four AM, once they have finally exhausted themselves with their cacophonic funtimes, and place an air horn on the hall floor, facing their door, with the button duct taped down.
- Hey, I can enjoy a good smoke myself, but cigarettes are awfully expensive, way more expensive than say those fireplace starter logs you can buy at a gas station. A large soup pot and one of those burning inside should provide a delicious smoke output roughly equivalent to three entire cartons of cigarettes! They're sure to thank us!
- We don't have any toddlers living in our apartment but we can get the next best thing; riding lawnmowers. The hallway is barely wide enough for one, but I figure we could get three of those zero-turning-radius models wedged in the hall and just ride them back and forth for an hour (5 AM to 6 AM) carefully mowing the hall carpeting.
- One of the more complicated schemes we devised was to employ a robot we have dubbed "The Hydra". It's basically a motorized vacuum cleaner set to reverse with a boom box hot glued to the top. The suction will be reversed and the dust bin filled with ash so that it just roves the hallway spewing ash and playing an old MC Hammer tape at maximum volume until they come out in the hallway and break it.
- The most complicated plan involves establishing a public lounge immediately outside the door to their apartment. We will place several high-backed chairs there and a few demarcating strands of velvet rope from wall to wall. Then we will invite a number of people with tourettes to sit with us and enjoy a bracing glass of cognac and an interesting discussion of current events and FUCKSHITCUNT MEOW MEOW GGGRRRKKK ASS PUSSY SHIT.

If you have any suggestions on how we might get even with these loudmouthed ne'er-do-wells, then please feel free to drop me a line. After all of the run-ins with them we have endured we are more than willing to bend if not break the law to get back at them.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.22 SlamBall and the State of Entertainment

Friday, Mar 29, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

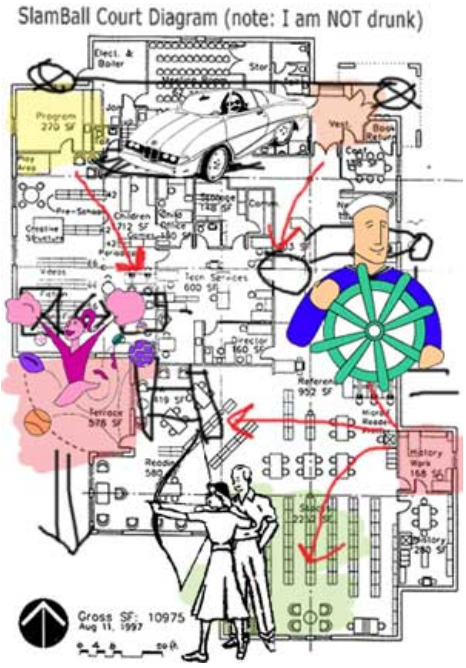
State of Entertainment

It's no surprise that the current state of televised entertainment is in shambles; once a movie as terrible as "Lexx" gets the greenlight to be converted into a weekly series, it doesn't take a rocket surgeon to know that the entertainment industry is scraping the bottom of the barrel so hard that they're going to sleep each night with 10-pound chunks of wood lodged beneath their fingernails. Now before you start sending me furious emails that explain in depth how painfully I should die for making fun of "Lexx," I just want to clarify a few things: I don't think the majority of hardcore "Lexx" fans happen to be braindead zombies who fester underneath a damp moss-covered bed mattress all day, avoiding sunlight and all forms of human interaction at all costs. Some of them are simply braindead *child molesters* who fester underneath a damp moss-covered bed mattress all day, avoiding sunlight and all forms of human interaction at all costs. Due to the Neilson Ratings System's apparent affinity to polling these forms of pseudo-humanoids, television studios are pumping out horrible ideas at an alarming rate. Think of the television industry as a giant spawning pool that squirts out millions of Zerglings each and every hour. These Zerglings then proceed to fly out of your television set and jab corn cob holders into your eyes while peppy, upbeat music for various commercial drugs that make your brain less broken plays in the background. If you, for some inexplicable reason, think this analogy seems too extreme, why don't you take a look at this news article from CNN?

> *"SlamBall," a long-in-development new sport, will debut as a TNN television series with the intention of becoming a sports league, Variety reports. The hybrid team sport, played on a specialized surface that incorporates trampolines, combines elements from basketball, football, hockey and gymnastics. It pits teams of four in a nonstop 16-minute game.*
>
> *Added Gordon: "I sat down with one piece of paper and said I'm not going to move until I come up with something that nobody can say no to. And I drew the first SlamBall court."*

Wow! SlamBall! How extreme to the max, dude! Even though the article doesn't really go into depth regarding the specifics of SlamBall, like exactly what the fuck it is or how you play it or why anybody would be motivated to watch anybody even remotely involved with it, CNN does a wonderful job describing how excited TNN executives are at the idea of promoting a brand new "sport" which has a name that sounds like a Hershey's seasonal chocolate candy. Creator Mason Gordon, whose resume includes working on hit entertainment products such as "Big Fat Liar" and "The Rosie O'Donnell Show," didn't provide a diagram showcasing off the first SlamBall court, sending me into some kind of Internet fury. Luckily I was able to digitally reconstruct this schematic by cramming a bunch of "data" (various ones and zeros) into a "USB port" (a hole that I drilled into the wall by using a chisel) in my "computer" (a shipping box with the word *"closet???"* scrawled across it in black marker). Here is what was produced after I drank too much and ending up throwing things around my living room while fighting off the stun gun prongs from state police officers.

As you can see from this diagram, well... I guess you really can't see anything from this diagram. The important point is that SlamBall appears to be very fresh and in-your-face with enough attitude to rock your world while not gagging you with a spoon because it isn't groadie to the max. I imagine SlamBall players will be allowed to wear really cool neon reflective outfits that have shoulder spikes and helmets that shoot out fire whenever they score a goal or get a point or pet the turkey or whatever the hell is the ultimate point of SlamBall. I can't wait for the SlamBall franchises to pop up and collectively amaze us all with their intensely creative names, like the "Milwaukee Gravy Barons" or the "Albuquerque Patron Saints of Mystical Underwater Hair Saloons." Maybe the players will be



able to place colorful and witty nicknames on their jerseys (like in the XFL) such as "I KILL YOU" or "RAPIST." Either way I really believe that SlamBall is yet another exciting step in the world of exciting stepping televised entertainment and feel that this feelgood sensation of a lifetime will redefine the entire sports world as we know it. It will most definitely **NOT** be canceled after a year. No, that is what will absolutely **NOT** happen. There is **NO** chance of this occurring whatsoever. I also think you should purchase stock in Snowball.com because it's about to skyrocket any day now.

Since Something Awful is a site devoted to improving the world around us by providing witty and intelligent commentary which usually begins with the word "fuck" and ends with "you," I have taken it upon myself to brainstorm up a few more excellent television shows that will undoubtedly satiate the public's growing excitement with brand new sports, reality-based television, and high risk game shows. I was originally going to call this update "The Reality-Based High Risk Sports Game Show Article," but my editor told me that title was too long. Then he turned into a ceramic pig figurine once I realized that I don't have an editor, just a ceramic pig figurine that sits on a chair which an editor would normally sit in. That's how things go in the fast-paced world of Internet journalism; I don't expect you to understand it as this business is confusing and complex, much like attempting to do differential equations on the back of an apple Fruit Rollup.

¡UPCOMING EXCITING REALITY-BASED HIGH RISK SPORTS GAME SHOWS! (NOTE THAT I HAVE USED ONE OF THOSE UPSIDE-DOWN EXCLAMATION MARKS! I AM NOT QUITE SURE WHY!)

- **"Human Stratego" -** The smash hit board game is back and in easy-to-consume game show format! Stratego, the Milton Bradley Company's game which combined both the words "strategy" and "go" into one powerhouse title of consumerism, was first launched to the general public in 1961. It immediately caught on and swept the nation like AIDS, mainly because there was nothing else to do back in the 1960's except be a white male and act racist towards blacks, Communists, Japanese, Russians, and any other force of evil. Everybody eventually stopped playing Stratego in the 1980's because American culture rejected anything that didn't feature E.T. or a Gremlin on it, except

Some of the cast from an episode of Human Stratego titled "Blown Up With People"

possibly the movie "Heartbeeps" which nobody on Earth remembers except me. Oh great, now that got me thinking of the film "Day of the Comet" and that scene where the kids are shooting UZIs in the mall jewelry store. Stupid 80's.

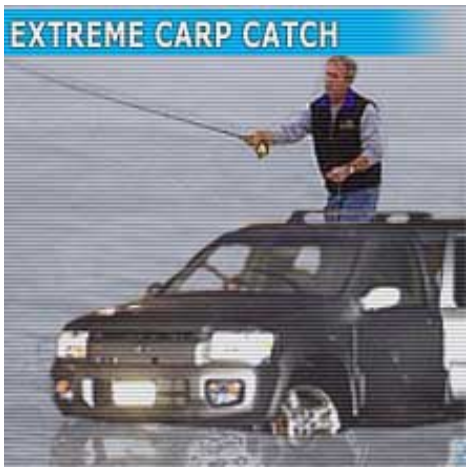
Anyway, the concept of Human Stratego combines the original game with the high-stakes reality television programming that is so popular with the kids these days. Contestants and their friends and family will be dragged onto the show, forcibly if necessary, and then assigned a rank based on the amount of money they pay us. We don't like to call it "extortion" so we refer to this process as "definitely not extortion." If somebody pays us a lot of cash then they are given a rank of "1". If they refuse to ante up, they either become a "9" or a bomb, in which case we rewire their internal organs so they stop looking like internal organs and instead begin looking more like a bomb. The two competing armies then duke it out for 48 minutes in an attempt to capture each other's flag in whatever way possible. Weapons are assigned based on the rank of each player; for example, a player ranked "1" will get a nuclear bullet launcher machinegun laser death beam death ray cannon while a "9" will be provided with a rubber band that breaks when stretched out. Both teams get to go home after the contest is over, except only the winning team isn't forced to travel there via bodybags.

- **"Numero Uno: The Guessing Game!" -** Up to 400 different people locked in an abandoned shoe store compete to guess the number that host Tom Bosley is currently thinking of, a number between -300,000 and infinity. Nobody gets to leave until either somebody guesses the number or Tom Bosley dies of old age (which technically I think happened years ago). Here's a part of the transcript from the season premier:

> **MAN:** "63?"
> **TOM BOSLEY:** "No."
> **MAN:** "153,271?"
> **TOM BOSLEY:** "No."
> **MAN:** "-260,996?"
> **TOM BOSLEY:** *(thinking)* "No."

Then there is a commercial break for Irish Spring soap.

- **"Extreme Fly Fishing" -** The sport of televised fishing never really caught on with anybody other than fishermen and drunkards who lost their remote control while engaging in the process of passing out into a kiddie pool full of urine in their livingroom. "Extreme Fly Fishing" combines the challenging sport of trying to catch a fish while doing "extreme" things such as riding a skateboard on top of a wild bull that is snowboarding



George Bush Jr. in the premier episode of "Extreme Fly Fishing." He is our current President, you know!

down a rocky mountain into a halfpipe full of African spitting beetles. While this show kind of caters to a specific niche group, the producers will undoubtedly be able to make up for lost money with product endorsements from various SUV companies, Eddie Bauer khaki pants, and all those other stupid stores at the mall that use way too many primary colors in their advertisement displays.

- **"You Always Lose" -** The first game show where you always lose. We haven't really ironed out the plot or rules of the game except for the fact that winning is not allowed. No matter how hard you might try to win, you will invariably lose because the game show is called "You Always Lose" and not "You Occasionally Lose" or "Losing Sometimes Happens On This Show You're Watching Right Now Instead of Softcore Porn on Cinemax."
- **"Dead Celebrity Jeopardy!" -** Various deceased celebrities from across the globe are carted in to match wits against each other in a no-holds-barred game show where "excitement" is in the cards! And it's not even a card game, so why don't you think about that for a while! Host Alex Trebek, who is himself in the process of becoming a Dead Celebrity Jeopardy! contestant as I write this, serves up the most mentally stressing questions from categories such as:

  - Famous Real Life Quotes From Ghosts
  - Names of People Who Enjoyed "Glitter"
  - Successful Dot-Coms
  - Don't Reply If You Want to Win $500
  - Things More Painful Than Watching Sitcoms on the WB Network

Fans from across the country are eagerly anticipating the round of competition between Jim Varney, Morton Downey Jr., and Hitler's brain which has been transplanted into a robot's body armed with huge claws and this bright red laser beam thingy on his chest which alternates from being a death ray to a tractor beam.

- **"Let's Date a Jerk" -** Let's face it; the only reason anybody anywhere ever watches those retarded dating shows is because deep inside their blackened and rotting hearts they're praying that the couple will get into a horrible fight and break up, hopefully while exchanging gunfire. Who the hell wants to see a guy and girl fall in love when there's a chance that the guy and girl could fall into a cage of angry lions? The game show "Let's Date a Jerk" teams up some unfortunate town floozy with a guy named

"Lenny" who dresses in dirty Iron Butterfly t-shirts, drives a 1984 Black Camaro which has flames drawn on the front hood, and is basically a jerk. Each and every show ends up with the woman either slapping Lenny in the face or phoning in a rape report to the Police, at which point the cast, crew, and Lenny relocate to a new town and look for brand new dating potential that will sign any contract waved in front of their face for $25 and a pack of Marlboros.

- **"Escape From Dennis Hopper" -** Contestants attempt to flee from renowned character actor Dennis Hopper in a cross-country chase of 100% pure excitement *(NOTE: the Federal Drug Administration legally requires us to explain that there is only 94% excitement included in this game show, as the other 6% is an artificial substitute named "Sholaxtinorol" produced and manufactured by LLJK Global Industries).* Once Hopper catches up with his prey, he usually ends up torturing them by imprisoning them in a room while he wildly waves his arms around and acts as if there are live, angry hornets inside his bloodstream. This is because he is insane.

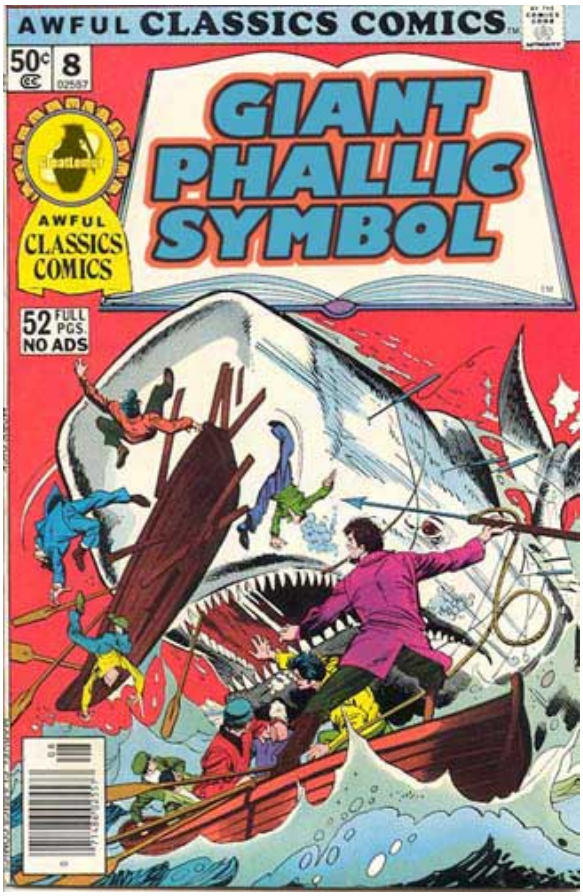
As you can plainly see, the future holds many new exciting and entertaining television shows, assuming I can save up enough money to buy the necessary amount of chloroform to knock out an entire television production crew for an hour or so. If not, well hey, I can always gas myself when "Lexx" comes on and save myself the pain. I was thinking about adding some disclaimer to this article so I wouldn't get any raving, misspelled, bizarre flame emails from rabid Lexx fans, but then I remembered that they probably don't know how to send email messages. Or own a computer. Or have the ability to read. So I think I'm relatively safe on this one and look forward to another pleasant, uneventful day!

More Pohtoshoppin' Phridays!

What would a Friday be without highlighting some of the greatest Photoshop threads found on the SA forums? Today's topic is "Classic Comics" and the skewed outlook that the notorious forum goons have on this media. Take a look!

I'd buy that for a dollar! Head on over and read it now... or else!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)


AWFUL CLASSICS COMICS
50¢
8
GIANT PHALLIC SYMBOL
AWFUL CLASSICS COMICS
52 FULL PGS. NO ADS

Chapter 4

April

4.1 RiceBoyz vs. PCRicerz

Tuesday, Apr 02, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Awwwww, how cute! It's a banana that has been shaped into the vague form of a vehicle!

One of the most embarrassing trends to ever hit the human population in the recent years has been the "Ricing" fad, a trend which has singlehandedly kept the plastic and chrome industry in business. In case you're not as "worldly" and "hip" as I am (for example, I once traveled to Wisconsin and wore those orange-tinted Ray-Ban sunglasses that make you look like a bug from outer space), the term "ricing" refers to the process of turning a crappy automobile into a crappy automobile that's unsuccessfully hidden beneath a layer of sparkly paint, tinted windows, and cannonball-sized exhaust pipes. This trend began back in the early 1990's when a group of inner city youth decided that they were tired of being laughed at when they drove their car, an underpowered 1986 Volkswagen Golf, through the "hood." If you haven't brushed up with your slang recently, the word "hood" means "a neighborhood with a lot more prostitutes and semi-naked minority children on each street corner." These sly and cunning youths stumbled upon the idea to tint their Volksvagen's windows so nobody else could see that they were driving a car which was powered by an engine created by Hasbro to soley power their walking Transformer toy. Their bet paid off and soon enough they were cruising down the streets in total anonymity. Since the inner city youth group had grown accustomed to driving their mysterious car of intrigue, and one of their members had recently gotten ahold of a large burlap bag with a huge black "$" sign stamped across it, the decided to spend all their money on making their Volkswagen Golf become the absolute most "tricked out" Volkswagen Golf since that one guy who decided to put a "BABY ON BOARD" sign on the back window. Oh, and the phrase "tricked out" is inner-city ghetto slang for "ugly." The individuals purchased the following high-cost low-quality imported Malaysian objects and demanded them to be somehow stamped or welded to their car in any means necessary:

Needs more fin. You add a couple more feet to that fin and you'll be able to go 10 MPH faster, definitely.

- A line of silver-colored-metallic-plastic-coated-aluminum trim that runs around the entire vehicle like the rubber surrounding on a bumper car. This silver lining made the car appear to be a rich person's car, as rich people are known throughout the entire land for being pasting strips of linoleum on their cars and investing in retarded things like backroom cockfights or, worse yet, UGO.
- A coat of really fancy paint applied by three different illegal Mexican immigrants hosing cans of All-Ways-Save brand spray paint after each other. The resultant color could best be described as "bottom of the boat blue" and was highlighted by the fact that many particles of crystal meth floating throughout the air embedded itself in the paint and created a pleasing effect not unlike watching reruns of "Alf" after taking painkillers you stole from the dumpster behind the dentist's office.
- Hubcaps which were created by replicating various forged UFO photos from the 1970s. The more prongs, holes, and weird shiny protruding objects, the better. They originally pictured their ideal car as being the one from *Spy Hunter*, the enemy vehicle which had humongous tire-destroying spikes sticking out from the wheels, but the car installation people kept impaling themselves and dying

when attempting to install them. I don't think their medical insurance covered that.

- A 60,000-watt stereo system which allowed their music to be heard from neighboring solar systems. Four refrigerator-sized subwoofers were placed in the back trunk so the jealous comments of anybody else on the planet could be drowned out by the soothing sounds of "Beasts of Bass Volume 28: Booty Bass Boost." Certain frequencies actually caused many buildings to explode like in the old "Godzilla" films, only with less short kids standing around wearing bicycle shorts and hats and pointing at something vague in the distance.

- A complex and revolutionary custom exhaust system which consisted of "making everything a lot bigger." They actually used a 1920's-era industrial coal factory smokestack as the tailpipe, and a modified iron lung for carbeurator. These were specifically made so huge so their car's rumbling, guttural sound would contribute to the 60,000-watt stereo system and add a special bonus frequency to the bass known as "a really muddy and horrible sound," used to lure the Mole-people out of their underground lairs hundreds of miles below the Earth's crust.

- Some outrageous plastic boomerage that was welded to the back of the car's hood and dubbed a "spoiler," meaning that "anybody who purchases one of these things to have bolted to their car has obviously spent the last six years drinking spoiled milk." Their ideal spoiler for the original Ricers was one that was so tall it could collide with orbiting satellites, but the plastic industry was having a bad year in 1991 and simply couldn't produce enough raw material to fulfill their dream.

Oh see now this is nice because if feels like I'm getting beamed up to the mothership!

- The demand that their car be lowered to approximately one inch above the ground, so that after driving one mile with their brains reverberating around and colliding with their skull nonstop from the bass, they could simply fall out of their car and be rolled down the street to the local crack-house or McDonalds or tuna factory or wherever these people go.

Now with all those aforementioned horribly embarrassing characteristics of a standard Ricemobile, it's no wonder that they're easy targets for us dorks on the Internet. Making fun of Ricers is the equivalent of beating a mentally disabled coma victim with a boat oar; it's simply too easy and doesn't result in anything but a a person who continues to be retarded no matter what you do. However, I've noticed a unsettling trend among some of the more hardcore Internet nerds around these parts; a tendency to poke fun of Riceboys while simultaneously building their very own PCRice systems.

A normal person, somebody who is neither you nor I, buys a computer, plugs it in, then uses it for a couple years until they realize that it doesn't have the horsepower to play the latest version of "Game Show Deer Hunter Action Edition (AOL Version)," at which point they give it to their eight-year old kid and they purchase a new one from K-Mart. But to the PCRicers, this is simply unacceptable. Purchasing a store-bought, uncustomized computer is to them the equivalent of walking into a Scientologist temple and referring to L. Ron Hubbard as "that fat bald dead guy who wrote the silly alien books"; it's simply something that should never, ever, ever be done. PCRicers never order entire computer systems; they order each and every part and then spend 10 hours putting it together only to realize that it locks up every 10 seconds. Their computer system represents their penis size, and in the bizarre, weird, crazy world of PCRicers, the penis with the most cooling fans wins. The ideal PCRice has the following awe-inspiring features:

Wow, what a fancy fan! This, singlehandedly, will make my computer go at the speed of light!

■As mentioned above, fans everywhere. Fans on harddrives, fans on graphics cards, fans on motherboards, fans on fans, fans that have blades composed of tinier fans, stealth fans, neon blue fans, fans of all ages... the more fans, the better. The temperature inside a computer case has an inverse relationship to their ego; the nerd in the LAN party with the inside temperature closer to absolute zero is the guy who has the bragging rights and holds all the cards. Everybody else just stares in awe at the guy's computer and wonders if there's any way they can actually breed a mini-fan farm inside their case. The perfect system would shoot out enough air from the back of it that it would routinely be caught by cops tearing down the road at 87 miles an hour.

■The cheapest CPU overclocked to the highest speed possible. The Celeron 300A was about the closest thing to an orgasm that most of us computer nerds will ever experience since we overclocked that fucker to 450 MHz. I mean, it's listed at 300 MHz... but **IT CAN GO TO 450!!!** THAT'S INCREDIBLE!!! PCRicers have this inexplicable need to show off their computer prowess by changing a few jumpers or learning how to switch settings in their BIOS screen. Sure there's no real difference these days, especially since the upgrade from 1.8 MHz to 1.9 MHz just means that Photoshop will allow you to save your doctored picture of Jennifer Lopez chasing a giant squid shooting laser beams about .0002 seconds faster, and just that means you've got an extra .0002 seconds to figure out ways to bolt your computer case onto the top of a huge fan that sits atop a block of liquid nitrogen.

■A computer case that looks like the mutant offspring of Robocop and a car from "The Jetsons." Standard cases are simply so boring; they're colored either beige or grey, have a bland boxy exterior, and a dim power switch that is about as exciting as reading a Slashdot article about... well... any Slashdot article. First up, the power button should be about as bright as your average star explosion. Anybody caught staring directly into the power button should ideally have the core of their brain immolated beyond recognition. We're talking about neon red, pulsating, throbbing, scorching bursts of light that could be used to interrogate prisoners of war. These buttons also double as light bursts used to transmit Morse code up to orbiting satellites that are recording current Counter-Strike game scores which then send them to Angel Munoz, who uses them to wipe his fat ass. These satellites were originally used for the Iridium system, but then they decided to sell them at 80% cost to the Professional Gamers League because if they didn't, Angel Munoz threatened to come over to their houses and sit down and speak for long periods of time until they all fell into comas and caused the souls inside their bodies to flee to a nicer location such as hell or the anus of a man who professionally sits on top of parking cones.

HIGH TECH! I think this was stolen from one of the walls from "Aliens."

■The fastest CPU, RAM, motherboard, graphics card, sound card, and harddrive in existence. While this may seem like a quasi-"normal" thing to do, since a faster system = faster and smoother gamplay, these people actually go into competition games with ALL ADDITIONAL GRAPHICS FEATURES TURNED OFF! Yeah, wow, you're getting 615 frames per second on Quake 2, but the monitor looks as if some vandal coated the screen with bleach and shoved lye soap into the player's eyes. Now perhaps I am crazy and / or stupid, but what's the point in investing all this time and

energy into your computer if the result is a game which looks like two ghosts chasing each other through a white pallette factory in the snow? Well technically I guess this could be useful for people who don't want to be terrorized by ION Storm's Nazi Green Colored Lighting Engine, but for most games it's just like the faster these cards go, the more color they drain from the overall picture. This is what's called a "trade off," as in you "trade" the ability to discern colors from each other for the feature of wanting to ultimately turn the game "off".

■ A case badge that shows off how utterly cool they are, or as how they say it, "K3wL". Case badges reflect the owner's personality and lets the entire world know in one easy step their preferences regarding websites, brandnames, their favorite lame-ass Japanese cartoon kiddie show, or any other asinine thing. Case badges are the equivalent of those huge gold "$" sign necklaces that all the popular hip hop stars like Kriss Kross and Bustah "Leanne" Rhymes wore before they were all gunned down in a drive-by shooting by their lawyers. Some of the hottest case badges this year include: Anime characters, different Anime characters, some other Anime characters, a completely different Anime character, and the name of the owner's shithole gaming website (assuming they can stamp "www.geocities.com/killahgamenewz" that small).

WOW! More fan action! Could it be???

■ An outside mural that encompasses the entire computer unit, causing it to look like a beautiful, stunning, breathless work of art done by some guy who really likes gigantic robots or 8-year old Japanese schoolgirls with eyes the size of Frisbees. Some of the more hardcore PCRicers do crazy shit like make their cases translucent so you can see the nine million fans inside them, while others cover theirs with shag carpeting and go for the neo-retro look. Either way they all look retarded and the only way to make their computers less outrageous if was if somehow they could disguise them as one of the many rock-computer machines that the professor from Gilligan's Island build from nearby boulders and starfish.

■ A 50-foot speaker system that is so loud it causes your entire monitor to explode when turned on, throwing pieces of glass, wires, and metal shards into your face. Now that's what I call "Exxtreme 3-D"!!! Suck it up, bitches! Next time somebody launches a Flak Cannon in your face during a heated game of Unreal Tournament, you'll truly feel the pain!

■ A desktop which looks like no desktop ever seen before. Oh the glories of Litestep! One second you've got the boring, bland, unexciting Windows desktop color scheme, and then before you know it, Litestep has installed some goofy system which has a naked green cyborg lady who turns into gridlines in the background, and you've got garishly horrible icons for programs you've never installed. The next five days are then spent attempted to change the Windows Shutdown Screen into Goku's powerup animation sequence that takes roughly 700 hours to complete. There has to be absolutely NO coherent way to navigate across the desktop or find anything you're looking for; the entire OS should be catered to the one person who created it for the one purpose of demonstrating to all other computer nerds that he too is capable of creating something that has the user friendliness of a porcupine giving birth to babies on your face. If you have a friend who uses Litestep and thinks he's "cool" because of this, I recommend that you punch him in the jaw until he comes to his senses.

■ While the outside of the computer has to catch the attention from the glasses of geeks across the showroom floor, it's the INSIDE of the computer harddrive which really sets men apart. As a general rule, the more fucked up horrible Japanese rape cartoons you have, the more respect you'll get. I personally never was turned on by the allure of tentacle raping 8-year old girls with eyeballs the size of Ricer hubcaps, but hey, I never said I was hip. Well actually I think I did once, but you can ignore that now. LAN parties are essentially groups of people who normally spend all day

playing computer games at home, then spontaneously decide to spend all day playing computer games somewhere else. It's that kind of creativity which has resulted in such wonderful products as rollershoes and the hit boardgame "Mutton Chops."

- Miscellaneous crap: all periphrials have to come in the blackest and beige-est colors possible, perhaps chemically bonding to your monitor. Your mouse must be cordless, unless you're an "old schooler" who plays with a mouse produced in 2002 to look like it's "old school." You must have Dolby Digitial 7.34 surround sound and it must be professionally installed by a group of audiophiles who determine the maximum tonal advantages gained from sitting in the middle of the speaker barrage. This matters a whole hell of a lot when you're watching that DVD of "German Cum Vixen Queens" and you're not sure if the girl holding the milky-white clear bowl is to the left or behind you.

As you can plainly see, the Ricers and the PCRicers are almost EXACTLY alike in their insane, nonstop, nevernending battle to soup up their property and impress a bunch of people who aren't even worth impressing. When your typical Ricer blows away the competition in a drag race through the parking lot of a K-Mart, does he just sit in his seat afterwards and think, "boy, I really kicked the ass of that guy who just got paroled and now works as a janitor in an oil change store"? When a computer nerd attends a LAN party and his bling-blingin' computer wins all kind of prizes because there are neon tubes floating around it, fans cooling down the fans that cool down the fan cooling system, and an overclocked harddrive that ejects out of the entire computer case and cuts through the air for about 20 feet before embedding itself in a cubical wall, are they truly happy with themselves? Rice will never die folks, it will simply mutate and take over new areas, assembling them into one core group of idiocy and stripping them of all their creative content whatsoever. Oh wait, I was talking about Gamespy there, my mistake!

A Brand Stinkin' New Feature!

Okay, as all of you well-read individuals leaveing this front page are aware of, Something Awful is a humor / comedy site that make a lot of jokes at the expense of other's morons stupidity. It's been a longoing tradition now and I really can't see if stopping in the neat future. Why do we actually enjoy gethering hate mail? Simple: they're absolute fucking hilarious. I don't think I ever read a flame mail where two concessive sentences made any coherant statement that didn't involve the misspelling of the word "fag".

UPDATE: *Damn, I didn't get any flame mail from grammar / spelling Nazis regarding that last paragraph. I underestimated you guys!*

So here's where you, the reader comes in. Each week or so, Kevin, Zack, and myself will review three mainstream pop-culture movies and CDs that are currently hot. However, our reviews will be a bit... off. Now keep this in mind: they'll appear to be real, legit, slightly researched reviews. However, we'll misquote lyrics, call characters by their incorrect names, and just make it look like we watched the first five minutes of the movie and then stopped. The reviews aren't meant for the sake of humor but are meant to get all the "MUST FLAME PERSON WHO DISAGREES WITH ME" out of the woodwork to see which one of us can get the most hate mail. It's all a big contest to see who can generate the most hate mail from their review.

What **you** need to do is send the link to the Radiohead Review to all your Radiohead zealot pals and send the Lord of the Rings review to all of your LoTR psychos. Don't tip them off as to the

project of this scheme or the main theme of this site because we want to stock up on as much hate mail as possible and then showcase it at the end of the week, each week. So I'm simply asking you to send a review link to one of your friends who likes whatever is being reviewed, then just watch as his brain explodes. Make sure he emails us in all capital letters.

REMEMBER: ***To do not hint in ANY way that this review is NOT REAL.*** Convince them that this is a legit review or else the prank won't work. So your mission today is to round up all your Lord of the Rings fans and the sucker chumps who bought Radiohead's "Amnesiac" and then send them to the appropriate area:

> **REVIEW:** "Lord of the Rings"
> **REVIEW:** "Radiohead: Amnesiac"

Now remember... do your DAMNEST to send the direct URL to the obsessed-fans out there. We're having a competition to see which one of us can get the most flame mail. So round up your hipster doofus pals and point them in the direction of the crap-ass reviews. They'll immediately become furious flaming horrible monsters and a good time will be had by all... except them.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.2 The Zany Radio Scientology Morning Zoo

Wednesday, Apr 03, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Artist depiction of Heber Jentzsch and L. Ron Hubbard foiling a dastardly outer space caper for the good of all mankind!

Most of you are undoubtedly aware that in the past, Something Awful has taken the occasional sporty and spirited "poke" at the fine folks of the Church of Scientology. What can we say? We're a bunch of jolly fun pranksters and we know that the crew manning the Amphibious Crystalline Scientology Zeppelin Headquarters loves a good joke. And how can they not? These are the same whimsical lads who have made a business out of brainwashing gullible folks into thinking that Scientology is the one true religion. Of course that's just the cat's meow. The roar and bite comes when they attach hoses to your body and sap the life out of you like you were some kind of giant walking squeeze bottle of ranch dressing. They do the same to your bank account, too. Then after all that, they go to your fridge and steal your ranch dressing. These people love ranch dressing. It all works out in the end when you realize they use their dirty money and ranch dressing to build moon rockets and vast armies of clones. But don't worry! They do this for the benevolent purpose of keeping Earth safe from the planet devouring Galactus and his slave, the Silver Surfer. We only joke about them to keep them happy, which is quite a chore given all the tireless, thankless work they do on our behalf. It's the least we can do to give back to our good friends!

Okay, so I'm a liar. We, like all other sane and rational people, think Knight Rider was a totally awesome show. Knight Rider and all its awesomeness aside, we also think Scientology is a really big scam. For one thing, Scientology has no talking car or dangerous crime fighting adventures. What's up with that? They don't even have David Hasselhoff. At best, all they can muster is Frank Stallone and a bunch of has-been actors like Tom Cruise and John Travolta. They're also about as good at hiding their evil as Adolf Hitler wearing a Darth Vader costume while murdering a handicapped orphan dressed as Abraham Lincoln. A good example of the Church of Scientology failing to hide their devilishly diabolical nature is in a radio interview conducted with Scientology Kingpin Heber Jentzsch. Mr. Jentzsch, in addition to being the president of Scientology, is also clearly criminally insane. He's the kind of guy who would steal a seafood dinner from you and then lie to your face about not having sex with it.

In this interview, conducted sometime in the early nineties, Heber Jentzsch is asked about what exorcism means within the Scientology faith. This question instantly sends him into a promotional spiel in which he will not be denied! Despite the fact that the host, a call-in listener, and another guest are asking him to either answer the question or shut his clamhole, he still keeps rambling on like a perpetual moron machine. Eventually the host cuts his microphone so that the other guest, a former Scientologist, can explain what it means. And then the real fun begins! As the other guest begins to explain the question, Heber walks over to him so he can yell into his microphone. He then starts screaming for everybody to keep their hands off him, and threatens the female host with what we can only assume would be a hearty bitch slap. Of course he didn't actually hit her, because that would be rude. Instead, he makes a move so desperate that it makes space nerd Wil Wheaton's acting career look amazing. Heber accuses the other guest of condoning drug use, and then ultimately of being on drugs. In the midst of all the madness we learn that Prozac is a "KILLER!"

Only Scientology can protect you from Galactus and his planet destroying powers!

The interview then drifts from drugs to some of Heber's overseas criminal charges. Of course that logically leads to Heber's mother and more sweet, sweet insanity. Heber, being a sensitive family man, naturally becomes enraged with the host accuses of him of lying about his mother's health. This leads to the single greatest cry of "YOU!" ever uttered. With the spirit of a reluctant action hero coming face to face with the evil criminal mastermind who crossed the line and made it personal and with the pure insanity of a cunning jewel thief who committed crimes disguised as bigfoot being confronted by the group of teenage sleuths who brought him to justice, Heber delivers the most impassioned "YOU!" in the history of humankind. It is angry, shocked, deranged, and vengeful. It is everything in one word. It's simply beautiful. After that, chaos reigns supreme as Heber demonstrates how to properly promote your business/church in the bizarro world.

All of this begs the question: where the hell did Heber Jentzsch learn business? I think the answer is pretty obvious. He went to the same business school for psychotic maniacs that WWF and XFL founder Vince McMahon went to. The roaring incoherent insults, the thinly veiled threats of violence, the child-like pouting, the loud and furious yelling, it's all there! I don't know if Heber has anywhere near the facial talents as Vince, but they're both pretty damn insane when it comes to conducting themselves in a professional manner. The only difference is that Vince McMahon's threats of injecting us with the poison of the N.W.O. are nowhere near as serious or dangerous as the Scientology Happiness Crew's threats of helping us reach "spiritual enlightenment," which loosely translates into being a brainwashed walking public relations machine and bad party guest.

But don't take my word for it when you can listen to the insanity yourself! Download the KFI radio interview:

- **Part One (601kb)** – Featuring such classic hits as "Don't Touch Me!" and "Are You On Drugs?"

- **Part Two (586KB)** – Act now and get the bonus second part, with timeless tunes like "YOU!!" and "How do you feel about people?"

Big thanks to Something Awful Forum Goon and obscure audio curator SydBarrett for the interview.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.3 The SA Middle East League Opener!

Thursday, Apr 04, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

In this preseason shot from the MELO, you can see an attack helicopter escorting ground troops in the "I" formation with a heavy weapons expert who pitches left but then plants right.

ANNOUNCER RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA: "As the sun rises and the dry desert winds blow in, April, also known to the Israelis as the 'Month of Flowers,' marks the revival of life from the barren sands of the Earth. The melting snow and blossoming fruit trees bring out the native beauty that defines this holy paradise, a birthplace to a variety of colorful and fascinating religions which all believe in killing each other. This time of the year truly defines the term 'rebirth' in nature's grand cycle of life and signals the harvest of budding green almonds, apricots, and plums. What's a better time of the year to kick off the SA Middle East League Opener, the fierce ongoing rivalry between the mighty Israeli Jewensteins and the crowd favorite Palestinian Arabmatics?"

COLOR COMMENTATOR JIM BAGLEADUCIA: "That's right Rich, we're bracing ourselves for what looks to be the most exciting year in the history of the Middle East League Opener since its creation in the early 1950's. The intense competition between the Jewensteins and Arabmatics seems to have reached an apex this season, with Israel's remarkable preseason offensive buildup and the acquisition of a number of free agents and rookies from farm teams across the nation. While most analysts concur that Israel still maintains its long-standing reputation as the league powerhouse, Palestine has been quietly creeping up the power charts by employing their trademark 'hit and run' tactics that have made them the fan favorite amongst nations who have outlawed Scotch tape and deemed it an 'offense against God'. In fact, our computer has given them a rating of '63.21a,' as opposed to their rating last year of '2912.8372ccc.' However, since these figures are all arbitrary and none of us know what they mean, you really can't read too much into those ratings in general."

Gunman Yuval Lancry is seen here accosting a Palestinian threat and her two grandkids.

KYANKA: "Offense indeed, Jim. That's what has fans of the Jewensteins so upbeat this year, hoping that their team will bring home the pennant in addition to the severed heads of various Palestinian police force officials. The Israelis have decided to go with what works, putting their money and resources into airpower and conventional land forces instead of building more power plants and Tiberium harvesters. They've upgraded a major portion of their artillery and airborn weapons, giving them a decisive edge over the ground-based attacks that define the Palestinian starting team. However, all the airstrikes in the league won't be able to defeat a team that's entrenched in the landscape and is being coached by Yassar "TNT" Arafat, the man who single-handedly defined the strategy of 'strapping exploding shit to yourself and then blowing up in a major metropolitan area.' Although opposing Israeli citizens and teammates are appalled by the ruthlessness of this highly offensive technique, they have to admit it's been stunningly effective in recent strikes. Over 438 Jewenstein players have been placed on the injured and 'explosively disabled' list and even more are expected to have their limbs separated from their body via detonating Palestinians. Let's go to Token Female Corespondent Sarah Jacobson, reporting from the sidelines near the West Bank. Sarah?"

TOKEN FEMALE CORESPONDENT SARAH JACOBSON: "Thank you Rich. As you

can tell by the large amounts of sand behind me, this area contains a whole lot of sand. There are sand hills, sand valleys, and just really sand everywhere. It's like a big sandbox, only bigger. This makes walking around really hard because your feet like totally sink in. Into the sand. Officials have met to discuss laying a thick coat of Astroturf along the playing field, but league commissioners have decided that this material is too dangerous and could cause an unprecedented amount of injuries. I suggested they do something like glue sand to paper like I did when I was a kid in grade school, but I guess they didn't want to do that because I've been kicking the sand around here all day and I haven't found any paper underneath. I found a rock and some animal that looked like a big scary dog, but that's it. Back to you, Rich."

Yassar "TNT" Arafat poses for his collective trading card picture. In mint condition, it's worth 500,000 rupees.

KYANKA: "Thank you for that very enlightening report, Sarah. You sure are earning the 1.2 million dollars a year that the network president is paying to prevent you from releasing the video tapes of him engaging in extramarital intercourse with a golf cart. Now while everybody knows that the Jewensteins are playing hard as a team, most people aren't aware of the breakout performance that one rookie has been having this year. Avirama Loya might not have the celebrity status and name recognition as teammate Rotem Golan, but he's easily on his way to set team records for children killed, drywall structures shot up with machinegun fire, and most pictures featured on CNN.com holding a submachinegun. John Madden is in the Israeli locker room with Loya, preparing for their upcoming game against a few Palestinian janitors who vaguely look like they could potentially be terrorists or merely janitors disguised as terrorists. I've been told that they've just been given their pep talk by leader Ariel 'He Hate Me' Sharon, and are preparing to head out. John?"

JOHN MADDEN: "RAARGH! After years of mindless commentary, I have grown fat and bald and insane! Buy my paint! Avirama, how do you feel about the way the Jewenstein team is shaping up for this year?"

AVIRAMA LOYA: "Well John, I think we're the strongest we've been in years, maybe in all history. We've got a great team of guys up on the front line, a bunch of guys with a lot of heart and experience. I've been fortunate enough to learn how to shoot up churches and abandoned buildings with the best veterans on the team here, and I feel that if confronted by a group of angry teenagers armed with bottles and rocks, I could easily shoot them, maybe even in the face, with exploding bullets. The whole thing is that this is a team effort, and there's no 'I' in team. You've got to go out and give it 120 percent and just keep your mind on the ultimate goal which is to kill people for our Lord and because we want to build Holy Condominiums on the Arabmatic's land. We also want to ***(EDITED OUT BY MEDIA CONSPIRACY)***. Wait, you guys in the Jewish media conspiracy can edit that last part out, right?"

MADDEN: "I've been eating only chalk and peaches for nine months! Buy my paint!!! You gotta hate it when the quarterback gets up looking through his earhole! **BUY MY PAINT!!!**"

KYANKA: "Thank you for that interview, John. I can't help but notice that you're fat, bald, and completely insane. I hope that works out for you."

COMMENTATOR DENNIS MILLER: "Now allow me to pose the following query-" *(his head explodes from a sniper shot hundreds of yards away)*

ENTIRE WORLD: HOORAY!!!!!

BAGLEADUCIA: "Let's go to Chris Berman who is on the sidelines with Arabmatic 198th Division Suicide Bomber Captain Hussein Ramkumar. Chris?"

CHRIS BERMAN: "Howza hoo and boola boo to ya, Jim! We've got the up and up with the lowdown on the Sultan of Blow-Up'n, the ginger snappin Hussein Ramkumar who's leaping and jumping over the bam boom slammers on the slick ride. Hussein, what's the plan?"

HUSSEIN RAMKUMAR: "Greeting. I am of strapped with the bombs to body and destroying the enemy bingo halls and Jew babies. All Jew babies grow up to become evil Jew bankers who are against us god. We are owning land and oil, the Jews own lies. We combat lies with bombs and destroy pizza parlors of evil lies. We explode with people so Jews learn that our God is right and theirs is wrong. Our god says when we blow up with people and explode a amusement park or enemy zoo, we will go to the afterlife full of virgins and the hats which are able to contain two beer cans above that emit straws to drink from wearing the hat on one's head. We will control this world and your all Zionist governments will fall to our people with bombs on their man boobs! Allah rules, Jesus drools! Go Palestine!"

Citizens of Palestine worship the infamous Death Tank of Israel, which defends its turf against enemy children and schoolteachers.

BAGLEADUCIA: "Chris, we've recently heard reports that the Palestinian government has upgraded their weapons inventory to include both glass bottles that break when thrown AND some sort of exploding device shaped like an outdated abortion clinic tool. Have you seen any of these so-called 'superweapons' in action?"

BERMAN: *(Runs off camera, chews on the boom mic operator's arm)*

KYANKA: "Thank you very much, Chris. We hope your Paxil starts taking effect soon. Well that's it for today's preview of the Middle East League Opener, as we're only minutes away from a scheduled conflict between some guys in the sand and some guys behind a wall. We're predicting heavy gunfire with a chance of mortar explosions, but these conditions hopefully won't ruin what will undoubtedly be one of the most exciting matchups since the last time these teams matched up, approximately 12 minutes ago. Stay tuned for the upcoming exciting coverage of the Middle East League Opener!"

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.4 Baseball: America's Past Pastime

Friday, Apr 05, 2002 by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

Let's face it: baseball is no longer America's pastime. I don't know what America's new pastime is, but it probably has something to do with either sex or skateboarding. Kids don't want to grow up to be Mickey Mantle anymore, which is a shame because Mickey Mantle was an alcoholic wife beater with bad knees who died when he was like 49. Now he was a worthy role model, unlike this Tony Hawk character who skates around inside his video games and teaches his son how to ollie over hobos. A son, I may add, he made with SEX.

Batter up!

Right after the World Series last year, commissioner Bud Selig got drunk, watched an episode of "Survivor," and decided to vote two teams out of the league in order to save baseball nearly $50 a year. Unfortunately, Selig's little scheme worked out about as well as a supervillain's world conquest plot and completely failed because the Minnesota Twins (for some reason) wanted to stick around and play in their dilapidated Astrodome rip-off for at least another year. Oh, and Governor Jesse Ventura threatened to bodyslam Selig through a card table if he didn't shut up, that may have had something to do with it. The Montreal Expos was the other team rumored for contraction but the only response to that news was a slightly agitated "eh?" uttered by a mildly perturbed Canadian beer vendor. Hell, only three people know what an "Expo" is.

Teams can't afford to build new stadiums, so they're hitting up the government for taxpayer money. After all, those millions of dollars would only be squandered on stupid things like schools, roads, army toilet seats, and army toilet seats with anti-aircraft capabilities. Yes, quite the sorry state of affairs. Please visit Major League Baseball's official website and give whatever money you have, go U.S.A. #1!!

In other completely unrelated news, Major League Baseball players' salaries for this year are over $2 billion dollars.

> *Players will earn $2.023 billion, up from $1.934 billion last season... The average salary of $2,383,235 was up 5.2 percent from last year.*
>
> While the average salary has increased 126-fold from 1967, when it was $19,000, the Consumer Price Index has gone up only five-fold since then. And while baseball players average $13,000 a day during the season, the average annual household income in the United States is $57,045, according to latest figures from Census Bureau. That's about four days' average pay for someone who wields a bat and wears a glove.

Spatter up!

Your average decent, starting, MLB pitcher only plays once every five days. So he spends four days sitting in the bullpen, waiting for his day to pitch while wearing a cheesy little jacket that went out style in the seventies. During those four days, he makes more than you make in an entire year. And when he does play, he usually gets to leave early! You work your ass off for an *entire year* while this chump sits on a bench staring into space for *four days*, pausing only to fart or spit out his sunflower seeds. And you both get the same amount of compensation. This hardly seems fair, I can spit, fart, and sit just as good as Pedro Martinez. Where's communism when

you need it?

Major League Baseball salaries are just totally out of touch with reality. Bud Selig can't do anything about it since he's basically just a High School Assistant Principal who studied up on the infield fly rule. Owners bitch and moan about how they aren't making any money but then they'll turn around and happily sign some big name hotshot to a $200 million, ten year contract. Using this logic, when an owner has a bad headache he'll complain about it for a while, bash his head into a wall a few times, jam a knife into his skull, and then take some Advil.

There are only 849 Major League Baseball players. That's not very many. Out of those 849 players, how many can your average fan actually name? Maybe 100, tops. Pay those 100 guys maybe $3 to $8 million a year a piece. That's still a lot of money for eight months work. Give the rest of the guys $200k to $600k, with relief pitchers making $500 for every pitch they throw in a game. $500 to throw a ball ONCE is a lot of money! It's simple supply and demand, how hard can this be? There's only 849 jobs and tens of thousands of people who can play. Even **I** managed to play baseball in High School; I'd be willing to turn pro for a measly $70k. The only downside is that I'd occasionally drool on home plate and play Team Fortress Classic on a laptop between innings instead of watching the game. Oh, and I'd probably drop the ball sometimes and bat .120.

Owners, you have a monopoly here. Don't you get this? The NFL at least had the XFL, all MLB has is Triple A. No, not the Automotive Club, the minor leagues. Ever hear of the Toledo Mud Hens? The Memphis Redbirds? The Rochester Red Wings? They're all Triple A teams. Thus, the minor leagues are for the birds! Get it? **Z-ZING!**

There's only twenty something teams. If you all refuse to pay Barry Bonds the big bucks, what's he going to do? Retire? Strap on a helmet and switch over to the NHL? Become the next CEO of Microsoft? No, he's going to settle for a "paltry" $8 million a year. Oh boo hoo, guess you'll have to endorse more batteries and tampons or something to make up the difference!

Smack my bitch up! Actually, this is Tawny Kitaen, who was recently arrested for bitch slapping her husband, Cleveland Indian pitcher Chuck Finley. Now that's a tomahawk chop! Don't worry Chuck, I'm sure the guys in the clubhouse will be real sympathetic.

Actually, it's pointless to argue all this since eventually fans will get tired of paying $50 to sit in the bleachers, drinking $10 beers and eating $5 hot dogs to watch a five hour game which turns out to be not entirely all that different from the other thousands of games played that year. Or the year before that. Besides, most games are edited down to a couple minutes of highlights and shown on ESPN for free, accompanied witty commentary featuring things like "BOO-YAH" and "SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND" and "RUMBLIN' BUMBLIN' STUMBLIN'".

And eventually all the die-hard fans will realize that buying an official jersey with their name written on the back and referring to his favored franchise as "our team" is stupid. It's not your team, retard, all you do is clap when some guy you'll never meet picks a rolling ball off the ground and flings it at another guy with a dead cow protecting his hand. Shortly after that, baseball fade into history like... something that fades. Stadiums will be converted into giant half-pipes for skateboarding teams like the Green Bay Gnarlyradicals and the Denver Dudes. Then after a hard day of 720's and bluntsides, everybody will go home and have sex with their cousin wife because CNN says that's the cool thing to do.

You heard it here first: making your relatives orgasm is America's new national pastime. It's not watching men adjust their crotch protectors. Incidentally, incest would have been America's national

pastime a lot sooner if only the South had won the Civil War. Good things *come* to those who wait, I guess! Eww.

Photoshop Friday Fryday!

Oh, those wacky photoshopping forum goons with their equally wacky photoshops! This week, Livestock takes a gander at a "classic" SA photoshop target: World War II propaganda posters!

Wow, World War II was the best sequel ever!

Can YOU Handle The Truth?!?

TruthMedia reviews only tell the truth! Well, not really, they're kind of just made up, inaccurate flamebait designed to generate angry mail from obsessive, psychotic fans who feel the need to defend whatever artist movie software they've dedicated their lives to. Today we've got not one, not two, not seven, but three new reviews!

- Weezer - "Blue Album"
- The Simpsons: The Golden Years
- Linux

Be sure to send these to any nutty friends (or enemies) who you think'll freak out over our blasphemy. Don't let them in on the joke, because the article that gets the most pissed off letters wins! Plus, we'll post the most pathetic mails later on! Wahoo!

-~Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 My Gear Has Been Bought!

Saturday, Apr 06, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Everything Has Been Sold!

Now I will not turn this site into a David Hasselhoff fan site!!!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.6 Diet Riot

Monday, Apr 08, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As a formerly skinny man who is doing his hardest to become a bloated, Kraken-like entity able to swallow up entire Shriner conventions in a single gulp, I am well aware of how important a well-balanced diet is to maintaining obesity. You see, I used to run cross country approximately 60,000 years ago in high school, a mystical time when my metabolism had the magic powers to convert stuff like Twinkies, pork, and cans of lard into useful things like oxygen, vitamin A, or hilarious noises that were emitted from my rear end. I'm not exactly sure how this process worked, but if I had to take a guess I'd say it had something to do with atoms. Regardless, high school kids fall into one of three categories:

As a child, you can be skinny but still suffer the same horrible embarrassment as fat kids.

1) Skinny kids - These are the teenagers who stereotypically play games that involve 20-sided dice and a 500-page manual describing the mood swings of an Enchanted Red Cave Orc With PMS +8. Now since I don't want to make any sweeping generalizations here, let me explain that not all skinny high school kids play games that involve 20-sided dice and 500-page manuals; some of them also play those idiotic card games that have pictures of elves on the front and are worth $400 to fat guys wearing R2D2 shirts. These kids are often picked on because their lack of body mass makes it easier for them to fall down when pushed aside by jocks or football team coaches or preppy kids who wear sweaters wrapped around their neck and call each other names like "Baxter" or "Jennings." If you're a skinny kid in high school and are looking to gain weight, the only answer is to eat a lot of greasy fat foods so you'll grow a bunch of zits on your face and the acne will add about 15 pounds to your total weight.

2) Average kids - Children in this category are neither fat nor skinny, they're simply average. Some of them might be a bit muscular and have names like "Tank" or "Tank Boss," but generally speaking, average kids are fairly average. They enjoy sports such as tennis, soccer, baseball, football, and smoking. Since they fall into the "average" weight class, they can afford to grow mullets and drive an IROC-Z (NOTE: for all you skinny nerd kids, that's "IROC-Z" and not a misspelling of "IRC"). The average population of kids in high school consists mostly of average kids, children who are neither too fat nor too skinny, unless you live in Houston where babies are routinely extracted from their mothers using an industrial-sized Jaws of Life© ® ™ ¥.

3) Fat kids - Fat kids have the unfortunate feature of being fat, which prohibits them from being classified in the "skinny" or "average" group of kids. Scientists have conclusively proven that no fat children have ever been popular in high school, unless if you're referring to them as being a popular punching bag or target to throw staplers at. Fat kids also point out when you end sentences with hanging prepositions, so that's reason enough to not like them. This group of kids are responsible for 90% of the fabric produced in the clothing industry, and regularly wear shirts that could completely envelope major national monuments. I should know; I've had to mail out the XXXL Something Awful T-shirts, articles of clothing large enough to cover an entire SWAT team.

You routinely eat things like this on a daily basis! Did you know that? No wonder you're so fucked up!

Now while this is all well and good, once high school ends, bad things begin happening to people's bodies. For example, there's college. In addition to that, people begin noticing that their metabolism isn't quite as metabolic as it once used to be. The days of eating an entire large pizza topped with a 24-ounce steak marinated in cotton candy suddenly end, and people realize that their body lost its ability to break down unhealthy foods and turn them into, well, whatever the hell the body turns junk food into. Let's look at two different scenarios here:

> **SCENARIO #1:** A 16-year old kid eats a McDonald's hamburger. All the fat, cholesterol, grease, bug parts, and fried yarn are broken down by the teenager's young digestive system, converting them into things like skin or lungs or gold or whatever. Oh wait a second, I think they're probably atoms, everything eventually gets converted into atoms. Anyway, you got all these teenagers running around full of atoms and listening to Marilyn Manson and Korn and putting sparkly "PRINCESS" stickers on the back of their cars, so you can see that there are slight problems with this equation.

> **SCENARIO #2:** A 40-year old man eats a McDonald's hamburger. Due to the fact that his digestive system is old and tired, absolutely none of the hamburger is digested and it all simply flies down his throat and lodges itself in his stomach lining next to his Twizzlers depot and the fleshy bag of onion ring parts. No atoms are produced because the body is simply fed up (ha ha, what a pun!) with converting junk food to atoms for the past 40 years or so. Sometimes the body rebels and actually exhibits reverse atomization, in which it converts random floating atoms inside a person's body into fatty foods such as ham and cheesecake. You could just be sitting around, minding your own business and watching reruns of "Hanging With Mr. Cooper," and then suddenly you'll have the taste of coconut creme pie in your mouth. That's how your body works; it simply hates you for making it convert crappy food to atoms. If your body had its way, it would probably vote to make your head explode

As you can see by these two scenarios, the human body is an exciting and wonderful device not unlike a garage door opener or handgun. However, your body is subject to wear and tear just like any other wonderful device, so as the years pass by and you realize how significantly bloated you have become, you notice your body is rebelling against you just like that one episode of "Saved By the Bell" where Zack bought a motorcycle jacket to annoy his parents. Of course this analogy means you're Zack's parents and your body is a teenage boy who purchases black clothing, so maybe I didn't choose the best way to explain this process. Luckily I don't care and neither does your body unless you print out this update and try to eat the paper, in which case it will rebel against you by purchasing a motorcycle jacket through a mail order catalogue or worse yet, eBay.

Nutrition Facts
Serving Size ½ cup (120mL)
Servings Per Container about 3
Amount Per Serving
Calories 150 Calories from Fat 50
% Daily Value*
Total Fat 6g 9%
Saturated Fat 2g 10%
Cholesterol 0mg 0%
Sodium 640mg 27%
Total Carbohydrate 22g 7%
Dietary Fiber 2g 8%
Sugars 14g
Protein 2g
Vitamin A 25% • Vitamin C 25%
Calcium 4% • Iron 4%
*Percent Daily Values are based on a 2,000 calorie diet.

Hahaha, look at this! This nutritional label claims there's iron in it! That must be a typo or something. Iron, haha!

To prohibit your body from buying jackets, many doctors and fitness experts across the globe have written trillions of diet books that explain in detail how to keep your body in shape and prevent it from turning into what appears to be a colossal fried potsticker. While these books might offer worthless crap like scientifically-proven evidence and time tested methods of weight loss, there is

a distinct downside to them: they cost money, money which you could be spending on car payments or office supplies. So as a service to you, a member of the general public (granted, the general *creepy* public), I have created a list of surefire ways to lose weight, methods that won't cost you a cent to read or save to a text file named "horsecock.txt." After all, you need to hold onto every penny for your impending lawsuit against this website for offering the following irresponsible and highly dangerous advice.

IRRESPONSIBLE AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS ADVICE FOR EATING HEALTHY AND LOSING WEIGHT AND WHATEVER THE HELL ELSE I WAS WRITING ABOUT

1) Make sure to read the nutritional information product labels before buying or consuming them (the actual product, not the labels). Companies are required by law to list the ingredients of their food products so sea captain pirates can choose the correct food to purchase before setting sail to discover rare spices, such as salt, across the seas, such as Lake Michigan. Before this law was enacted, sea captain pirates were getting scurvy all the time and had no idea how to keep this horrible disease at bay (this is another clever pun) because they didn't know what foods prevented scurvy. They tried everything; butter, coffee grounds, chocolate, but nothing worked. Eventually the Pirate Union lobbied the government enough to enact a nutritional label law forcing companies to list the health aspects of consuming their food products. Before you eat something, take a close look at the label and decide if eating this item will help you in your ultimate goal of becoming less fat. Let's look at a couple examples:

> ***NUTRITIONAL FACTS:*** *Total Fat (4g), Saturated Fat (1.5 g), Semi-Saturated Fat (1.0g), The Artist Formerly Known as Saturated Fat (.5 g), Cholesterol (0 mg), Sodium (70 mg), Protein (2g), Impurities Such As Insect Parts and Shoestrings (2 g).*

As you can tell from the clear and concise summary, this is a relatively healthy item to eat (it is a Quaker Chewy Granola Bar), so feel free to buy a truckload of them and eat at least 38 a day. The nutritional facts are straightforward and easy to read, thereby allowing you, the consumer, to know exactly what horrible things are entering your body. However, not all nutritional labels are as helpful and explicit as the Quaker Chewy Granola Bar example. Take a look at the following label which I saw in a local convenience store:

> ***WARNING:*** *The Surgeon General has determined that smoking is hazardous to your health. Smoking causes lung cancer, heart disease, emphysema, and may complicate pregnancy. Smoking by pregnant women may result in fetal injury, premature birth, and low birth rate.*

Now I'm not sure what the company was thinking when they wrote this label, but it doesn't offer hardly ANY information regarding the nutritional aspects of their product! I mean, I can't even tell how many calories it has or what percentage of it is saturated fat! I assumed that since no fat or cholesterol was listed on the label it was fat and cholesterol-free, so I proceeded to purchase 40 cartons of them. After taking them home and eating a couple dozen, I realized that they tasted horrible! This proves that they're indeed very healthy since the worse something tastes, the more nutrition it offers.

2) Make sure your diet is well balanced and contains items from the 10 basic food groups: meat, vegetables, milk and milky substances, grain, taffy, liquor, deep fried things, fruits, oxygen, and bridal cake. If you fail to eat an item in one of these food groups, your body will attempt to convert one different type of food to that group, which often results in a

real mess. Have you ever tried to convert pork into coffee creamer? It hardly ever works, and when it does you really wish it didn't.

3) Exercise frequently. Working out is nature's way of punishing your body and blackmailing it into converting more fat into atoms which are discharged via sweat. Just remember this motto: "the more you sweat, the skinnier you get." Develop a regular fitness routine and abide by it each and every day so your body gets used to the pain and torture it must endure. If you predict that you may miss a day, demand that one of your friends exercise for you. Popular exercise routines include running, walking, swimming, tetherball, eluding the police, writing goth poetry, and putting out chemical fires.

4) Stay away from high calorie foods and instead substitute them with low calorie items. Instead of eating an entire Stucky's pecan log, why not chew on a wad of masking tape for three hours? Sure that fried turkey may taste great, but chugging a shotglass full of caulking will be much better on the arteries (arteries are these big red things under your skin that convert blood into oxygen or oxygen into blood or ghosts or something).

5) As a general rule, avoid eating anything that is colored either neon orange or police-tape yellow. This includes candy corn, Doritos, movie theater buttered popcorn, and circus peanuts. These foods are composed of complex alien alloys found in UFO crashes, giving them that glow-in-the-dark feature which makes them so attractive to people who attend monster truck rallies and gun shows.

These people are cyberExercising on the Information Superhighway! It probably involves VRML too.

I hope these tips and chunks of advise have helped you understand the complex and wonderful world of weight loss, a world where all bets are off and action is in the cards and he was framed for a crime he didn't commit. And if for some inexplicable reason you didn't gain any insight from this article, you have nobody to blame but yourself because you're obviously too stupid to understand even the most simple concept of your spleen converting Jello into atoms. Your body obviously hates you and you deserve to be fat, jerk.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.7 Fights at Charity Are Tough On Future

Monday, Apr 08, 2002 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

Goings to Fights Encounters Rudos Maneuvers

Long time readers are being made to know of Yours Truly and his many acts upon charity which are benefiting the charity of choices. One weeks ago we are having major wrestling festival in Tijuana called the "Hold Fest VII" which is of course an explosion of the wrestle sensation. Being big star shining brightly in local wrestling scene Yours Truly is being asked to participate and I am on vacation so it is "I don't know about the sounds of this deal fellows" and then I am hearing that it is for the good cause so I am saying "yes I will apply the mastery of the squared circles but only for the sake of the childrens."

This is the big tops that were being the roofs for the matches and containing all of the excitement that was inside.

Do not be taking me of the wrong direction, this is a match for the charity but it is still important because when there is moves to be had your reputation is on the line at all of the times. Some of you may be made to think that it is a party, well let me break in the news to you, this is no party this is the serious business and the smiles for the fans turn to the frowns of concentration when the battle of wills is being made to commence. My first question after I am agreeing to engage into the battle is who is the poor gentleman who I am going to best and the word is that it is going to be ultimate rudos and long time not at all friend Bug Ox. I am yelling into the telephone that Bug Ox is not a good solution to the math problem of Yours Truly + Other Wrestler = Charity Match.

Infanto Giganto of the Terrible Twos is making to grab you stranger, oh oh look out friends! HAHA, no seriously.

The man who is planning this occasion is made to tell me that Bug Ox is only wrestler in weight category that is agreeing to wrestle for the charity and I tell him "well okay you have it your ways sir but I am asking you to write down on the record that I am telling you now that Bug Ox will cheat and then walk away to the waiting car with all the charity money and the children will be cries." He is not liking the sound of this and is making to accuse me of all manner of slander comments but he is not yelling like he might if the tables are turning because he is still wanting me to wrestle with ugly bad guy Bug Ox.

I am hanging up the phone and considering this offer but my thoughts are drift wood on ocean with currents pulling towards Bug Ox. Bug Ox is rudos, he is cheating at all chance, but he is also ugly and dumb and his trademark maneuvers are so stupid fans are sitting in silence trying to make determinations of why he is in ring at all. It is wave of shock saying "oh my this rudos hombre is as silly as they are coming" but it is worse because he is winning more often than many because of the cheats he devises. I am hope that maybe a bus full of banjos will drive over the head of Bug Ox and fulfill dream of his demise. Knowing the luck of Yours Truly the bus would be full of pillows and when driving over head of Bug Ox would make him even more stupid and even more rudos and his cry of "Bu-bu-BUG OX!" would send all new shiver of anger through spines.

Two days are going across the sky and then I am packing myself into the Sombrero mobile with

Sombrero Largo to head into the "Hold Fest VII". I am trying to be concentration on the subject of the children who will be benefiting from all of the moneys that are coming towards their good cause of happiness. This is giving some comfort but I am being haunted like the house of horrors by the ghost of Bug Ox laughing madly as he is making his great getaway with all of the charities. Then the children cry, the children are always the ones who cry if you know what I am saying.

The sight is one sight that definitely should be seen when I am making my entrance into the big top where the events are held. Children are crowded in and there are elephants being kicked by mules in grudge matches that would boggle the mind of the boss of the president, if he had a boss, haha, no, seriously. It is a crazy circus and the kids are all laughing when the fire the canine cannonball at a lion and both of them are knocked silly into the stands. There are screams of joy and many of the children are so excited they run outside yelling to get some fresh air. After things are being calmed down it is time to start the main events which is first the super hat weights who are wrestling and they are not so special. Long time friend Hurricane Puma and rudos brother Tornado Cougar are showing off their moves as the Weather Predator Cats take on Infanto Giganto and Mad Toddler Sanchez of the Terrible Twos. Weather Predator Cats are being made to lose but at last minute Tornado Cougar is cheating as usual and the match is going to them when the chair flies like ninja star into head of Infanto Giganto. The booing comes fast and furious and then it is time for the big matches with Yours Truly and Bug Ox.

The crowd is saluting my entrance as usual although there is some technical problems with the pyrotechnics of fire and I am burning in the eyebrow hair region. This is no good but if the fans have a good laugh at my expense I am okay with this because they are just children, if they were not being children I would possibly kick their heads off. Bug Ox is coming in with all of the style of someone who is normally given to kissing men and is a man himself, this is the opposite of what a dignified wrestling sensation should do. He is lowering in on rope while the purple smokes are coming out of the ring corners and then he takes off the cape and has the megaphone and is yelling "Bu-Bu-BUG OX!" and the children are angry and yelling "Boo-Boo-BOOOOGX!" in chant of reply. I know the crowd is on the side of Yours Truly.

The referee is not one I am recognizing but this is not surprise of particular importance because things like these are happening at all times at the charity events of this nature which I am currently at. The blow is coming from nowhere and the match is beginning with the hurt put upon my chest by the cruel rudos punches of Bug Ox. He is prancing around the ring and showing the boat as usual any time he is delivering a package of kicks addressed to my groin or head. The upper hand is being had by Yours Truly at last with a spin kick toe grab to his legs that sends him onto the mat like a meteor entering from square-circle orbits. I am quick to apply the Pinto Press to him and am following into the neighborhood of submission hold boulevard. This is when referee type is saying "stop that it is rudos" and I am so angry because rudos and I are on separate continents of the globe that I am slapping the referee. This is knocking fake nose off of referee and the crowd is gasp when all are seeing like me that referee is in actuality being Bug Horse, the equally rudos brother of Bug Ox.

If the United Nations of America is making a new country and it is called Rudosia then Bug Ox is president by everyone's vote.

The moment of shock is taken to advantage of by Bug Ox who sends a swift kick to my groins which are shouting with pain from deep beneath the confines of my white trunks. I am thinking things can be salvaged from the neck up but then there is a blow from Horse Ox which is delivered courtesy of the chair patrol to the head region and then onto the neck and then when I am falling to the ground also onto my back. I am so stunned that the chair is sitting

on my back and Bug Ox is climbing up into the rafters and leaping down with his lead filled boots onto the chair which is knocking the wind out of my eyes.

Things are going to the gray land of unconsciousness for some time at this point but when I am regaining the senses of combat I am discovering that Horse Ox is holding me and Bug Ox is about to kick a pair of garden sheers through my lungs. This is so rudos that my anger is exploding out of my mask and I am breaking free of Horse Ox and Bug Ox is kicking garden sheers through the lungs of Horse Ox instead. There are great fountains of blood and even the Indomitable Dr. Fights would be horrified by the activity in the ring. The medics are fast to enter and haul off Horse Ox (I am finding out later that he is to live but will have to talk through a tin can from now on) and Bug Ox is going berserk with the punches to my face.

Between Yours Truly and you friendly reader Bug Ox was so angry he was overcoming his horrible moves and would have probably delivered defeat to my doorstep if the match was not being ended by the police who are rushing into tent firing tear gas. The children are screaming and crying and vomiting and collapsing with disappointment that the match is being made to end. Before we are running from police Bug Ox is yelling to me "watch your back when season of fights are starting masterful opponent and star of the rings El Pinto Grande". The seasons are starting soon and I am knowing that it will be a tough road to walk up the hill to victory and a title belts, especially with Bug Ox waiting to ruin my matches.

I will be sure to be updating the fans like you on this Something Awesome pages or on the computer book of Yours Truly which is being a part of Something Awesome.

-∼El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

4.8 Art Critiquing the Life Out of Your Kids

Wednesday, Apr 10, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Art has long been regarded as the universal language of mankind. Every culture on this gigantic planet has utilized art to teach, to entertain, to illustrate, and to do everything else imaginable. Ancient cave men drew pictures of animals gettin' it on, European renaissance artists painted and sculpted great masterworks of animals gettin' it on, and modern artists draw nude pictures of Snarf from "Thudercats" swallowing Liono's ejaculate. Art has evolved much over the ages, but it has always truly remained the universal language those effeminate European guys claimed it was. The only problem with art is that pretty much anybody who owns a set of hands or claws can draw! Everything from gorillas to lobsters can draw pictures. By golly, even a gorilla holding a lobster clawing a pencil can create art. Universal language be damned, art shouldn't be for everybody and everything! Only those swift enough to wield it as a weapon should be allowed to practice it!

Perhaps the most outrageous thing about art is that even children can utilize it to express themselves. I shouldn't have to explain what's wrong with this, but I will. Children are about half as useful as rocks. What do children do? They cry, they wet themselves, and they ask a lot of questions. It has been my experience that people who ask lots of questions are suspicious. They're suspicious of your actions, how things work, and why things are the way they are. This alone should be a warning signal, because why do they need this information? They don't! The fact that these "children" are also tiny and able to squeeze into tight spaces like ventilation ducts is only more reason to be alarmed. That, and they require food and guidance. Rocks don't require food or guidance. Rocks rest comfortably at the top of cliffs and that suits them just fine. If need be, you can even push rocks off of cliffs and crush the people who hang out below. And let me tell you, only heroes hang out at the bottoms of cliffs. What have heroes done for you? Heroes are too busy saving children from burning tents and unsafe railroad crossings to care about your problems. Well, I'm sick of heroes and I'm sick of children. And don't think I've forgotten about art already, because I'm sick of children messing with art, too! I'm taking art back by using it as a weapon to beat these brats senseless like their parents should have done a long time ago!

How am I going to do this you ask? Very easily! Children lack artistic talent. I can use their weaknesses against them like psychologists use mine against me! I started by searching the Internet for "galleries" of "artwork" specifically created by "children." The results were both shocking and hardly relevant to my search parameters. After a few hours, I realized that I would get better results by removing extra keywords such as "XXX" and "right angles" from my search criteria. Sure enough, my luck improved. It was like I threw my lucky coin into a fountain while wishing upon a falling star and blowing out the candles on my birthday cake. That, and skinning an Irishman. Just the typical stuff you do for luck.

In the end, I found this ghastly gallery of children's art. Better yet, it was children's art dealing with the child-traumatizing conclusion to every marriage: divorce. This site had plenty of divorce-tastic artwork by kids trying desperately to cope. Well, except for the one kid who's apparently not haunted by his or her parent's divorce, but rather by dinosaurs. I'm really not sure what's going on with that, unless dinosaurs are a metaphor for his parent's marriage. You know, extinct! Cha-ching! But enough of my directionless banter that goes on and on and yet never goes anywhere, let's makes these kids cry! That is, if they aren't already crying from the pain of breaking up their families!

■ Critique One: Dinophobia

This first image portrays a disappointed child being flanked by two disembodied dinosaurs. The composition is very weak and very basic. The amount of negative space

seems less intentional, and more accidental. The child also has quite possibly the worst hairstyle ever:

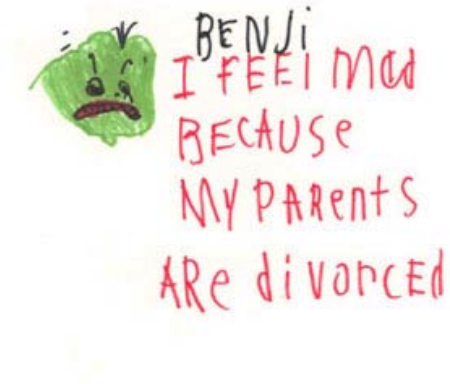
A close up of the little girl indicates that she seems to have four arms. The artist possibly rendered the extra appendages to simulate motion. Is she attempting to fly away from the dinosaurs? If so, clearly the artist is quite naive! Humans can't fly, not even to evade dinosaurs. And let's talk about those dinosaurs:

Is that supposed to be frightening? Those four big teeth, tiny eyes, and sword-like tongue do little to intimidate me. Plus, I know that dinosaurs don't exist. Way to be scary, missy. Your dinosaur looks about as fierce as a shadow puppet.

Final Grade: F
Comments: Your artistic ability is sorely lacking. Give up art and realize you will never

be able to express yourself creatively.

- **Critique Two: The Monster**



This boy chose to use both words and a simple illustration to express the anger that comes from having your parents divorce. The message is delivered in way that's as primitive as his actual emotional response. I think it's easy to see that this child's parents got divorced because they birthed a failure!

Here we see a close up of the character depicted in the drawing. It seems to be a goblin-like creature with a malformed skull extruding outward on one side. If this is a self-portrait, then I feel sorry for the parents. I would almost suggest this young chap take up writing instead of drawing, but one look at this penmanship and I know that would be just as futile a pursuit.

It's almost as if this child's writing is a cry for help. Inside the harsh strokes and jagged lines that compose these letters is the guilt of being a horrible mistake. This child's evil caused his parents to get divorced. The "Benji" referenced in the writing must be the Satanic voice that guides this lad to commit unspeakable crimes in the dark of night.

Frightening, truly frightening.

Final Grade: F
Comments: I've never been one to side with the monster. I didn't buy my angry mob torch to light the fires of tolerance; I bought it to scare the shit out of monsters. This child deserves a lifetime of dungeon confinement!

■ Critique Three: The Dividing Line

This child chose to recreate a domestic dispute between mom and dad. As indicated by the poorly written text, there was a lot of yelling and name-calling. The dividing line separating mom and dad suggests the severity of their marital difficulties. Each is the opposite of the other, and there is no middle ground or shades of gray.

Taking a look at the mother, my guess is that the father was upset that he married a woman whose gigantic arms make up roughly 40% of her body. Her gigantic rake arms were clearly making him feel uneasy and threatened, and so they each began yelling the word "yelling" at each other. Apparently they both were too lazy to come up with anything insulting to say, so they just decided to mention the process of expelling loud sounds in a demonstrational fashion.

The mother must have been upset that the father constantly walks around with no shirt on and wearing only a yellow pair of pants. Presumably, the father's drinking has led to several accidents that have resulted in him having only five digits, distributed across two hands. I think in this case, divorce is the best solution. Also, it was the kid's fault.

Final Grade: F
Comments: This child decided to place emphasis on the parents instead of on their own shortcomings. Truly a selfish creature indeed! Thankfully genetics have likely blessed this selfish rapscallion with the gigantic flipper arms that both parents seem cursed with.

Looking at these monstrosities, it's not hard to see why children shouldn't be allowed to express themselves artistically. My only hope is that I made some of these youngsters cry, and subsequently reassess their goals in life. I believe it's important that children respect and fear art, like I respect and fear Gary Busey. Remember, children can't express themselves properly, so just don't let them even try. Denying them art only makes them want it and appreciate it more.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.9 Everybody catch the crazy!

Thursday, Apr 11, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Join Me In My Maddening Descent Into Insanity!

NO! Don't believe these lies!

Terror comes in many different and unappealing forms and flavors. You don't know when something truly horrifying is going to strike until it happens, and by then it's too late to do anything about. You could be in the middle of routine, everyday events like minding your own business, being unsuspecting, or even killing time when *BOOM* - you're hit by terror and very probable *DOOM*. Like when you answer the phone and it's a masturbating man whom you didn't pay to call, or when your car is chased off the road by a man who may or may not be masturbating, these things happen at fantastically surprising intervals. Intervals which you couldn't even predict with the help of John Edwards or Miss Cleo. Even if they made the sex and had a baby, their offspring wouldn't have enough clairvoyance to see these events coming, although the hideous creature would bring its own brand of horror into the world. Such an event happened to me this morning, and I'd like to share this experience with you before I'm too insane to tell the tale.

8:00 AM. Wednesday, April 10th. I'm sleeping in my bed peacefully, sweet as an angel who was bashed in the head with a tire iron. Due to various circumstances, one being the fact that I am an idiot, I had gotten to sleep at about 5:30 AM and thusly was hitting the sleep doubly hard as usual. If sleep were a battered wife, I'd be some genetic recombination of OJ Simpson and Mike Tyson in a perpetual drunken rage. I was looking forward to getting at least 6 hours in before I had to wake up for class later in the day. All of a sudden it happened...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

"I have come to tear down your roof, and also your filthy capitalist ecconomy!"

To you clever jokesters out there, this was not the sound of my ass being banged by a large, possibly masturbating man. Instead, I was ripped out of my slumber by the terrifying sound of mystery. "Oh shit!" I thought to myself. "My house is being attacked by inconsiderate, sleep-interrupting meteors or possibly Godzilla! Or maybe both!" While this may seem like a stupid theory, it was the most plausible explanation I could concoct with LESS THAN THREE HOURS OF SLEEP IN MY SYSTEM. So I started to panic in a way that most men fear they never have to. I began to go into little girl wetting herself mode.

Immediately I jumped out of bed. I was covered in a slick coating of sweat, tears and urine, running around in a circle, and crying to myself. Armageddon does funny things to a man...yes, things even funnier than Drew Carry's stand up comedy act. In fact, let's all take a moment to sit back and chuckle at the kind of things imminent death can make someone do. Ha ha, especially to those leukemia kids! Anyway, getting back on the path to insanity, I was going absolutely insane. All of a sudden, I hear a voice on my roof muttered in Russian of Czechoslovakian or Rakchs@eˆtje*0ian (I forget exactly how that last one was spelled. It may include an ampersand in there somewhere), and my mind began to go into a different direction: My house...nay, my COUNTRY was being invaded by the Soviet Union. "Only a fool would believe they disbanded!" I thought to myself, and I began preparing my strategy as a one man army. This would be about as successful as my one man band

or my eight member barber shop quartet. When I realized I had the athleticism and bravery of 100 crippled draft dodgers I gave up on my new plan. I had thought all was lost when, through the horrible pounding, I heard a rap at my bedroom door. No, it wasn't Kool Mo D, although he surely would've been able to save the day. It was actually my mother, someone who I've had a close affiliation with since the day I erupted forth from her vagina.

She informed me that, in fact, I had soiled myself needlessly. The banging on the roof wasn't World War III, nor was it space rocks, monsters or the hit CD "Monsters of Rock." It was only the men who came to fix my roof, who are no more threatening than a group of friendly neighborhood gypsies. Of course, it makes so much sense! 8 AM is the perfect time to loudly and uncouthly tear the roof over someone's head to shreds. Why didn't I think of that? I came to a realization the moment I realized this. Fear wasn't the emotion that would drive me insane. It was PURE, UNFILTERED RAGE that would be my downfall! Oh, what a world it is when large, burly, possibly masturbating Russian men can plant themselves on your roof at an ungodly hour and begin hacking away at it! Why, there could be men right now rappelling down onto your house from their roof-repair gyrocopters, just ready to wake you within hours of going to sleep.

Needless to say, I wasn't happy about the whole incident. I'm a man who likes my sleep. I'm also a man who likes long walks on the beach and Fark.com's recent name change to "Drew Curtis' self-indulgent house of mirrors for Drew to admire himself in, and also some news." Back to the sleep though: I need exactly 37 hours of sleep per day to function. If I don't get these hours I become an unpleasant monster, like a werewolf but uglier. Add to that the fact that there is not a spot in my house where I can evade the horrible rhythmic pounding noise, and you'll realize the extent my insanity is beginning to reach. I'm now like that guy on TV that talked about how crazy he must be due to savings and value, who then went home and shot his whole family, and his dog, and his dog's family. You know, what's his name. Carl Winslow or something.

Insanity is enough to drive a person nuts! It's just this wild, indescribable experience which I will now foolishly, crazily attempt to describe. Just picture yourself doing things you normally would never do, like ugly chicks. Then picture yourself moving from one state of mind to another, hearing voices that tell you things like how ugly you are while still remaining fairly pleasant sounding, like being yelled at by Bing Crosby. Next, think about understanding things like the Timecube or Fox's descision to cancel the Family Guy. Sound cooky enough for you yet? Finally, take all that information I just told you and forget about it, because going insane is just crazy like that!

This woman's dilemma is similar to mine, except in addition, she is sexually unsatisfied.

So this brings us to the present time. It's 10:02 AM, Eastern Standard Time when I'm writing this paragraph. But for me, it is CRAZY TIME! I'm having hallucinations about writing with gumdrops and eating pencils. YOU DO NOT EAT PENCILS, FOLKS! THAT IS CRAZY! Unlike the glue that bears the word crazy in its name, I am not a skin or eye irritant, so feel free to rub me into any orifice on your body. Rather, I am an irritating personality, and until the hammering stops and I get some good, old fashioned sleep in my airtight oxygen / nitrogen bubble, I will continue to be insane and annoying. If sleep is for the weak then I now have the strength of a hundred men, or thirty great bears! I will destroy all that I see in my insomniatic rampage! Watch out, for the next time you hear a rhythmic, sleep-interrupting pounding on your roof, it could very well be me, coming to claim my vengeance on mankind for interrupting my one thousand year slumber! Possibly while masturbating!

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

4.10 Ice Cream Trucks and Entrenching Tools

Thursday, Apr 11, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Who Wants Some Damn Ice Cream?!

I've been in Chicago visiting my super duper AOL girlfriend for one week now and already I have discovered my enemy here in the city. Usually it takes me a little longer, it took me three years of living in Ohio to realize that Old Man Harris was my enemy. That blasted Harris and his bucketful of softballs were an unholy reign of terror out on Poplar Street, pitching those damn things at buses like they wanted to play catch. I put a stop to him - the hard way if you know what I mean - but I'm just getting started here and already I'm digressing all over God's Sweet Creation.

I hope you kids enjoy your ice cream...enjoy it so much you DIE!

Ice cream trucks. My first couple visits here I didn't know about them because it was the middle of Winter at the time and when I lived here before I lived on the 14th floor so I wasn't exposed to much in the way of their merry chirping. Now it's warm here in Chicago, close to eighty today, and the ice cream trucks along with their choco-smeared throngs of petulant urchins are out in serious force. At first it was the usual, a slow merry-go-round type of tune that brought the ice cream addicts running from their alleyways and sewer hideouts, their mouths dripping with a hunger for various frozen confections. I hadn't been around ice cream trucks in a long time and I had forgotten the way they stopped whenever enough slavering children gathered round to make the wasteful idling of the engine economical. I had also forgotten the painful volume at which they blared their saccharine tunes out, shrill and annoying and slightly hypnotic, sometimes reaching into a range of pitch that would make dogs come running for ice cream.

This reminded me of my childhood in Ohio. I lived out in the country so there was nary an ice cream truck in sight. However, someone who operated one of those frozen treat hell beasts lived out past my house and every day around 9 o'clock during the summer, if I happened to be outside, I would get to experience them driving past. This really wasn't much of an event unless the driver had forgotten to disengage his music device. You see, this was an ancient, rusted out, hunk of shit ice cream truck and the speed of the music was directly proportional to the speed of the vehicle. The road outside my parent's house was regularly traveled at 60 miles an hour or faster, which when done in an ice cream truck where the music is tied to the speed, creates some sort of shrieking inverse whale song that you can feel in your bones from a mile away.

One ice cream truck innovation I certainly had not experienced in Ohio is what I like to call "The Remix Ice Cream Truck". Much as you would expect from its moniker, the truck plays some sort of bizarre mixture of classic ice cream truck music, ethnic barrio music and hip-hop remix, all fused into a horrid rendition of "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain" with a clap track and a synth beat. Every time a song ends there is a brief pause and then a voice shouts "HELLLLOOO" in what sounds like the voice of that gay bald guy from that Interior Design show trying to impersonate Carrol Channing. Apparently this particular ice cream truck enjoys getting flat tires constantly right outside Michelle's apartment, meaning that I am frequently driven out for no other reason than to escape the hideous urban cacophony of the Remix Ice Cream truck.

Yesterday it drove me out, sent me flying, exorcised me from the apartment like a bad case of the frighteners getting hit with an electric water gun full of holy water. One thing Chicago has plenty of is Army Surplus Stores, and what better way to combat rogue ice cream trucks and deal with a

little domestic dispute than to arm myself to the teeth with gray-market castoff's from the Reagan era? You see that's the kicker, I can't think of a better way! Those ice cream trucks would be at my mercy and that bitch would have hot meals waiting for me when I get home from shopping at other Army Surplus Stores once I was packing some heat. Which is why my destination became the Army Surplus store.

This tool will dig its way to the bottom of relationship problems or ice cream truck woes!

If you've never been to one of these places before they usually have American flags draped on wires across aisles of surplus canteens, entrenching tools and helmets. Up by the register there is always a glass case full of shurikens or knives and somewhere in the store, usually also up at the front, there is bound to be a 500 pound bomb that's been defused and painted garishly. If you've ever wondered where people get t-shirts with skulls on them, wonder no more, it was probably at an Army Surplus store.

The used service automatics had my eye, but the entrenching tool had my wallet, and while guns may work as all purpose tools in Westerns they really aren't all that great for digging a hole to conceal the decaying corpse of a nurse. An entrenching tool on the other hand, makes digging a snap, will mete out justice to evil ice cream trucks and will serve as an adequate stand in for the back of my hand when discussing current events with Michelle. Haha, folks, a little joke, I would never beat her unless she made me, and oh lord has she come close in the past.

That blasted ice cream truck and that friggin' sass mouth woman of mine both have some dug-in ambushes set up for them if they make a wrong move.

Photoshop Phriday

It's that time of the week again! Photoshop Phriday is here to rock the shoes, socks, and flesh off your feet. Those scandalous Something Awful Goons have created an insane amount of Muppet Movie Photoshop images. There are literally more Muppet images in this Photoshop Phriday than in the Library of Congress and National Archives combined and multiplied by the square root of a million. Here's a sneak peak:

We've recently been informed
that you are displaying images at
your website, located at
www.somethingawful.com/
features/muppetmovies/
index.htm, which feature
copies of Henson's protected
MUPPET characters.
We hope that you understand
that Henson cannot allow the
unauthorized use of its
intellectual property, nor
can Henson allow its intellectual
property to be utilized in association
with material of such a manner,
especially given the broad age
range of our MUPPET fans.
In an effort to resolve this in an
informal and amicable
manner, we are requesting that you
voluntarily and immediately
remove each of the
offensive images from your website.

Get your hot booty over to this week's Photoshop Phriday right now!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.11 Nonsmoking Makes Me Want to Smoke

Saturday, Apr 13, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As you're undoubtedly well aware of, the tobacco industry has been facing an uphill legal battle ever since the FDA realized the fact that cigarette companies were mass manufacturing devices which murder people over a long period of time. This is one of the main hazards of being in a business that bases its business model around addicting people to your product and then forcing them to die. Remember the movie "The Stuff" with Paul Sorvino and that one guy from "Law and Order," the film about the company that manufactured addictive alien slime nonfat yogurt for human consumption? The stuff tasted great and everybody loved it but it had the unfortunate side effect of making you turn into a zombie or worse yet, Paul Sorvino. Eventually some wily 8-year old kid was able to topple their entire organization by using complex methods of puerile ruses and forcing various objects to explode. Oh yeah and there was also some black guy in the movie named "Chocolate Chip Charlie." That alone points out the danger inherent to this industry.

One of the first failed attempts to cut down on the amount of smoking. Unfortunately, it turns out nobody gave a damn about chocolate.

So the tobacco industry finds itself in court over and over again every day in every state because the government wants to keep tobacco legal (allowing them to pile outrageous taxes on it) but they also want to sue the snot out of them (so they may gain even more cash). The tobacco industry is playing a game of "Press Your Luck" except every square contains a Whammy that creates sarcastic smirking noises while running off with a large bag that has a dollar sign stitched across it. I can just imagine how these Congressional hearings go...

> **CONGRESSMAN:** "These reports undoubtedly prove that your product makes people die. You are selling things which make people die, but not only do they just die, they also become addicted to your product for tens of years before they die, thereby supplying you with obscene amounts of money in exchange for letting them die."
> **TOBACCO REPRESENTATIVE:** "Yeah, so?"
> **CONGRESSMAN:** "Only us governmental officials are legally able to kill people and take their money."
> **TOBACCO REPRESENTATIVE:** "Oh crap, you're right. Well I guess that means we have to stop killing people."
> **CONGRESSMAN:** "Nah, you can keep killing them, only we'll sue you for killing them without our permission."
> **TOBACCO REPRESENTATIVE:** "Oh... well... okay."
> **CONGRESSMAN:** "Also we want to get paid while these people are in the process of dying. We'd like to tax people for the right to slowly kill themselves."
> **TOBACCO REPRESENTATIVE:** "Uh, all right." *(hands Congressman a huge bag of money)*
> **CONGRESSMAN:** *(Pulls off facial skin to reveal he's a Whammy in disguise)* "TEE HEE HEE!" *(runs off and catches a plane to Tahiti)*

The government's solution to this problem, naturally, was some series of complex and nonsensical lawsuits from over 183 states, some of which haven't even been discovered yet. Every state or country or citizen or housepet has the right to sue cigarette manufacturers for millions of dollars because the old, outdated tobacco warning label from the 1950's wasn't accurate enough to sufficiently discourage people from smoking:

WARNING: *Smoking may make you look cool, witty, intelligent, attract gorgeous women, and become instantly wealthy.*

In the mid-1990's, when science conclusively proved that smoking cigarettes resulted in a medical condition known as "death," the government slightly altered the warning label to the following:

WARNING: DO NOT EVER EVER EVER EVER SMOKE OR ELSE YOU WILL DIE.

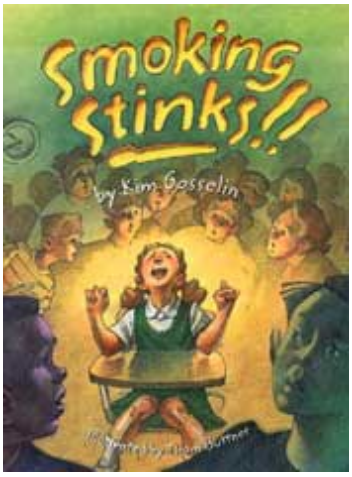
That wasn't enough for the government though (since they needed more money to buy gold rocketships or give weapons to ninth-world countries who are still trying to figure out the secrets of extracting water from sand or doing whatever the fuck they do with all the money we send them), so somebody got the bright idea to start taxing the hell out of cigarettes. Do you know how much a pack of Camels now costs in New York? $1359!!! No wait, that's the price of an XE 2000 SST Turbo XE fan which provides the ultimate in corrosion protection, as this motor is built for highly corrosive environments. My mistake. I don't actually know what the price of cigarettes cost in New York, but if I had to guess, I'd estimate them somewhere around the price range of an XE 2000 SST Turbo XE fan.

"Tobacco Whacko" sounds like the name of a really cool roller coaster or a Mexican wrestler.

However, this wasn't enough for the US government! Noooooooo, they had to get even greedier and sue for even more money so they could invest it in ads explaining how terrible smoking is and why you should never smoke and how your family will disown you if you even mention the word "cigarette." This makes sense because the government is run by stupid white people whose only exposure to our world comes via soap operas and dishwashing commercials that are played on their 44-inch plasma screen television inside their yacht's bathroom. After skimming a hefty portion off the top to cover expenses such as "research" and "hookers," the government funnels the rest of the extorted tobacco company money into anti-smoking groups which are apparently run by the people who were kicked out of the audio / video group in high school for being too nerdy. They're responsible for modern works of art such as the following gem "Butt Out Now", which is one of the better anti-smoking sites out there (which is like saying "Chairman of the Board" is the best Carrottop movie).

Isn't it totally frustrating how you always think of the perfect comeback days after someone's put you on the spot in front of your friends? Use our Cool Comebacks Generator to come up with some words to break the pressure.

Teen HIP Cool Comebacks Generator *1. No way, I don't want bad breath!*
2. No thanks, the thought alone makes me sick.
3. Get out of my face, butthead!
4. I don't smoke and that ain't no joke!



You said it, sister!!!

Wow! Millions and millions and millions of dollars to come up with those witty four retorts! Your tax dollars at work, ladies and gents! Now I personally can't think of a reason why replying with one of those four hilarious comebacks wouldn't result in the peer-pressure smoker's instant combustion due to pure humiliation, but apparently the government needs more forms of media to spread their anti-smoking message across, and television just happens to be one of these lucky ducks. If you've ever turned on your TV within the past two decades, you've probably seen at least several hundred commercials like these every five minutes:

> **EVIL BOY WEARING JEAN JACKET:** "Hey Cindy, want to go out tonight and party? I've got three cigarettes!"
> **CINDY:** "No thanks, smoking isn't cool!"
> **EVIL BOY WEARING JEAN JACKET:** "Okay, your loss!" *(Walks away chuckling)*
> *(Later that night)*
> **CINDY:** *(Arriving home to greet her parents in the living room)* "Hi mom, hi dad! I just came back from the library where I filled my mind with wonder and knowledge!"
> **MOM:** "Cindy, we have some bad news for you."
> **DAD:** "You know that evil boy who always wore the jean jacket? Well he died tonight. He smoked a cigarette and his lungs jumped out of his chest and strangled him to death."
> **CINDY:** "Oh no!!!" *(Begins to cry)*
> **MOM:** "Don't shed tears for him, Cindy; he's already dead. No, seriously, he's already dead."
> **CINDY:** *(Happy again)* "Let's go eat ice cream!" *(Family exits room. Some guy in a huge furry raccoon suit enters)*
> **RACCOON SUIT MAN:** "Hey kids! Next time somebody asks you to smoke, tell them that smoking's groadie to the max! Instead of lighting up, why not ride a bike or learn how to cook? Listen to the rules, smoking is for fools!" *(Casio keyboard "rap" preset patch plays in background. Special celebrity Brian Dennehy walks into screen)*
> **SPECIAL CELEBRITY BRIAN DENNEHY:** "RAAWR! Don't smoke kids! AAARRRWWW, MY FACE HURTS, RAWWWRGH!"
> *(400-point white block font letters spelling out "THIS COMMERCIAL WAS SPONSORED BY 'BUTT OUT, CIGARETTE BUTTS!'" fades into screen)*

So here's where my theory comes in. The tobacco industry can't possibly be making any money since the government is taxing and suing the hell out of them nonstop, in addition to running smear campaigns and doing as much as they can to compare smokers to The Great Satan. Latest statistics show that there are currently only seven places where people can legally smoke in the entire United States, and one of them is simply listed as "outer space." I firmly believe that the tobacco companies are forking over millions of dollars to the absolute most lame and retarded anti-smoking advertising firms they can find so they'll inadvertantly get people to **start** smoking in an attempt to lose all association with the grotesque geekiness of the anti-smoking campaign. Every time I see a fucking TRUTH.COM ad where retarded teenagers use slang some advertising executive overheard from a TV show on the UPN Network, I get the urge to buy cigarettes. Each time a popup ad flies onto my screen and encourages me to play a Javascript game in which you control Sammy the Snake through a maze full of evil killer cigarettes, I desire a smoke more and more. Now don't get me wrong; I hate smoking. The smell of cigarette smoke makes me physically nauseous and I can't stand in a smoke filled room for more then five minutes without getting a headache and having my eyes water.

However, these side effects are a small price to pay in exchange for knowing that I am absolutely, positively, 100% diametrically opposed to the moronic anti-smoking governmental campaign. The tobacco industry is funneling hundreds of millions of dollars into one of the most clever reverse psychology advertising campaigns in the history of the world, and for that I applaud them. Smokers across America, stand up and be proud - you may be slowly dying, but you're dying with dignity... as opposed to the anti-smoking campaign embarrassments, who have already died inside.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.12 Linkin Park? More Like Stinkin Park! Ha ha ha!!!

Sunday, Apr 14, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Link N Sync

These kids have "issues".

I had originally intended to write an article about the rockin' boy band Linkin Park for today when my AOL girlfriend noted that eternal cad Scotty D had written an article about Mudvayne and some of those other horrible nu-metal bands. At first I was fairly angry with that incorrigible wretch Scotty D, who had unwittingly stolen a very funny article out from under my nose and had ruined my plans and shit on my proverbial cake. Then I read his article and was reminded that he is a complete retard and his article sucked anyway so I could go ahead and write my Linkin Park article, which coincidentally, is what this is. I just felt the need for a brief forward or prologue if you will, and by God I know you will.

If you have the immense good fortune of never having heard of Linkin Park before then please stop reading now, because I will inform you about them to some degree and you are far luckier having never known they exist. First and foremost, Linkin Park is a fabrication every bit as elaborate, cunning, and well conceived as the most popular boy-band on the market, be they N Sync this week or the Backstreet Boyzzzz or whoever is floating to the top of the MTV septic tank. Market researchers realized that, while the other boy bands addressed the needs of a wide demographic of teenagers and even pre-teens there was still a major reserve of listeners untapped by music conglomerates of America: the outcasts. So the board of directors at Warner Brothers sat down and discussed what common trait was shared by the music collection of all of these outcasts. They did focus groups, surveys, hell they are even rumored to have kidnapped a thirteen year old girl in a Joy Division t-shirt and cut open her skull to analyze the electric activity of her brain.

What it all boiled down to was one word: angst, but the real question was how to make angst marketable to the broadest demographic possible. The answer was deceptively simple. They took a little known ultra-pop boy band singing songs about being manipulated by girls called "Linkin Park", they gave them a "dark" make-over, sort of like putting eye-shadow on their angst, and then they hooked them up with some of the least talented lyricists and song-writers the music biz could produce. A few weeks of intensive training later and Linkin Park, the new, edgier boy band, took the stage in Las Cruces, New Mexico opening with their never-before-heard song "Pumpkin Made of Flesh".

Black and white photography evokes a sense of depth and meaning from the viewer. For example I sense that this picture means that these boys are putting together 8x10" glossy shots for their PR handouts.

Pumpkin Made of Flesh

Why did it have to end this way? (this waaaay)
How much will I have to pay? (have to paaaay)
To disregard this feeling of loneliness,
Inside of me, filling me, hollowing me out,
Like a pumpkin made of flesh.

Now you're gone,
And I'm all alone with this pain,
It's got me full of pain,
And I'm going to do it this time (thiiiiiss tiiiiiime)!

NO MORE CRYING! THE TEARS ARE ALL I HAVE!

I gave you all of me,
And you turned me upside down,
You put your evil inside of me,
In this pool of tears I will drown!

Why did it have to end this way? (this waaaay)
How much will I have to pay? (have to paaaay)
To disregard this feeling of loneliness,
Inside of me, filling me, hollowing me out,
Like a pumpkin made of flesh.

I am surrounded by this futility,
I wish I had never been born,
This useless striving and trying,
Has got me crying and worn.
You dig your nails in,
Innnnnn to my brain,
And you turn my brain,
Into a giant ball of pain.

NO MORE CRYING! THE TEARS ARE ALL I HAVE!

THIS TIME THIS TIME THIS TIME IT'S OVERRRRRRRR!

It doesn't get any deeper than this, look how forlorn they are, THEY ARE OBVIOUSLY ABOUT TO BREAK.

While this song was still untested with a large audience, it was an auspicious beginning for the fledgling band. Their angst act was refined and after a few days in the studio they had recorded their first album "Hollow Insides Full of Pain". This album was a success, but the band was largely rough around the edges and once their HIFoP tour had ended in 2000 they released their second CD "Hybrid Theory", which took the airwaves by storm.

With harmonization that would put the best boy band to shame, hairdos to make every teenage girl swoon, and moody looks and alternative clothing to let all the guys know that they share their pain, Linkin Park had made it to the big time. I wish this were a VH1 behind the music, because if it was I would now be telling you about Linkin Parks inevitable fall from grace, with drugs and womanizing and probably sadomasochistic homosexuality bringing an end to their young careers. Unfortunately, all of the drugs and erotic asphyxiation have yet to be brought to the public attention, so Linkin Park is still riding high on the horse of popularity. Arr, she be a fickle mare indeed, but while she lasts she is best ridden hard!

The lyrics of Linkin Park are not something to be overlooked either, they are a heady brew of partially complete and mismatched clichés of angst along with a strong backbone of generic pseudo-suicidal depression. Don't believe me? Well mister fucking naysayer, here are a few samples from some of their more popular songs.

"Everything you say to me,
takes me one step closer to the edge,
and I'm about to break."

Okay, so what his gay beating partner says to him takes him towards the edge of what I presume to be a great height, as if he could be plunged off into the abyss at any moment, but instead his fear is that he will "break". Yeah, thems some dandy lyrics boys.

"Crawling in my skin,
consuming all I feel,
fear is how I fall,
confusing what is real."

Let me rewrite this one for Linkin Park:

"Ants are in my pants,
chewing on a crumb,
I'm a big fucking baby,
And my songs are dumb."

That gets the point across a little better I think, but we're not done just yet.

"I tried so hard,
and got so far,
but in the end,
it doesn't even matter."

These lyrics are so utterly effortless that I could imagine a sad twelve-year old scrawling them in his notebook next to clumsy sketches of a guy shooting a gun, which is exactly the point. The band is stupid, their music is uninspired, and their lyrics are idiotic, simple, and pretentious without being confusing. Their lyrics are so simple and so utterly bereft of any real meaning that one of our esteemed SA Forum Goons by the name of Raditts has created a Linkin Park lyrics generator that simulates the song-writing powerhouse behind the band. He assembled the lyrics from suggestions from other forum goers and created a high-tech supercomputer script type thing that randomizes them somewhat and spits them back out. My advice to Linkin Park is to lose their expensive song-writing team and just hit refresh over and over again on Raditts's lyrics generator.

Here's a sample of one of the Linkin Park songs courtesy of Raditts:

WHERE DO I GO TO SUPRESS ALL THE PAIN
WHY CAN'T I JUST WASTE AWAY IN VAIN
WHERE DO I GO TO SUPRESS ALL THE PAIN
WHY CAN'T I JUST WASTE AWAY IN VAIN
EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS TO ME MATTERS IN THIS WORLD
I SAW IT ALL
THE TRUTH
THE LIES
SO I.... FALL DOWN AGAIN, BURNING INSIDE I CAN'T EXPLAIN
CRYSTAL GHOST OF A HISTORY FORGOTTEN
CRYSTAL GHOST OF A HISTORY FORGOTTEN
I SAW IT ALL
THE TRUTH
THE LIES
CRYSTAL GHOST OF A HISTORY FORGOTTEN
I SAW IT ALL

THE TRUTH
THE LIES

I know this article seems to be a raging indictment of Linkin Park, but on the contrary, this is more just a comment on the fact that Linkin Park is what America wants. The other more upbeat boy bands satisfied the needs of the majority of the population and big dumb old Linkin Park takes care of the rest. Listen to it some time, even after reading this article I bet you'll find yourself singing along, I know I do.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.13 Nu Metal is for Weiners

Sunday, Apr 14, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Nu Metal, Same Old Angst!

This individual grew his hair like this to prevent birds from landing on his head.

Teenaged rebellion isn't a new concept in America. From greasers to grunge rock, teenagers are always willing to go to new and exciting efforts to look stupid. Stupid clothes, stupid slang, and especially stupid haircuts are all ways these young, confused teens show how "shocking" and "rebellious" they are, all in an effort to prove to the world that they are no longer children. People see these teens dressed in clothes that are slightly more or slightly less revealing than what their parents wore when they were young, and hear them using phrases like "radical," "badass," or "totally tubular." This shows them that these teens are certainly not children, and in fact are the opposite of children, like Strom Thurmond, Abe Vigoda, or Queen Elizabeth. Even during the birth of our nation, teenagers would rebel by wearing powdered wigs and writing declarations, practices which were considered both "Badass" and "Totally tubular" by our forefathers when they were young.

Young people have a need to separate themselves from their parents and find new identities, as their old identities become withered and useless, and spend most of the day sitting in a rocking chair being bitter about "those damn Japs" from Pearl Harbor. They find these new identities by looking deep within themselves, putting their childhood behind them and searching their soul. They then quickly give up and turn on MTV, which unveils a number of trends for them to choose from. Every generation has seen its share of embarrassing fads, each one more humiliating than the last. Some were at least amusing, such as the beatniks, so named due to the severe beatings they would receive for their love of poetry and bongos. Others proved to be just plain stupid, like hippies. Hippies believed in the power of love, until they were set straight in Vietcong torture camps. Still, as stupid as any of these trends were, none of them compare in idiocy to the wave of kids turning to the Nu Metal scene today.

For those of you not hip enough to be in the know, Nu Metal is the name of a new type of "extreme" music that the kids are listening to these days. By "extreme," I mean "extremely shitty." This type of music is made by bands of up to and including seven hundred members, ninety percent of whom play garbage cans as drums or some sort of garbage filled Xylophones. The lyrics are about deep and meaningful topics, like this quote from the Mudvayne song cleverly titled "Nothing to Gein"...

Special equipment is sometimes needed to fully appreciate the depth of this music.

> *For sickness I'm masticating,*
> *Dancing and masturbating*

Bravo, talented musicians! Even if you fell down a well, or traveled to the bottom of the sea, you would not be able to comprehend how deep those lyrics truly are. Eat your heart out, Afro-man! You can never hope to touch the rich meaning that the singer of Mudvayne was able to accomplish with these two simple lines. It must have taken between fifteen to thirty painstaking seconds to come up with such an adequate description of the life of suburban teenagers, who are the main audience for this type of music. The incredible lyrics are overshadowed only by the stunning talent of the guitarists, whose use such difficult techniques as...

- A chords
- B chords
- Picking
- Fingering (OMG LOL!!!)
- Tuning
- X chords
- Volume Control
- Electric Cords (for power)

Nu Metal's style evolved from older, better Metal that came before it. The name Nu Metal is derived from the words Nu (meaning "new") and Metal (meaning "wood"). Bands that played Ye Olde Metal, such as Metallica, Iron Maiden, and Black Sabbath (who for some reason made no mention of a metal in their name) began to go stale and produce some really crappy songs. Metallica in particular went bad, releasing album after album of progressively poppy songs until they finally changed their name to N*Sync and became the 25 year old dreamboats they are today. Unsatisfied with the current state of metal, teenagers began to form their own bands with the idea to reshape the music into their own creation. Reshaping the music turned out to be a more difficult task than they thought, and they instead opted to just start punching their guitars and calling the horrible sounds that were made "Nu Metal." Currently, Nu Metal's style has stayed true to its roots, and continues to be an amalgamation of noises that no one in their right mind should consider music.

Nu Metal fans should shorten both their filthy hair, and their lives.

Still, as shitty as this music may be, the true reason to hate Nu Metal is the atmosphere it tries to present. The bands insist to the world that they are frightening creatures of the night, like Dracula or rapists. They use names like "Sickie Wifebeater" or "# 7," which is apparently as cool and with-it as you can get these days. Kids see this and want to emulate the bands' vampiric rape-loving behavior, because it sounds so glorious. In reality, the people in these bands are regular people with regular names and regular, non-rapist values. Many people are too stupid to realize this however, and begin to dress and act like their Nu Metal heroes. The kids get piercings all over their filthy, unwashed pizza faces and wear apparel that bare the name of their favorite band 24 hours a day. They would most likely wear these even while showering, if they did in fact shower...which they don't. An unfortunate haircut tops off the ensemble, which is usually long and dyed. These people would be far better off if, instead of dying their hair, they'd consider actually dying. Painfully.

What's next for Nu Metal? As history shows us, this lifestyle is on a downward spiral which is to be followed by years of humiliating reminiscing. Remember hair bands like Poison and Ratt? These bands were once chart-topping superstars with millions of dollars and armies of fans. Then suddenly fate stepped in, and for some reason people decided wearing homoerotically tight clothing and having hair visible from space was uncool. Nu Metal faces a similar end, and one day it will be only a memory on VH1's "Behind the Music." Until then, we should just bare with it. And by that, I mean we should try to make their lives as miserable as we possibly can.

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

4.14 Cats: God's Way of Saying I Screwed Up

Tuesday, Apr 16, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Most people who have read my previous columns about owning a cat are undoubtedly aware of the fact that I own a cat. If you were fortunate enough to miss these literary gems, let me sum up the general idea powering these masterpieces of drama and intrigue: I own a cat. That about sums it all up and provides you with enough backstory and exposition to understand the article I am about to go into.

My Cat does not approve of this update!

While I was drinking Pepsi One and trying to think of new ways to secrete sweat from every single available skin pore on my body, my cat suddenly rushed into the room and came to a complete screeching halt roughly four feet away. I'm not exactly sure which room he originally ran out from but judging by his raw acceleration speed, I'd say it was some field in Nigeria. Me, being the quasi-rational human being I often try to pass myself off as, began to search around the room to determine what exactly warranted the 150 miles-per-hour sprint that my cat exhibited. I assumed that it was something terribly important, such as a Nazi blimp attack or maybe a Yeti preparing to steal my fancy endtable but the further I investigated the incident, the less I found. I was perplexed at that point; I mean, why the hell would my cat, an animal that is known for its keen sense of sight, smell, and hearing, irrationally dash into the living room and then proceed to stare at me as if my head had suddenly been replaced by a giant grub vomiting Elmer's glue? There had to be **some** logical explanation for this event; I mean, everything can be explained rationally. George Washington became the president of the United States because some Indians dumped crates of tea into a pond. Dale Erndhardt died in a fiery explosion because one of the O-rings in his car eroded, directing flames into the external tank which contained liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen fuel. However, there was no tea nor O-rings in my living room (as far as I could tell); the cat simply tore into the room at high speed just for the heck of it.

Now I'm not somebody to criticize one of God's glorious creatures, but I think he made a few hundred fatal flaws when designing the cat. For example, cats are just plain stupid. Now I know a few hundred thousand million jillion of you people out there will object to this statement, probably with clever responses like "UR AN IDIOT!!!" and "MY CAT KNOWS ALGEBRA," but in all my dealings with cats, I've never found one that has an intellect comparable to, say, one of those cardboard tubes that holds paper towels. I grew up owning dogs, then went to parrots, advanced to ferrets, and am now on the feline level. All of these animals have had their various flaws and shortcomings but I don't think any of them approached the sheer idiocy of cats (except the Border Terrier we owned, which was so stupid it could actually be classified in the same category as plant life). Here's a quick rundown of the animals I've owned:

DOG

Australian Shepherd

PROS: He was really goddamn smart. I think he memorized the entire Yellow Pages one night while I was sleeping. He responded to over 500 different commands including

"prep the helicopter, we're heading to Nicaragua." He was also extremely friendly and would routinely do things like help the elderly prepare their tax returns.
CONS: He didn't have a tail, so when he tried to wag it, his entire body would wave back and forth like a flag in a heavy wind. Also he eventually developed some kind of brain tumor which caused his eyes to blow up and make him die, so that wasn't exactly a good thing.

DOG
Border Terrier
PROS: We could throw beer cans at its head for several hours and it wouldn't move or even flinch because apparently its nerve endings span two centimeters and electrical impulses travel through them roughly at the rate of seven inches a decade.
CONS: The dog had some kind of body oil problem in which it generated nonstop goo from every hair on its body. Petting her was like running your hands through Joe Don Baker's pubic hairs. The dog also had the combined intellect of 12 discharged AA batteries. His sole motivation was eating food, preparing to eat food, or the thought of preparing to eat food. If somebody were to suddenly fall into a coma near the dog, I'm 100% sure that when they regained consciousness, most of their major organs would be residing in the dog's stomach

PARROT
Pocket Parrot
PROS: We could shove it into a cage every night, unlike the Border Terrier or my parents. In addition, it despised every single human being in the universe except me. He would sit on his perch, making sounds like somebody ringing a bicycle bell under the ocean, and randomly fly out to nest in somebody's hair. "Oh, how cute!" they would naively comment, unaware of the approaching doom. Then it would happen; parrot shit flew out of its ass, covering their hair with a small pool of what appeared to be chunky style White-Out. I would've laughed at them but I was afraid the parrot would turn on me and begin projectile vomiting into my face while I was trying to eat my Kellogg's Smart Start cereal.
CONS: Birds, in general, don't do ANYTHING. They're like having noisy furniture that you have to feed and clean up its shit. They're on the same functionality level as fish, except if you submerged a bird underwater for a period of three days, it probably wouldn't continue to swim.

FERRET
Two ferrets named "Rotanzi" and "Giai"
PROS: They were absolutely nuts. They'd steal your keys, bottlecaps, and pacemakers and hide them under the couch. They would take their food pellets and place them in strategic locations such as under the refrigerator, inside the VCR, and in the same pile as their poop. Plus they were really cute, especially when they were biting each other and clawing at their eyes.
CONS: To make sure ferrets don't turn evil and start investing your money in junk bonds, you have to babysit them 24 hours a day. I owned these two ferrets back at the time when I worked at Gamespy, a job where I had to babysit my coworker Lady Ice 24 hours a day. If you don't pay enough attention to ferrets, they become extremely rebellious and do things like chew electrical cords, take a crap in the Pope's hat, and call

those dirty 1-900 numbers. In addition, they require bathing every 16 seconds or else they end up smelling like Donald Pleasance's rotting corpse.

So now we get to cats. I decided to get a cat on the recommendation of my ex-girlfriend Angela Mason, a bubble-headed waitress from Kansas City who had the emotional maturity of a zygote. She wasn't as nearly as mature as myself, a person who runs a website that repeatedly degrades Geocities sites and uses the word "ass" too much. I went to the local animal shelter and paid their nonprofit organization approximately $400,000 to adopt a cat, thereby freeing him from the dungeon-like atmosphere of the concrete shelter. This was probably the best advice she ever gave me, especially considering her career aspirations included traveling to California to become a makeup artist.

The Cat does still not approve!!!

Anyway, this cat, which I have formally named "Cat" since you can call him whatever name you want and he still won't respond, is proof that even God has flaws. Nothing this cat does has any fundamental base in reality whatsoever. His daily events are composed of the following remarkable activities:

1) Running from one room from another, perhaps because the ghosts of Feline Past and the ghost of Feline Future are undoubtedly instructing him to do so.
2) Jumping on top of objects, running underneath objects, and attempting to somehow infuse himself inside solid objects. Although I'm fairly sure he wants to be pet, he does his best to play "hard to get" and force people to use a Global Navigation System to locate him.
3) Pretending like he wants to be pet, then when you attempt to stroke his fur, he either runs away, falls over, hides underneath the couch, or just vanishes into some otherworldly cat dimension.
4) Staring at invisible particles of who-knows-what, floating around the air and occasionally accelerating to roughly 600 miles an hour. It's really quite freaky; the cat will be looking at some transparent object floating around your head, when suddenly he'll rotate his head 90 degrees to the left and begin staring at absolutely nothing until he decides it's time for him to run into another room for no readily apparent reason.

After observing these highly exciting and mysterious actions over and over and over again, I have come to the firm conclusion that God simply fucked up when he was creating cats. They're not really motivated by food like every other animal. They don't either crave or despise human contact; this outlook shifts hourly based on the current phase of the moon. Nothing a cat does makes any sense whatsoever, and I'm firmly convinced that God left out a few key neurons when putting together the cat. For example, he (the cat, not God) will jump up onto my bathroom's countertop and stare at my reflection in the mirror for approximately 25 minutes, simply looking at me and meowing at random intervals. Maybe he's able to see some Bizarro-world clone of myself in the mirror and I'm really handsome, interesting, and maintain a high-quality website of some sort. Maybe cats have one of those Radio Shack cellphone conversation scanners built into their heads and they're receiving instructions from neighboring cat squad leaders in different buildings. Regardless, I believe that the cat, along with my ex-girlfriend Angela Mason, is one of the creatures that God never truly succeeded in putting together correctly. Despite all their flaws and shortcomings, however, I have to admit that I still hold love in my heart for these magnificent creatures. Well, the cat, not my ex-girlfriend. Nobody would want to willingly adopt my ex-girlfriend.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.15 Awful Link Spotlight: Lair of the Shebitch

Wednesday, Apr 17, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Truth Media Reader Response

Lair Of the Shebitch

The TruthMedia site has been updated with a whole slew of reader responses to Fragmaster's review of Radiohead's "Amnesiac" album. As hard as it is to believe, Fragmaster seemed to ruffle the feathers of quite a few Radiohead fans. And I mean that literally, because most Radiohead fans are feathered. Here's an example of the typical clueless response:

> *What in god's name is that radiohead amnesiac review? Radiohead fans are die-hard for a reason, and that reason is that the band is simply brilliant. Thus, I assure you that hateful emails will come FLOODING IN. That review is full of spelling and grammatical errors, anachronisms, and flat out lies. It seems as though the person who wrote the review simply knows that Radiohead are well loved by people who know good music, and thus are indimidated by them. Please grow up, and respect Radiohead for what they are: a beacon of hope in a world of absolute shite music.*

Wow, and to think only one click would have saved these people a lot of heartache and frustration. God bless Internet users!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.16 Thank You Very Much, Internet!!!

Wednesday, Apr 17, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Since my cable modem service is apparently maintained by two retarded crippled children who spend hours distracted by a bright, red, floating balloon in their office, I had the opportunity of not using the Internet for a large portion of the previous night. This turned out to be an intensely positive experience, as it allowed me to sit back and count the number of ways the Internet has corrupted me and exposed me to a world of stupidity and filth that I previously never knew existed. Any quasi-regular reader of this site undoubtedly knows that the Internet inherently makes you stupid; it brings together communities of stupid people who proceed to amplify their stupid exposure on the Internet by as much as possible. Now this in its essential form isn't a bad thing; the Internet is simply a tool like a hammer or urine sample container. However, the Internet has the unfortunate side effect of bringing out the most repulsive, abnormal, freaky groups of people to exist since the psychos who attended the Jim Jones refreshment line. Take a step back in time and recall the days before you were exposed to the Internet, the days when you were innocent and had not been exposed to:

■People who are sexually aroused by pictures of women inflating balloons. As far as fetishes go, this one is fairly clean because there's only so many ridiculously stupid things you can do with balloons. Besides, balloons don't blow up into any funny shapes, unless you consider "round" to be funny.

Thank you very much, Internet!!!

■Goths. Now we all knew that goths existed; I mean you can't walk 20 feet inside a mall without bumping into some black shirt-clad, white pancake-faced, skinny, awkward teenager who chooses to express their suburban rage by dying their hair blue and putting a Limp Bizkit sticker on the back of their grey Ford Taurus their parents bought them for turning 16. Thanks to the miracles of the Internet, these social retards are now granted the power to gather in large groups and express their rage via shitty poetry, embarrassing artwork, and webpages seemingly designed for the sole intent of causing the reader to laugh themselves to death, thereby damning their souls and sacrificing them to their dark lord, Geocities.

■Psychotic nutbags who are turned on by humanoid-shaped foxes engaging in sexual intercourse with humanoid-shaped rodents or beetles or other animals. Not to rag on any of you people who were attracted to Gadget from "Rescue Rangers," but I've got serious issues with people who enjoy pretending they're an animal so they can have sex with another animal. They apparently have serious issues as well, as there are a whole bunch of furry fetish spinoffs, such as giant furries having sex while crushing buildings, actually physically engaging in sexual intercourse with stuffed animals, and various other horrible unspeakable things which I cannot even begin to explain.

■Women stomping on bugs fetish. Do I have to say any more? Jesus Lord I sure hope not, because I don't think there's anything else I could possibly write. Okay, I'm getting really sick of looking up all these horrid links, so I'm going to stop right now. Oh wait, there's also whatever this is.

■Retarded kids who watch Japanese cartoons and then attempt to dress up as the fictional cartoon characters. This procedure is successful about 0% of the time thanks to the fact that Japanese cartoons feature people who have eyes the size of water coolers and a waistline measured in millime-

ters. Add into this equation the target audience of Anime, overweight, acne-ridden, pale-skinned white kids, and you've got yourself convention pictures worthy of international war crimes tribunal investigation.

Thank you very much, Internet!!!

■ Alien abduction victims that claim they've had devices implanted into their brain, but all existing proof points to the notion that the aliens, in fact, removed their brains entirely. There's like an Art Bell webring of a few thousand people whose total combined IQ is less than any randomly chosen number in their IP address. The government is naturally attempting to cover up their conclusive evidence by doing such nefarious things as not having any conclusive evidence but that does little to slow down their relentless pursuit of the truth, no matter how false it may be. Do you see those clouds above your house? They're UFOs in disguise! Can you see that black thing behind those trees six miles away? It's a UFO disguised as a barn! Are you able to see that glowing UFO floating around the night sky? There's a secret governmental conspiracy mind-control device hidden behind it! Everybody stock up on canned chili and head for the hills because the Saucer People are here to royally fuck our shit up!

■ Scientologists. Sure you might have innocently run into these creatures at the local grocery store or palette factory warehouse, but they have the uncanny ability to temporarily disguise themselves as human beings, thereby fooling the general public into thinking they're not sinister freaks from another galaxy. The Internet, however, allows these crab-like creatures to lurch out into the public view, thereby promoting their insane agenda and "religious" teachings based off some ramblings a hack science fiction writer scrawled on a barroom napkin in between lap dances.

■ The many, many, many wonderful colors of the psychedelic PLUR-filled world of ravers. If the color scheme of flashing neon pink and green wasn't enough to make your soul explode, there's always the additional benefit of rEaD1nG a w3BsItE tHaTz wR1TTeN iN tH1s wAy. I'm currently trying to pass a bill that allows pest control specialists to fumigate ongoing raves with a couple hundred gallons of millipede spray.

Thank you very much, Internet!!!

■ Fan fiction. Okay, so maybe you like "Transformers." Perhaps you enjoy reading "Spiderman" comics. That's all fine and good by me, but for God's sake, why does anybody feel the need to write "erotic" fan fiction concerning characters on these shows? Every time somebody copies and pastes a story revolving around members of "The A-Team" engaging in oral sex with each other, a part of me dies. I think you all can safely infer which part of me that would be. It's like a drunken hobo is using a meat cleaver to remove the chunk of my brain that contains all fond memories of the 1980s.

■ The nonstop, rambling, incoherent prophesies of doom foretold by religious wackos who interpret "overcast skies with a 40% chance of rain" as meaning "REPENT FOR YOU WILL ALL PERISH WHEN GOD'S HOLY ASSAULT RIFLE BLASTS A FEW HUNDRED ROUNDS INTO YOUR RAVENOUS GUT!!!" Of course these guys don't actually come out and say that; they choose to spread their message over approximately 50,000 pages of text that highlight random words such as "JESUS," "SINNER," and "BARNYARD."

■ Internet cartoonists. You see, on the Internet everybody can pretend to be whatever they want to be; a writer, a designer, an artist... the only limit is their imagination. Unfortunately, everybody ends up being really shitty writers, really shitty designers, and really shitty artists. While traditional cartoons have at least some basis in humor (with the notable except of "Andy Capp," which was solely created to show the entire human race how all Irish or British or English people are drunken

boring wife beaters), Internet cartoons take anti-humor to all new levels of pain. Most of these cartoons seem to have been inspired by the witty dialogue printed on the back of vitamin bottles, although the authors would have a hard time accurately drawing the advanced shape and design of the pills contained within. As far as I can tell, Internet cartoonists just copy chunks of text from their tax returns and superimpose them over speech bubbles coming from crude caveman etchings dating back to 50,000,000,000 BC. Coincidentally, that was the same year Jack T. Chick was born.

Thank you very much, Internet!!!

■Personal ads cleverly disguised as absolutely non-clever homepages. If you're pathetic enough to post ridiculously unappealing photos of yourself in the futile attempt to find love with an AOL address, you probably deserve a fate worse than the electric chair. Like maybe they'll put you in the electric chair and then put the chair in the gas chamber and then launch the gas chamber into the sun which will then explode because of all the acne-zit-oil from your face. On a completely unrelated note, my Internet girlfriend is moving in with me at the end of this month, so please send all your wedding gifts to our upcoming Hotmail account.

These were just the first 15 things I could think of while using the bathroom a few hours ago, so it's safe to say that the Internet isn't exactly the shining beacon of hope that Al Gore had in mind when he invented the first router and electricity and the biplane and whatever else he did besides growing a beard that made him look like an escaped convict. Now before any of you people start writing your flame mails criticizing me for writing "the first 15 things" but only listing 12 items, let me explain to you one thing: nobody has ever read this far in any article I have ever written. In additional to destroying our will to live, the Internet has also lowered our attention span and patience. Thank you very much, Internet!

■ Truth Media Tackles Two; "Episode Two" That Is!

The quality editorial staff behind Truth Media Reviews have pumped out another top-notch review, this time of a movie that hasn't even been released yet. Yup, that's correct, Truth Media was able to get a sneak peek at "Star Wars: Attack of the Clones" before it was actually released! Wow! We're just as hip and cool as that one fat-assed hairy loser who runs that one Internet movie gossip site. The guy who's so fat that the only thing bigger than his gut is his incredible ego. However, I'm getting off track here; Truth Media has posted an honest and 100% factual review of "Star Wars: Attack of the Clones" or "Star Wars: Episode II: Attack of the Clones" or "Star Wars 5: Episode II: Attack of the Clones: Give George Lucas More Money" or whatever the fuck it is.

> *Yoda shows up to do battle with lightsabers. If this sounds crazy, it is! It reminded me of a backstage brawl I once witnessed on the set of "Sesame Street." But thankfully Anakin's dad has some terse words for Yoda and the situation is resolved and the scene ends before the entire film becomes a complete loss. Anakin's dad reminds me of the drunk skateboarder with spiked hair that hangs outside my apartment, so I won't say anything more about his character because I'm offended. Sam Jackson from Changing Lanes is also a Jedi Knight but he forgot his prime directive and wanders around for most of the movie trying to steal robes from bounty hunters or something. I really couldn't understand why he was in the film at all, to be honest. I guess George Lucas threw him in at the last minute to be the token "black guy."*

Now you know the drill, ladies and gents: send this link to your rabid Star Wars fanatic friends, post it on Star Wars fanatic newsgroups and forums, and generally try to see how many people you can trick into thinking it's a real, legitimate review. The more flame mail we get, the better! Just do not, I repeat **DO NOT, flood or harass people with the link.** We want to keep this as realistic as possible and try to sucker as many zealot idiot fans as possible. The entire purpose of the Truth Media section is to expose the rampant idiocy of mindless fanboys who associate their entire persona with any silly consumer form of media. Get crackin' and spread the good word of Truth Media's review!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.17 Beating the Heat

Friday, Apr 19, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Cooling Off From the Summer Heat!

Here's a picture of a guy who is hot to illustrate my point that; HOT.

By golly folks we've had some crazy dad-burned weather lately! Snow one minute, then in the next minute it is ninety degrees and your ghost-pale skin is bubbling like cheese on a pizza. It's so hot and sunny I can't store my records on the dash of my car anymore and there just is not room in the crawlspace for all that vinyl. I'm not afraid to tell you that when the mercury rises above about fifty-degrees Fahrenheit I start to sweat like a glass of iced tea in a broiler. Naturally there are ways for a man about town such as myself to beat away the fresh advances of dirty old man heat; air-conditioning, waving palm fronds, Japanese fans, laying in the freezer, smoking crack-cocaine, etc. This doesn't help all of the fine ladies out there though, they have what I like to call a "heat gland" and no-matter how much Freon you blow up their skirt they're still going to be hotter than a sauna rock in a volcano.

For you people in the North East things have been especially scorching, with temperatures getting up to 150 degrees with the wind chill factor. I'm not afraid to say that is hotter than that episode of "Magnum PI" where Magnum had the flashback to Vietnam when he and T.C. were trapped in a sweat box in a POW camp and Magnum had to suck death adder poison out of his thigh with a bamboo shaft. It has been hot enough to fry an egg on a chin strap! That's the key right there to women beating the heat, the secret of what I earlier referred to as their "heat gland". What's the physiological difference between men and women? I don't mean an overabundance of sass, that's not physiological, I'm referring to their reproductive system; their consarned eggs FRY in this heat. It makes it positively impossible for them to catch a break in Death Valley.

Until now! Ladies, I am your number one fan, and I'm always on the lookout for a method to make your lives easier and, by getting you to be a little less crabby, make the lives of your male breadwinner a little easier. I have combined my philanthropy with my intensive knowledge of media and I have conducted a detailed survey on how innovative women around the globe are beating the heat. From Afghanistan to Australia, America to Argentina, ladies are using one time-tested method to escape the hottest days of summer. This has passed under the radar of health experts, summer vacation planners, gynecologists, sports-medicine experts, and website humorists for decades, but I'm about to change all that.

I know, I'm building the tension up on this amazing discovery, but let me tantalize you with a hint. What kind of egg will not fry? What type of egg have you never seen fried? Ostrich? No, there's this weird Cambodian restaurant or something in Toledo that serves ostrich eggs. Coyote eggs? No, coyotes don't lay eggs, but you're getting close because they frequently thrive in arid climates. The answer is fertilized eggs, you may have seen one crop up in your dozen eggs from the grocery store and did you crack it open and toss it in the frying pan? No, you threw it in the garbage, and you felt relieved and refreshed to be rid of it.

Since ladies are generally much more scatter-brained and illogical than guys are I've put together a very simple step-by-step guide to cooling down.

Step 1: Fertilize Your Egg

Women contain one large egg about the size of a baseball, unlike a chicken or a buzzard or a fish that can contain up to 50,000 eggs at any one time. The egg is coated in a thick wall called a "shell" which a man's sperm must penetrate in order to fertilize the embryo inside the egg. The embryo is like a blank human template, much of it is determined by the mother's blood cells (also called DNA) while the rest, such as the sex, hair color, and level are determined by the male reproductive fluids. These fluids enter the egg by breaking through the shell and then cling to the embryo until it "powers up" and absorb their energy.

Actually becoming fertilized can be easy for some women who have particular thin shells on their eggs and difficult for other women who eat a lot of eggs thus causing their own eggs to grow thicker shells. The easiest way to ensure fertilization is to have a friend or loved one punch you repeatedly in the uterus, this will cause the shell to crack. You have to be quick to have sex after this or the embryo will leak out of the shell before it has a chance to be fertilized.

Fertilization occurs during sexual intercourse. The woman should lay on her back and close her eyes, it may hurt but if you are sexy it will be over very quickly and the man will dump his sperm cells into you through a gland in the tip of his "penis" called a "urethra". Make sure you are doing this part right or the man might become confused and pee into your egg instead of dumping sperm into your egg and then you won't have a baby you will have a full bladder!

Step 2: Be Pregnant

Being pregnant is a happy time for any woman. As the baby hatches inside her from the shell it will begin to give her increased strength and it will heighten her senses to a degree that no man will ever match. Her ankles will begin to swell up with muscles and she will wake up in the morning refreshed and ready to take care of the day's business of cooking, cleaning, and making herself look presentable for her breadwinner. Pregnancy generally lasts four to five months if you are following your doctor's prescription for smoking crack cocaine, if you are lazy then it might take as long as nine months to a year. If you wait that long to have your baby birth will be very uncomfortable and the baby might not just slide out like it's supposed to. After eight months you may begin to experience a medical condition known as "contractions", this is caused by the baby inside of you overpowering your muscle control and attempting to pilot you like a giant robot or "mech". Unless you are mounting laser cannons and missile pods these contractions should pass with little harm done.

Step 3: Give Birth to the Baby

When the magical time comes the best place to have your baby is either in your apartment or in a public restroom. If you've been burning rock like I told you to do then the baby should come tumbling on out of your "vagina" and land wherever you have your ass-end aimed. Make sure wherever you have your baby there is no one else around because 21st century law has still not caught up with 21st century relaxation techniques and you might end up in jail at around step four.

Step 4: Beat the Heat!

You will notice the baby immediately after emerging from you is very ugly and blue, this is because babies contain "concentrated heat entropy". This heat entropy is the key to

> cooling off in style and the best way to release it is to insert your baby into a plastic bag or other airtight container. Store your baby in an alley, trashcan, toilet bowl, or simply toss it out the window of a moving car like a cigarette butt. Immediately after unleashing this heat entropy you may feel strange, somewhat guilty, this is perfectly natural and is a sign that the wonderful cooling action of the baby is working. To increase this soothing feeling try placing refuse on top of your carefully stored newborn, perhaps including fresh foods that might attract vermin like rats, maggots, and coyotes. These scavengers are nature's way of speeding up the cooling process and will heighten the chilly breeze that is washing over you! It may be 100 degrees in the shade but if you have a baby in the trash or free-falling out the window of your 30th floor apartment then you made need an afghan just to keep from getting frostbite!

I first mentioned this process at a seminar I gave earlier this spring at the Hyatt Regency in Cleveland. It was not well received and I can understand the reluctance of some people to realize that infanticide is an acceptable means for beating the heat. I think in this progressive society however, it's just a matter of time before this trend spreads from the forward-thinking poverty-stricken and teenage mothers who aren't afraid to improvise when they can't afford an air conditioner or ice in their drink. I hope these tips will serve you ladies well this summer, I know I plan on cooling off in style myself, but that's our little secret!

For those of you not overly interested in going toe-to-toe with Johnny Law, everyone's great friends at the benevolent Church of Scientology understand that the summer heat can be oppressive. Their new community outreach program targets women having trouble combating those swampy days while staying on the right side of the justice system. It's called "Tots for Cash" and all you have to do is pay a visit to one of their private birthing cubicles where you can beat the heat, get paid for it, and receive a free E-meter reading. According to the Church of Scientology, body thetans are one of the largest contributors to heat stroke. By utilizing my method of cooling off you can also get paid in cold hard cash by the Scientologists for your unwanted child. At the same time they might be able to use Dianetics or whatever to unlock your hidden potential to maintain a comfortable body temperature and keep perspiration to a minimum.

Photoshop Phriday

Why yes, it is Photoshop Phriday! Unlike that other week, this Photoshop Phriday features no Muppets, thus insuring that it will be up for more than half a day. But nobody likes Muppets, anyway. This week the Something Awful Forum Goons are running amok on magazine advertisements! Here's a sneak peak!

For all the other images stop on by this week's Photoshop Phriday!

Let's All Be Fucking Retarded!

While packing up items into various boxes, R-Lo was able to dig out an old cassette tape of various prank calls he and one of his equally immature and stupid friends made one night in high school (1992). We'll be uploading one of these eight prank calls every day until we run out of them, which we figure will be sometime around seven more days. Now before you listen to the prank, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka demanded I print this disclaimer:

> ***WARNING:*** *These prank calls are all immature, retarded, and pointless, yet for some reason I think they're mildly amusing. I'm posting them because we've got a shitload of bandwidth and I figure maybe .00005% of you will find them entertaining. If you're not part of that .00005% percent, I don't blame you for hating me forever.*

Wow, sounds exciting! Why not jump over and listen to the first prank, "The Greenhouse of Doom," where Lowtax calls up a greenhouse manufacturing company and asks a few questions that are supposedly vital to his purchase of a greenhouse. Well I've listened to the prank call and can name a few reasons why you should probably not listen to it, but hell, it's your bandwidth, sucker!!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.18 Cowboys Deserve a Break

Sunday, Apr 21, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Zombies, Robots, Pirates, and Ninjas!

The guy up front is what we like to call a fake cowboy. Real cowboys never stand up front, you can see the real one in the back there crouching in some tumbleweeds.

Are not featured in this article. They are the enemy of this article, the menace that plagues this article and drives it to the cliffs of despair. For years I have heard these four expounded as the eternal font from which all comedy springs, an inexhaustible supply of hilarity, a well to which the chuckle-bucket may be endlessly dipped. That such lies have gone uncontested until now is a sin against God and all else that might be considered holy up to and including Blueberry Morning cereal, which is undeniably the best cereal ever and if you dare to dispute this than all rights you might otherwise have to continue living will be forfeit. I am here to contest the supposed dominance of these unscrupulous scoundrels, to pull them down from their ivory tower, to finish this article as quickly as possible so that I might sit down in a corner and eat an entire box of Blueberry Morning cereal out of a mixing bowl.

Fuck, all I have is heavy cream, no milk. Oh well, when in Rome, use heavy cream on an entire box of cereal in a mixing bowl. But I'll deal with that later, when Blueberry Morning and I can have a little time alone together thank you very much.

Cowboys.

Let me repeat that.

Cowboys.

Why are cowboys left out of this quadfecta or whatever of supposed comedic icons? The answer is the answer to every question ever posed; ignorance, malice, and possible communist anti-cowboy sentiment. It is a vast conspiracy to keep cowboys out of mainstream comedy, a conspiracy that I am about to crush into a little ball and launch into the sun with my world-rocking report on the untapped comedy potential of cowboys.

You might think cowboys got no class, but they drink tea just like anyone else; one leg at a time.

Cowboy Comedy: A Report In Potential

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have put together this dissertation on the incorporation of cowboys into mainstream American humor in an effort to both recognize the long and powerful legacy of cowboy culture in American history and at the same time reflect their potential as a continuing icon of our proud humorist tradition. Cowboys have a past, a present, and they deserve a future in the hearts and minds of readers across the world.

The cowboy was not always a symbol of comedy. In the 1500's the cowboys tamed the so-called "Wild West". With their lariat skills and gun fighting ability they managed to destroy the culture of the indigenous Aztec tribes scattered throughout the Great Plains. They were as ruthlessly efficient as they were lawless, and once the

Aztec menace had been purged from these United States the cowboys turned their unchecked aggressions on the innocent townsfolk of such historic locales as Laredo, Houston, Tombstone, Chicago, Philadelphia, Tenochtitlan, Paris, and Jellystone National Park. The cowboy's reputation quickly turned from that of a freedom fighter to that of a rogue and outlaw. When people heard someone say "cowboy" they shuttered their windows and hid in the cellars as if someone had just said that a tornado was headed towards the town.

In a way they were right! Whenever cowboys came through a town they left in their wake a path of destruction and bloodshed exceeded only by the war parties of the Aztecs they had helped to subjugate. This is not say that all cowboys were necessarily cut from the same cloth of evil, others were cut from the much softer and gentler cloth of good, and these cowboys became mayors, sheriffs, or philanthropist. One cowboy by the name of Pete "Bone Spur" Wyatt donated 75 Aztec pelts to the Laredo furrier during a dry spell that left the traps of Aztec poachers empty. Other cowboys turned to comedy as a source of work, and one particularly successful cowboy comedian was Johnny "Sickle Cell" O'Reilly.

A cowboy in Africa is a perfect example of the cowboy out of water formula.

Old Sickle Cell toured the hotels and motels of the Adirondacks region in the late 1500's performing a mixture of vaudevillian Negro-based humor and off-color ventriloquism. Through some effort I have acquired a wax cylinder recording of one of old Sickle Cell's routines, a little bit he referred to as "The Negro is Almost as Lazy and Stupid as the Mexican." This recording was made in 1598 at the Paradise Palisades Hotel and due to technological constraints of the wax cylinder format I was unable to re-record it in digital audio so I have produced a transcript of select portions of his routine.

> **Old Sickle Cell**: When I was out West round about Pascadero I shot me ten Aztecs and you know what that got me to thinking?
>
> **Puppet**: Whas ha Ickle Ell?
>
> **Old Sickle Cell**: That the only thing more lazy and worthless than an Aztec is a Negro.
>
> *(Uproarious Laughter)*
>
> **Puppet**: Wha abou Ehicass?
>
> **Old Sickle Cell**: Mexicans? Almost as lazy and worthless as a Negro! Why, they are so lazy and worthless that I one time shot me a Mexican and he fell on a pile of dead Negroes and his family just sat there eatin' their cotton-pickin' toe-jam.
>
> *(Uproarious Laughter)*
>
> **Puppet**: Ock Ock
>
> **Old Sickle Cell**: Who's there?
>
> **Puppet**: A ead eroe ihh a ooo is ah eh weahan iiee ihhh eye!
>
> *(Uproarious Laughter)*

Sickle Cell was not the first cowboy/comic crossover, nor was he the last. The legacy of hilarious cowboys continued well into the late 80's with the work of cowboy stand-up "Hop Along Hilarity". This long lineage of cowboy comedians came to a tragic end in 1992 when "Hop Along Hilarity" was killed during a stunt filming the pilot episode of "Hop Along Hilarity and the Hijinx the Clown Hour". Since the day the laughter died, cowboys have been relegated to the smoke filled meetings of comedy writers and the frigid basement apartments of web humorists.

Cowboys are a versatile component for the talented comedy writer! While I personally cannot vouch for this, I have spoken with a number of talented comedy writers and have compiled a detailed list of some of the ways in which cowboys can be used.

Cowboys In Space - One of the most popular uses for cowboys is to insert them into an unlikely space exploration or conquest scenario in which the cowboys are fighting aliens or robots for domination of an interstellar battlefield. This concept allows creative screen writers to put a humorous slant on the cowboy theme giving them lasers instead of six-shooters, electro-lariats instead of regular lariats, and possibly even space horses of some kind.

An Island Populated Only By Cowboys - This is a spin on the popular "zombie island" concept in which the only inhabitants of a deserted tropical island are the walking dead who hunger for the flesh of the living. In this wacky caper the cowboys would inhabit a tropical island and prey upon some stranded travelers who have survived an otherwise deadly shipwreck.

A Cowboy Wrongfully Accused of Killing His Wife - The only thing funnier than a man wrongfully accused of killing his wife is a cowboy wrongfully accused of killing his wife. The police could bring in a specialist who has experience tracking cowboy fugitives, which would of course be another cowboy because everyone know the only person who can catch a cowboy is another cowboy.

Cowboy Caught in a Love Triangle - Cowboys sometimes have problems controlling their sexual urges and in this comedic triangle the Cowboy is in love with both a school marm and a hooker with a heart of gold. It's both original and funny!

It is my belief that cowboys deserve a place at the table set for comedic greats, and I hope that with a little help from me they will arrive at that table to find their bread fully buttered. Speaking of eating, I'm looking at my watch and I think it is a quarter past time to eat that bowl of Blueberry Morning cereal. This bowl is for all of you cowboys out there. To the rest of you, thank you and good day.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.19 Fooseball, Shmooseball!

Sunday, Apr 21, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

An Ode to Fooseball - America's Littlest Passtime

Check out the SUPER COOL athletes that Fooseball appeals to!

At heart, the concept of most sports is a flawed, achy-breaky one. Fierce competition between highly trained, skilled athletes is all well and good in theory, but the appeal of a sport is reaches far wider than those who can actually take part in them. Rather than drawing in only the physically fit creatures of Earth such as popular high school kids and snow leapords, sports seem to appeal to everyone. "Everyone" includes a certain percentage of people who are fatty fat fatties who live vicariously through their heroes on the field, while at the same time living pathetically in trailor parks, parents' basements, or pools of their own misery. These people are too gluttenous and unathletic to actually play the games they love. Their Super Bowl parties seem to celebrate the bowl of Onion dip in the middle of the room more than the game on the screen. All the fat and oil these people consume gives most of them a smooth, glossy coat, but hardly does anything to improve their physical condition, or their ability to play. In fact, just about the only thing it improves is the chance for them to die of a heart attack. Alone of course, because no one loves them.

This conflict is what led to the creation of miniature sports. Games like table tennis, air hockey, and pocket pool all were developed by people who just couldn't enjoy the games in their raw form. Even paintball evolved from the feel good sport of hunting and murdering your fellow man. At first, these weren't very well embraced. People like things bigger and better, which explains the popularity of big screen televisions and African-American pornstars, so they were naturally uneasy the first few times they saw the tiny bastardizations of sports. But as time went on, as it usually does, the mini-games began to get their own audience, and many people started turning to them for entertainment. Apparently, something about reducing the size of a sport makes it not only accessable to the unathletic, but it also increases the intensity and affordability elevenfold. Probably the epitome of these games is Fooseball, a table top version of every Scotsman's favorite game: Soccer.

Bo knows Fooseball!

How Fooseball came about is a mystery to me, as research or intelligent commentary is far beyond my grasp. When you think about it, Fooseball is a disturbing thing. Little men made of wood, hanging from metal poles, rotate their tiny bodies to smack a hard, plastic ball for our amusement. If you can get past this, you may actually find a game worth enjoying drunkenly on college campuses and bars all around the country. Unless you're a nerd, or had your arms shot off in the Korean war, there's no reason not to enjoy the Foose. It has fast paced action, coupled with a heavy competition factor not unlike competing with your sibilings for parental love. And the best part is that there's absolutely no physical exertion, so even if you're dying of heart and lung cancer, you can still play. For a little while anyway.

Real fooseball players (read: NOT Robots) call themselves "Foosers." There are certain rituals one must go through before they can call themselves a Fooser though. First thing's first - You have to be able to play foose. You must master the arts of passing, shooting, and punching the wall when you lose. Next, you have to name your players. Dimitri, Alexi, and Pavlov are

all proper names for your little wooden foose men, whereas "Stud", "Sexy", and "Ponyboy" are just wrong and disturbing. Calling the foose players by their names will help you get in touch with the game you're playing, and give you a better chance of winning. Now that you've done this and established that you're completely insane, it's time to work on your smack talking. Combining swears forms more powerful, compound insults that generally unnerve your opponents much more than single words. Try to avoid repeating terms though, as some meaning gets lost in insults like "You fucking fuck fucked fucking fucker." Finally, you can move on to the last step of being a fooser, which is creating a victory ritual. Whether it's thrusting your arms skyward or dancing like a little girl, you must perfect it and do the same thing each time, as this will become your calling card. When people see you dancing the funky chicken in front of a Fooseball table, they'll surely know who the REAL loser is!

Every game has rules, and Foose is no different. Games go to ten points, and putting the ball in your own goal doesn't count. Also, "Putting the ball in your own goal" has nothing to do with masturbation. The greatest crime one can commit while playing Fooseball is "spinning". Spinning is when you just randomly flip the bars as fast as you can, in hopes of sending the ball somewhere near the goal. This heinus act is punishible by no less than death, so it's suggested that you avoid it at all costs. Courtesy is another important rule, so after you win you should resist the urge to have sex with your opponent's girlfriend, wife, or life partner, no matter how they throw themselves at you for being victorious.

You gotta know when to hold em, know when to fold em if you're gonna play foose with him.

Foose truly is the game of every man. It's a world apart from every other tabletop game, and even sets itself past the sport which birthed it. No matter who you are, fooseball will accept and love you. Even if you're a filthy immigrant! Due to the powers that be, Baseball remains our official national passtime. It probably will be this way forever, despite the fact that the Japanese are surpassing us in Baseball just like they did in electronics, education, and just about everything else. But in the hearts of myself, and those like me, Fooseball is the true sport of kings and will never, ever be surpassed. Well, that and Beer Pong.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

4.20 Stupidity, Sleepwalking, and Stairs

Tuesday, Apr 23, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

An Urgent Message From Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

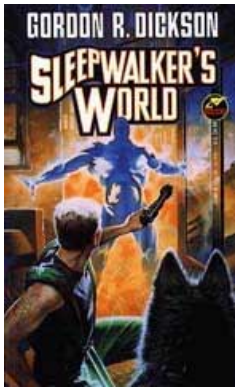
We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. Reject. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Jesus. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. As. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. Your. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Penpal. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00.

And now back to your regularly-scheduled update. Buy a damn shirt, they're all on sale.

We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00. We have White SA Polo Shirts. They are on

sale. Black and white t-shirts are on sale as well. Save up to $3.00.

How I Earned My Stupidity



My sleepwalking adventures weren't anywhere near this exciting... OR WERE THEY?

As strange as it might seem, I get a Red Ryder wagonload of e-mail from SA readers. Even stranger, most of the letters are centered on the fact that I'm completely incompetent. Each week I run a vicious gauntlet of scathing e-mails where readers do everything from call me a moron to beg me to terminate my own life. But it doesn't bother me too much, because I know that deep down inside of me, like around my spleen, I will always have my style and attitude! I ooze style as if it was sweat, and it's always really hot out. I'm not talking just regular sweat, I'm taking high viscosity sweat that just bursts out from the skin and shoots people in the eyes like tiny Japanese people with special eye shooting lasers. Oh, and don't forget that I'm all attitude. It's like I'm a fan with three settings, but the buttons are broke for all but the highest setting. As a result, I'm just constantly expelling attitude at a high rate of speed. Of course no one cares about that, though. Those who do care are more interested in the fact that I'm a moron. Well gentle reader and writer of profane insults directed at me and my loved ones, I am aware of my lack of intelligence. I'm about as far from smart as I am from the moon, and I'm pretty sure that's at least a light year away. In fact, my stupidity is so grand in scale that it could easily use the equator as a hoola hoop.

While my moronic nature isn't going to get me out of any deadly situations where wits and Tom Hanks-style knowledge usage are essential, it will provide you, the casual or dedicated hater of me, with more fodder! You see, I am going to share with you the partially epic tale of how I became the intellectual black hole and reverse stallion I am today! It is a tale of innocence unaffected, of love also unaffected, and pretty much specifically about me injuring the contents of my skull.

Ages ago, not more than two or three years after I emerged moist and gel-coated from my cocoon, I developed an annoying habit. I was a sleepwalker. I was more of the hapless sleepwalker, and not the "stabby" kind you read about in the news every now and then. The main reason I was so hapless was because I was tiny. Oddly enough, when I was born, I wasn't born fully grown. That process is still occurring even today! My parents had been concerned about my sleepwalking for a while. Mom was always waking me up in weird places and telling me I had walked there in my sleep. Both she and my dad were pretty worried that I might accidentally walk myself down the stairs. The hard way. It was a logical fear for them, given that I was prone to injuring myself in fun and exciting ways. I noticed the sleepwalking problem, too. I would wake up after walking into a wall or piece of furniture. It was always alarming to wake up and find yourself standing instead of lying down. It's a known fact that only horses and robots sleep standing up, and I knew damn well I was no horse.

Eventually the worst happened. One evening I had fallen asleep soundly downstairs on the couch. My parents, not wanting to wake me, let me sleep and went upstairs to bed. In the middle of the night I must have gotten a hankering for something, because I slithered out of bed and started fumbling towards the stairs, all while in the confines of sleep. I made it to the bottom of the stairs, and began the task at hand. Fourteen steps divided me from the upstairs, and each would have to be conquered. When you are small, a simple set of stairs becomes something far more complicated. I was only a couple feet tall, and so getting to the top would take more work. I was pretty small for my age, too. I was like a super midget, because I was half the size of a regular midget. Then of course when your mind and senses are somewhere else, that doesn't help.

The actual stairs I fell down were far more glamorous, but just as mean and gritty.

Still, slowly and surely I began ascending the staircase, putting tiny legs and feet up and forwards until I reached the top. My mother must have heard me coming and woken up, because as I reached the top she called out my name. Unintentionally, she set into motion a painful series of events. I woke up, and startled by the darkness and my change of location, lost my balance. I fell backwards, tumbling down each of those fourteen steps before ultimately arriving at my destination. My tiny frame smashed and crashed as it fell, and my head splattered against the cold tile floor. I'm pretty sure I fell back asleep at that point. I can almost see my mother jumping out of bed, turning the light on, and seeing a miniature version of myself lying limp and mangled at the bottom of the stairs. The tiles were littered with blood and candy that had spilled out of my skull, because my father was part piñata.

Not longer after that, I visited a doctor who patched me up. Thankfully there wasn't that much damage done. Although, this is mostly because when you are tiny, there isn't that much to damage. I'm pretty sure it was this miserable incident that has left me permanently scarred with stupidity. After tumbling down those stairs I went from being kind of dim to a roaring void of pure darkness, intellectually of course. The longest book I ever read was the instruction manual to *Doom 2*, and even then I received a lot of help. It had a lot of big words in it that challenged me to my limits. At the very least, I did overcome my sleepwalking habit.

There were a few other madcap mishaps that may have also contributed to my imbecilic nature, such as that time I tried to swallow the contents of a broken thermometer, or when I used my head as a ramp for friends to jump with their bikes, but I'm pretty sure that falling down the stairs and cracking my head was the one incident that damaged me the most. So yes, I am in fact aware that I am a moron. Please be more creative about mocking me in the future. It's really not that hard!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.21 I'm Experiencing Severe Technical Difficulties!

Wednesday, Apr 24, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I've recently fallen into a bout of what doctors call "Severe Technical Difficulties," a disease which can, at worst make your head explode and, at best, make your head and somebody else's head explode. You might have experienced this horrible illness before, perhaps around the time you woke up in a pool of some liquid that is secreted by one of your major organs. Symptoms include (but are not limited to) the following, uh, symptoms:

- Horrible nausea
- Nice nausea disguised as horrible nausea
- Stomach pains
- Unprovoked complaints about the recent weather
- Headaches in the head or other areas of the body
- Lots of stomach pains
- Worrying about Brice Beckham's career status
- Really, a whole bunch of stomach pains, even more than you can imagine
- A sudden concern with adopting the Metric System
- Okay, like imagine all the stomach pains that you can. Then add like 50 more to that. Do you see what I'm getting at here? We're talking severe stomach crap here, ladies and gents!
- Exploding Man Syndrome (EMS)

Show your support for SA by showering us with praise and neon green tanktops which make you look like a really large pistachio ice cream cone, only a lot more moist.

What I'm trying to say here is that I'm busy as all hornet hell and haven't really had much time to devote to writing the award winning comedy that one journalist called, "Award... winning... quality comedy... that is so good... it should never be allowed back on the Internet again. Ever." We don't remember who said this quote but if it was you please email us so we can give you back your pants and the copy of "Field and Stream" you left behind when the Police raided the place. We just upgraded the servers, we're pumping out and mailing high quality original merchandise (most of which has our website's name spelled correctly), and we've got the SA Forums going faster than a black man running from the law! See, that joke would be funny if I was black but unfortunately I am as white as chalk, so the remark makes me highly racist. Feel free to send me a harshly worded letter describing in detail how much you'd like to murder me and take my internal organs and replace them with low-grade substitutes imported from the same country that manufactured our t-shirts. Oh, and just to put us all on an even playing field, let me explain that I hate you white people too and you all embrace some hilariously over-exaggerated racial stereotype which I will comically reenact via a series of sweeping arm gestures and facial expressions which make it appear as if my spine was conducting 50,000 watts of electricity through its center. Also all you Indians out there suck. Not the Native American-type Indians, you guys are fine with me, except the one who did that silly crying public service announcement in the 80's. Hahaha, "Don't throw that plastic bottle on the ground, Dan! You'll make the Indian cry!" **Dan listens to *nobody*!**

The basic point I'm trying to get across is that I'm busy. Hopefully my schedule will soon revert back to the original Tuesday and Thursday updates that have made me a wanted felon in 13 states, but I am currently in the midst of Severe Technical Difficulties which are hindering my attempts

to upload humor via FTP. I think it's because I'm using binary transfer instead of ASCII, but it might also be a cultural problem like gang wars or Louie Anderson. In the meantime, make sure to "give it up" for the guys who slave their free time by updating the main page of SA daily. **Zack**, **Livestock**, and **Scott**, you guys are the pillars that make up my three legged stool of rock-hard iron.

I don't have a caption for this guy! Maybe you do! I don't care!

Fragmaster is occasionally a pillar of a three legged stool of rock-hard iron, but not usually. Usually he's a jerk. Updating a website takes a surprising amount of time, and these young gentlemen are curtailing their daily intake of debauchery and defenestration so you, the viewer, may be served a red-hot cake of carefree laughs and screams of innocent children suffering for the sins of the past. I know I really haven't said it before in the past, so I don't think I'll really start now, but nevertheless I want to thank the donors, sponsors, writers, and contributors who make this site and the forums what they are today. As I look back towards October of 1999, the time when I began this wild ride of a rollercoaster I call "a wild ride of a rollercoaster I call 'a website'," I realize my eyes were full of stars. These floating symbols and overall ignorance blocked my view of the crashing Internet ad industry and the rise of a market where the only methods of generating cash through a website are from extortion or running drugs (not that I have anything against Gamespy). We've been through some rocky times; three advertising networks that have imploding owing me over $50,000 total. Of course I don't consider this to be "real" money since every single dollar back then was vaporware and about as concrete as my faith in L. Ron Hubbard descending from the clouds and giving me some kind of laser beam that immolates all the dolts who are infected by the Klez or Nimda computer virus and cause me to get email like:

> **From:** INSANE_CLOWN_POSSEEFAN_23938272637839@HOTMAIL.COM
> **Subject:** helo, I have Gift for you!!
>
> *Please wish myself a happy day,*
> *i hope you have one to*
> *enjoy This Filename.exe please*
> *it is Safe run it Now use outlook Expres please. go Packers*

So as you can tell, I'm busy and I'm thinking about laser beams, a combination of two items which will probably never ever result in anything positive. However, unlike this non-positive thing, I feel this website and community has just gotten better and better over time. The forums are 100% troll-free with a vibrant and strong group of users who routinely pump out the World's Greatest Photoshops (trademark pending). We've got a strong team of writers who are more than willing to give up their spare time by contributing to this site and entertaining people for free. This website is something we all take pride in and has outlasted countless obstacles, setbacks, and even outright sabotage. Ahhhh, just thinking of Sam Jain brings a tear to my eye. You know, the kind of tears you cry after spending the first night in a state prison with a 500-pound cellmate who has the name of an especially unpopular breed of dog.

While I'm getting all emotional and running around like a cock with his chicken cut off, why not support this website by purchasing a wonderful piece of merchandise from the SA Store or register an account for the SA Forums? Each penny goes towards the "Make the Ghosts Stay Away From the Server" fund which is currently running low. Nate, our server administrator, is now only armed with baking soda and some yarn. How will this all end? It's up to you, the viewer, to Choose Your Own Adventure© ! And let me repeat that one more time for legal testing purposes, Choose Your Own Adventure© ! Adios for now, suckers!!!

PS: Buy something. If you don't have a Paypal account, you can now use a check or money order, so no more excuses!

Review From the ROM Pit of Hell!

Braving the harsh world known as "utterly hideous Nintendo games found in the ROM Pit" comes Sir Heinfelst Alzartvortst von Strakktsz, who has the absolutely most ludicrous name ever. You know that when his parents hatched him or whatever they had only one purpose in mind for his professional occupation: **MAD SCIENTIST.** Seriously, that name contains so much German that it could easily take over Poland overnight. You Polish guys better lean out your windows and look out for a crazy German guy who's running around cursing the name "Aerosmith" and comparing the game *Revolution X* to the result of a train colliding with an abandoned orphanage which was recently un-abandoned and crammed to the brim with orphans who are artificially injected full of hope and joy, and after the train accident, pieces of metal too.

> ***At a Glance:*** *You know, it took me a long time to figure out why this game is called "Revolution X." I finally realized that it was because if they actually called it "Aerosmith: The Video Game," every store that carried it would get burned down within seconds. I mean, whose fucking idea was this, anyway? Does anyone even LIKE Aerosmith? Their fucking number one song is ten minutes of a guy screaming "DUDE LOOKS LIKE A LADY! DUDE LOOKS LIKE A LADY!" over and over again. Jesus, if I wanted to hear a song about John Romero I'd just go to Space Nerd Look-alike Wesley Willis' site and download an mp3 of "Eat Out Daikatana Man's Pasty White Ass, You Jerk."*

Rock on! That is, rock on if you feel like it! And trust me, you do!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.22 SA's Humor

Thursday, Apr 25, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

A Message From Something Awful!

If you hadn't noticed, we have Merch! Not only that, but we now have ultra-swank polo shirts! Finally, a shirt comfortable enough to wear to anywhere, but fancy enough to get married or buried in! Or both, if your Wedding Hall collapses! Stop throwing your money away on unstylish Gucci or Armani suits! Consume, consume, consume!

Mining for Comedy Gold!

A sense of humor isn't something you can learn. It's earned through a combination of being born with one, and learning to define it through trial and error. Basically, you just have to have it. If you've "Got it," you're a lucky person who is probably very popular at parties and other large social gatherings such as the Holocaust. As demonstrated by that tasteless, completely out-of-place Holocaust joke, the staff of this website does not "Have it" or even know what the word "it" means. As Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons so eloquently mentioned in his Monday update, much of the humor found here at Something Awful revolves around a very small number of jokes which really aren't very funny in the first place. You SA fans should be ashamed for enjoying them, and those of you who write us letters such as "OMG U guys R NOT FUNNEY GUYS!!!1!" are absolutely right. Unlike other humor sites on the web, we can't think of exceedingly clever and humorous jokes such as "Area man does something that is just plain wacky!", or "Boy, weren't those 80's crazy?!" Only so many Robot / Ninja / Zombie / Pirate jokes can be made before people start to get bored and irate, just like they did with Seinfeld when it shifted its focus from casual observational humor to robotic ninjas battling hordes of zombie pirates.

What's the deal with these Ninja jokes?

Instead of continuing to repeat these hideous mistakes of the past, I'd like to explore what some of these overused jokes are, and think of some fresh, new fodder for comedy that you people can look forward to seeing. Always willing to expand our horizons, this article will take a hard-hitting look at what little we've accomplished and where we are going in this zany world of internet humor. Buckle your seatbelts, because you are about to be sideswiped by the mack truck of COMEDY. This will probably result in liability suits against us!

Jokes we Over-Use

As I said above, the basis of this website is to take a small number of jokes and drive them into the cold, cold ground. Before I get into this, I'd like to say that since Zack already discussed the Robot / Ninja / Zombie / Pirate quadrangle in his article, I'll ignore them in a way that is similar to how girls ignore each and every one of you. Many of you may have noticed these running themes in our writing...

- **Monsters:** Monsters are a staple of SA humor. They are horrible creatures of the night, ready to attack at any moment. The humor comes into play when people realize that monsters are scary, which is a concept that would make my brain implode under its own massive weight if I were smart enough to even begin to understand. Monsters fall

into three categories:

- Mutated creatures, such as Godzilla and Master Splinter
- Cryptozoological oddities, like Bigfoot, giant squids, and the guy from the B 52s
- Dead things that stopped being dead but couldn't quite remember how to be good at being alive, such as Ghosts, Vampires, and even the dreaded and overused Zombie.

Monsters have the distinct honor of being first on this list because they're just so versatile. There's so many of them, and they can be easily and swiftly inserted into just about any article at any time. And it's always unexpected, because monsters are carved out of bricks of pure Surprisium, the element of surprise!

Examples:

- Sasquatch Your Back
- Monster Devaluation

(Yes, I am fully aware that I completely ripped Zack's article off. However, I had never read his stupid article when I wrote mine, so it was just a big fat astounding coincidence. Seriously. I did however steal the surprisium joke from Josh.)

Oh HO! A clever prankster behind the scenes of MSNBC!

Minorities / Homogays: There is a very fine line between being insulting and being funny. It isn't the type of "Fine" that negroes use to describe attractive negro women, but rather fine in the thin sense. See? That right there wasn't funny at all, it was just massively offensive to any African Americans reading this. When making jokes about this topic, one must take extra care to be sensitive and avoid goofy mixups like that. These jokes usually make people laugh because, as we all know, different is just another word for stupid! And since the main audience for Something Awful is white males age 18 to 34, it's only natural that you'd see some jokes about:

- Gay people
- Black people
- Really gay people
- Haitians
- *Really* gay people
- Smelly Pygmies
- You

Examples:

- Law and Order Up!
- Lowtax is Away so Make Fun of Him!

Jesus: Sweet J, the big guy himself! What isn't funny about Jesus? Despite the fact that he can technically be classified as a monster since he died and came back, Jesus seems to be really popular with a whole bunch of people for a variety of non-monster reasons. Due to a bunch of geniuses making absolutely ridiculous claims and misinterpretations of the teachings of Captain Goddy McJesus here, Jesus has become a laughing stock and is easy to kid about! That Jesus is a good man though, if he weren't dead and imaginary I'm sure he'd enjoy a good jest at his expense!

Examples:

- Easter Time
- Jesus vs. the Homosexuals

Scientology: This absolutely legitimate religion, which is in no way a money-grubbing whore beast, will sue you or kill you or both if you so much as mention its name. In fact, I was sued three times during that last sentence, and killed once! Something Awful has faced the wrath of Scientology's long, bitter arm of legal justice, becoming the first enemy to defeat our legal representative Leanord J. Crabs in a crazy judicial armwrestling match. Still, despite adversity, we continue to fight them using a combination of Guerilla tactics and actual Gorillas. Started by L. Ron Hubbard, a man who wrote stupid, unpopular Science Fiction for a living. After failing miserably, he made up a bunch of stuff about crystal caves and secret volcano lairs and monsters named Xenu and basically just religified the hell out of it, thus Scientology was born. Scientologists have their own Navy called the "Sea Org", where people in saucy sailor outfits do a lot of mysterious stuff, none of which is crazy, illegal, or homoerotic. They also have their own version of Tony Danza, who they call "John Travolta."

Examples:

- The Zany Scientology Morning Zoo
- Inside Scientology

Things that contain or shoot out smaller things: Self explanatory.

Examples:

- Let's Blow Things Up That Were Not Previously Blown Up!

SOLID COMEDY PLATINUM! BLING BLING!

As you can see, not much variety or thought or effort or love goes into the making of Something Awful. Well, there is some love, but it's mostly physical. Otherwise, it's really just a bunch of stuff that we type over and over again, just in a different sequence or language. But now that the horrible truth is exposed, I can tell you people some good news: WE ARE EXPANDING OUR HORIZONS! Just look at some...

Upcoming Jokes coming IN THE UPCOMING FUTURE!

Ah yes, those played out jokes of the past are soon to be a thing of memory. Once the present becomes the past, and the future comes strolling on by like the cocky fellow he is, you can expect to see some new things from Something Awful. We've done countless hours of research and clinical tests to

find out just what you think is funny. We subsequently lost that list and I haphazardly threw this one together as a farse, or a clever ruse if you would. These are some topics you can expect will be discussed in future updates...

- **Bees:** They're tiny, they move fast, and they will one day take over the world. Bees are an untapped source of comedy!
- **Astronauts:** They fly into space? WHAT COULD BE FUNNIER? Only if they explode, which they so often do!
- **Southern Dandies:** Hello there Mr. 1800's Southern Gentleman! What are you doing here? Serving up COMEDY? Why thank you!
- **White Folks:** Stupid white folks, they always drive like idiots! Hillarious!
- **Rape:** HA!
- **Sumo:** Large, fat Japanese men who touch each other like sexy bulls. The only thing more hulking than their bodies are the laughs they can produce. HA!
- **Grifters:** Comedy is in the cards, and they have it in spades! Jokers wild? WILD WITH LAUGHTER!
- **Allah:** Jesus 2.0!
- **Mexican Banditos:** Ethinc stereotype. Need I say more?

The future is indeed bright here at Something Awful, especially since that this list of topics was all FALSE! Yes, infusing this article with even more surprisium, none of these jokes will be used! In fact, we're going to switch formats to either "Area man" comedy, crazy 80s observations, or non-stop battles between robotic ninjas and zombie pirates. And you'll love it like you always do because you're a dirty, dirty girl. I hope you enjoy the future of this little web venture of ours. Stay tuned for fun!

- **TruthMedia Makes Nerds Cry!**

Oh no! Angry Star Wars fans hate our honest and forthcoming review of "Star Wars Episode II: Attackof the Clones" provided by everybody's favorite review source, TruthMedia! These Star Wars guys are very mean people who say some very mean things about our review and our site, so you fragile children out there may want to cover your eyes. While you're at it, cover your ears too, just because I said so. And cover your genitals too, you pervert! Long Live the TRUTH!

And long live these guys!

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

4.23 Photoshop Phriday and New Jeff K

Friday, Apr 26, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons ((@sexyfacts4u)

A Part of Your Complete Photoshop Phriday!

The time has come once again for another delicious and nutritious Photoshop Phriday! This time the focus of Livestock and the SA Forums was to create various breakfast cereals that have never existed and probably should not.

Now tell me L. Ron doesn't look like he makes a mean bowl of cereal! Just tell me! I dare you! So head on over and check it out, there's a lot more where that came from.

Jeff K Reviews Morrowind

Resident Something Awful computer hacker Jeff K has somehow conned Bethesda Softworks into sending him an advance copy of the game "Morrowind" and in his own unique way he has provided us with an eye-opening review.

> This wsa supposad to be a MMROPG, but ware were teh MMRs? Not O I can tell you taht budday!!1 I typed SOW PLZ at least five billian times and no one helped and no JMs ever came to healp me out of a tihgt spot. When I took my pants off I tried to auction them but no one was buying, THEY WHERE BRAND NEW PANTS, FRESH OFF THE BOAT!!!!! What is a clycops going to do with pants? Not sell them in this mess heap that's for sure!

Jeff's journalistic integrity is a tribute to the profession and more importantly to the fine work we do here every day at Something Awful. So make him happy and head on over to his new review!

-~ Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.24 Happy Satur Day!

Saturday, Apr 27, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Here to spice up another boring Saturday is yet another Stupid, Immature Prank Call From High School! That's right, I've ripped yet another retarded prank call my friend Chris Horton and I made during our glorious highschool years. Today's prank is called "This is Martha!" and revolves around harassing the people who work at the Shoney's in Lee's Summit. I'm fairly sure that Shoney's closed a few years ago. Now we know why. In addition, here is a picture that should tantalize you into clicking the link:

Download now or face my wrath! And you don't want to face my wrath! It's yellow and will give you hives.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.25 First African in Space

Sunday, Apr 28, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Scott is DEAD!

In a sad bit of news, Sunday update writer Scotty "Manjam" Delbango recently passed away. Thankfully Scott died doing what he loves most: savagely attacking Indians in a vain attempt to protect our Constitution. His lifelong dedication led to him being banned from virtually every Native American casino and probably didn't hurt our country too terribly bad, either. We here at Something Awful will miss Scott very much. He died long before his time, even if he did drag a lot of Indians kicking and screaming to Hell with him.

To help ease the pain caused by Scott's death and also to carry on his memory, Scott's twin brother, coincidentally named Scott, has agreed to take over Scott's weekly Something Awful writing duties. Scott's legacy will live on in each of Scott's future posts. Welcome to the team Scott! Let Scott's strength carry you to greatness, Scott!

African Man Escapes Planet Earth

By now you've already heard the news that an African man has successfully completed the steps necessary to go from being on the planet Earth to not being on the planet Earth. Mark Shuttleworth, a native of South Africa, paid the $200 fee requested by the Russian space program, and is now hobnobbing it up with the sexy men and women of outer space! His voyage beyond the atmosphere, Earth's celestial condom, has earned him the right to call himself an "Afronaut." Shuttleworth is also only the second space tourist ever. Unlike the last space tourist, who spent all his time astrobating, Shuttleworth apparently plans to spend his time doing research on AIDS. I think that means he's going to infect the other crewmembers, but I'm not sure. If he was smart, he would work on finding a way to harness the destructive power of AIDS in the form of a beverage. All I know is that I want a beverage I can confidently recommend to my worst enemies.

The first tourist to visit space was gifted with the amazing ability to fly!

To be perfectly honest, I was really excited about an African making his way into space. Unfortunately, in a twist of fate so pretzel-like it would make our president choke to death, the first African man in space is white! Don't get me wrong; I don't have anything against white people. I mean, as long as they don't bother me I won't complain. Hell, some of my best friends are even white! It's just that I had roughly ten million inappropriate and offensive joke opportunities all lined up and ready to go. Sadly, these jokes were dependent on the first African in space being black. Now I can't say that he's up in space stealing stuff, or that the only reason he got into space was because he tried to carjack the space shuttle. I can't even make jokes about the slave trade going galactic! I suppose this is for the better, since I've already insulted Indians, Russians, and AIDS sufferers. I guess I just got greedy.

As I briefly mentioned before going off and indulging my dangerous far-right beliefs about minorities and other nations, Mark Shuttleworth is the second space tourist. He certainly won't be the last, either. Technology and financial desperation is paving the way for more space tourists to take that giant leap. Soon all the world's millionaires will be making that fantastic journey into the heavens, leaving us whelps to dwell on the Earth. I don't think I even need to mention that this is the very same Earth that Buster Poindexter still lives on, either. This will probably lead to the establishment of exclusive cities in space where the wealthy elite will live. If the wealthy elite leave Earth behind, that means that the money will eventually leave Earth behind, too. This can only lead to surface

society degrading into a visually appealing but generally unlivable hellhole. Kind of like France is now!

Guests of outer space stay in the luxurious International Space Station! Also, there are no bathrooms in space.

When we are stripped of opportunity and money, and denied the really cool outer space jobs, we will eventually begin fighting with each other. Sure, it might start out innocent, like a casual poking and a spirited battle cry of *neener neener neener*, but it won't take long for this casual poking to escalate into angry stabbing, or perhaps biting, and ultimately to killing. The subtlest differences in behavior and appearance will lead to giant social and cultural rifts dividing people like the Great Wall of China once divided Berlin. We're talking the kind of world where left-handed people are at war with right-handed people, leaving the much-hated ambidextrous peoples to live in fear or lead dangerous lives as spies. And all because rich people want to leave this planet to live in a hallow abyss as empty as their souls! On the plus side, we may finally get rid of Lance Bass.

Of course the only way we'll ever really know where this is going is by letting time pass and then reacting to said passage of time in a savage and uncontrolled manner. Remember, the future is unknown, and we should always approach the unknown with fear and hatred. In the meantime, we can concentrate our energies on hating everyone with the money to venture into outer space. But who knows, maybe that crazy Afronaut will even research some cool new uses for AIDS, like some kind of AIDS bullet that infects people it hits with AIDS! That way you can shoot someone and it isn't murder, because they died of a disease!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.26 Wil Wheaton is a Success

Monday, Apr 29, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wil Wheaton: This Is Your Life

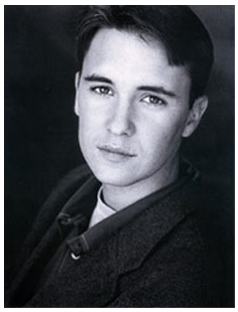
Wheaton in that Stand By Me movie with Steven King.

I was looking at my Swiss Chronomoter in the corner of my system tray and I saw by double-clicking this magnificent precision timepiece that it has been calendar WEEKS since we've mentioned Wil Wheaton on this site. How this ghastly oversight was allowed to happen I don't know, but heads will roll and I sure hope they are hack writer Scotty D's!!! Fear not gentle reader, I am about to correct this grievous error in judgement by devoting the entirety of today's update to none other than the biggest star of the web log scene; our lord and master and two ton disaster, WIL WHEATON!!

Wil's formative years are shrouded in mystery, concealed from the public by a skein of lies and deceptions so complex that it has taken more than a decade for Wheaton researchers to unravel. Initially believed to be the son of some horrible mating of the "Hints from Heloise" shebeast and that green alien that ruined the Flintstones, Wheaton is actually born to relatively normal parents. Jane Wheaton was a failed hand-model whose hands were used in close-ups of Gregory Peck's hands in the 1982 miniseries "The Blue and the Gray" in which he played Abe Lincoln. Due to time constraints these close-ups of her hands signing the emancipation proclamation were edited out and she soon spiraled into depression and suicide attempts.

Wil's father was the scientist who developed the process for human hair transplantation. He was shot and killed in 1985 by the owner of the Hair Club for Men, although the case was never taken to court. Growing up fatherless was not easy for Wil but he quickly took to acting and at the tender age of 9 received his first major role in the movie "Stand By Me" which also starred Steven King and that guy from Sliders as the fat kid. Wheaton went on to star in "Never Ending Story" and "Never Ending Story 2" before he landed a role on the TV series Lost in Space.

Thus began his enduring career as "Space Nerd Wil Wheaton". As the whiney and juvenile Wilson Crusher, Wheaton quickly became hated by the viewers of the show. During one particularly hated episode Wilson Crusher and Dr. Zachary Smith accidentally unleash the spirit of a mummy into their robot companion and are forced to hide in a cave to escape its rampage. Finally Wheaton's character was killed off in the episode where the Klingons land on the planet and kidnap the monkey with big fake ears. Wilson and the robot try to rescue it from their clutches but end up being killed when Dr. Smith ejects them into space to keep them from telling the Klingons about his collection of photos he took of Wilson naked with the monkey.



Wheaton in some supporting role in a movie about two girls who drink wine and talk about art theory.

After a stint starring in various Z-grade indy dramas about love triangles and two girls who kiss and maybe suicides or something, Wheaton hit rock bottom and appeared unbilled in a gay porn film. It was on the set of Anal Rodeo 7 that Wheaton met his post-op transsexual wife Dana. Dana had two children from a previous marriage (before she became a woman) but Wheaton was not going to let that stand in the way of their budding romance. Soon they were engaged and making the best love that a 200 dollar backstreet surgeon's vagina would allow. While their marriage would not be recognized in most

states of the union, Wheaton proceeded against all of his family's wishes. He also found finally a role that suited him very well; the role of loving father to a transsexual wife's children.

Peter and Grunner were ages 5 and 8 when Dana Blajkowski finally became Dana Wheaton in 1998. By then Wil had taken a new bold career direction; the information super highway. Choosing to eschew traditional career tangents, Wheaton creates an online journal in which he details his life, trials, and tribulations. In the course of the journal you can find such interesting topics as:

- Who Wheaton's favorite entertainers are (Incubus is awesome and Enterprise is the best Star Track show since Lost in Space).
- Generic and overly saccharine parenting anecdotes (alright, we get it already; you love your tranny kids).
- Self-pitying introspective rants about negative attention (boohoo how can people call me a has-been?!).
- Manic and annoyingly cheery rants about projects or events (I'm going to be on Weakest Link and Slashdot wrote a three-sentence blurb about my horrible Pong channel!!!!!1).
- Pandering and insipid fan reach-arounds (Que-T in the soapbox really knows what she's talking about GUH-HAW GUH-HAW GUH-HAW WINK!).
- Mind-bendingly inane daily occurrences. (Today I stopped at White Castle. Every time I eat a slider it reminds me of that fat kid from Stand By Me and how he still has a career even though he was in Tomcats and I don't have a career).
- Poorly thought out or derivative opinion piece (usually something that deserves a "thanks captain obvious" award, i.e. racism is bad).

Wheaton continues to defy expectations and grows in online popularity even as his career tanks - or perhaps because his career is tanking. Readers identify with a failure, but more than that, even while wishing him well the would indeed damn him for "selling out". What most readers at his popular blog probably don't realize is that if Wheaton succeeded as they all seem to wish that would be the last they would hear from him unless he hired a personal assistant to update his site for him. If that day ever comes many of Wheaton's newfound Internet fans will turn their back on him, they love him because he seems real, they love him because he is not a big ego star.

Or is he?

Writing for Something Awful I could never get away with the type of updates he pulls. If I don't pour every grain of comedy ability I have into an update I'll get twenty e-mails telling me I'm a dumbass or that I deserve to be shot and then brought back to life through voodoo and shot again. Hell, sometimes I get that when I've practically cut open my heart and shot comedy blood out of it until I passed out. If I'm going to relate a personal anecdote it either better be damn interesting and funny or just a segue or intro into a more conventional comedy piece.

The idea of a web log isn't new, and more often than not they are only successful in the hands of pretty girls who can attach their cutesy smiles and almost-nude webcam to their dull words. Wheaton breaks this boundary by not shaking his girlish ass on a webcam and not degrading himself with porn links and gross-out pictures. He seems humble, self-effacing even, but if he's expecting to entertain people with melodramatic opinion pieces and anecdotes from his personal life then he obviously feels that it's important enough to share.

This "I'm still trying to be an actor" shtick is only going to hold reader interest for so much longer, Wil needs to really kick things up a notch and take a look at where he's going with his career. Might I suggest:

- Career as a Vietnam War Veteran who constantly recounts stories about buddies dying facedown in the muck and talks about freaking out in the grocery story when the Asian butcher was "swinging that knife."
- Sell streaming medical videos of his wife's artificial vagina and how it works with great anecdotes like "sometimes her urethra closes up and I have to catheterize her".
- Take creepy sexualized beauty pageant pictures of his kids in bathing suits and with too much make-up. Oh wait, that only works for little girls. I was going to link to one of those sites here but I can't stomach it and I don't want to send traffic to them.
- Somehow launch himself into space for real with a handheld camera and film the first ever science fiction show shot entirely in space. The plot can be about how much he misses going to White Castle, the fact that the satellite phone he has to use costs 50 dollars a minute, and recollections about all the times he talked with his son about how much Linkin Park rules.
- Travel around the country visiting his old actor and actress friends and carry a camera. Take pictures when they refuse to open the door or slam the door in his face and make a coffee table book entitled "Hollywood Outsider".

Wil seems to be a super creative guy, I'm sure he'll have no problem coming up with some more ideas on what to do with his burgeoning multimedia empire. If you need any help Wil, feel free to drop me a line, because yo, this where the mad bank is!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.27 What's For Dinner? MOOOMP! MOOOMP! MOOOMP! MOOOMP! BLAAAARP.

Tuesday, Apr 30, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Dah dah-dah-dah dah, dah dah-dah-dah dah, CAT PUUUUKE!!!

I'd like to admit right now that I was previously going to write a hard-hitting opinion / editorial piece describing the conflict in the Middle East from the point of view as a Palestinian-American. Before I could get cracking on this article, my girlfriend reminded me that I was not Palestinian. "That's okay!" I replied back. "I really can't write, either!" This all balanced out because nobody apparently gives a damn when we here at Something Awful write hard-hitting opinion / editorial pieces about real world events such as Leprechaun herding and that fat drunk Russian guy who used to be a Communist but is now just bloated and Russian and out of a job. He was that guy who arm wrestled Ronald Reagan all the time in the 1980's while wearing a communist headband. Mikhail Baryshnikov or whatever. I think he's currently either dead or a corespondent for CNBC. Regardless, he needs our prayers now more than ever.

So I don't think it will surprise anybody when I reveal that today's article revolves around the exciting world of vomiting cats. The whole notion of puking pets came from a rather exciting and joyous event today, one in which my cat produced a lump of wet stuff through his throat and instantly deposited it upon the carpet in a nice, presentable package that didn't at all look like a clump of wet grass and snot shot out of a riding lawnmower's exhaust pipes. Earlier in the evening I had taken a wrong turn in Queen Anne and had accidentally ended up in the "bad" side of town, the area where you turn to your right and BAM, it's a mom taking her kids to soccer practice in her SUV. Then you turn to your left and BAM, it's two yuppies drinking coffee in their SUV. Then you look forward and BAM, it's a SUV driving a larger SUV while thinking about drinking coffee at a soccer practice for SUVs. It's all very exciting and wonderful, not unlike the series premiere of "The Snorks," but it grew scary after a while and my girlfriend Emily "Integral" Reigel and I were forced to take a detour into a nearby yuppie grocery store to take refuge from the herd of wild SUVs that were stampeding through town and buying up all available copies of *The Wall Street Journal.* This store had all the generic types of fruits and vegetables, only they had all been yuppiefied for our convenience. For example, this is how a normal sign in a normal store would look like:

APPLES: *68 CENTS*

The yuppie store takes an innocent sign like this, runs it through their yuppifying machine, and produces the following wonderful result:

SWEET GEORGIAN / SCANDINAVIAN / NORSE BLEND RICH BRIER PATCH NATURAL FINLANDIAN APPLES, PICKED UNDER A FULL MOON AT MIDNIGHT BY VIRGINS WEARING ALL SILK*:
2 FOR ONE THOUSAND HUNDRED MILLION ZILLION DOLLARS
THE VIRGINS ARE ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS WHO FLED MEXICO TO ESCAPE CHARGES OF MURDER

This store also had a few pots of a grassy substance called "Wheat Grass," a plant that looked like regular grass only it apparently contained a lot more wheat or something. "Oooh, cats like to eat

that!" Emily exclaimed while pointing to the wheat grass. "Let's get that, the cat will love it!" Now I'm not one to argue with anybody regarding what cats enjoy eating; I was raised by a family of pro-dog supporters, so I'm used to my pets eating anything and everything not welded to the floor via industrial space-age polymers. As you dog owners out there are undoubtedly well aware of, dogs will literally eat until the food tubes in their stomach inflate and create a straight passageway from their mouth to anus. They'll get so fat that the food will go directly into their mouths, maybe come into contact with a couple strategically-placed puddles of drool, and then immediately exit from their rears like a really gross roller coaster. In my 21+ years of living with dogs, I've witnessed them eat the following things:

- **Two entire baking pans full of grease.** After Thanksgiving one year, my mother put out a couple pans of grease to cool on the back porch. I don't exactly remember why she did this, but I assume she planned on constructing the turkey next year entirely from these pans of grease, thereby cutting out the middle man and creating a waxy, glistening, cholesterol-filled tribute to turkeys across the globe. Regardless, our Australian Shepherd decided to jump the gun and dive into the pan before my father and I had a chance to physically restrain her. We spotted her an hour later, lying on her side and casually spewing out steaming trails of dog-gravy all over the back porch. I don't think I need to explain why leftovers weren't very popular that holiday season.

- **Three whole rum cakes.** Back in the mid-80's, when breakdancing was all the rage and Michael Jackson could still be mistaken for a human being, my parents baked a few rum cakes and we all headed over to the neighbor's house while they cooled. The instant we returned home and opened the front door, we were greeted by a very, very, very drunk Golden Retriever. We're talking like Otis of Mayberry-type drunk here. The dog was leaning back and forth as if her bloated, hairy torso was about to topple off her tiny legs and begin rolling across the kitchen floor like the logs from *Pitfall.* She eventually shrewdly decided to throw up and fall down the basement stairs, thereby setting a stern precedence for all my future drinking activities in college.

- **A wooden block.** We have a border terrier named "Maggie" and despite everything we do, she just won't die. Seriously, we've been trying to kill her for years and she keeps resisting our futile attempts to make her stop living. It's as if her brain is too stupid to forget how to live. Anyway, one day I had this big wooden block which I was using to hit a foam mannequin's head (don't ask). I eventually decided to test out a little theory that I had regarding Maggie, mainly the theory that "Maggie is really, really, really stupid." I held up the wooden block and said (in the trademark fluctuating "I'm-talking-to-the-dog" tone of voice that will undoubtedly lead to our destruction by superior alien races), "ooooh, does Maggie want the block? Does she want to eat this block? Yes she does, yes she does want to eat the wooden block! Ooooh, look at the wooden block, do you want to eat the wooden block?" My dog-voice instantly triggered the "I think I'm going to get the chance to eat FOOD!" part of her brain, the 99% chunk of grey matter which overlooks the 1% of "I wonder if I should poop now?" part of her brain. After hyping and promoting the nutritional value of this wooden block for a solid hour or two, I eventually put it down to see what the dog would do. Predictably enough, she dug right into the block and began chomping away. Now I figured that would be the end of that and Maggie would resume doing whatever the hell she was doing before, like looking for trees to bark at or recreating exciting moments in history when she barked at some trees. However, Maggie proved me wrong and instead concentrated on EATING THE ENTIRE BLOCK. She gnawed on the thing for about half the day, causing me to forcibly remove the tasty chunk of wood from her mouth and hide it in the trash can.

A statue of a Border Terrier. The actual dogs are much less intelligent than their ceramic counterparts.

The last dog, Maggie, would literally attempt to eat anything that either moved or refused to move. She was like Pac-Man covered with a shitty Renaissance Festival dog pelt that leaked grease and oil every five minutes. Since we all hate the dog but my grandmother loves her, we were seriously considering handing over the dog and its monstrous appetite to her. However, we just couldn't do that to a sweet old woman like my grandmother, especially since I began to have reoccurring nightmares about attending her funeral and watching the dog burst from her chest cavity like a scene from "Aliens." I have no doubt that one day my innocent and highly elderly grandmother would fall asleep and forget to feed the dog, causing it to pace nervously around for a few hours before it finally decides to burrow into her stomach and begin feasting on her internal organs. Maggie is kind of like one of those floating metal spheres from "Phantasm," only she seeks food instead of human skulls. For now. Oh, and instead of being a floating metal sphere, she's a dog who cannot float. But besides that, the analogy is just great.

After getting my cat, I began to notice a distinct difference between the eating habits of the two species. For example, as I have conclusively proven today, dogs will eat anything. Cats, on the other hand, won't bother eating your other hand. They don't eat anything except their officially sanctioned governmentally-approved cat food which can only be located in their cat food dish which may only be positioned in one certain location in the house at a certain time. Cats aren't motivated by food... in fact, I have absolutely no clue what they're motivated by. If I had to guess, I'd say "ghosts." Regardless, I have a hard time trusting animals that don't always react on some primal instinct to shovel food into their guts. I can't lure my cat into his cat-box with the temptation of some highly-compressed wad of meat substitute because he doesn't really give a shit about eating. I'm fairly sure cats are somehow able to convert oxygen atoms into chicken atoms, so when you're crouching under your bed and saying "here Fluffy, come here boy" (even though your cat's name obviously isn't "Fluffy") while your cat stares at you and refuses to move, he's actually feasting on a delicious dinner at your expense. Sucker.

Look at all that Wheat Grass! That's enough puke to power an entire army of marauding, undead, barfing cats. We're doomed!

So Emily "Integral" Reigel pointed out the wheat grass and said how cats love to eat that shit. I initially didn't believe her until I realized my cat loves to consume catnip, a substance which looks just like marijuana only it makes you feel slightly less nauseous after smoking it. We bought the wheat grass and headed home to test out this grand experiment on my cat which we have now named "Cat" because hell, he doesn't respond to any goddamn name we give him. After placing the wheat grass a few millimeters from his food bowl, a miracle occurred... **THE CAT BEGAN EATING THE GODDAMN GRASS!** It was amazing and awe-inspiring, like watching Jesus kick the asses of all those guys who ripped people off inside the Egyptian temple and didn't validate their parking even when they said they would. The cat grazed inside our new kitchen / feeding pen for a while and then marched off to resume his fulltime occupation of lurking in the shadows and plotting my demise.

Cut to today. I'm minding my own business by closely monitoring the business of Emily "Integral" Reigel, when suddenly I hear... THE SOUND. All pets have this universal "holy shit, I'm going to puke" sound which Emily and I have decided sounds like the following phonetic representation:

"MOOOMP! MOOOMP! MOOOMP! MOOOMP! BLAAAARP."

The "mooomp" sound represents the animal forcefully attempting to call up the ball of joy residing in their stomach cavity so they may deposit it on our carpet and present us with a special gift. After a few "mooomps" the animal eventually hits the "BLAAAARP" stage, in which the wad of puke has successfully reached their mouth and is ready to be placed on the floor. This wad may contain items from the following exciting categories which are smash hit inside cats across the globe:

> *Plastic, organic material (such as corn or human flesh), cloth, buttons, antifreeze, business cards, parts of "DISCOUNT!" stickers, food which the cat refused to digest, and scary things from the 1960's found underneath the oven.* It doesn't matter if your house or apartment wasn't even around in the 1960's; it's a scientific fact that ovens have the ability to warp space and time below them, pulling all sorts of useless crap from the past 10 generations into a dimensional vortex and depositing it all in a dusty lump beneath their hulking frame.

We rushed across the livingroom and witnessed our cat (once again, he's named "Cat") give birth to a greasy blob of joy in front of the washing machine. He emitted a "BLAAAARP" before we could pick him up and throw him off the deck to safety, instead allowing him the opportunity to sit down and stare intensively at his newborn creation which was soaking into the carpet and attempting to chemically bond with the fibers. On one hand, it was great because we had finally found something other than the officially sanctioned governmentally-approved cat food that he'll voluntarily eat without requiring me to manually shovel it down his throat with a Fischer-Price beach shovel. On the other hand, it was horrible because the sole purpose of eating the wheat grass was so he could build up enough inner momentum to launch a wet parcel from his stomach. I guess the moral of this story is to be careful what you wish for because you may just get it. This is naturally assuming you have a cat, wheat grass, and the wish of receiving a bunch of concentrated cat puke. And I know the types of people who read this site, so don't pretend like that's not what you're wishing for.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 ALoD Spotlight: #30+Masturbation's Website!

Wednesday, May 01, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

My Death is None of Your Businesses!

Before I show you today's extra-special ALoD Spotlight, I'd like to confirm the news that Josh Boruff reported on Sunday: I have, in fact, died. Sadly, I contracted a severe case of fire poisoning, a condition for which the only cure is death. The "twin brother" he mentioned turned out to be a pile of oily rags I had lying in my house, and thus no updates will come from him. Thanks to the marvels of the Internet however, I can still somehow bring my own little brand of inane commentary to Something Awful. How? THROUGH MYSTERY! So don't pop the cork open on the champagne yet, I'm still here - now with a horrifying, ghastly twist!

In other news, unpopular updater Zack Parsons has apparently been dead for six months now. Recent articles under his name have been written by a man who killed him and wore his face. He will not be missed.

ALOD UPDATE!!

> *From: Lisa brewer*
> *Date: Thursday, May 02, 2002 12:05 AM*
> *Subject: The article about 30+masturbation*
>
> I just wanted to write you and tell you that I am one of the people that is in your article on 30+masturbation.
>
> I am VERY displeased about the article you wrote about my friends and I. You have NO right to do that to ANYBODY. And if you are going to insult anybody with adisability, you should get your facts straight. I HAVE Spina Bifida, NOT Polio like the caption under mypicture says.Thanks for nothing.

Man oh man! She's an intimidating one! But what is she gonna do about it? Beat me up? Run me over? Or just flash me her nakedness? But she's right, I'm the bad guy here - not the people who unleashed some of the most horrible images in the history of the universe. By the way, if the site is down, you could always check the Google cache site. Have a nice day!

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

5.2 STYlin'

Thursday, May 02, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You Can't Spell "Style" Without "Sty"!

I woke up a day or so ago with a slight ache in my lower eyelid region. This is not particularly unusual as the ghosts that inhabit my bedroom have a tendency to hurl wooden blocks into my eye sockets while I'm asleep. I don't know where they get them because I don't have wooden blocks in my bedroom, but somehow from some ghost blockmart they import these things and jam them into my eyes. I shrugged it off, drank my morning caffeine, read the funnies (Kathy got lost in a department store and Haggar was mad at his wife) and sat down in front of the computer to find out who told me to die in an e-mail and what IRC chatroom hates me this week. It turned out to be Hal_OoseN8 and #sweetpickles, but that's not the point of my story.

The point of my story is that as the day worn on my eyelid hurt more and more. Now as you may have guessed from the bone crushingly clever title of my article, it turned out I had a sty, but without a bone crushingly clever title to hint at this fact I was left to discover it through a little detective work. The first step in the trail of evidence was to stand in the bathroom and prod my lower eyelid in the mirror until it turned red. Unlike a video game this failed to cause the word "COMBO" or "+5 COMBO" to float out of my head. While disappointment was running high I was not willing to give up so I sat down on the couch and turned on Comedy Central, which is America's number one source of reliable medical information. Saturday Night Live came on, amazingly enough since it was 3 PM on a Wednesday, and I was treated to a sketch about a fake boy band. It really wasn't very funny, but it was packed to the brim with medical advice, which is exactly what I was seeking.

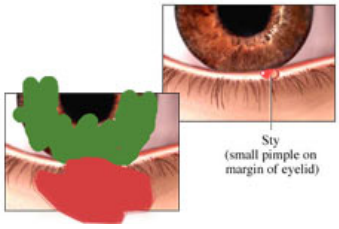
During one of the songs this fake boy band was performing they said the word "sty". This made me sit up and take notice even though I had very little idea what a sty was. I pondered it; the word rhymed with eye, so there must be some association. I put on my thinking cap - which is my expression for turning on my "Tiger Hand Held Games: Talking Metal Gear" so that it repeatedly plays the opening music and says "Lieutenant, let's put the plan into effect" - and took a stroll down memory lane to see if that turned up anything. I realize now I could have simply gotten up and walked into the other room and looked sty up on the computer, but more on that later!

I had a vague recollection of a friend of my mother's having a sty when I was around six years old. My wavy flashback memory of this event indicated to me that sty was definitely associated with "woman trouble". I was fairly certain that I wasn't a woman, but I wasn't willing to rule out this one lead just yet. If a sty is related to "woman trouble" could I still somehow have a sty? Then it hit me; my failure to grow full and uniform facial hair has frequently been referred to as girlish, so yes, a sty was a distinct possibility.

Suddenly it all came to me! I had a box of Count Chocula cereal in the kitchen and, my sty forgotten, I got up to make a bowl. From the kitchen I could see to my computer and I remembered that I might have a sty, and by God that magical box might have my answers. I immediately opened my browser to sweetpickles-fetish.com and then, struck by why I had initially taken a seat at this digital altar of pure sex, I cruised over to webmd.com and searched for sty.

> *A sty (external hordeolum) is the most common minor problem of the eyelid. A sty is an inflamed area in the tiny oil glands that surround the base of an eyelash. It begins as a red, tender bump in the base of the eyelash. A sty usually comes to a head in about 3 days, then it breaks open and drains, and it heals in about a week.*

Accompanying this extremely accurate sounding bit of text was a picture that completely contradicted it. You will note it to the right or left of this paragraph depending on how I ended up aligning the text when I pasted it out of Word and into my Interweb editing software. If I had to guess I would say it's to the right, but I'm not very good at guessing. Now you can see from this picture that either WebMD mixed up their pictures or their idea of a pimple is a glass bead sticking to your eyelid. For comparison I have included my much more accurate rendition of my own condition, also changing the eye color to match my own. You will note that I did not have any glass beads stuck to my eye.



WebMD's sty rendition along with my personal sty rendition.

While a picture may be worth a thousand words, try handing in a sheet of paper in a photography class with the word "NIGGER" printed on it 1,000 times. You will not get a good grade and I blame racism. No, I discounted the drawing and decided based on the text alone that I did have a sty after all. But the mystery was not yet completely solved! I had found the body underneath the floorboards, but I had yet to find the dastard that placed it there. Turning once again to the wise but poorly illustrated WebMD I perused the potential causes of a sty. There were two.

- *Rubbing the eyes, which irritates the oil glands. Bacteria that are present on a person's hand may cause the infection.*
- *Using products near the eye that can irritate the eye or that contain bacteria. Products like mascara or eye liner may contain bacteria. When these products are applied to the eyelids, bacteria can transfer to the skin.*

Either of these could be the culprit, so once more I took a stroll down memory lane with my thinking cap on. Soothed by the sage advice "You've got key card number one" and my fond memories of that morning's "Haggar the Horrible" I decided to produce a comic strip which would detail the likeliest potential causal factor in the development of this blemish. This seems to be the probable scenario, but another does exist. Every night at bed time I stumble tired into the bathroom and remove my contacts. This involves pulling said contacts from my eyes, inserting the contacts into my contact case, and filling each chamber of the case with contact solution. Normally when doing this I will remove both contacts and place them in the case before adding any solution. Without my contacts in I am as blind as a bat, which means there is a chance, however infinitesimal, that I fill the case with something other than saline solution. When I awoke the morning of my sty onslaught there were a few potential causes lurking in my bathroom.

- Scope mouthwash
- Ruptured can of peaches
- A dead mouse
- Sports bottle full of near-expiration yogurt I take bicycling
- Roommate's saline bottle which I inserted into a mule's rectum
- Cheese ageing lab
- Aftershave
- Another dead mouse
- Old saline bottle full of rat poison
- A bucket of clams I caught in Georgia in 1995
- A used condom
- A condom I used to wipe up the canned peaches when they ruptured (may have been used before, I didn't notice)
- Slugs, everywhere, all types

This is what's normally in the bathroom, but what wasn't normal in the equation was that a lot of the slugs were dead too. Those slugs really brighten up that bathroom, tie it together, you know, but beyond that they serve as a canary in the mines. When they start to get sick or they look like they're having trouble in the environment, I start to worry about our safety and I consider cleaning up the bathroom. Then I trick myself into thinking I cleaned it last and that it's my roommate's turn to clean it. This is how slugs get hurt people, heed my warning, this is how you end up with an infected eyelash gland!

NEXT WEEK ON STY PATROL: Zack's sty has ripened and drained, much as the sweetest grapes of the Nappa Valley, but Veronica still will not go with him to meet Lance at the airport. Frustrated, he goes alone, but Lance has an agenda that Zack isn't expecting, and he works for Zack's spurned lover Lydia. Also in next week's "Sty Patrol"; that cunt Scotty D gets run over by one of those trucks that carries cars, and the trunks of those cars are full of model cars, and the trunks of the model cars are full of Legos. Livestock is still in a coma and the part of Rich "Lowtax"

Kyanka will be played by the ghost of Herve Villechaize trapped inside one of those ghost traps that someone has glued google eyes and a foam-ball nose to in a crafts class for the elderly.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.3 THE CAKE IS POISON, MARRY ME

Friday, May 03, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

THE DEED IS DONE.

Step 1: The cake.

Step 2: Girlfriend Emily "Integral" Reigel is given cake.

Step 3: Girlfriend cuts into cake.

Step 4: Girlfriend discovers "oddity" inside cake.

Step 5: Oddity, upon closer inspection, turns out to be engagement ring.

Step 6: Girlfriend Emily "Integral" Reigel says "yes" and will soon become Emily "Integral" Kyanka.

Step 7: Girlfriend, cat, and webmaster are all happy. They become one small, happy family.

HOORAY!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.4 The Future of Tax and Tegral!

Sunday, May 05, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

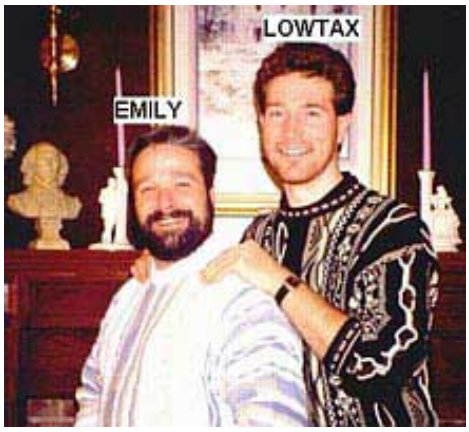
◘ Looking Ahead for Lowtax and Emily!

Step 8: Enjoy Engagement

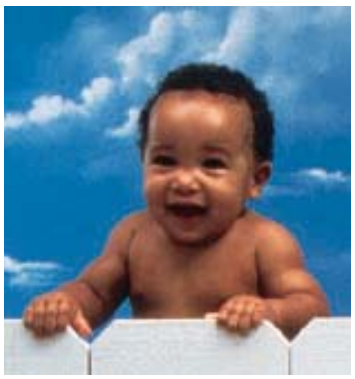
Step 9: Get Married

Step 10: Discover New Wife's Hideous Secret on Wedding Night

Step 11: Accept Secret and Adapt Life



Step 12: Have Baby



Step 13: Grow old together / conquer planet.

Step 14: ENJOY ETERNITY!

Congratulations, Lowtax and Integral! From your worker monkies, we wish you all the best. Also, this little congratulations blurb is your wedding gift, so don't ask for anything else.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

5.5 OH YEAH, SICK TIMES TWO!

Monday, May 06, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Congratulations Scotty D!

I skim read SA this weekend like I do every weekend and I just couldn't believe my eyes; that perpetually slack-jawed cretin Scotty D has landed himself a real babe, and he proposed with the old ring-in-cake trick! So, before I write one of my usual poorly thought-out and egotistical updates that is about as funny as a dead baby being eaten by rats, I thought I would take the time to say CONGRATULATIONS SCOTTY D!

May you and Emily have a happy and fulfilling relationship together and may you never return to your side career as a transvestite male prostitute.

Round 2: Fight!

Here is a great picture of Optimus Prime I found on Google when I searched for the word "phlegm".

Since writing my heartfelt expose on the discovery and diagnosis of my sty I have received hundreds (one) e-mail concerned about my condition (correcting my spelling of "Kathy" [sic]). Encouraged by this overwhelming response and outpouring of sympathy and beset by yet another tragic illness in such a short time span I have decided to once again focus my keen journalistic abilities on chronicling my malaise. If you can solve the mystery before I do then call 1-900-YO-JOE to talk to Sgt. Slaughter and receive a coupon for 1/2 off the purchase of a HISS Tank.

It all began last Monday, before my beloved sty (which is now just about gone, thanks for asking) was even a red twinkle just below my eye. My roommate was talking to me about the upcoming Spiderman movie as usual when I noticed that his voice sounded raspy, then I noticed that he was wheezing, then I noticed that there was a cardinal repeatedly ramming into our window, and then I noticed that he had a hacking cough. This registered on me because I have all of the constitution of fascist Italy, so any time someone around me is sick I tend to get whatever they have. Roommate has the flu? I end up with the flu. Girlfriend has scabies? I end up with scabies. Some random dog on the

street has kennel cough? I get suckered with that. I go to see "Farm Aid"? End up HIV positive.

I put two and two together and came up with "I'm going to get whatever coughy here has". I put it out of my mind for the next few days, although I was reminded several times by him hacking his lungs out and generally being surly. Then the whole sty imbroglio made me forget all about the horrible plague brewing within my lungs and sinuses. Even as that sty was swelling to proportions fitting the hump on the back of a circus freak, a more dangerous and annoying problem was about to unleash itself upon me.

Fast-forward to Friday afternoon and I'm beginning to feel a little congested. I think nothing of it because I have a few allergies that bother me in Spring and it was very plausible that one of those was the culprit. Had it been, and were I not so hard up for material, you would likely be reading something about me trying to bake muffins or those remote control rats some crazy evil scientist developed. Fortunately for us all when Saturday morning arrived I felt like a three day old turd in a two day old sack.

Basically this is how medication works. The medicine cells enter the bloodstream through the mouth and attack the disease cells which are in my sinuses and lungs. The more disease cells they kill the more experience they get until they power up.

The amount of mucus endlessly oozing and spraying from my nose was roughly equivalent in hourly flow to the volume of "slime" used during the run of the entire series of "You Can't Do That On Television". In itself this was revolting and annoying, but added to it was the fact that I had also acquired my room mate's delightful cough and barely-audible wheeze.

Much as my cooking frightens and confuses my beloved AOL girlfriend, my sty frightened and confused me, but my unhealthy ass is used to sickness such as this. I did what any red-blooded American would do in my situation and over-the-counter medicated the fuck out of it. As I type this article I am currently whacked out of my gourd on the following medications:

- Tussin DM (DM stands for "Limb Paralysis")
- Sudafed Multi-Symptom Sinus & Cold, which is non-drowsy and theoretically, should cancel out the soporific affects of the Tussin.
- Atropine that I found in a syrette under the refrigerator. I don't know how to use a syrette or what atropine does so I just chewed it up and swallowed it and it tasted like blood because the syrette was made out of glass.
- Zippy Zoo chewable vitamins.
- Some white powder I rubbed into my gums in the hopes that it was cocaine. It turned out to be "burning".
- Marlboro Ultra-Lights, the Rx of cigarettes. Their soothing menthol action and smooth tobacco flavor are the medicine doctor cure for what ails ye.
- Kleenex with Aloe Vera. They put medicine in the Kleenex. I get the medicine out of the Kleenex by boiling them.
- Something I thought was a pill but turned out to be a Good N' Plenty.
- A "power shake" I concocted from four raw eggs, three Vitamin C tablets, a cup of milk, coffee grounds, a stick of butter, grated parmesan cheese, 4 ounces of ricotta, Duplos Ranch Hand play set, and a photograph of Dwight D. Eisenhower, the scourge of the 20th century.

After almost an entire day of being on this powerful drug regimen I was no closer to outwitting this pox upon my corpus. The only option remaining for me was to fight fire with fire, a technique I

learned from watching Steven Segal movies where he shoots bullets at bullets and breaks people's arms. If anyone has a culture of that flesh-eating virus they can mail to me it would be greatly appreciated. I think if I spread that in my nostrils with a Q-tip it will eat out all of the disease and leave my pipes clean as a whistle. Failing that I am going to literally use fire, but I'm afraid of heights so I would rather not.

Cliff Yablonski Expresses His Deep Concern

The man, the legend, has decided to invest his time and effort into a merciless assault on five new pages of you worthless cretins.

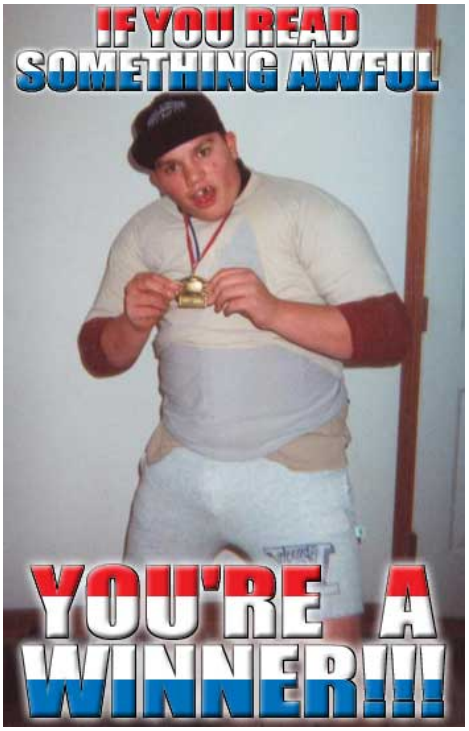
So read his web site before he throws something heavier than a golf club into my face!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.6 Movin' on Up! and Vinnie's Goats

Tuesday, May 07, 2002 by Integral

Tomorrow my eFiancée Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka and I are moving into our stunning new apartment in the red light district complete with hoez and crank. The down-side to our move is that we will be leaving behind our cozy, maggot-infested hole that we have worked so hard to defile in favor of a place that is despicably new and clean. The up-side is that from our new home-base, we will be able to move all of our 'equipment' into a building cleverly disguised as a gun store from which we will finally release our armies of sentient, tiny gun stores to take over the world and bring us burritos and nicotine gum. We will also be able to buy milk. In the mean time, we are very busy doing things like grunting and putting foot-porn in boxes, hence we are unable to spend a great deal of time entertaining you poor saps. Instead, please enjoy the following awful link and prank, and then, go straight to hell.



Vinnie's Goats

This is a phone prank that Interwebnette Aficionado Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka and his friend Chris Horton did circa 1963. Be sure to listen for the allusions to moralism in Trotsky's theory and the parallels between existentialist thought and ripened tomatoes coated in Ex-Lax. And the part about the goats; that part's funny.

-~Integral

5.7 Hobmobbing it up!

Wednesday, May 08, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This angry mob has gathered to kill a monster located somewhere off camera!

A lot can be said about man and his battle to overcome obstacles. It seems no matter what kind of test snakes up on man, he always finds a solution to deal with the problem. Sometimes the challenge is something simple, like how to get a girlfriend un-pregnant or how to tell the world that dressing up as a moss-covered sloth for sexual purposes is all right and that all of you are just too narrow-minded to understand. However, challenges aren't always simple. Sometimes the challenge is so hard man has to rub heads with another man to come up with a solution. But then other times the challenge is so overwhelming that all the men and even the women of a particular area have to come together and form a mob. The mob is more or less the Voltron of society. Each person, while unique, eventually sheds their individuality to become a faceless part of something greater. The mob is a vehicle for humans to get the job done, no matter what that job is. In most cases, mob formation is intended to help eradicate a threat, scare the holy crotch out of someone, or to build unity by giving many people a united voice, which is then used to spew delicious hate or anti-anti-mob propaganda.

Obviously, eliminating threats is the most common goal of the mob. As safe and secure as we manage to keep our homes, our towns, our bell towers, and our scary church labyrinths, evil still has a way of sneaking up on us and screaming, "boo!" When this happens, civic-minded townsfolk put on their best Sunday mob clothes, grab a torch, and take to the streets in a showing of unity against monster. Of course monsters don't exist, so substitutions have to be made – like minorities or the disabled. But don't get discouraged, as these groups can easily act the part of a scary monster! If the threat isn't killed, then it is usually run out of town like a poor man's Frank Stallone or locked up in a cage for everyone to gawk at like a rich man's Frank Stallone. The point is, the threat is either destroyed or rendered unable to be a threat.

Mobs don't always aim at killing or pacifying the obstacle. Sometimes mobs try to scare people straight or serve as a warning. When someone falls off track in life, people will often form a mob for the purposes of holding an intervention. The intervention signals to the troubled person that they better shape up or they'll soon be on the wrong side of the mob. If a mob can run a Frankenstein or a Dracula (or at least someone who looks kind of like one of those two monsters) out of town, then it sure as Riddly Scott's ghost can do the same for a regular human. Mobs have a way of taking care of their own, but when their own repeatedly fail them, they have no choice but dish out justice. The very same kind of justice TV madman John Walsh threatens against criminals on a weekly basis.

Angry mobs take on many forms. This angry mob even sports a pirate!

Perhaps the greatest thing offered by mobs is the unity they bring. Men, women, and children can all come together in unity to fight a common enemy. Unlike past mobs, which tended to feature only people of a certain race, today's mobs are more versatile when it comes to accepting different races. People are more creative about their hatred these days, and no longer cling to such old standards as ethnic purity. Today we have religion and sports team persuasions to divide us! Oh, that and the fear that an anti-Semitic bat-like creature the size of Batman could suddenly take up residence in the nearest bell tower. Mobs also

provide a means of meeting new people. Angry mob gatherings allow you to meet all kinds of folks with the same shared interests and hatreds. If being a part of the same angry mob as another person isn't a solid foundation to a lasting friendship, I don't know what is! But then again, my only friends are rocks and sticks that I think look like celebrities. My best friend is a twig that looks *exactly* like Burt Ward.

It's true that mobs offer a lot! Mobs are the gift that keeps on giving, like a cake made out of smaller cakes or a gun that shoots tiny guns that shoot tiny guns that shoot tiny bullets in the shape of cakes. You can experience these offerings first hand simply by organizing your very own angry mob! It might seem like a logistical nightmare at first, but in reality the best mobs are the ones formed spontaneously based on as little information as possible. I've taken the liberty of preparing a few suggestions to help get you started on the road to forming a brutal, heartless mob:

- The best way to form a mob is to get everyone riled. Accuse someone you don't like with a strong presence in the community, such as a teacher or a priest, of being a pedophile or murderer. Don't bother to collect evidence, simply whip the people into a savage frenzy and GO! GO! GO!
- When facts are involved, the mob morale and motivation has a tendency to deteriorate. Keep things simple and leave the facts out. Make the issue black and white, good versus evil. You don't form angry mobs to act as juries!
- Whenever possible, choose targets that live inside castles or buildings that utilize gothic architecture. If there is a moat or giant gate or doorway to overcome, this will enhance the mob experience. The mob will enjoy the problem solving challenges of entering the building. Teamwork makes your mob stronger! If your followers find the experience rewarding, they will likely join your mob for later outings.
- Bloodlust can be quite a factor, so it is important to keep things in perspective. When you do capture your designated mob target, decide on an appropriate and lasting punishment. A quick execution is likely to prove anti-climatic for mob members who worked hard. A slow, torturous defeat is likely to be more satisfying.
- If there are any furries in your community then by all means **do the deed**.

There are of course other things to keep in mind, but these are the most critical to a good mob outing.

One final thing to make note of is a little something called groupthink. When people get together in a large group, individual ideas tend to get pushed aside in favor of the group mentality. This can enhance the mob experience, but it can also outright deny a lot of great ideas. Encourage your mob members to share any suggestions they have, such as possible scare techniques. However, this is a sensitive issue, as one of the key tenements to forming a mob is the lack of individuality. If people express themselves individually within a mob, then they are more likely to feel morally responsible for the actions of the mob whereas if they blend in they can attribute the actions to the other members. As a mob organizer, it is your duty to play gatekeeper to your members, allowing them just the right amount of self-expression and conformity!

When that day comes a dawning, your mob best not be a yawning! Who else is going to defend your town? YOU ARE THE LAW!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.8 Hentai Invasion: Paradise Heights 2

Friday, May 10, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This February I took time out from my busy schedule of not being funny and trying to convince my next door neighbor's cat to do anal so that I could review some Japanese Hentai computer games for you. I actually only ever reviewed one of them; a classy little romp entitled "Immoral Study 2". In the game you play the role of a teacher who is tutoring a feisty and attractive young student on how to jam various dangerous objects into her vagina. My review was very well received and as a result I was sent about 500 e-mails asking where the game could be downloaded and about 20 e-mails saying the article was funny. Because of this I have steeled my otherwise prudish sensibility and delved into a second Hentai game to review for you.

Without further ado I will transport you to another world, a world where a dorky loser who works at a toy maker can get more action from teenage girls than R. Kelly, the world of "Paradise Height 2"!

Yes, in this amazing futuristic world I can say...connect to a computer in Japan that is hosting a bunch of idiotic porno games for sociopathic nerds and perverts!

Paradise Heights 2

"Talking of which, do you want to know what's been happening at Paradise Heights?"

Keigo, the game's dull hero, asks this rhetorical question in the opening moments of Paradise Heights 2. He proceeds to tell you, for what seems like an hour, about everything that happened in the first Paradise Heights game. All of this blabbing occurs over an infinitely exciting still shot of his loser nerd apartment. Believe me when I say that I could not click the "next" button in the corner fast enough.

All of these horrible dating and sex simulator games seem to be based on the time-tested concept of "mindless repetition". You click through endless streams of dialogue completely unrelated to the all-important task of jamming things into cartoon character's crotches. Even when you get to the hotly awaited crotch-jamming sequences invariably they are just another stream of even more ridiculous dialogue like, "oh. . . nnnnnnhhh. . . ahh. . . .my thing is going to squirt!" I suppose for some pasty Asian kid shut-in who is used to playing "Final Fantasy Chocobo Squawk Pit" this endless waiting for any option other than "next" serves to build up anticipation.

I speed-clicked my way through the little introduction and soon Keigo was out the door of his apartment and on his way to work. Naturally the first thing he did was bump into the girl who had just moved into Paradise Heights, knocking her to the ground and causing her to spread her legs. He did what any gentleman would do in such a situation

The easiest way to turn a woman on is to shove her down and make fun of how stupid she is.

and criticized how clumsy she was while refusing to help her up. Leaving her in the dust like a regular Casanova, Keigo heads out to get some breakfast and you are introduced to another character who you will no doubt have ridiculous sex with in the near future. Always Johnny-on-the-spot with the helpful tips, Keigo naturally offered up some hot advice; "You know, if you have too much sex, you'll get all dry and wizened!!"

Apart from being the worst conversationalist ever, he apparently has some magical ability to be a complete fuck up at work. The instant he gets to the office he gets harassed by his boss - who he will obviously being having sex with once I can click through enough menus - for losing some stupid files I couldn't care less about. Then she introduces his new assistant and, DUH DUH DUHHHHHH, are you ready for this? IT'S THE GIRL HE KNOCKED OVER ON HIS WAY TO WORK! What an amazing plot twist that I am completely apathetic about! Also his boss is her older sister or her brother or uncle or something, I don't know I was clicking past the text so fast it sort of blurred together.

After work he runs into assistant girl again and this time she is with her two hot friends who you will of course be running up in like their names were Boston Marathon and 100 Yard Dash. They make sexy faces (read: blank and haunting huge-eyed stares) at him and invite him to a little get together they are having in the apartment one floor up from his. Here is where you have the first actual option in the game, in this case the option of either saying "yes" or "no" to their stupid party. I said "yes" because I assumed that would finally get me to some kinky sex and I'd have something funny to write about.

Lies, all lies! I did not knock around with this unusual fellow!

We parted way for the time being and Keigo thought it would be a marvelous idea to wander around his apartment building. Whiling enjoying this exciting activity I ran into his incredibly gay friend who Keigo makes comments about along the lines of "this guy is really odd" and "there is something a little off about him." THANKS FOR THE HOT TIP KEIGO, THE MAN COULD NOT LOOK ANY GAYER IF THERE WERE

COCKS FLYING INTO HIS MOUTH FROM EVERY DIRECTION. He really has nothing important to say other than some girl I have not yet even met was looking for me. I send him packing and head upstairs to check on the party when I run into this girl who I supposedly know, maybe she flashed on the screen earlier at the restaurant when I was clicking quickly through text.

She demands that we have sex right there and she can't hold her crotch in check for the two seconds it would take to walk down to my apartment. Disappointingly it turns out to be normal sex and I buzz through the screens of "UNNNNNNNNN THERE!" and "My pussy... is... about to... burst!" rapidly and then send her packing as well. Party time? No, first I have to go down to my apartment and get a bottle of wine, which is done in a pulse-poundingly intense sequence where I stare at my empty apartment and Keigo narrates trying to find the right bottle of wine. EDGE OF MY FUCKING SEAT PEOPLE!

I went upstairs with my carefully selected bottle of mystery wine and entered the pleasure drome! So many wonderful things to jam into so many wonderful crotches, I barely knew where to begin! I took a screenshot and labeled all of the likeliest sex toys in the apartment along with their function. This should aid you on your wondrous quest through the lands of my perverse imagination.

1. This is either some sort of flying jellyfish or a lampshade. If it's a jellyfish it will have tentacles which can be inserted into any orifice, if it's just a lamp shade it can easily be turned upside down and urinated into. In Japan "golden showers" are a means of honoring the spirits of fallen samurai.
2. This looks like a break-away emergency panel mounted on the wall containing an emergency dildo. Contrary to popular belief, dildos are not widely used in Hentai games because programmers prefer to jam dangerous objects into crotches rather than objects designed to be jammed into crotches.
3. I think this is a dinner plate or a prospector's gold pan. I intend to be panning for "a... nnnnn... pussy... that... is about to... explode" with this bad boy at any moment.
4. Pencils belong in assholes and if you don't believe me then you are a fool.
5. The foppish hat on this stuffed leprechaun is just pointy enough to be used as an anal toy, the feather in his cap will no doubt tickle the clitoris until the subject of my

assault urinates in a lampshade and summons the ghost of her samurai ancestors.

6. There are two bears, one is smaller than the other, are you thinking what I'm thinking? I really hope not.
7. This cat is poised and ready for action. That is not a tail, and that knowing smile tells you everything you need about his ability to use it.
8. I'm not sure if that dog is real or a toy, but I am sure I don't give a damn! No matter what it will come equipped with something highly jammable which I will no doubt jam somewhere!

Because you scare me silent eyeball beast.

Unfortunately, all my theories about the exciting items to be found in this room turned out to be incorrect. Instead I was treated to another boring talk-fest with awkward conversation and some HOT HOT HOT drink-on-blouse action that was impossible to see coming! When I left the party I met up with that girl who I supposedly knew and I engaged in more regular boring non-crazy-Japanese sex with her.

It was at this point that I lost all hope for the game. While it was overflowing with uncensored hardcore sex, it was also boring as all fuck and not half as crazy as Immoral Study 2. Luckily for me when I found this game available for download, I also found about a dozen of the craziest games I've ever seen. Most of them were in Japanese only but since I basically ignore the text anyway I assume it really doesn't matter!

Before you all e-mail me and demand I send you this crap heap, I suggest you open google and search for "Free Hentai Games" or something similar. This will no doubt get you to a number of pop-up laden scumball web sites that will allow you to download this and many other quality games completely free of charge and illegally.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.9 Happy Birthday to Me!

Saturday, May 11, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

That's right all you women and feminine men out there, today's my 26th birthday! What's a better way to celebrate than by selling some brand new merchandise in the SA Store? We've got some brand spankin' new black bumper stickers and cutout stickers just sitting here, waiting for you to buy and give them a good home. A home where you beat them every night in an alcoholic rage, then they go to work the next day wearing dark sunglasses and if anybody asks them what happened, they say, "oh, I fell down some stairs." Next thing you know the role of you is being played by Fred Savage on The Lifetime Network's "Beaten Up Bitch of the Week" movie. So I don't remember what the hell I was originally trying to say but I'm fairly sure it had something to do with buying a few thousand of the brand new stickers we've got in and we're selling for around $1.00. That's one buck, folks. One dollah. The price of a large Coke or one one-millionth of a million-dollar car. Surely you can part with a dollar for your favorite website, can't you? And if you can give it to your favorite website, what's to say that you won't give it to this website as well? Buy a few stickers and help us all celebrate the spirit of "happy birthday" in our hearts, as well as the server monetary fund.

ULTIMATE HAPPY BIRTHDAY SPECIAL HAPPY PRESENT PLAN: If you purchase over $20 in merchandise, you'll get a free Cutout Sticker! Wow! We must be crazy to offer such fantastic savings! Or stupid! My vote is with "stupid" because earlier today I spent 40 minutes trying to figure out how my lamp from Wal-Mart works.

PS: If any of you guys are wondering how I'm spending my birthday, I plan on emulating this guy:

What a party!!! Rock on! Support capitalism! USA! Go team! We're number one! Mexico is number 29! Down with Mexico! Up with people! Hooray!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.10 Moms are great!

Sunday, May 12, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

A Special Mother's Day Holiday Special!

Mother's Day originally began to celebrate the life of the famed Mama Cass, but its true meaning was lost through commercialization in recent years.

It's that time again everyone! The time has come to break out your wallets and show your appreciation for the woman who lowered her standards just enough to have sex with your ugly, abusive Father. No, it isn't "Filthy Homewrecking Tramp Day" -- it's Mother's Day! It's once again time to help keep the owners of Hallmark company swimming in both riches and Olympic sized pools purchased with said riches by buying cards for a holiday that the company made up for fun and profit. Each year at just about this time, we're all bombarded with advertising that leads us to believe that without purchasing flowers and candies and broaches for our mothers, we all designate ourselves horrible children and join the ranks of Hitler and Jeffrey Dahmer, who are two individuals notorious for really crappy Mother's Day gifts like homemade cards with construction paper hearts. But this article isn't about companies levying guilt on you to drain you of hard earned money. It's about that special lady that we all like to call Mom, and raucous black insult comics like to call "Yo mamma." Mother's Day is that special day where everyone sets aside time to love and cherish their Moms, except for those dirty, raggedy orphans.

Women love getting bouquets of things, especially a bouquet of pain served up on cue when they forget to make dinner!

We owe a lot to our mothers, especially you losers out there that still live with your parents. Where would you be now if a certain mother-type person hadn't made you with sex? Probably not Chicago, that much is certain. Mothers aren't just walking baby factories after all, they're so very much more. They cook our meals and clean our rooms, and provide all the luxuries that the emancipation proclamation so unfairly tries to deny us. That's why we have to take this day to appreciate these walking baby factories by providing vein, self serving, materialistic solutions to deep rooted emotional problems that could only really be fixed with years of therapy. "Hey Mom, here's some half wilted azaleas! That should make up for that time I robbed you for crack money during those awkward teen years, and also last week!" But I digress, because exposing this sham holiday for what it really is will make me look like a bad son. Instead, I plan to take the low road and just do what society tells me and exclaim how utterly fabulous mothers are! Note that I am not gay, and that I simply used the word fabulous for posterity, and a quick lead-in to a really bad gay joke. However, if you are gay and looking for some hot gay action, send a hot gay "e-male" to fellow writer Zack Parsons. I'm not saying anything...I'm just saying. Just kidding! I love you platonically Zack, really!

Honestly though, unless your mother is the woman responsible for the creation of the (Oxygen) network, she deserves all the love and praise she can get for putting up with your shit. Wiping your ass even once during the late hours of the night is sacrifice enough to earn themselves a holiday, and mothers are so good they'd still be willing to do it for you now if need be. Maybe I'm crazy, but I think this deserves some thought and care on your part. To get inspired, you just have to remember all that love garbage she showered on you in an attempt to keep you from becoming a rapist. Think of all the good times you had. Fishing, learning to ride a bike, playing football...then replace the

memory of your dad from those events with the image of your mom, because she deserves a good spot in your mind on Mother's Day.

"Bad Mothafuckas" aren't traditionally embraced on Mother's Day.

But what's an appropriate Mother's Day gift? I mean, cards, flowers, and candies are standard fare, but they're about as interesting as reading an article about mothers day on a humor site! So what can you do to be original and make your Mother proud that she didn't take that abortion offered by the shady Mexican med student? There's lots of stuff that you could do to stand out amongst the crowd, making the card your sibling made in his first grade art class look like mere child's play! The most important thing to keep in mind is your mother's personality and interests. If she's a homemaker type, I'm sure she'd just love a new mop and bucket set. If you're really thoughtful, you may even want to vomit on the floor from your alcoholic bender the previous night so she can try it out! Even though it isn't her birthday, you may want to think about getting her a hilarious "You know you're getting old" card, because who doesn't love a good laugh at their own expense? Don't be fooled into getting jewelry, especially expensive stuff. Girls secretly hate that. If you're gonna get her anything to adorn herself with, why not pay for a tattoo? It lasts a lifetime, and you know she can never pawn it for booze money like she can with gold or stainless steel.

Some other ideas include:

- Eraserhead DVD
- Ninja Death Stars
- Fire
- Old birthday / valentines day cards she gave you, readdressed with certain words strategically crossed out.
- A gym membership, because God knows she's fat.

Still, any good mother wouldn't want you to put too much pressure on yourself. Pressure results in stress and damaged submarine hulls, neither of which do anyone any good. Any time a holiday comes around, a lot of stress gets placed on people to have a great time and make everything sickeningly perfect. This of course always ends in disappointment beyond words because, let's face it, we are all terrible people who couldn't do things right if we tried. Unless you really, really hate your Mom, this isn't the best angle to shoot for. So instead of setting her hopes high this year, the best gift you could get your Mom is probably lowering her standards by telling her outright that she isn't getting anything. Sorry mom, flowers um...went extinct sometime last year. And chocolates too, they were all destroyed by fat people. It's for her own good...as the years go on, she'll thank you.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

5.11 Ghana Take a Sentimental Journey

Monday, May 13, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ghana Go Crazy!

Ghana's new president the day before his record-breaking speech.

I enjoy reading the news. I am not a fan of sports, I don't much care for dancing, and I don't even like those TV shows where the retired sheriff narrates a car driving off a bridge. No, it's just the facts for this Joe Friday, and I specifically demand facts on the African nation of Ghana. I am Ghana's biggest fan! When I heard John Agyekum Kufuor was inaugurated as Ghana's first democratically elected president since achieving independence in 1957, well, you can imagine my excitement. I immediately logged onto my favorite Ghana web site only to discover that John "Big John" Agyekum "Rowdy" Kufuor had delivered a bone-crushing hundred-day address to members of the press.

Actually my reaction was something akin to complete-apathy and annoyance at the fact that someone could conceivably talk about Ghana for a hundred fucking days. The more I thought about it though, the greater the enigma. After a few weeks of trying to come up with more than ten minutes of Ghana topics I decided I simply had to know what Kufuor talked about all that time. I tried checking all of the Ghana AOL chatrooms, but those folks are posers obsessed with the fancy hats produced in Ghana's renowned hat mines. My only recourse was to search ebay for a transcript of the entire address, and much to my joy I found a single copy available for bid. I immediately place a bid on it for 25 cents, but some other Ghana junkie by the name of "-8-JAKufuor-8-" was nearly as determined to have it as me. Over the 5 day duration of the auction the bidding was fierce, see-sawing back and forth until it had reached the ridiculous level of $1.39. Finally, my rival was unable to match my liquid reserves and the transcript was mine.

Since I realize Something Awful readers have the exact same interests as me I have decided to reproduce highlights of the address including excerpts from Kufuor's personal itinerary and the transcript itself. I am putting these in chronological order so that you can see the gradual deterioration in Kufuor's ability to rationally speak on the subject of Ghana.

Day 1

- Open with Misty's joke about Jesus, David, and Moses playing golf.
- Say "thank you" for electing me.
- Sing national anthem (note: have Mboti find lyrics for national anthem).
- Discuss economic plan for revitalizing dirt pit industry.
- LUNCH

Kufuor: To make the dirt pits more profitable we need to expand our shovel inventory and hire more dirt pit diggers. Pouring buckets of water on the dirt might soften it.

Day 5

- Play video of yesterday's Jerry Springer show.
- Discuss domestic violence policy.
- Replay video of yesterday's Jerry Springer show.

Dirt pits are Ghana's number one resource, and President Kufuor takes them very seriously.

- LUNCH

Kufuor: The real issue here is what happens if you put juice in a juicer? Does the juicer explode or does it make juice juice?
AP Reporter: I think it would just pour straight through the juicer.
Kufuor: Guards! Seize Him!
BBC Reporter: There aren't any guards.
Kufuor: Well then you seize him!

Day 9

- Talk about plans to tear down Ghana's Buettikofer's Epauletted Fruit Bats' stadium and build a new stadium to lure Atlanta Braves.
- Oh wait I hate the Braves.
- Make it the Dodgers, they will go where the money is.
- Fire all dirt pit diggers and make them dig diamond pits to raise money for new stadium.
- DINNER

Kufuor: I have asked a special guest to come speak for us today on the topic of dirt pits. It's my pleasure to introduce Professor Laughs from the Ghana Institute for Dirt Pits. (raises hand puppet from beneath podium).
Kufuor: (In a high-pitched voice) Dirt pits are the pitsHAHAHAAHAAAHHAAHHA-HAHHAH (Kufuor collapses on stage).

Day 12

- The sandwiches they are serving for lunch are always peanut butter and jelly. Ask for referendum to demand ham sandwiches or any non-vegetarian lunch menu item.
- We should also get two juice boxes and not one with lunch.
- May 25th to be declared Associated Press Reporter Dale Jarvis day in honor of Dale Jarvis. I think he's cute, I wonder if he'll notice my new tie.

Kufuor: O-rings.
Derelict Who Wandered In: No way, a little O-ring could not cause the whole space shuttle to blow up like that.
Kufuor: How do you know? What is your job mister rocket engineer?
Derelict Who wandered In: I am a rocket engineer. . . at the dirt pits.

Day 20

- I think I have arm cancer.
- Mrs. John Agyekum Jarvis.
- Mrs. John Agyekum Jarvis.
- I feel pretty.

Kufuor: We have to mobilize the Ghana 3rd Armored Division to stop the invaders.
Minister of Defense: The... dinosaur riders?
Kufuor: Yes, the dinosaur riders you buffoon!! Their king has two brains.
Minister of Defense: But he's a dinosaur?
Kufuor: With TWO BRAINS! DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU?! GUARDS!!!
Minister of Defense: I can show myself out.

Day 29

- Dear Diary, I think I have figured out that if you look up at the tiles above the podium and focus on a point beyond them you will begin to see through time. If everything goes according to plan today I am going to travel back in time and go to Vermont where Dale Jarvis went to school. If I plant subliminal ideas in his developing mind he will no doubt fall madly in love with me in the present.
- My approval rating is up ten percentage points since I started wearing pants again.
- Discuss the pros and cons of pants wearing policy.
- Make Fridays "casual day" and announce victory over dinosaur riders.

Kufuor: I declare war on America!
MSNBC Reporter: America is a continent.
Kufuor: And you are a blabbermouth. I am declaring war on you instead!
MSNBC Reporter: Just you or all of Ghana?
Kufuor: You are an axis of evil, you ate my sack lunch out of the refrigerator and these atrocities will not go unpunished!

Day 40

- I TRIED SO HARD
- AND CAME SO FAR
- BUT IN THE END
- IT DOESN'T EVEN MATTER

Kufuor: Don't forget tonight is karaoke night!
BBC Reporter: That's what you said yesterday and when we went to the cafeteria for karaoke you were sitting alone and naked covered in grape jelly.
Kufuor: Is that not karaoke?

Day 48

- Detail plans to put a vote before parliament to allocate 50% of federal budget to items from Frostygurl's Amazon wish list.
- Have tattoo of Dale Jarvis that I carved into my arm with a shard of broken glass removed.
- Discuss how I manage to gain weight even though I spend almost four hours every day masturbating.

Kufuor: We will combine all of the dirt pits to form a giant dirt pit that we can then harness for unlimited cheap energy.
AP Reporter: You can't harness a hole for energy.
Kufuor: That's not what you said last night!

Day 55

On day 57 of his address, Kufuor brought in random people from the street to sit and watch him read the backs of several boxes of cereal.

- Discuss band name and practice cover of "Big Girls Don't Cry".
- Tell BBC reporter Earl Warren to photocopy fliers for our band and send them to record labels. We will have a battle of the bands and then we will get gigs right and left. They doubt me, but in a month we will be playing the biggest dirt pits in Ghana.
- I think if we had enough gunpowder and big-enough cannonballs we could hollow them out and put people inside and then shoot them at the moon and by God that will teach that moon to sass me.

Kufuor: Do you think you can hear color?

Day 70

- Finish naming all of the empty chairs in the assembly room, move ahead with discussion on plans to marry the Sean Connery chair to the Yoda chair.
- Throw Sandra Bullock chair out window.
- Sandra Bullock was at her best in the film "Two if By Sea".
- It is definitely arm cancer.

Kufuor: You're out of order. You're all out of order!
Janitor: Who? Me?
Kufuor: You think you're smart don't you, but you can't dodge that bullet called truth forever.

Day 81

- You can do it Kufour!!!
- Where there's a will, there's a way!!!
- MY LIFE IS A LIE.

Kufuor: LALALALAALALALALALALALA!!
AP Reporter: It's over between us.
Kufuor: I can't hear you! In case you haven't noticed I am listening to my favorite CD

on my Sony Discman.
AP Reporter: No you're not; you're holding cups over your ears!
Kufuor: This album is "Sounds of the Ocean".
AP Reporter: I'm leaving you John.
Kufuor: Wooooooshhhhhh shhhhhhhh Wooooooshhhhh shhhhhhh.

Day 90

- Only ten days to go and I break my personal record for the longest amount of time with a live beetle held in my mouth.
- The beetle's name is Herod.
- My name is Dale Jarvis.
- Mrs. Dale Jarvis, III.
- Mrs. Herod Jarvis, IV.
- Mrs. HEROD HEROD, the HEROD.
- Can't spell Herod without G-O-D.

Kufuor: Ghana is just my way of saying I'm sorry.
Tour Guide: This is president John Agyekum Kufour, he is on day 90 of his address to the assembled press.
Kufuor: Kill me. Please. For the love of all that is holy, KILL ME. Ooh, and make it look like an accident, I'll collect the insurance money and we can retire together.

Day 99

- Nintendo is Japanese for Ice Cream.
- Ice Cream is Arabic for Nintendo.
- Discuss with Herod.
- Herod?
- Herod?!!?
- NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.
- MY ARM CANCERS HAVE TURNED INTO CLEAN SHIRTS AGAIN MOMMY.

Kufuor: The floor will now recognize the honorable senator from Massachusetts.
Janitor: Four score and seven years ago, our fathers bought force to-
Kafuor: BROUGHT FLOORS! BROUGHT FLOORS! YOU ARE OUT A JOB AND AN EXTRA SANDWICH FOR LUNCH. TAKE YOUR HOT MOP AND GET OUT OF MY SIGHT.
Janitor: Look, you wrote that on the card, I'm just reading the card. Look!
Kafuor: I don't need to look. Do you look at a card to know what your own name is? I didn't think so. I AM THAT SPEECH.

Day 100

- All is lost.
- Ball is tossed.
- Tall is bossed.
- Anthony Michael Hall is boss.
- The Boss is boss.
- SPRINGSTEEN RULES!

> **Kufuor:** This pantry has an odd angle to it that has been bothering me for the better part of a day. It is with heavy heart that I tender my resignation as the lion, the witch, and the wardrobe. May Narnia prosper without my presence.

Kufuor has scrawled over 200 pages of text on the backs of the transcript sheets. I didn't have time to read it in full - it was very difficult to decipher - but from what I gather he quit his job as president and devoted his energies to writing a Harlequin Romance Novel entitled "The Buccaneer's Sash". After five weeks in the finest hospital in Ghana, Kufuor made an almost complete recovery and has since returned to his job at the presidential dirt pit dictating letters to various characters from Super Mario games.

Cliff Yablonski is Back to Offer Praise for Three Pages of You!

As usual he seems to be in a fairly agitated state! That's where the comedy comes from!

> Nice outfit there, Ham Commando. I hope the bus you're waiting for has a trailer hitch the size of a mobile home you goddamn chunkyfucked sack of cottage cheese.

Cliff has once again threatened my life if I don't get you folks to read his Interweb page! Please, for my sake and your own, check it out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.12 Natural Defense

Monday, May 13, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A Note About the Stickers

Some people seem to be a bit confused about the new stickers we've gotten in recently. The 4x4 Cut-Out stickers come on two pieces of paper: one piece is the non-sticky backing that the sticker lays on top of, and the other is a plastic-like coating over the grenade logo sticker. When you peel off the plastic-like coating, the sticker comes off with it. Then you press the plastic-like coating and sticker onto the surface you want the sticker to be on, and then the plastic-like coating peels off, leaving just the cut-out grenade logo. It's kind of hard to explain, but all you have to know is that only the grenade logo and white background oval end up on whatever you decide to put it. So go buy some, they're ultra swank.

Natural Defense

It's an accepted fact that all of us need to be defended. You, I, your grandmother, your cat, that homeless guy with the "WILL WORK FOR FOOD, GOD BLESS" sign with the word "GOD" spelled incorrectly, convicted rapists; we all need to have defense regardless of race, gender, occupation, or mental stability. This is where the United States government comes in. Unless you live in a non-United States part of the world, such as Antarctica or the Moon, the United States Army is sworn to protect you from foreigners, which is fortunate because all foreigners (by default) hate America and want to see it blown up as soon as possible. Why? Well I'll give you one hint: *David Hasselhoff.*

Attorney General John Ashcroft, seen here plotting revenge against Agent Mulder.

With your personal safety in mind, as well as the idea of seeing foreigners become more exploded that they currently are, the House has recently passed a $400 billion wartime bill. Here's the inside skinny:

> *Defying a warning from President Bush, the House of Representatives passed a nearly $400 billion wartime defense bill early Friday for next year that includes funding approval for the Crusader howitzer, the controversial weapons program Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld wants killed. Bush Thursday warned Congress against attempts to revive the $11 billion program and said that he fully supported Rumsfeld's decision to scrap the artillery system and seek alternatives more in keeping with the current threat facing the United States.*

My initial response to reading this news was a bloated, burning pain in my lower stomach followed by horrible flatulence and the need to rush to the bathroom. No wait, that was my initial response to the Mexican food I ate last night. Regardless, the government has essentially passed a "$400 billion wartime defense bill" despite the fact that, as far as I can tell, we're not really engaged in any war. Sure we're still dropping bombs on huts and caves and churches in Afghanistan, but referring to that as a "war" is like calling a YMCA baseball team (or the Kansas City Royals) a "World Series contender." Besides, none of the crap included in the $400 billion bill even includes stuff that can be dropped on Afghanistan peasants while they harvest dirt with dirt-harvesting sticks, unless you think that we should be tossing out 45-ton tanks to fall out and land on them, turning the dangerous enemy farmers and ant herders into a chunky, gravy-like substances.

Debate over the multibillion Crusader has raged for weeks at the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill. Rumsfeld has called the heavy, tank-like vehicle a relic of the Cold War, better designed to battle the Soviet Union than terrorists in the Middle East or other modern threats.

A photo of a Crusader Howitzer. Why is it floating in space? It's the miracles of technology of course!

Roughly $11 billion of this bill goes towards researching and producing a new type of mobile howizter unit called "The Crusader," which weighs over 40 tons, travels up to 42 miles an hour, and can shoot exploding things over 25 miles away. 25 miles! Do you realize how far that is? Just think of it this way: they could hold the Boston Marathon and only let two people enter: the world's fastest man (one of those guys on "COPS" that run so fast their shirt falls off and they are forced to use their orange foam hat to act as a drag chute) and a Crusader Nuclear Battle Tank. They would line up at the starting point, the race would begin, and the Crusader Nuclear Battle Tank would just tear out at 42 miles an hour, easily winning the race. Alternately, the Crusader Nuclear Battle Tank could just sit there at the starting point and wait until the fast guy gets near mile 24, at which point it'd launch some kind of exploding projectile at the guy, causing his various body parts to turn into various body part particles which are also on fire. I'm not exactly sure why the Defense Department would bother entering their Crusader Nuclear Battle Tank in the Boston Marathon, but I think we can all safely assume that it has something to do with our nation's security and safety.

However, the real "kicker" about the Crusader Nuclear Battle Tank is the fact that Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, whose job it is to kill people and blow up people and blow up the killed people, *doesn't even want* the Crusader Nuclear Battle Tank. As far as I can tell, absolutely NOBODY wants the tank except the Republicans who represent states in which the howitzer tank will be assembled in. That's all fine and dandy if you want the people who vote for you to have new jobs, but maybe these representatives should lobby for more useful labor-requiring programs, such as governmentally-approved meth labs or a huge factory whose main purpose is to assemble those toothpick umbrellas which are placed in fruity alcoholic drinks.

Prototypes for the National Missile Defense System.

Another remarkable portion of this bill includes a $7.8 billion check addressed to the failed DeVry engineers who are working on the highly embarrassing National Missile Defense System. In case you've been living inside Rosanne Barr's ass for the past four years, the National Missile Defense System is this really high tech thing that discourages foreign countries from launching missiles at us, which is oh such a big threat these days. Not a day goes by when a rogue foreign nation like Cuba or Atlantis tosses a couple missiles at our precious States which are currently United to form America. The entire premise of the National Missile Defense System lays in the ingenious idea that:

1) Missiles are used to blow up things,
2) A missile can also be considered a "thing",
3) Therefore, a missile can be used to blow up another missile,
4) Getting lots of money from the government is good.

While this sounds just like a remarkably wonderful idea on paper

(just like I'm sure "Caddyshack 2" did), there seems to be some major flaws in the system that permit it from functioning correctly in real-world scenarios. For example, it doesn't work. Other than that slight problem, it seems to be just great and can easily be considered one of the best inventions since George Foreman got beaten up by another fat black man and magically came up with the idea of a portable grilling device. To date there have been 53 tests of the National Missile Defense System, producing the following results:

37 - Missile failed to hit "enemy" missile
7- Missile failed to launch
4 - Missile turned out to be one of those brown cardboard tubes that come in the middle of paper towel rolls
3 - Missile attempted to make out with other missile while in flight
2 - Both missiles went on strike and demanded equal pay with less work hours

So it doesn't take a rocket scientist (ha ha!) to figure out that the National Missile Defense System has the same chance of working as a Department of Motor Vehicles employee. It appears as if everybody in the entire world knows this except the US government, who is obviously too busy doing whatever the hell the government does all day, like figuring out new ways to tax cigarettes so they can earn billions of dollars off people who want their internal organs to slowly resemble miscellaneous car parts found inside a burnt up 1956 Buick Century.

It's so stealthy that I think I'm looking at ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

While these two highlights are obviously the most important and functional part of the bill, there are still more gems located inside this governmental masterpiece. Here are a few of the special, limited-edition, bonus highlights now with 150% more Vitamin-L:

- *"Exempts military from some endangered species protection rules"* - This is important because various environmental pansies have been griping about how many endangered species were blown up by miscellaneous army bombs, missiles, and anti-bird cannons. Now the government may proceed to explode any animal they like, which will undoubtedly be useful once the Tooth Cave Ground Beetles start launching their major offensive attack against the southern United States, although technically we don't really need Texas anyway.

- *"Allocates billions for a new generation of stealth jet fighters"* - Apparently our current stealth jets aren't quite stealthy enough, so I suppose the military will brainstorm some brilliant way to make them even more stealth-like, such as painting a huge sign on the bottom of each plane that says "HEY LOOK OVER THERE, AWAY FROM THIS JET!!!" Then, before they know it, all those filthy foreigners will be joining the ranks of the Tooth Cave Ground Beetles, fertilizing the turnips in the Devil's garden.

- *"Requires Pentagon to present a plan on how it can shorten time needed to prepare to conduct nuclear tests to one year"* - Despite the fact that all forms of nuclear ANYTHING are pretty much frowned upon by every nation in the world, apparently we still need to do more tests on how things explode when we drop a nuclear bomb on them. Initial studies have conclusively demonstrated that "they blow up," but I'm assuming that the government needs much more concrete evidence before passing another $400 billion bill that will strap nuclear bombs to the back of every SUV in America. Either that or they'll start quizzing their existing nuclear warheads once every year to see if they know

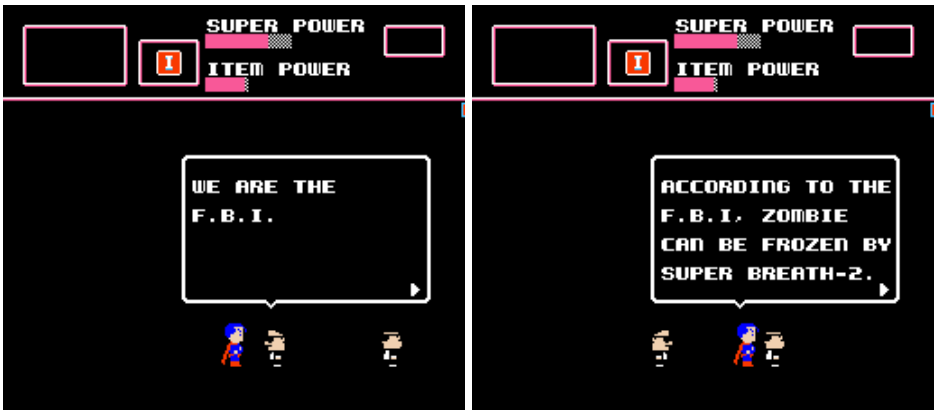
fundamental reading, writing, arithmetic, and history. I bet they'll score higher than many Texas residents.

- *"Accelerates development of pilotless planes for surveillance and attack"* - These "pilotless planes" they refer to are those Predator unmanned surveillance drones that fly around the Middle East and, after detecting an enemy target, proceed to launch a Hellfire missile at the nearest church or abandoned sand factory. The military is big on pilotless planes because then they can blow up innocent civilians or babies or priests and when the press starts whining about how mean it is to make kids explode, the military just says, "hey, blame the pilot!" Then they call the pilot in to explain his actions and he's just a box full of circuits and wires. The press will hound it for a few hours, demanding explanations and answers, but the box will stonewall them and the press will eventually get bored and go back to their news station so they can write more stories about how everything in the world poses a threat to you and can give you cancer if you even look at it or even think about it in passing.

Now that this important bill has passed the House vote, it is sent to Congress where state representatives tack on additional amendments and bills to it such as allocation $55 million towards the research of blue tape or $120 million aimed at helping minorities cut their grass more efficiently. Then the bill goes somewhere else, like the Senate or something, and then it's passed to the President who then gives it to the Department of Blacking Out Random Words on Paper, and then it goes back to the House again so they can apply additional coats of varnish to it, and then the lucky bill **IS OFF TO SUNNY HAWAII!!!** This is the miracle of your government at work and you can sleep easy tonight knowing that there will soon be a few thousand inaccurate missiles and 45-ton tanks roaming the country and protecting us all. Let's see those nasty terrorists try to hijack a plane when we've got our National Missile Defense System and Crusader Nuclear Battle Tanks in action! Ha!

It's So Awful It's Gotta Be Superman!

Emily "Integral" Reigel has taken a look at what is easily the absolute rock-bottom WORST game to ever grace the hallowed halls of Something Awful. Oddly enough, this title happens to be one the biggest and most popular name in the comic book industry, "Superman." Yup, that's right, apparently DC Comics gave away the Superman licensing rights to whichever company could guess what number they were thinking of at the time. Don't believe me? Then check out a snippet of its ROM Pit Review and some SUPER screenshots!



Superman is, from all that I can gather, supposed to be based around the DC comic

> *superhero who is by all accounts faster than a locomotive and can leap tall buildings in a single bound. A more or less invincible character wouldn't seem a very logical choice for a main character of a video game, and the friendly folks at Kemco and Nintendo seem to agree because they made their Superman a high-jumping pansy who has a tough time dodging fist-sized bullets which move at the speed of a very slow (but action-packed) electric wheelchair. The pain is unbearable.*

This game is so unbelievably shittacular that we've bestowed upon it the highest possible award here at Something Awful, the coveted "Awful Award For Exceptional Failure in Every Possible Aspect." But don't take my word for it; read the eye-gouging review for yourself, dummy!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.13 The Day the Sandwich Fought Back

Wednesday, May 15, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It was just another average rainy day when I woke up. It was the afternoon. 12:01 to be exact. Having just crashed in bed a few hours earlier, I didn't feel all that well rested. Regardless, I got up out of my bed, stepping on a cold floor littered with laundry and all manner of papers. Instinctively I grabbed a pop out of the fridge and sat down at my desk to get some work done. And by work I of course mean writing my epic science fiction masterpiece about a group of rebels confronting an evil galactic empire led by the tyrannical Darth Vader. It's my greatest and most original idea ever, so I like to put as much time into it as possible.

Behold, for this is the gaping maw of hell!

No more than fifteen minutes after I started working I realized something. By the Power of Gray Skull, I was hungry! At first I ignored this internal development and pressed on with my important work. But before long I could no longer avoid it. I was hungry and there was only one way to fix the problem. I went downstairs and began looking around for food. I searched high and low and at times eye level for anything I could quickly eat. But alas, the house was filled with sealed cans, uncooked meats, and various powders. I could do about as good a job forging these items into edible food as I could forging them into a massive statue of Adolf Hitler battling Moses while wearing one of those power loaders from the movie *Aliens*. I realized that I had no options. No options except to cook food, but I was too damn lazy to do that.

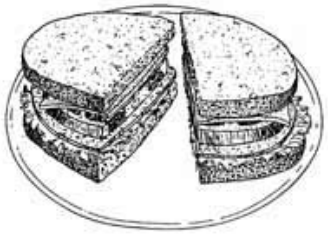
I tried to continue without food, but I was really freaking hungry. Even worse, I couldn't concentrate on anything other than the fact that I was really freaking hungry. I then thought that maybe I had missed something and began re-exploring my dining options. I happened to notice a loaf of bread, and a fridge full of lunchmeat and various condiments. On their own, these items were practically useless. Together, however, they combined their powers into one action packed assault against hunger. I could make a sandwich. Better yet, I could make the best damn sandwich ever made!

I retreated back to my room momentarily to plan my next move. Carefully I calculated all the components that would go into this mealtime masterpiece. I thought about the bread I'd need. Two slices, I figured. I thought about the meat, the condiments. All of these variables indicated I was on the verge of a massive undertaking, but this time the motivation was there. This was going happen. I was to be a regular Neil Armstrong taking that bold step onto the moon that was my empty stomach, except instead of walking on it I'd be filling it with food. I'm not sure what I just said, but don't get the idea I want to eat Neil Armstrong!

A few hours later, I finished the final draft of my sandwich blueprints and began the business of turning my words into reality. I assembled my assets in a logical fashion around me and carefully began my work. With an artist touch and a t-square I arranged lunchmeat at perfect right angles with the corners of my bread while gracefully spreading just the right amount of condiments atop this work of art. Every aspect of this sandwich was to be carefully planned and calculated, as to insure a maximum overdrive of taste and hunger satiation! I'd failed at a lot of things in life, but this sandwich wasn't going to be one of those things.

Before the sun had set I was finished. I carefully closed my sandwich off, locking a world of tastes between two slices of wheat bread. I smiled and congratulated myself on a job well done. After the amount of blood, sweat, and tears I put into it, I almost hesitated to eat it. It still smelt fresh,

almost like it was alive – alive, and selflessly crying out to be eaten. I won't deny that I trembled, that I almost couldn't do it. The sandwich was my child, my firstborn. I couldn't exactly eat it anymore than a mother could eat her offspring. But ultimately I knew that I would make a horrible parent, and so I put my emotions aside.



Police sketch artist's recreation of the beast.

I bit into the sandwich and it was everything I had hoped for. Truly, it was the best damn sandwich ever made. Each bite was a taste explosion as mayonnaise, meat, and everything else I piled on sung together in a sandwich chorus. This sandwich was the closest thing to tasting enlightenment that I could think of, short of maybe biting into the bowels of Jesus. I kept eating it, and before long it was a shadow of its former glory. With the last bite, I concluded the short but noble life of my sandwich. I almost felt like mourning it, but I knew in my heart that it had gone to a better place.

Just as I was about to return to my work, something happened. My stomach seemed to reject the offering I had given it. The discomfort grew as each minute passed. Before long it was more distracting than the hunger that had plagued me earlier. The world slowly transformed into a black hole, sucking me towards unknown territory. Giant blobs of sweat surfed across my forehead, hanging ten around the curves of my face. It was hot, burning hot. I may as well have been inside an oven or squeezed tightly between the inner thighs of Richard Simmons. "What's happening?" I screamed in my most manly girlish shriek. My stomach raged in woe, violently erupting like a volcano god angered over an insufficient sacrifice. The sandwich had been reborn as a fiery phoenix rising from the depths of my innards to great heights of disarray. Moments later I was staring face down into a toilet, spitting up the sandwich I surrendered so much for. My only consolation came with each monumental flush. A vortex of liquid salvation whirled the sickness around and delivered it far away.

Somewhere between the gagging sounds of me vomiting and the hurricane sounds of a flushing toilet, I started to fathom what might have occurred. As an eternal pessimist, it didn't take long for me to think of a valid reason. Slowly, I made my way to the fridge. I opened the door and the light temporarily blinded me. As my eyes adjusted, I stared down the jar of mayonnaise and bared witness to a dire admonition. The mayonnaise had been spoiled! The expiration date read like the markings on the tombstone of a loved one. Dead! Buried! Forgotten! It was the mayo! My life would never be the same again.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.14 Avenge My Death!

Thursday, May 16, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If there's one thing I've learned from watching network television, it's that I'm quite unattractive and need to do various things to my body and face or else celebrities will not invite me to their swank Hollywood parties where at least six of the partygoers have a direct shuttlebus to The Betty Ford Clinic. Wait, that's not what I meant to say. If there's one thing that I've learned from watching network television, it's that I cannot lead a happy and fulfilling life without the aid of some new miracle drug that sounds like an alien race ("Glaxtonia," "Desroxipanopian") which allows me to see every hue of color brighter while I run through fields of flowers and push my children, who I don't have, on a tire swing, which I don't own. Ugh, just one second, I didn't intend to write that either. If there's one thing I've learned from watching network television, it's that there will always be hope for a peace treaty between Israel and Palestine, so each time I hear a news report about 38 pregnant babies getting blown up by a suicide unicycle bomber inside a yarn factory, I should still remain "optimistic" regarding the inevitable peace between these two bickering, bitchy neighbors. Dammit, I messed that one up too. Okay, let me try to start over again.

These people are mostly all dead. I don't think their deaths will be avenged though, since skeleton warriors are scary and how do you kill something that's already dead? Like Dick Clark?

Most of the people in this photo are going to Heaven. Note that you are not in this photo. Oh, if you are in this photo and you're the crippled guy, you're probably not going either.

As network television has told me time and time again, one day I'm going to be dead. Death is a sudden process in which a person ceases to live, meaning that person can no longer breathe, eat, or write hate-filled posts on an X-Box forum. There really isn't much to do once you die, especially since you'll be underground and the only thing you can do buried beneath 10 feet of dirt is hum various sitcom theme songs (which you cannot do because you're dead). You can't even blink when you're dead! Or listen to AM radio! Sure it's a crappy deal, but a select few of you who have sent a lot of money to the "correct" church will soon find yourself whisked away to Heaven. This is a glorious place where all the big church donation people go once they fail to continue living, a magical and wondrous place not unlike the moon! Only except of moon rocks there are fluffy clouds, and instead of killer aliens there is Jesus, and instead of an American flag there is Jesus too. There are no icky minorities, foreign people, homeless bums, or other non-desirable non-Caucasians. Just a bunch of fancy, rich, bald, fat white guys walking around like it's a Joe Don Baker tryout audition. Okay, maybe that's a bad example, but you see what I'm saying here.

Unfortunately, I am not going to Heaven. I haven't chosen the "correct" religion, I've failed to bribe Jesus with donations, and I've broken all 17 Commandments in no particular order. Also my body is starting to take on the shape and appearance of baseball legend John Kruk, so the weight limit would probably be exceeded if they ever let me into Heaven. Most of you people reading this will not be allowed into Heaven either, for various reasons ranging from your ugly face to the fact that you are simply reading this website. Think of Heaven as an exclusive dance club and we're all the corn-fed visiting country schmucks waiting in line to get past the 600-pound bouncer with a colorful name of "Rocko" or "Biff Armstrong." There's no way in Hell we're all going to get in unless we slip

the big guy a few bucks.

Now since I cannot get into Heaven, I will more than likely end up in Purgatory for all eternity or even worse, get reincarnated as Louie Anderson's sofa. Purgatory is like sitting around in a doctor's waiting room forever and ever (that is a long time) except there are no magazines to read and all the potted plastic trees are missing. So it's either this place or that other place with the fire, burning, itching, and swelling. With this in mind, I have begun thinking about having my inevitable death avenged. Since I'm not able to slip into Heaven, there's no penalty for demanding various people in my life to avenge my death. However, after some lengthy research that required me to both get up AND use the bathroom, I have come to the conclusion that there are an awful lot of ways for me to die. I thought of at least six when I was simply using the bathroom, and I would've probably came up with more if my fiancé hadn't started whining about how I'd been holed up in there since 8:00 am. I have written down a list of the most likely ways I could be killed, and I am putting this list up so that the parties involved will know their desired roles once my heart stops beating and the spirit of rock and roll leaves me forever. Please take careful note of the following possibilities, perhaps even using a Magic Marker to underline your favorite ones by drawing directly onto your computer monitor. Go ahead, do it, that stuff washes right off.

LIST OF MOST POPULAR WAYS I MIGHT BE KILLED, AND WHO SHOULD AVENGE MY DEATH
COPYRIGHT 2002 BY RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA'S PASTRY AND ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE CORPORATION

A picture of me and my partner on the Police force. I am the handsome guy on the right.

1) *Killed while trying to uphold the law.*

HOW TO AVENGE MY DEATH: You must be my partner in the Police force. I am not currently a Police officer, but I do watch the show "COPS" a lot so I'm fairly close. Also a friend of mine almost got arrested once for throwing oranges out of the back of a pickup truck. If you do end up being my partner, I fully expect you to become a vigilante cop who's driven mad with rage and is only able to focus on killing the criminals who murdered me. You must be willing to ruin your love life, give up all hobbies and pastimes (ie, building model boats or gardening), and sever all bonds of friendship with everybody else in your life once you have begun the process of avenging my death. Oh yeah, and you have to start wearing a lot of black and refuse to shave your beard stubble while staying at cheap motels that, for some unknown reason, have a 5,000,000-watt neon flashing sign installed outside every window.

2) *Killed by a drunk driver in a terrible, fiery, overly dramatic car accident.*

HOW TO AVENGE MY DEATH: Much like the "killed while upholding the law" entry, this will involve you stalking and harassing a person or group formed of various persons (ie, "people"). However, you cannot directly kill them. You must simply hang

around them and whenever they do anything, point out that I am now not able to do the same thing because I am, in fact, dead. If they go to the store, point out how I am not free to go to the store. If they buy gloves, explain how I cannot buy gloves anymore. If they purchase gay porn, go into detail regarding how I am unable to buy any more gay porn. Okay wait, leave that last one out. You may also sabotage various items of the drunk driver and the people who were in their car, causing them to die in various ironic ways. Like if one of them lifted weights all the time, then maybe a barbell could fall on his head and that would just be the epitome of irony. Or maybe not, I don't know, you're the one avenging deaths here, not me.

3) *Killed by burglars who break into my apartment and accidentally murder me when their crime goes wrong.*

HOW TO AVENGE MY DEATH: I will become a ghost and haunt my apartment while you do all the paperwork and planning to somehow trick the burglars into coming back and staying in my apartment for one night. At that point I will start to haunt the hell out of them. I'll start by casually moving stuff around, like vases and paintings. That will really get them spooked. Then I'll put some really scary stuff behind their backs but they won't be able to see it and will be essentially useless unless somebody for some reason is pointing a camera at them from in front. When they turn around, poof, it will be gone and they will have never seen it! That's how scary it will be! If they don't die from heart attacks by midnight, I'll just give up and ask you to stab them to death for me.

4) *Killed by natural causes (deadly flu, brain disintegrating, Exploding Man Syndrome, etc.).*

I found this image while searching for "anarchy." I think the Google Image Search still has a few bugs to be worked out.

HOW TO AVENGE MY DEATH: Since nobody in particular was responsible for my death in this case, I expect you to direct your rage at society as a whole. Release your anger and avenge my death by doing things which will tell "the man" that you are, in fact, releasing your anger and avenging my death. Some will call you a criminal. Others will call you a madman. However, you are none of these; you are simply a criminal madman who is avenging my death by doing such antiestablishment things like loitering, jaywalking, putting in 50 cents to buy a newspaper from the newspaper box and then actually taking TWO of them instead of one, pressing all the floor buttons on the elevator and then running out, and talking really loud on your cellphone during movies. This may not avenge my death, but it will probably add a little bit of "zing" to your life and failing marriage.

5) *Killed by fiancé / wife*

HOW TO AVENGE MY DEATH: As all men across the great fruited plains of the Pacific Ocean know, **the woman is always evil.** That's one steadfast rule that

> applies to every aspect and facet of life: **the woman is always evil.** If you're a rich old oil tycoon and you inexplicably die in your sleep, you can bet your filthy Texas dollars that your wife was the one who spiked your arsenic with deadly Diet Pepsi. If your wife or girlfriend or lover asks to be put on a joint checking account with you or casually mentions that she would like to be listed on your will, it is because she plans on killing you. Why? **Because the woman is always evil.** I would like to take this moment and publicly announce that if I ever die, no matter what the cause of death might be, it was because my fiancé / wife murdered me somehow. Upon a successful death of her significant other, the woman immediately puts on dark sunglasses, gets into her convertible, and drives off to move in with her cheating lover. They begin laughing a lot, often in oddly-lit rooms, and move across the continent to do really evil things like trade stocks or play tennis. In this case, Tommy Lee Jones should immediately spring into action and begin the procedure of avenging my death since Tommy Lee Jones is always the guy who runs around the entire nation chasing people (with the possible exception of "Space Cowboys," in which he played the role of a depressing man with cancer that annoyed his fellow astronauts so much that they dumped his whiny ass onto the moon). Tommy Lee Jones would hunt them down, state by state, until he finally confronts them in some expensive office owned by the cheating lover. Jones would act all charismatic and confident as he usually does, causing the cheating lover to pull a gun on him and start shooting. Fortunately, nobody in the history of the universe has ever been able to successfully hit Tommy Lee Jones with a bullet, so the evil guy and his evil woman get arrested and are sentenced to about five months of jailtime. Then there is a sequel and the part of Tommy Lee Jones is played by Emilio Estevez, assuming he is still alive.

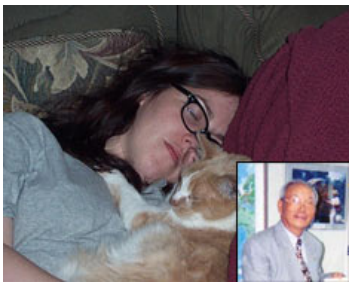
These are my top five ways I could potentially meet my demise, and I'd like you all to be prepared and know the correct procedures once I'm crammed into a rectangular ditch full of dirt and those really gross grub things. I hope that avenging my death will be quite an experience for you, one that will make you learn, one that will make you love, and maybe, just maybe, teach you a little something about yourself. God bless you all (even if you're not going into Heaven)!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.15 Holy Shit, I'm Moving to Chicago

Friday, May 17, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chicago Here I Come!

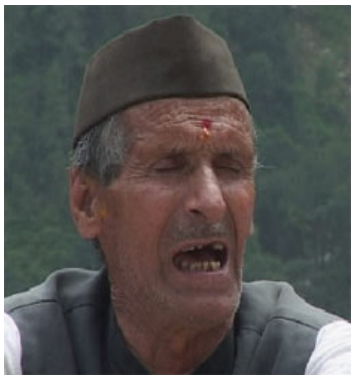


AOL girlfriend Fistgrrl napping with one of her 500 cats and (inset) imposter Fistgrrl receiving award, possibly for skill at forcing me to dance while he jacks off.

Folks, it has been really fun writing Something Awful for you all from Ohio, but the time has come for me to leave, and this is my last post... from Ohio. I know, I dashed your hopes that I was quitting and we would turn all my updates over to that kid who slaps the keyboard that his mom had specially coated in wax so it doesn't poison him when he tries to swallow it. I think his name is Scotty D, I don't know what he writes about, crayons, or ponies, or something. Whatever it is, I guarantee you that it is the absolute pinnacle of Nintendo-related humor.

For those of you who aren't aware I will be moving in with my AOL Girlfriend "Fistgrrl" on Tuesday of next week. Calling her my "girlfriend" might be a bit of a misnomer since she's a 59 year-old immigrant Korean man who makes me dance while he jacks off, but that's okay, there is a lot of love in our relationship beyond the jerk-fests. I think, he doesn't speak any English so he might be calling me a "jerk" when he throws tea-pots at my head and shoves me out the door every time I visit.

I made all of that up except for the fact that she likes to hurt me. She's not 59, she's not Korean, she speaks English, and unlike some people on this site we aren't engaged yet. Oh yes, I know, the scandal of living together under one roof before marriage! To remove the "living in sin" stigma from the situation we have told our friends and family that we're saving hardcore urine play for after the wedding. We're lying, since lord knows I love me a golden shower, but they don't have to know that.



Entertainment in Chicago is varied and exciting! This man entertains by shrieking obscene references to your mother at you from a street corner. He is also in the Crazy Army.

Going from the roommate-having, trash-heap apartment-living, bachelor pad orgy-holding lifestyle to the solid commitment of living under the same roof as my girlfriend is going to be quite an adjustment. Before I gave in to her desperate begging I weighed the options and considered the unique challenges of living together carefully. I did this the way I do every single article; I put together a slightly amusing bulleted list of items and as a wacky spin called one part "pros" and one part "cons".

Entertainment

Playing is for pleasure, and being a lazy American I place "being entertained" high on my list of priorities. This ranges from entertaining myself by writing or drawing to being entertained by movies, video games, and fatal car accidents.

Pros:

- There are a lot of entertaining things to do in the city of Chicago and I have a car and semi-functional motion-related flesh sticks attached to my hip-region.

- If I am broke I can always stand on the balcony and throw things at pedestrians below.
- A park nearby is rumored to have a jungle gym.

Cons:

- Fistgrrl may not take kindly to me not showering for five days and writing in permanent marker on paper-inserts from her record collection.
- She might make me get out of bed instead of going to the bathroom through an elaborate series of tubes and bilge-pumps.
- I can no longer wait for the rats to clean up the cans of soda and bottles of beer I leave on the floor when there's no room on the tables or couch.

Dining

The only two kinds of people who don't enjoy a good hot meal are anorexics and communists, and despite my leftist leaning I am not an anorexic just yet.

Pros:

- Fistgrrl is an excellent cook and knows great places to shop for food, she is also very attentive to what things I like and don't like such as touching anything I am expected to eat with those filthy fucking hands.
- She also has excellent taste when it comes to dining out and in my visits alone has introduced me to a number of restaurants I would have never thought to try otherwise.

Cons:

- She has very little to no appreciation for the timeless culinary classic "cheese and ketchup sandwich".
- May find habit of warming dill pickles by taping them to the underside of my scrotum to be slightly distasteful.
- Have not discussed weekly "dinner with the Kaiser" ritual during which I strip naked except for a spike-topped World War I era German helmet and eat a salad bowl full of uncooked hog fat.
- She enjoys ice cream, I enjoy it when I scream. Hahahaha, get it?! Because I yell a lot? And she likes ice cream?!! Do you get it?!

Bedroom Activity Where the action is! But it's more than that, it's a place to relax and read a good book after a hard day. It's a place to lie down and take a nap or jack off furiously to European hardcore magazines that I found clogging a storm sewer. It's a place to hold each other and talk quietly in loving tones about how no one

This is Fistgrrl's bed, she is either in training to be a senile grandma or is from the civil war era.

can know that I beat her or the next time I won't miss with my sawed-off.

Pros:

- She is a wildcat in the sack and is not afraid to stick things anywhere for any reason at any time up to and including live animals no larger than her forearm.
- Just like when she's talking to me, holding her in my arms puts me to sleep in about five seconds.
- Her bed is more comfortable than mine.

Cons:

- Refuses to make me money with that ass.
- Laughs at me when I take my pants off before intercourse; cries in the shower after intercourse and refuses to come out of the bathroom until I "go for a walk".
- Sets the alarm-radio to the 24 hour Arabic ululation station, 91.4 ULU.
- When I say "good night, I love you" she stares blankly up at the ceiling for several seconds before humming the Doors song "The End".
- Has voiced her disapproval of my regular post-coital testosterone injections and refuses to oblige me afterwards when I flex my bicep and scream at her to "FEEL THAT FUCKING ROCK".
- She reads Oprah booklist novels at night, I read books that are on a government list as "flagged for purposes of criminal skullduggery".

Intellectual Stimulation

Finding a mate that attracts you on every level is important, and no matter how hot, a vacuous airhead is poison to a long term relationship. Fistgrrl is smart, I've know that for a long time, but is she smart in a way that interests me? Only the bulleted items of truth and justice will tell!

Pros:

- She is extremely well versed in film, literature, and has a modest interest in computer games.
- Fistgrrl is very open in conversation and is not prone to many of the emotional idiosyncrasies of the average woman such as crying at a wedding, crying at a birthday party, crying when a smell reminds her of her childhood, crying when a bird flies into a window, crying when "leaves blow a certain way", or crying when a sentence begins with a preposition.
- Has repeatedly stressed her disinterest in shoes and socks.
- Enjoys spending time in the kitchen.
- Wishes to become pregnant.

Cons:

- Sass levels exceed normal operational parameters.
- When I start talking about World War II she fakes a seizure and insists I call 911, yet miraculously recovers the instant EMTs arrive.
- Will blabber on endlessly about idiotic female crap like "current events" and "seeing other people".
- Is a real nervous nelly when it comes to letting me drive drunk.

Reading through the list of pros and cons I am more sure than ever that I am ready for this move. I have a lot of fun with my friends here in Sidney, but I don't know a single one of them - male or female - that will make me that grilled cheese sandwich exactly how I like it and then jam a smallish ferret up their ass. Fistgrrl will!

Things are coming up Zack! She is probably going to murder me in several different ways for this update! I love you honey, please don't hit. Please, no, the hitting, no.

Photoshop Phriday Time Motherfuckers!

This week Livestock and the SA Forum goons take a stab at remixing some of the hottest collectible plates from the Franklin Mint. As always they are as tasteful and classy as can be!

Head on over and check it out folks!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.16 Doctor Draw Fills In

Sunday, May 19, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

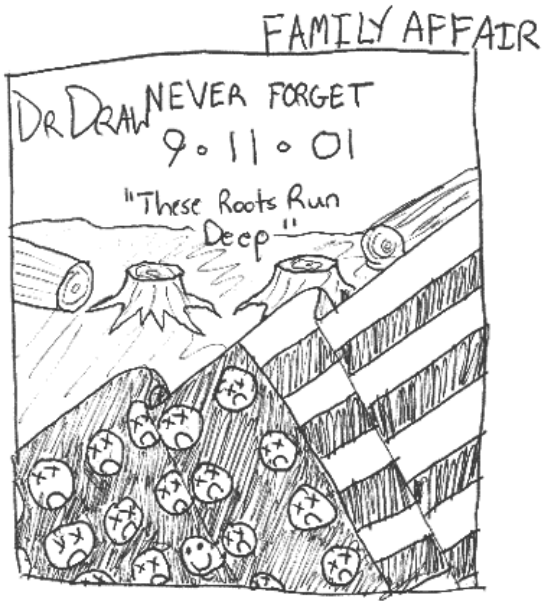
This is Not an Update

Chicago here I come! I'm sticking to my guns and not doing an update today, but I've asked my good friend Doctor Draw to come in and show off a couple of his new comics. They are insightful and hilarious and considering I'm taking the first step towards a family his hilarious observations about family life are particularly appropriate. Except for that Mister Turtle comic of his, that highbrow humor just goes right over my head.

It took me ten hours to draw this picture because I couldn't get the flower right, but I think that effort was worth it!

The Adventures of Mister Turtle by Dr Draw
Say Bill, what are you up to?
MAX
Not much Mister Turtle I was just cooking a pot of your CHILDREN
Ptooey!

Mister Turtle is my fondest creature friend in the woods.



> The tragedies of America in September were near and dear to me because I once bought a pen when I visited the Nebraska Trade Building. NTB is like OTB which stands for "Off Track Betting".

Thanks for helping me out Doctor Draw, you're a life saver!

Jeff K Takes a Look at E3

Since good old Jeff K wasn't sent to this year's E3 by nVidia, he has taken the liberty of attending the brand new and exciting E9, which is E3 x 3 which means it's three times better than the E3. Check out the absolute hottest games to be (not) seen!

> *Thes game looks too certainely be teh feelgood sensatian of 2001 for sure! In "ESCAPE FROM TEH PLANAT OF ALIEN MONSTARS (YOU CANNOT ESCAPE OR EVAR WIN!)" yuo palay teh part of a human named "Mr. Bullet Gun Stabwounds" who si traped on an alian robot planat of teh createaears. Yuo must use cunning strenth to defeat teh hoareds of zombies and figare out complex puzzles which bend yuor mind liek a spoon in heat. In one level there si a door but it dosant open and yuo cants blow it open becuase yuor gun si made of (YOU DONT HAEV ANY GUN!!!) and yuo must figare out this compelex puzzal to gain yuor freedom! aftar palaying it for 50 minutes I found a switch yuo must pull and taht opens the door! What a puzzal!*

He has scooped everyone with so much inside information that even the game developers themselves don't have it! Head on over and get so many scoops that you eventually scoop yourself!

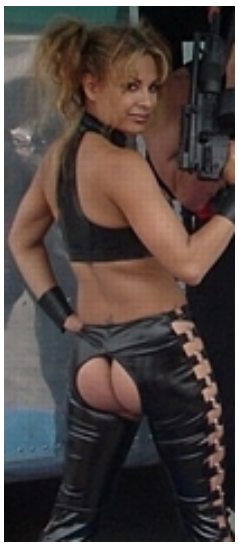
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.17 WheeeeE3!

Sunday, May 19, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Electronics Entertainment EXPLOSION!

When I was a dorky kid, whose only friends were Mario, Zelda, and that frog thing from Blaster Master, I always dreamed of going to the big electronics Mecca known as the CES. Instead of sneaking copies of Playboy like normal kids would, I'd always have highly sensual, erotic fantasies about playing all the new games before they came out. In retrospect, this probably explains why I had very few friends, and also why the ones I had were very weird and nerdish and wore star trek uniforms 24 hours a day. Still, the dream persisted into my teen years, and the videogames industry grew to have a new trade show: E3. The Electronics Entertainment Expo. Now, most nerds see this as an unreachable destination, as I once did. But then I discovered the Internet, a wonderful dreamworld where anything is possible except getting laid! I began to write for websites, and before I knew it I found myself actually attending this wondrous convention of magical wonderment and wild reckless abandon! I also learned many adjectives and adverbs, some of which were used in my previous sentence!



This respectable young lady hates you very much.

E3 isn't for everyone. Not open to the public, the convention is only for "Industry Insiders," who are regular, often times stupid people that like to make themselves sound really big and important by calling themselves "Industry Insiders." In reality, attendees are just a bunch of videogame nerds who may in some way or another be tied to the industry by working in various Electronics Boutiques or Babages across the country. Each one wanders around, arguing PC Vs Console, Nintendo Vs Sony, Xbox Vs pounding your scrotum with a stapler, and all the while not being properly admonished. In the real world, the nerds' natural predators, such as the jock or the wild frat boy, will hunt these dweebs down and keep them in check with harsh words and beatings. At E3, this element is completely removed, allowing the nerds freedom to say and do whatever they please. This, unfortunately, is a double-edged sword. While it may make you feel better about yourself, it can also blind you to your own nerdish leanings, and thus fool you into thinking that some of the models attending will actually like you...

Oh, that's right, I hadn't previously mentioned the models. Videogame companies have unlocked the secret of getting the attention of nerdish males: Breasts. Though it's officially called E3, there are a fourth and fifth E which the promoters of the convention leave out: "**E**xploiting Wom**E**n!" As such, there are scantily clad attractive women everywhere at E3, often adorned with company logos and not much else. There are certain things that you have to learn about these girls before you try to talk to them though...

- **FACT:** They hate you
- **FACT:** They hate this job
- **FACT:** They hate video games
- **FACT:** They hate you a lot
- **FACT:** They have handsome, rich boyfriends named Rich Handsome
- **FACT:** Someone hates you. Enjoy guessing who!

Yes, unfortunately for the average E3 attendee, these sexy model types are far out of reach. Not for me however, as I am a master of seductive hypnosis. This delusion is what keeps me coming back to E3, and until I bag a model or die in a fiery implosion, the dream will refuse to die. The only chance anyone has is getting the girls drunk, which makes for one ultra smooth segue into my next topic: Booze! As well as being a big, hunky trade event, E3 is also one of the drunkest weeks of the year in my experience. The second the show ends, people file back to their hotel rooms in an orderly manner to pound liquor and get quite disorderly. I'm certainly not a big drinker, but there's something about blowing $300 bucks on a ticket to LA that makes me want to down a bottle and a half of Jose Cuervo's Personal Family Reserve.

Still, despite the ridiculous nerds and mantastically sexy models, E3 is really about the games. But what games are going to be the big ones at this convention? Well, we here at Something Awful dot com are avid gamers, and thus have chosen several as our "Games of the Show...of the FUTURE."

Playstation2: *"Runabout 3 Neo Age"*

The game everyone's been hotly anticipating! Look at those graphics...those cars look like they're built of ACTUAL 3D POLYGONS! Just like those spaceships from the Hollywood smash hit "Wing Commander!" Making a huge splash with the other games in the series, Runabout 3 Neo Age should provide everything you've come to expect from the series, which is a lot! Loaded with subtle touches like mysterious invisible ghosts and real-time modeled air with a careful nitrogen / oxygen balance, this should be THE GAME to look for on PS2!

Gamecube: *"Outlaw Golf"*

Combining the raw speed and energy of golf, with the intense action of a prison rape scene from "Oz," Outlaw Golf is out to set young men's hearts ablaze with passion! Based on the same principal that sent the XFL skyrocketing to glory and the sky, this game coincidentally pits outlaws against each other in golf! Characters are to include that big black guy, the little crafty black guy, the lovable Mexican, and the scared white tax evader. Watch those clubs boys, external use only!

X Box: *Scrotum Pounding X3000*

Since most reports have said that playing X-Box is like having your ballsack trampled by a hoard of a thousand wily bucks, Microsoft has decided to create this ultra-realistic

simulation. When you pop this baby into your X-Box, it feels as if you are REALLY THERE, PLAYING X-BOX! This is the future of gaming, people!

PC: *"Duke Nukem Forever"*

Some games take a while to make. This one is going to take...FOREVER!

Soon, E3 will be upon us. At this time next week, I will be playing games of the future and drowning myself in alcohol to extreme comedic effect. That is, until I die of alcohol poisoning, which will be marginally less hilarious. While in LA, I hope to anger and alienate any people I find, especially fresh-faced Japanese developers with limited English language skills. If you're interested in day to day coverage, I will be reporting on the happenings daily for my jive ass brothas at Nintendorks.com, and when it's all over I should have a fairly incoherent article written for Something Awful about what actually went down at the show this year, bursting with grammatical errors and poor sentence-level clarity. Sounds bad, huh? It sure will be *something awful*! HAAHAHAHAAHA, whoever came up with that one is a genius! Until then, I bid you fine readers farewell, as I'm off to LA!

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

5.18 You Know Me

Monday, May 20, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Greetings. You may not have ever met me before but I can assure you that you know me. You probably aren't able to spot my face in a crowd of people, but be assured that you know who I am. You don't know the sound of my voice, you cannot determine the color of my hair, and you will never guess my race or gender... yet you know me.

You see, I am "that one guy." I've been known as "the bastard way over there." I have been called "whoever that shithead is up in front." You know me, yet you've never met me personally. Let me take a moment to describe myself.

One of my favorite sights.

I am the person who, during rush hour traffic, decides to stop and stare at the abandoned sweatsock alongside the highway, thereby causing everybody else behind me to slow down and create a traffic jam which makes you an hour late getting to work. I am the guy in your office who has the same tastes as you and eats all your favorite food products from the vending machine before you have a chance to purchase any, causing you to settle for a bland Payday candy bar. I am the guy in charge of programming the LCD and change-dispensing unit on those vending machines to insure you never get the correct change. Ever. I am the person on your cable modem branch who saps all the bandwidth from everybody else by constantly downloading high-resolution episodes of "Small Wonder" 24 hours a day. I am the guy who goes into your campus computer labs and clogs up all the computer peripherals with wads of dark brown gunk that come from another dimension. I'm the jerk in your office who constantly hums the theme song from "Jeopardy!," forcing you to lose your concentration and have the song stuck in your head until the day you die. I'm the person who accidentally dials the wrong number and calls your house, then continues to do it two more times since it takes a lot to convince me that I'm really the one at fault in this situation. You might know me as the guy whose cellphone plays "La Cucaracha" during the middle of a movie in a large cinema. Somehow, and in some way, I am additionally the man who is also calling my phone during that movie. I'm the movie producer who gave the green light to "American Psycho 2."

See that little guy on the right? That's me.

I am responsible for forwarding those sentimental Jesus-centric emails to approximately 50,000 random people on a mailing list, then replying to each and every one of them with single-sentence quotes such as "LOL" or ":-P." I am the person on every forum who claims to know a lot about guns and never stops writing about them, yet I routinely make mistakes such as claiming a 9mm pistol uses .45 caliber bullets. You might know me as the man who posts pro-Star Trek messages on the Star Wars forums and vice versa. I let X-Box fans know that I like the Playstation 2, I let Playstation 2 fans know I prefer the Gamecube, and I let Gamecube fans know I'm heterosexual. If I ever get an email or Instant Message demanding I forward it to 10 other people or else I will have remarkably bad luck, I make sure to forward it to at least 20 people just to be safe. I don't run an anti-virus or spellcheck program, and I don't believe in installing patches or defragmenting my harddrive. I install every Internet program that prompts me to install, I enjoy punching the monkey, and am great friends with Bonzi Buddy. I send emails with attached 800k Photoshop .psd images of my vacation in Des Moines, even though they could easily be converted

to 27k .jpg files.

I am the one passenger on the hijacked airplane who voted not to try and overpower the Taliban hijackers during the 9-11-01 attack. I am the guy who knows the person responsible for sending out all the Anthrax-laden mail envelopes, but I'm too lazy to get up and actually phone the FBI with their name. I am the person who came into your office one day wearing a sombrero with flashing Christmas tree lights wrapped around it, thereby causing your boss to implement a strict dress code policy. Speaking of implementing new rules, I am completely responsible for forcing various companies to add seemingly inane warning labels to their products after I misused them in the following unorthodox ways:

- I took a Q-Tip and kept pushing it into my ear canal until it rammed some soft, squishy substance inside my head, immediately making me dizzy and remember the time back in fifth grade when I took one single piece from every classroom jigsaw puzzle and threw it in the trash.
- I used a hairdryer while attempting to take a bath. I figured, "hey, why not dry my hair while enjoying a warm bath?" I also attempted to use it while sleeping; my bed seemed cold at the time.
- I was the person who plugged in an iron and tried to iron off my facial wrinkles. It turns out the iron was hot, something the company did not previously warn me about. They also failed to mention anything about how I shouldn't iron my clothes while wearing them.
- I am the first person to ever have an accident with a handgun, causing somebody else to mistakenly die. Now, as any of you handgun owners with the brochures from your pistols know, handguns can kill.
- I once put an infant inside a dryer because I found him outside my apartment, cold and wet. I figured it would be the smart thing to do.
- One time I was crying after watching the season finale of "Ally McBeal" (which I am a Nielsen rating household and support 100%), so I sprayed deodorant in my eyes in order to dry up the tears.
- I often assume hot cups of coffee at fast food restaurants are cold. I try to drink them as fast as possible before I determine their temperature.
- Since I enjoy the color red, I have spent much time staring into the beam of various red laser pointers which I purchase in bulk.
- I thought those little powder packages that come inside new shoes looked really good to eat, so I sprinkled them all over my bagel one morning. It turns out I was wrong.
- Once, while driving home, I took some sleeping pills because I was unaware they may cause drowsiness. I was driving heavy machinery at the time.
- I used to light firecrackers and let them explode on my hand just to see if it would feel "cool." My mistake; it did not feel cool at all.
- I saw some people driving really fast and down mountains and through oceans in a car commercial, so I attempted to emulate them by doing the same. Something unexpected then happened to my automobile, involving it crashing into a stationary object, which I was completely unprepared for.

Although my full-time occupation is doing things which cause companies to add more legal disclaimers to their products (for both the safety of you and I), I do have many part-time jobs. I

handle all of Rosie O' Donnell's PR work. I am in charge of selecting the largest and loudest speakers for Barbara Streisand concerts. I am the guy who decides when Jessie Jackson or Jimmy Carter should be sent to hostile foreign nations so they may denounce the policies of America and hope to get on the good side of countries who enjoy watching babies explode. I helped the "Dude, You're Getting a Dell" guy rise to fame.

I strongly believe this woman is attractive, talented, and has formed reasonable and intelligent political opinions.

I work with the Highway Safety Commission to randomly place orange cones all over certain lanes of the highway for no reason; it doesn't matter if they're working on the road or not, I just put up the cones whenever I feel like it. I help design the 43-ton garbage trucks that thunder down your street at 3:30 am, making enough sound to vibrate the foundation of your home. I brainstorm ideas for national retail chain stores, such as the "Three-Year Service Plan" and the hardball approach every store employee should take when attempting to sell you one. I work for fast food restaurants and help them come up with ideas like abolishing the "small" and "medium" sized drinks, and instead starting with size "large" and going up to "super-super-super-jumbo-mega-quadruple-size." I have designed each and every outfit for Elton John. I developed the popup ad. I created the popup ad with sound. I thought of the popup ad with sound and Flash and no way to close it except physically turning off your computer and manually replacing the motherboard. I start up telemarketing companies and make sure that all calls are made during dinnertime, selling products that nobody anywhere could ever be interested in. I am in the record industry and choose which bubblegum teenage pop tune should be played on every radio station every other song. I was the guy in the Jar Jar Binks costume. I am the lawyer who tries to sue entire state governments when somebody either dies from chain smoking or being shot by a criminal's gun. I am the lead security developer for Outlook Express.

In short, you have never met me before, but you know me. Our relationship will stay this way until the day you die. I can simply hope to speed up that process while remaining the enigma I am.

You Will Watch the Picture-Tube and Consume, Human!

Emily "Integral" Reigel has once again stepped up to the plate and reviewed another horrid piece of gutter trash from the past, the remarkably appalling film "MAC And Me." Here's a little scoop to get you interested. Well, actually, scratch that part out. There is positively NOTHING that could get ANYBODY interested in ANY facet of this film.

> *Then, something terrible and unforeseen happens that changes the course of events for eons to come. The McDonald's corporation, along with elite friends such as Valvoline, Skittles, Sears, and Coca-Cola, decide to create a movie. A movie worse than any movie ever seen or imagined before. A movie so bad that the only words that can be used to describe it are not words at all, but more like a series of grunts and yelps, such as, "Aaaauuugghiighhh. Grruuuuhhp. Bbbuuuhhhhoohhhh. Eeep!" Even then, the sheer visceral horror that this movie elicits is hard to communicate, but an attempt will have to be made, just as an attempt was made on the life of my poor, dear grandfather one night last fall as he made his solitary way home from the local Elk's Club after a high-stakes game of spin-the-bottle. I miss you, Gramps.*

Yup, that's right, this entire film was sponsored by such corporate giant whores as McDonalds, Coca-Cola, Valvoline, and Sears. Unlike other movies, where product placement takes a back seat

to the movie itself, these companies have shrewdly elected to have the entire film revolve around their products. Wow! Way to go! This is the kind of revolutionary thinking that made this country what it is today, whatever the hell that may be. Go ahead and choke in disgust at the pile of corporate filth that is "MAC And Me." Ugh.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.19 HUT HUT HUT HIKE! NEW HOSTED SITE! HUT HUT HUT!

Wednesday, May 22, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

American hero #86/68!

You probably don't know this about me, and it's probably quite hard to tell from my cry-for-help updates, but I am stricken with a tremendous burden. No, I'm not an angst-trodden teenager who carries the weight of the world on his frail shoulders. Nor am I a guy who puts on a suit and negotiates the fate of the human race with alien invaders. To be honest, I don't even own a suit that doesn't have maple syrup stains on it. You see, in some ways I have become the curator of the legacy of one of America's greatest heroes. You would never know this by looking at me, unless perhaps you read it on my hat or shirt, both of which serve as bold reminders of my great significance in this giant whale of a planet. I've carried this burden for a long time, revealing it only to the scoundrels and plague-carriers of the Something Awful Forums. But now at last I reveal it to the world entire! A world that includes *you* of all people!

Some of you already know the hero I'm talking about. In fact, Zack hailed him as one of the unsung heroes of the Internet in a past article. The person I'm talking about is an American. More specifically, he's a football player part of the day and a true hero the rest of the day and a good chunk of the night. He's an unstoppable tackling machine funneling the might of a steam engine through his muscle-forged figure. He pulverizes the competition, knocking them to the ground like raindrops in a roaring thunderstorm. And that's just when he's playing football. When he's off the inspiring green of the football field, he's defending Democracy and America from evil everywhere. He is #86/68, the greatest American to ever live.

To clarify, around July of last year – the year 13750 R.D. on my imaginary moon calendar – Zack and Rich began celebrating the joy and wonderment of #86/68 on the SA Forums. These celebrations consisted mostly of them spamming the image of #86/68 hundreds of times in a sporting race to see which would break first: your eyes or your browser. In most cases it was the eyes. After several chaotic tributes, Zack attempted to make order by telling a story using #86/68 as the protagonist. It was short, didn't actually feature #86/68, and was mostly about his views on the Zionist Occupied Government and how they use Parker Brothers Monopoly to program our youth. Come to think of it, I'm not sure what that was about at all. The point is that I somehow got the notion to start doing a comic based on #86/68. I wrote #86/68 comics pretty rarely, but now I realize the time is right to do them pretty regularly. Of course you goblins are now the benefactors of my gracious decision!

A lot has happened since last July. I don't remember any of it, but I've been told it was a real kick in the groin capacitor. The reason I don't remember any of it is because I suffered severe brain damage writing and animating nine #86/68 adventure stories. When you get an eyeful of the crisp, fluid animation, you'll understand how much work goes into these things. You'll also notice the complex storylines that feature international intrigue, gut-wrenching action, and good old American patriotism all while being true to history. Yes, these comics are unlike those other comics done by that lousy Fragmaster. These comics have redeeming values! HUT HUT HUT HIKE! Oh, and did I mention the hot celebrity guest stars? There are horseloads of 'em! So not only is this comic morally redeeming, feature frequent celebrity guests, but it also teaches history!

HUT HUT HUT HIKE! You gotta give 110%!

With all that rambling aside, #86/68 will be a regularly updated section of the oft-tangy empire of Something Awful. Like #86/68, I plan to give 110% bringing you the very best in dramatic stories illuminated with spastic animated gif images! Get caught up in the action! All nine previous episodes are available for digestion and more will be added in those brief instances I'm not busy being on trial for something. What are you waiting for? Go and read **Touchdown for Democracy**, the first episode of this action packed series!

DISCLAIMER: Neither Josh "Livestock" Boruff nor the staff of Something Awful take any responsibility whatsoever for the optical damage and head trauma you will receive during and after reading The Adventures of #86/68 Comics. If you go blind, that's the result of your eyes not giving 110% like they should! HUT HUT HUT! No pain no gain! You gotta give a little to get a little! It's like Coach always said!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.20 Dead On Your Feet

Thursday, May 23, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This is me. Oh yeah, and I appear to be turning into the Incredible Hulk!

As the years pass me by like those people who were fleeing their burning apartment building after I lit their carpet and pets on fire, my body seems to fall apart and degrade in some kind of grotesquely exponential fashion. Now I don't want any of you out there to think that I was once in perfect physical condition way back when magic fairies and dinosaurs and dragons roamed the Earth and Dick Clark was only five-years old. All through my life I've had to deal with the fact that I have hyperhidrosis, a condition that forces my body to constantly emit streams of sweat from every available skin pore. This fun and wacky feature of my body has kept me entertained for years, ranging from my inability to write on school notebooks because my hand-sweat warps the paper, to the exciting feature of leaving watery footprints across the floor when I accidentally fail to wear socks. On the occassions that I forgot to wear socks and walked across the kitchen, my dad would always notice the watery puddles from my feet and sarcastically remark, "Jesus, did you just get out of the shower or something?" and then chuckle triumphantly to himself. Oh my dad, he's such a hilarious joker and pinnacle of comedy! For example, one day he was drunk and fell down in the bathtub. After he stood up and noticed the gigantic bloody gash that the bathtub faucet cut into his stomach, he began seriously insisting that "those goddamn Mexicans" jumped him in the bathroom and created the aforementioned battle scar. This event can explain a lot about why I am the way I am today.

Now suffering from hyperhidrosis is bad enough. The idea of becoming a mobile Slip-N-Slide may sound cool in concept, but it really begins to get annoying when I have to explain to friends and family for the 400th time why I'm wearing OJ Simpson murder-gloves just so I can play games on the PS2 without having the controller slide and squirm out of my hands like a pig being blown out of a butter-lined cannon. However, my body has saw fit to continuously develop new and exciting ways to fall apart quicker than lingerie purchased from the Sears automotive department. I've been to doctor after doctor and each one tells me the same thing: "sorry, but I can't help you. I'm not even a doctor; I'm the maintenance guy here to fix your closet's ventilation shaft." Did I mention that the ventilation shaft in my closet is broken? Well it is. Regardless, the doctors have no solution, there is no online medical site which can help me, and the phone psychics simply hang up on me right after I ask what they're wearing and if they could take it off. Since I cannot get any help from outside sources, I have taken it upon myself to perform a self-diagnosis and name the horrid disease I have been suffering from my entire life: **Young Old Man's Syndrome.**

Young Old Man's Syndrome is a horrible annoying disease that lasts your entire lifetime or 60,000 miles, whichever comes first. It begins with some seemingly innocent and unimportant bodily dysfunction, such as shortness of breath, a runny nose, or AIDS. However, over time these symptoms continue to occur on a regular basis while accumulating "bonus dysfunctions" that are eventually traded in when you die for exciting cash prizes such as a trip to Maui or a hovercraft. I believe that since I am one of the first people to ever be diagnosed with Young Old Man's Syndrome, I can be considered a professional smart guy who knows everything about everything in this field. I'm so smart that I even know things that I don't know... how many crippled retarded astronomers in wheelchairs can claim that, huh?!? Since my brain is just literally crammed with smart juice and if I don't type this all out right now then my head will explode like those candies in the Gushers Fruit Chews commercials, I will now proceed to detail the symptoms of Young Old Man's Syndrome and advise you as to if you want to get this disease *(HINT: you don't)*.

SYMPTOM #1: *Inability to sleep.* When it comes to sleeping disorders, you name it and I've got it. It takes me at least six hours to get to sleep, and once I am actually able to succumb to dreamland, I then proceed to wake up every 15 minutes. I'm fairly sure my body does this because it's afraid that there is a giant spider on my ceiling ready to drop down and implant eggs into my face because I once saw this movie where this guy was sleeping and then a giant spider on his ceiling dropped down and implanted eggs into his face. At some point in time about a decade ago, I eventually broke down and purchased those over-the-counter sleep medications with names like "Alwayz-Sleep" or "Safeway Slumber Time" or "Vodka." None of these worked except in the fact that I felt tired as shit the following day. They act as reverse sleeping pills; when you want to sleep you can't, and when you don't want to sleep you really want to. Am I explaining this clearly enough? If not, feel free to read some other website, one that isn't nearly as retarded as this one.

Sleep Deprivation is never fun, but on the plus side, it keeps your tongue from flying out of your mouth.

Soon I entered college, found myself in the world of "visiting doctors and not having to pay outrageous prices," and I was introduced to the miracle sleeping drug Ambien. In case you've missed the commercials that run 24 hours a day on every channel in the solar system, Ambien is a magic sleeping pill that makes you turn into an attractive 20-something year old woman who can then proceed to run through fields of flowers and push kids on tire swings even if you don't want to. While I may poke fun of the Ambien commercials, I must admit that the drug itself does everything it promises to... and then some. Ambien helps you get to sleep within 15 minutes and stay asleep the entire night. You'll wake up the next morning, energetic and refreshed, unlike other sleeping aides which make you feel as though you've got sand running through your skull the following day.

Somebody who has taken Ambien.

However, Ambien has a dark side. See, this is one of those "mystery drugs" where scientists essentially feed it to a group of prisoners and then observe what happens from behind a series of titanium-enhanced doors and one-way mirrors. On the good side, it'll put you to sleep quicker than an watching an episode of "Highlander: the Series." On the bad side, it has the unfortunate side effect of causing you to completely forget 100% of the events that you engaged in after taking it and before falling asleep. That's correct, taking Ambien is like spraying Windex on your brain; you'll act completely bizarre, say ludicrous things, and hallucinate nonstop. However, the next morning, your brain will have been scrubbed clean and won't remember a damn thing. It's like taking LSD and drinking a 12-pack of bottled grain alcohol, only without the throwing up, hangover, and praying for death. Here are some of the effects I witnessed Ambien have on various people:

My boss: he used a red laser pointer to "draw a kilt" on my wall for approximately 40 minutes while claiming the red laser pointer also had a "green trail" behind it. After the kilt-creation process, I asked him if my kilt was finally complete. My boss replied, "no, I've been drawing a rock covered with vines falling down a stairway." He then began to talk about marketing Peppy LePew's scent to McDonalds so he would smell like french fries and all the girls who wouldn't date him would go to McDonalds because he represented free advertising. Don't ask. Oh yeah, then he went into an hour-long diatribe explaining how we're all made of algae and we're here to harvest gold for our alien overlords, a group of beings who turn the gold into algae and put gold into Jewish people's teeth. You can visit the algae-harvesting ranking page here. I, unfortunately, do not rank very highly as far as intergalactic algae-harvesting goes.

My fiancé: she was pretty boring in the field of Ambien-induced hallucinations. All she did was see ants crawling on the ceiling and decided to name them "Tree," "Smaller Tree," and "Rock". She absolutely refused to fully open her eyes the entire time and had a difficult time walking from the bed to anywhere else besides the bed.

Me: Since I actually have a clinical prescription to Ambien, I naturally take it more often than the following two people. I never abuse it or take it daily, but when I desperately need sleep I make sure to take a couple tablets. Unfortunately, that has backfired on me numerous times. Here are some of the many stupid things I have done while on Ambien:

- I took off my shoes and ran into a bar, where I attempted to take two entire cheesecakes from the dessert area and run away.
- I once took off my shirt, put a coat hanger on my head, and attempted to impersonate various characters from "Battlefield Earth."
- I was convinced there were trees growing in my apartment.
- I became intensely worried that my neighbors were putting up Christmas tree lights around their apartment, despite the fact that it was April.

Yet in none of these occasions did I ever remember even a single second of what transpired the night before.

How did Ambien get approved by the FDA? I mean, it's a drug that makes you act like Robert Downey Jr. after a two-night coke binge, complete with hallucinations and rampant weirdness, but doctors prescribe it all the time. Sure it works and is quite effective in helping people with sleeping disorders, but the side effects are on the same level as injecting LSD directly into your eyeballs. The commercials featuring women running through fields of flowers and families hugging each other while dancing squirrels parade around in the background make it seem like this perfectly wonderful drug that will cure all your sleeping problems and make your life a neverending parade of joy. I guess in a way it really does, just as long as you listen and pay attention to the disclaimer that plays at the end of each commercial:

Somebody who has taken Ambien. Well, actually, he's just stupid.

"Ambien may cause hideous and horribly embarrassing side effects such as talking really loudly, acting like an ass, rambling on about stuff that makes absolutely no sense, hallucinating and thinking that everybody you see has at least four eyes, dressing up as fictional movie characters, losing all sense of dignity and taste, and basically emulating a college freshman girl attending her first frat party. Although you'll remember none of this the next morning, we can assure you that everybody else will."

Of course that disclaimer is spoken by the bald guy who did the Micromachines commercials and has the ability to speak 500 words a second, so you may have to record the commercial and then slow it down to 1/100ths of its normal speed to figure out exactly what the hell he's saying. However, the question remains: with all these goofy and screwball side effects, how in the heck did it slip by the radar of the FDA? I can see Ambien being regularly taken as a recreational drug during various illicit parties and Congressional hearings, and the fact that it's mildly addictive doesn't really help its case much, unless of course you're a Scientologist and the thought of a bunch of drugged-up weirdos acting out your cult's movie just absolutely thrills you. Then again, if you're a

> Scientologist, the idea of ripping the hearts out of babies is probably just a huge turn-on, so this is an unfair comparison.

Well it appears as if I've run out of space and willpower to continue this article any longer. I'm sure you are all just simply furious that I wasn't able to describe my various medical problems in detail, but that will have to wait for the next two or fifteen updates. If there's anything I'd like you to walk away from this article knowing, it's that:

> 1) My body is completely, 100% defective,
> 2) Ambien turns you into a fucking weirdo.

You may now carry on with your normal day-to-day activities and forget the fact that you ever read this article. If you've recently taken Ambien, you probably already have.

Helen Helps Humans Help Humans

Everybody please welcome the newest addition to Something Awful, the world-renowned advice columnist Helen Gunther! This fine lady has been helping people and dispensing practical, money-saving, household tips for like, at least the last few days or so. Probably more. Regardless, we were able to sweep this feisty lady off her large, large feet and convince her to write a weekly advice column so you, the reader, will learn some shrewd moneysaving tips and answers to questions that have been haunting you for years. You know, like "what the fuck is that brown thing on my foot?"

> *I'm good at giving people advice. I don't like to brag, but it's important that you know this so that you trust me with your problems. Once my niece asked me whether she should wear the blue shoes or the black shoes, and I said, "Sweetie, those black shoes really bring out the color of your eyes." She wore the black shoes! I was so proud that I was able to do something good for someone. Another time, the people who lived below me complained that some sort of strange brown liquid was coming through their ceiling and making puddles all over the darn place, so they were pretty put out. I was scared at first because I thought that maybe the liquid was coming from my large collection of locusts that tend to regurgitate brown liquid when they are nervous or threatened, just like you or I. In any case, I told the neighbors to put some gasoline on the puddles and then set them on fire. That way, the puddles would be burned up in the fire. As far as I know,*

problem solved, because I never heard from them again. I didn't ever figure out where the liquid was coming from, but I sure felt happy that I could help someone.

Wow, that Helen sure sounds like one helpful old broad! Head on over to her insanely helpful advise column and feel free to send ol' Helen any questions you may have regarding whatever the hell concerns you in your horrible, horrible life! I think Helen intends to make this a weekly column, so be sure to send her a few emails and ask for her invaluable advice!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.21 I'm Livin' La Vida Chicago

Thursday, May 23, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Welcome to the Big Middle of America Apple!

Chicago is the gem in the crown of the Midwest, it has the tallest building in the world not counting that lyin' cheatin' tower in some Asian country that only wins because of the radio antenna. It may not be Paris or New York when it comes to fashion, but people here tend to wear shirts when grocery shopping, which is a whole new experience for me. The sheer number of non-Taco Bell establishments that sell tacos is staggering, as is the volume of the non-Pizza Hut pizza places.

Chicago is known to the Egyptians as "The City by the Sea".

The bright lights and big city traffic is incredible to a regular country bumpkin like me who pisses his pants if there is someone behind him at a stop sign. Driving in Chicago is similar to having sex with a mummy; you're probably going to get where you want eventually but it's incredibly abrasive and not at all pleasant. While you can put makeup on a mummy and use lubrication the only way to positively enhance the experience of driving in Chicago is to drink a lot beforehand, and this is frowned on by "Johnny Law". My incredibly helpful former roommate and friend assisted me in the move by driving with a U-haul trailer attached to his already behemoth Suburban SUV. Maneuvering that fucking monster in a city where double parking is encouraged on streets barely wide enough for one car to drive is a nightmare I don't envy him.

But hey, he got two slices of free pizza, which much more than compensates him for over ten hours of hellish driving!

It feels good to be here though. My AOL girlfriend Michelle and her cats seem pretty pleased to have me here and most of my crap is already unpacked. Once we get the network situation straightened out - the final step in any 21st century loving co-habitation arrangement - I'll be back to my normal self. It's a weird being somewhat separated from the Internet. I have a mental image of the porn spam filling my e-mail box with throbbing studs and barnyard love messages, idiotic investment spam that contains more HTML than Microsoft's web site, and scam e-mails from fake African diplomats who just need my bank account number to wire me millions of dollars. No doubt if we get everything sorted out tonight I will spend something like an hour with our connection choked as the septic tank of my inbox is flooded with more shit than an outhouse at a pie-eating contest.

Many of you might not know this, but I'm also leading a game development project with about three dozen of the SA forum's members involved. I am anxiously awaiting contact with the team leaders and fear that when I talk to them they will inform me that the theme of the game has shifted from a cyberpunk role-playing game using the NetImmerse engine to a Go Bots first-person shooter using the Build engine.

> **Me:** So how have we made any progress on the engine feasibility test?
> **Lead Programmer:** Yeah, all of the design features will work just fine, I think we should be able to use animated sprites to represent the transformation process. The one sticking point is turning out to be CopTor's helicopter blades; we're running into a lot of trouble with clipping.
> **Me:** That's... wait, what?!
> **Lead Programmer:** Oh yeah, the game's title has changed to "Go Bots: Battle for

CyKill's Heart" and you play Leader One and you have to try and win CyKill over by seducing his henchmen one by one. You shoot hearts at them until their resist-o-meter drops to "love".
Me: What a wonderful new direction this project has taken!

Yeah, this went in the direction I intended.

Actually they're good and intelligent guys, I doubt anything like this has happened, but if you haven't noticed I'm so neurotic I make a Chihuahua undergoing KGB interrogation seem nonplussed by comparison. Lowtax is another issue, he can no doubt attest that half of the time when I'm completely out of communication with him he does something crazy. The last time I visited Michelle in Chicago he threw the forums into chaos with his heavy-handed deletion of various mainstays like "General Bullshit" and "The Comedy Goldmine". He replaced them with a forum for discussions of fabric and fabric prints and another called "My Hair" in which people could offer him hair advice and he would take pictures of how hairstyles turned out. I loaded the front page last night and I was frankly surprised that it hadn't turned into a site devoted to fan fiction about his cat sleeping.

That's not to say I don't let my bad ideas air when Lowtax is away. The last time he went on vacation I thought it would be a great idea to post my privately infamous "In Honor of the Driver" article **(NOTE FROM EDITOR: *Zack apparently "forgot" to include the link to his horrible-ass "Driver" article. I thoughtfully posted it for you, the readers. Oh, and in case you missed the link, you can find it here as well)***. I received so many death threats (almost twice as many as I usually get) from that article that I was tempted to cancel my plans to move to Chicago and instead rent one of those nuclear missile bunkers in Arizona. Seeing as how very few of the death threat I receive actually translate to attempts on my life, I steeled myself, and opted to proceed with my mission to relocate.

I've managed to get myself way off topic though, this was originally intended to be an article detailing and exaggerating the trials and tribulations of hauling my carcass and my carcass's possessions across three states. Since it derailed into a rant about all of the things that might have happened while I've been away, let's not follow this train of thought on its side until it crashes into a chlorine facility right by the frontage road. Instead I will leave you knowing that I am more content than I have ever been in my entire life and you can definitely expect the quality of my updates to deteriorate rapidly! Have a good weekend!

Photoshop Phriday

Why yes, good sir, it is Photoshop Phriday! This week the roaming Goon hordes conquer the land of inappropriate children's toys. If there is one group out there most fit to produce toys completely unsafe for children, it just has to be the Something Awful Goons. Okay, so maybe Disney is more qualified than us. Anyway, here is a sneak of a peak:

Now go! Partake of this week's Photoshop Phriday!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hefty
Baby Forts©
15 Forts. Hours of fun!
mmmmffff!!
MMMFFF!!!!!

5.22 A World for a Better World Tomorrow!

Saturday, May 25, 2002 by Integral

Sometimes I dream that I am a super hero with super powers, able to perform such super tasks such as cleaning the toilet without getting my hands dirty, eating more than 16 burritos in one sitting at "Pablo's Burrito Shack and Laundromat," or just generally making the world a better place for all involved. For a long time, these were just dreams I would have, and I would always awaken in the darkness to the sound of my own weeping, knowing that I would never be able to change anything on a grand scale and that I would be stuck in my job as dishwasher at the pallet factory for the forseeable future.

This was the miserable truth of my life, at least until we at Something Awful decided to join forces and create "A World for a Better World Tomorrow," or "AWABWT," an organization dedicated to making the world a better place. Tomorrow. Finally my dream of a New World Order can come to fruition without the danger of being arrested because that damn local sherrif thought I was a bum digging through the trash. Damn you, Sherrif Steve, I told you that I was looking in there for crime. And crime is dirty. So what better place to look for crime than in the dumpster? And just because I hadn't had the time to change clothes for a week or so and there was a cloud of flies buzzing around me and maggots in my shoes does not mean that I am a homeless bum- I have a lovely home on the upper West side. But I am a busy girl. I have six kids to take care of and now I have the world to help save. So clean clothes are not exactly on the top of my list of priorities. Anyway, the mission of AWABWT is basically comprised of three or so simple goals, all of which, when completed, will make the world a better place to live and help to turn it into the sterile Utopia it was meant to be.

You are invited to read through our simple manifesto, and if these goals sound worthy to you, you too can join the ranks of AWABWT.

STEP ONE: No one likes traffic. Well, maybe some freaky guy out there likes it but that person is currently being hunted down and killed as brutally and as inhumanely as possible by AWFABWT special forces. People who live in big cities want to avoid traffic so they end up remaining at home for days or weeks at a time, their skin slowly turning into a sickly pale grey and their body developing festering sores from sitting in the same place for hours. Beleive me. I know this to be true. These people could be productive members of society, but thanks to traffic they are reduced to bitter vegetables not unlike the garden variety of radish or perhaps a carrot that it plucked from the ground too soon. In traffic, a 15-minute drive takes approximately forty-five minutes and it behooves one to remain at home between the hours of 11AM through 2 PM and 3 PM through 6PM lest they squander precious time from their lives staring at glittery "Princess" stickers on the back of a Dodge Neon. In other words, if one has any place to go it is best to get it taken care of in the magical window of time between two and three PM when no one has time to drive anyplace due to the fact that they are too busy planning when they will be driving places at other times. Nothing makes me think, "I wish I had a big old gun so that I could shoot all of these people" more than being stuck behind a jacked-up pickup truck blaring the latest Alan Jackson hit. Even worse is a tricked-out Honda Civic on which some shmoe has spent all of his wages from Taco Bell to give it a gold tail pipe and tinted windows, thereby making a crappy car even crappier. Wait a minute. Shoot? What am I talking about, shoot? I love everybody in this life.

A World for a Better World Tomorrow will take care of this traffic problem swiftly and efficiently. With the help of major construction companies, AWABWT will get rid of forests, buildings, and other nuisances that block the path of the streets so that number of lanes will be increased substantially and traffic will move quickly and smoothly. Note this simple diagram:

STEP TWO: This step will probably have the greatest impact on the everyday working-class

Joe as they will no longer be forced to deal with panhandlers and homeless people whose presence constantly and painfully remind them of their own success. It will also take care of that pesky earthquake problem that seems to be a recurring theme in places like my bathroom and California. The plan is simple. And by simple, I mean the plan is to take all of the homeless people in the world and throw them into those plates in the Earth that grind together and cause earthquakes. This way the plates will be well-lubricated with the bodies of the homeless and the people in the Daylight Lands won't have to worry so much about the Earth cracking apart and killing them. The homeless people will have a very warm place to sleep at night and as earthquakes are fairly rare, there will only be a mass death every other year or so. This way, the homeless population is kept down and us people with homes (I'm talking to YOU Sheriff Steve!) don't have to see them on street corners any more with signs that read variatons of: "Please help me, I'm homeless, boo hoo." Note this convenient diagram:

STEP THREE: The third and final step that A World for a Better World Tomorrow is dedicated to completing is the destruction of all dogs that look like this:

These yappy annoyances are the bane of all those who dare to sleep past the hour of six AM or who wish to enjoy a quiet night of peace and quiet and quiety peace. They are ratlike, sentient sausages and their destriction will mean that thousands if not millions of people across the world will not

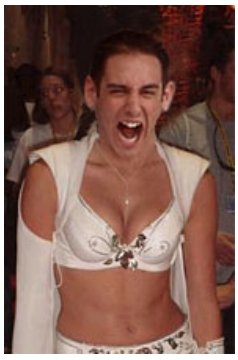
have to have their lives senselessly threatened by the neighbor lady when she finds the corpse of her maggot-like canine at her doorstep with a note that says, "I told you so." AWABWT will seek out and destroy all of these creepy little dogs. Please note this tasteful diagram:

With these steps completed, A World for A Better World Tomorrow is sure that the world will be better. Tomorrow. But we need your help! If you really care about the world and want to make difference, AWABWT may be right for you. But there is only one way to be sure. If you've got what it takes, you'll be on the way to success and world-saving. After you've completed our simple 16-page personality test, you will be asked to purchase a series of audio cassettes. When you are done with those tapes, others will follow. These will be followed by more cassettes and possibly some books written by our dearly departed leader, which will be followed by audio cassettes of a different kind. We look forward to having you on the team! Don't find us; we'll find you.

-~Integral

5.23 The Exciting World of Camp

Sunday, May 26, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Scott "King Fresca" Delbagel entertaining E3 visitors the only way he knows how.

Where in the World is Scott Delbango?Scott asked me to fill in for him because he was busy working this weekend at E3 and wouldn't have time to write an article. If you're one of the lucky folks who got to attend E3, you may have seen him or even had the distinct pleasure of touching him. He was easy to spot of course. Scott is entertaining the troops by working as a sexy booth babe. I'm pretty sure he's stealing a lot of hearts.

In Scott's usual cross-dressing absence I have prepared an article using letters and words. If you want, you can even pretend Scott wrote it. I wouldn't advise that, though. Also, because I'm filling in for Scott, you won't get your weekly comical jab at Zack. Sorry.

The Exciting World of Summer Camp!

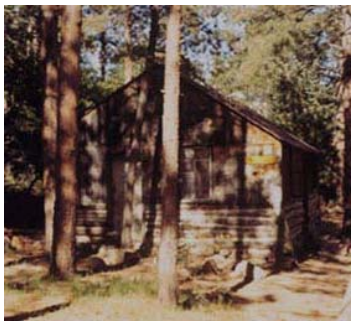
Now that the weather is warm, people will soon be turning to the ancient Chinese tradition of summertime fun. Backyards everywhere will play host to patio parties and barbeques, pools, fun sports, and occasionally wandering hobos. And while these are some of the most popular staples of summer, they aren't the only things people turn to for entertainment when the weather gets hot and clammy. In truth, they're merely a mirage in the vast desert that is summer. The real oasis of summer is the classic art of camping. While grownups prefer to sleep at boring old campgrounds, the younger folks are all about attending summer camps. In many ways, summer camps are the lusty sea wench that kids cling to like a spicy hot sexually transmitted disease. Why do kids love summer camps so much? Partly because they're stupid and partly because it's really fun to sleep on a piss-soiled mattress in a rotting wooden building in the middle of some *Evil Dead*-like forest. But anybody will tell you that summer camps aren't about the sleeping. No sir, they're about the fun!

The average summer camp will beat children senseless with a medley of outdoor activities. Swimming, fishing, canoeing, archery, Greco-Roman wrestling, being molested, ghost stories, ghost Greco-Roman wrestling, Frisbee, and a whole bunch of crap like that will keep kids pacified and too fatigued to challenge authority. When the kids aren't busy partaking of the many fun activities they're usually being herded into wood shanties by scary camp counselors covered with tattoos and tract marks. The counselors are fun, spirited people who are eager to help kids experience the benefits of secondhand smoke as well as the full colorful rainbow of creative words there are for women.

Unfortunately, some summer camps also double as slave camps. So while kids at these slave camps will get a healthy dose of exercise, it will most likely be from mining clockworks in the massive underground Seth Thomas clock mines that reside beneath most campsites. Even if they do work as slaves, kids will still have a great time. The strong ones, anyway. The weak ones will perish insuring that the brawny have plenty of extra meat to survive on. That's all part of the great cycle of life, though. Survival is what summer camps are really about. Parents send their kids to summer camps to turn them into men, or in the case of girls – frigid militant lesbians. A boy who has attended any decent summer camp will have the motivation to hack his own arm off just to avoid scratching a mosquito bite. And that's just the kind of determination we want to put in our youth! You know a kid is fit to survive in the world when he can hollow out the insides of his best friend and use the open cavity as a crude shelter. That's valuable life experience! But as good as the average summer

camp sounds, even it isn't enough for some kids. Some youngsters are too hefty to adequately enjoy a regular summer camp. These junior plumpers need a tailor-made camp, much like they need tailor-made clothing to wrap around their globe-like figures. Enter: the fat camp.

The fat camp is the front lines of the war against obesity. It's the worst fear of an overweight child. It's like a silver bullet that would go straight through the heart if it didn't have to travel through so many thick layers of fat. Thousands, perhaps millions of portly children die in fat camps each year. Every overweight kid fears the fat camp in the same way they fear death, and rightfully so. It is the end of all things, and rarely the beginning. When it is the beginning, it is merely the beginning of years of reflecting on tortured memories of being denied sweet, sweet sticks of butter when they were needed most. Fat camp survivors often suffer from emotional trauma and an extreme phobia of food. Some even starve to death just to avoid going back. Fat camps are sort of like modern day concentration camps for the obese, save for the fact that concentration camp counselors were a hell of a lot meaner.



Summer camp can be quite exciting and beautiful, as shown in this picture.

There are even other types of camps as well, the least noble of which is the science camp. The science camp is typically a haven for the aspiring John Carmacks of the world to make jokes about Roy G. Biv and discuss just what amazing natural forces make a paper airplane fly. In other words, **HERESY**. If there is one thing worse than pudgy kids, it's smart kids! They irk me in a way that few things on this Earth irk me. These kids will spend the entire summer building miniature rockets, conducting goofy science experiments, and behaving not as men, but rather as extremely girlish women. These are the type of summer camps other summer camps pick on. They make a mockery of humanity and all things associated with summer and fun. You can't even classify a science camp as phun, because it's not radical enough to get the coveted hipster spelling. And don't try to use some fancy science spelling, either. The pH levels at science camp are dangerously uncool.

Finally, it just wouldn't be summer camp article if you didn't mention that whole wide range of disease-themed camps. Just about every major affliction out there that at least two kids are dying of has a summer camp dedicated to it. For example, children who suffer from cancer can attend cancer camp. It's just like all the other camps, except everybody just kind of lays in bed the whole time. We're talking total chemotherapy for summertime boredom! Forget sports and all that stuff, because these brave lads are too ill to exert themselves. On the plus side, disease camps do provide kids who would otherwise be stuck at home with a good chance to briefly go outside and see just why most people stay indoors all the time. And hey, where else can you go to play card games for a week?

I won't even mention those damn furry camps.

Ah, summer camp, it's easy to see why you please so many. Wait a second! Summer camp is a painful experience for everyone. I can't think of a more atrocious way to spend a summer than to be stuck in some scary cult compound far away from home with a bunch of pesky kids you don't even know. Add the creepy camp counselors into the equation, all of whom have to undergo extensive background checks that prove they are completely unfit to be around children, and you've got yourself a toxic beverage I wouldn't even serve to my least favorite breed of dog.

On a wacky E/N note, I myself will be going camping in a couple weeks. I won't be going to a summer camp or anything, but I will be going with several of the swell Midwest Forum Goons. Of course I may end up being a victim of the classic Internet bait and switch, and they could turn out be three times my age and five and a half times as horny. Boy would my face be red! Anyway, if I

were to disappear don't assume Lowtax had the good sense to fire me. ASSUME I'M DEAD.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.24 Interview With a Dragonmaster

Monday, May 27, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

All Hail the Dragonmaster

The Dragonmaster enjoys the enchanting flavor of a fish filet from Burger King.

Recently on Late Night with Conan O'Brien, Conan sent Triumph the insult comic dog to an opening showing of Attack of the Clones. While he was there he harassed the goofy bastards dressed up as R2D2 and Spock and whatnot and also a young black man dressed up as a wizard who introduced himself as Blackwolf the Dragonmaster; unofficial mage of New York. Blackwolf was hilarious, insane, and most importantly, hilariously insane.

One of our enterprising forum goers by the name of cgibin, with the help of his good friend, tracked down Blackwolf's nutty web site. The site is on Geocities, so linking it would just bring it down in about a nanosecond, but it is overflowing with interesting reading about being a mage. Take for example this essay in which he explains why the presence of mages at Renaissance Fairs is vital to the survival of mankind.

> *I believe that, whenever a Court Wizard is in attendance at any of this nation's Renaissance Faires, he/she is representing the very embodiment of the mission given to Morphos by Merlin. To me, the Mages at Faire are the last true dispensers (and, at that, defenders!) of wisdom in our Multiverse. Keep in mind that their main objective is to exhibit, and sometimes demonstrate, proper respect for the Laws of Nature. I have read a good many books by the leading authors of so-called "science fiction" during my travels; many of these writers have stumbled upon that very theory first espoused by Merlin concerning how we Mages maintain our grip upon the constant balance between Good and Evil.*

Unwilling to cease their investigation by merely reading the prose of Blackwolf, cgibin and his friend took it upon themselves to contact the Dragonmaster directly via the magic of the telephone. Posing as the wizard Heldrig Uth Matar and his squire Talif of Poughkeepsie, they called representing the Schenectady mage's guild and questioned him at length about the validity of his claims. Amazingly he never broke the Dragonmaster character and although some of their inquiries produced a stutter, the nutty bastard was admirably consistent.

Fed up with the "fresh hound" Blackwolf unleashes a flury of blows on the unsuspecting dog.

I give you now for you enjoyment: Interview with a Dragonmaster.

It is a fairly large mp3 download, but is well worth the time it takes clogging your bandwidth.

Good News From Cliff Yablonski!

This may not actually be news to many of you, but Cliff Yablonski finds your ugly faces to be the bane of his existence and wishes to destroy you utterly. With this in mind he has once again updated his delightful pages of mirth and charitable good humor.

> *"Two, that is correct, I am aiming for eating 200 pounds of turkey on this evening occasion, help me!"*

Better go read it before he catches wind of your contrary manner!

New El Pinto Grande!

I am utterly shocked to report that Mexican wrestling sensation and all around good guy El Pinto Grande has updated his site, including three delicious new recipes!

German Butler is not having a reputation for a fairest of fights and bring Doctor Fights himself who is like King Rudos of Rudolandia and this is impossible to be believing. I have a quick words in the locker rooms with Big Fat Evil and his partner in ring and off ring at Dungeon of Dragons store named Eternal Helper. Big Fat Evil is annoying American who is always smelling like hotdogs and chorizo but Eternal Helper is snappy dresser who is maybe sometimes girlish but okay in my book.

While he may not have the skills to pay the bills, he certainly has a lot of heart and luchador spirit, so take a look at his computer book.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.25 Welcome to the Kingdom of the Animals!

Tuesday, May 28, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This is an animal! Why is it on somebody's back porch? That is yet another mystery of the animal kingdom!

I was recently blackmailed into leaving my apartment by my better half, who threatened to play Trans Am mp3s over and over until my brain exploded, which would take roughly thirteen seconds (even less if I wasn't wearing a hat). You see, I normally have a policy of trying to stay in my apartment as long as possible because the outside world is frightening and full of things like bees and Mike Tyson. As far as I can recall, the last two times I've left my apartment in this decade were due to the fact that either something I owned was on fire or something that I owned was about to catch fire. Although this unwritten rule of "hermit-emulation-mode" seems to suit me well, Emily apparently doesn't take too strongly to it because she's used to doing weird things like talking to human beings and breathing air that doesn't come directly from the back of a computer fan.

So to celebrate Memorial Day this year, the holiday when we're supposed to remember a war or whatever, we decided to head over to the Seattle Zoo and learn something about animals, something about life, and maybe, just maybe, something about ourselves. None of this actually ended up happening, but we did see a morbidly obese man with an ankle brace singing to his ugly kid. I think the guy had recently broken out of one of the zoo exhibits, probably the one showcasing science's efforts to genetically combine the DNA of one man with the DNA of six other men, thereby creating one guy who is the size of seven men. Due to the patented "Crazytime Memorial Day Traffic," the zoo was crawling with filthy little children who had fudge or cheese or human waste or whatever wiped across their faces like Dale Earnheardt's final skid marks. The only thing I despise more than obnoxious children crawling all over public areas like hyperactive clothed spiders is the white dog who lives across the street from our apartment, a dog who is apparently being jabbed in the eye with a knitting needle every nanosecond, causing it to bark nonstop at every passing animal, person, or oxygen atom.

However, this is all beside the point; the main idea I'm trying to convey here is the fact that I forgot whatever the hell I was going to originally write about. Since the previous two paragraphs resembled some rambling, derailed Amway train of thought about animals and the zoo, I'll assume that today's update was going to be a highly educational piece detailing the wide and exciting world of animals that inhabit the wide and exciting world of people and animals (this planet, whatever it's called). Animals have been around for at least 500 years, possibly more, and have come in many shapes and forms such as "fat" and "brown." Some animals have been known to live in trees while others live below the trees or above the trees or very far away from trees. Animals, like us humans, are capable of having sex and producing baby animals, which is probably why there are currently so many animals running around our planet and doing extremely nature-based things. They are also capable of adjusting to their environment, but unlike the human race, they simply don't put on a coat or scarf when it's cold. Why? Well nobody makes clothing for animals like a fox, snail, or tree frog. Since none of these animals have access to knitting machines and lack the ability to form a textile-producing labor union, they have been forced to adapt to their environment by changing colors, digging holes, dying, or burrowing into people's chests like in the realistic nature documentary "Aliens." This has resulted in a remarkably large and exciting variety of animals that currently inhabit our world, so many that scientists have been forced to classify them into a bunch of different groups (or "species") so when they go to scientist parties they'll have something to talk about besides molecules or whatever scientists talk about. Since I have just returned from the zoo,

I can confidently claim I'm as smart as just about any zoo-person scientist guy out there, so I have decided to teach you, the reader, about the various species of animals that you may or may not encounter when you're walking to your mailbox or taking an African safari in Thailand.

BRIEF COMPLETE LIST OF ALL SPECIES OF ANIMALS ON EARTH:

■ **Animals That Are Somewhat Shaped Like Horses:** *dogs, cats, cows, giraffes, horses, baby horses, goats, wolves, leopards, elderly horses, buffalo, sheep.*
DISTINCTIVE TRAITS: These animals are all at least kind of shaped like horses because they have four legs and a head that comes out of one end of their body, the opposite of the end that emits poop. Most of these animals eat meat, so if you see one of them in the wild, make sure you're not made of meat or else they might try to eat you. Some of them run really fast while others run really slow, so it's anybody's guess as to if you can outrun them in a marathon. I would personally recommend against it because you'll have a really hard time trying to pin a paper number label on an animal that's trying to eat you.

This is an animal! Somebody defaced this animal with their gang tag though, so it's not considered to be in mint condition anymore.

DID YOU KNOW: 96% of the world's milk comes from Animals That Are Somewhat Shaped Like Horses? As for the other 4%, well, don't ask.

■ **Animals That Live In Tropical Places You'll Never Go:** *monkeys, pandas, toucans, those really big snakes, poison dart frogs, non-poison dart frogs, lemurs, howler monkeys.*
DISTINCTIVE TRAITS: All of the animals in this category live in places that you will probably never visit unless you're really, really lost or you're searching for some kind of mythological treasure that you found on a map purchased from an old gypsy woman who runs a store in a very busy part of downtown New York despite the fact that she never sells anything and has absolutely no source of income whatsoever. Most of these animals live near vines, so I guess they eat the vines or something that grows on vines. They also like the warm tropical weather, so don't think about trying to ship them via UPS to the North Pole or Boston because they'll die and also I doubt UPS will even agree to ship them.
DID YOU KNOW: Most of these animals are very colorful and have festive decorations across their bodies? This is because they're either gay or they think it's Mardi Gras.

■ **Stupid Animals In the Water:** *halibut, carp, bluegill, redgill, fusciagill, small-mouthed bass, turtles, toads, any kind of fish.*
DISTINCTIVE TRAITS: Any animal in this species will, if given the chance, spend all day doing absolutely nothing. They're kind of like Fragmaster except they're not afraid of swimming. In fact, that's all they do: swim. They swim up a river, down a river, from side to side in a river, and are completely boring. Toads and turtles are a little bit different because they have the ability to go outside the water and subsequently wander into radioactive waste and then mutate and fight crime. However, all fish do is swim back and forth all day and don't bother to do anything ever except lay eggs or get eaten by larger fish. Some scientists claim dolphins belong in this category while other scientists believe dolphins are as smart as Albert Edison. In my professional opinion, I don't care either way.
DID YOU KNOW: 67% of crime today is solved by mutated turtles or toads? 31% of the remaining portion is figured out by the local police and authorities, while the final 2% is solved by The Pope.

■ **Scary Stuff That You Hope to Never Personally Touch in the Ocean:** *squid, octopuses, crabs, lobsters, sharks, leeches, the Kraken, sea anemones, sea hags, Colombian drug-running boats,*

giant squid, all that weird crap on the floor of the ocean that is exposed in National Geographic specials, eels, sea monsters.

This is an animal! I wish it was a dead animal, but we can't always have what we wish for, unless we wish for the ability to wish for things.

DISTINCTIVE TRAITS: Every member of this species is really creepy looking and has been used in some way to inspire various works of science fiction stories from the 1960's. There are a lot of things that man does not know about the ocean such as where the hell it came from or why the hell it's here. In addition, new and scary creatures are being found every day on the ocean floor! For example, just today some Swedish guys found a lobster that is transparent and has veins which transport acid instead of blood! Scientologists have already named it their intergalactic leader.
DID YOU KNOW: Tom Hanks played the role of a person who was marooned on a desert island surrounded by ocean in the hit movie "Castaway"? He was not killed by any of the Scary Stuff That You Hope to Never Personally Touch in the Ocean because they, like the rest of the human population, hope Tom Hanks will die in a more horrifying and painful way, like suddenly having all his bones transform into scorpions.

■ **Animals That Shit On Your Head:** *crows, sparrows, hawks, seagulls, robins, bluebirds.*
DISTINCTIVE TRAITS: These animals all fly above us and show off their gravity-defying skills by crapping on us and our vehicles. The only way to prevent being pooped on is to either hold an umbrella over your head all day or invent a house that floats around in the stratosphere, far above their reach. The umbrella idea is probably easier and will undoubtedly cater to you lazy people who are too stupid to build a floating house or live far away from a Home Depot.
DID YOU KNOW: Big Bird is technically an Animal That Shits On Your Head but the only way he can accomplish this is by asking you to manually place your head under his ass and then inform him you're prepared?

■ **Animals That Hate You:** *bears, wolverines, werewolves, opossums, Venus fly traps, lions, ticks, vampires, those crazy mother geese who chase kids around at the petting zoo.*
DISTINCTIVE TRAITS: All these animals in this genre would like to kill you or at least injure you in some way. This is because, much like school bullies, they have low self esteem and are taking their self-hatred out on you. In addition to killing you, some of these animals will also attempt to eat you, so make sure you bathe daily in that gross sour apple stuff that keeps dogs from chewing electrical cords.
DID YOU KNOW: Although these animals would like to kill us, we're actually in the process of killing them? You can thank the Wal-Mart corporation for turning these animals into nothing but bulging lumps under asphalt. Also, one time when I was seven my parents took me to a petting zoo and a rabid goose chased me around for roughly six hours and then proceeded to brutally peck into my shin with her beak or bill or nose or whatever the hell geese have. I hate geese and am personally lobbying for Wal-Mart to turn all petting zoos into a tire-repair stores.

■ **Animals That Are Bugs:** *ants, roaches, flies, bees, walking sticks (not sticks that are possessed by the Devil, but the actual walking stick insect), beetles, millipedes, centipedes, micropedes, macropedes, pentapedes, lice.*
DISTINCTIVE TRAITS: Although I have listed this genre as a species of animal, I think that Animals That Are Bugs are technically bugs. However, the way I determine if something is an animal is by asking myself the question, "if a fat man were to fall on it, would some sort of gooey substance squirt out of it?" So in that regard bugs are animals as well as ketchup bottles and that

Gushers Fruit Candy. Animals That Are Bugs don't do anything except skitter about in dirt and wait to be eaten by Animals That Shit On Your Head who are then shot and eaten by humans who then die and are eaten by Animals That Are Bugs. This is called "The Great Cycle of Life" and if you don't agree that it's just the absolutely greatest thing in the history of the universe then you've obviously got something wrong in your head.
DID YOU KNOW: Bugs are usually gross? Well they are, except praying mantises which are about the coolest bug ever.

■ **Animals That You Think Are Spiders But Are Really Arachnids:** *spiders.*
DISTINCTIVE TRAITS: Spiders do things like spin webs and eat Animals That Are Bugs. They also get stepped on and killed but they prefer to engage in the previous activity. Scientists call spiders "Arachnids" because they think it makes them sound smart during parties. They'll be in some social situation where the crowd is casually discussing chess tactics or jet propulsion systems, and then some withered spinster will see a spider and suddenly shout, "oh my, a spider!" Then a scientist will correct her by saying, "I'm sorry, but you are mistaken, dear madam! That is, in fact, an arachnid!" Then he'll look really smug and everybody around will start applauding him for his superiour intellect while the spider crawls up his leg and implants eggs into his testicles.
DID YOU KNOW: If you get bitten by a radioactive spider you will gain its strengths? You'll be able to climb walls and shoot webs and have some vague spider-sense. However, if you are radioactive and you bite a spider, all the spider will get is cancer and maybe some kind of stomach acid disorder.

Can you spot the animal in this picture? I sure as hell can't, but this image appeared under Google's Image Search so I assume there is one somewhere in there.

■ **Any Other Animal That I Forgot:** *whatever animals I forgot to list.*
DISTINCTIVE TRAITS: They haven't been listed above.
DID YOU KNOW: That I am finished writing this article?

Well that sure was a fresh and exciting walk through the world of the animal kingdom, a kingdom of animals known to us scientists as "the Animal Kingdom." I hope you learned something about the creatures that occupy the non-Wal-Mart areas of space around you and hopefully devised new ways to kill them because, let's face it, strip malls are a lot cooler than goats.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.26 ALoD Spotlight - Aeoliah

Wednesday, May 29, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

I Have Returned From E3!

LA, how I miss you. Alas, yet another E3 has come and gone, and an article about the experience should be coming this weekend. Unfortunately while on this trip, I had a dangerously high whiskey to blood ratio, so I can scarcely remember most of what happened. Because of this, ninety percent of the upcoming article will be made up or be about the new Scooby Doo movie, so don't put too much faith in getting any "Exclusive coverage" of any "games." Also, I would like to take this time to apologize to the following people / organizations I encountered while drunk at E3...

- Bill Gates
- Peter Main
- Nintendo
- Sega
- Sony
- Microsoft
- Prima Games
- Gigex
- The state of California
- Everyone

Helen Gunther advises you to read her advice!

Our newest columnist, Helen Gunther, has updated her site with her witty and intelligent answers to your inane and stupid questions! This week's column includes advice to fools in love, Jews in love, inconsiderate neighbors, and more. The advice she's doled out has made me the cherubish lad I am today, and she's now availble to help the public at the low, low price of your undying love. Her vast knowlege of all things related to various cheeses and pharmaceuticals is here for your benefit, so don't forget to mail her some more questions. Interrogate her like you're a crazy Catholic spaniard during the Spanish Inquisition - She loves that!

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

5.27 HELO, WELCOME TOO MY VIRUSE!

Thursday, May 30, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Oh no! It's "The Worm!" Quick, get on your anti-virus football helmet.

As any webmaster who doesn't run a Geocities Clefairy website is well aware of, the insidious Klez worm has been popping up in enough email messages to outnumber the total quantity of 1990's movies featuring Tommy Lee Jones chasing somebody across North America. This worm is undoubtedly the most annoying and obnoxious virus in history due to its ability of mutating and changing subject lines, message bodies, attachments, and even spoofing return addresses. If you don't believe me, and I can't understand why you wouldn't because everything you read on the Internet is obviously true, check out this article on News.com:

> *The worm arrives in an e-mail message with one of 120 possible subject lines. There are 18 different standard subject headings, including "let's be friends," "meeting notice," "some questions," and "honey." On top of those, seven other patterns exist, such as "a x game" and "a x patch," where x can be one of 16 different words, including "new," "WinXP," and the name of any of six major antivirus companies.*
>
> *In many circumstances, the worm doesn't need the victim to open it in order to run. Instead, it takes advantage of a 12-month-old vulnerability in Microsoft Outlook, known as the Automatic Execution of Embedded MIME Type bug, to open itself automatically on unpatched versions of Outlook. The program will also cull e-mail addresses by searching a host of different file types on the infected PC. Using its own mail program, the worm will send itself off to those e-mail addresses. In addition, it will use the addresses to create a fake "From:" field in the e-mail message, disguising the actual source of the e-mail.*

In other words, I hate this worm more than life itself. It scans through an infected computer's Internet cache files, finds websites the user has recently visited, and then rips the mailing address of any email account listed on that page. The more infected users who read your site, the more worm emails you get and the more email worms that are sent out in your name. It's a truly great and wonderful thing and I'm fairly sure I'd really appreciate the genius behind this worm if I had a hole drilled in my head and dog urine was being slowly poured into my brain. Unfortunately I don't have time to have this helpful surgery performed, as I've been spending approximately 27 hours a day deleting Klez worms that have been sent to me by very stupid people who don't run antivirus programs and probably waste their entire day trying to eat napkins and coffee creamers they stole from Denny's (hey dummies, download the Klez antivirus program right here). In addition to deleting those worms, I also have to deal with the morons who are sent Klez worms with my spoofed return address, bitching at me for sending them a virus I never sent. Hell, the only email I send out these days are one-word responses to people attempting to flame me for being unfunny, replies which contain such incredibly witty and hilarious Internet gems as "LOL" and "ASL???"

I don't think it will surprise anybody when I reveal that the worm thrives on one of the approximately five gazillion vulnerabilities of Microsoft Outlook, a program that was apparently coded in six hours by two guys who move furniture for a living. It doesn't matter to Microsoft that their mail program

is one of the most widely used email clients in the universe; they are undoubtedly too busy praying to the god of their choice that somebody somewhere will make a good game for the X-Box or Bill Gates will discover how to travel back in time and decide to allocate resources to a better profit-generating product than the X-Box, such as "Microsoft Bob XP." Now I don't want to get all you console nerds out there in a fit over poking fun at the X-Box because I know how much you cretins love to write 15-page flame messages explaining why the game system of your choice is better than Jesus Himself. I don't care for playing games on the X-Box, Gamecube, PS2, or PC. I don't play games much these days except cat and mouse games where the hunter becomes the hunted and nothing is what it seems and he's a good cop gone bad, framed for a crime he didn't commit and is now out for revenge, out for justice, out for lunch.

A Microsoft Outlook programmer intensively working on powering up his level 42 Elf.

It used to baffle my mind how Microsoft didn't give a flying donut about patching up their email client to contain less holes than an average Israeli child. It's not like Outlook and Outlook Express are two tiny programs that nobody uses; these are major applications that are installed in like 126% of the population's computers. While us Windows / Outlook chumps sit here and delete spoofed Klez worms all day like a crazed duck pecking at, uh, a piece of bread that looks like the "delete" key, the Mac and Linux weirdos are undoubtedly sitting comfortably in their very, very, very large load-balancing chairs and proclaiming their OS's superiority to Microsoft Windows. That's all fine and good by me, however I'd like to point out one little fact: **neither Mac or Linux can run MS Paint.** Point, match, and checkmate, inferior operating systems! Although these smug "alternative" OS-disturbed individuals take comfort in the fact that 12 out of every 11 viruses target Windows computers, they don't seem to realize that Microsoft is in the process of fixing all their stupid broken email programs. To prove my point, here is an actual conversation between the two lead programming engineers of Microsoft Outlook from around a month ago:

> **MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #1:** "Hey, what do you want to do today?"
> **MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #2:** "I don't know, what do you want to do today?"
> **MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #1:** "It doesn't matter to me, it's up to you."
> **MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #2:** "I seriously don't care, why don't you decide?"
> *(Four hours later)*
> **MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #1:** "Let's get lunch."

Now I admit this conversation may seem a bit nonproductive, but I assure you that the engineers were simply saving up all their programming strength for their upcoming surge in Internet security coding which is evident in this conversation between them that I heard just yesterday:

> **MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #1:** "Hey, what do you want to do today?"
> **MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #2:** "I don't know, what do you want to do today?"
> **MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #1:** "It doesn't matter to me, it's up to you."

MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #2: "Let's play Everquest."
(Four hours later)
MICROSOFT OUTLOOK ENGINEER #1: "Let's get lunch."

As you can tell, the programming team is sharpening up their coding skills and it's only a matter of minutes or perhaps decades before Windows ships with a secure email program. However, none of this really matters to me at this point, especially since I have about as much faith in Microsoft as I do in unbiased reporting from Slashdot. The thing that really bugs me about this whole bug situation (ha ha, that's a little joke for you folks out there, I hope you enjoyed it) is that **NOBODY WHO CODES EMAIL WORMS OR VIRUSES KNOWS HOW TO SPELL OR WRITE IN COHERENT ENGLISH.** Every major virus in the past five years has been highlighted by its broken English, nonsensical sentence structure, and obvious spelling errors. There's almost no way to tell if you have just received a virus or an email containing a post from Fark.com's news comments section.

One would think that these virus coders would at least attempt to brush up on their English before trying to create a "realistic" worm. I mean sure, 95% of all idiot Windows users will blindly open any email attachment sent to them by any email address in the universe, but these malicious programmers might want to take a little pride in their work and at least attempt to pass off their emails as legit pieces of vague spam mail. The current Klez worms contain just terrible content; check out an example of a recent worm I just received:

Hello I have a great involved in a website game
Please thanks a enjoying your self
it will runs a in a program game Flash
No needs and nose bleeds

Now I don't know about you, but I am about as tempted to open this message as I am to click on any link on Stileproject. I'm sure as time progresses linearly and we're soon in the future, there will still be new and exciting exploits in Microsoft email applications popping up every day like Middle East suicide mall-bombers, so I don't think we can ever hope for a worm-free Windows email system. However, there is still hope for the dyslexic foreign people writing email worms. Thanks to the gracious nonprofit help of our A World For a Better World Tomorrow organization, we have created a charity program called "This Is a Good Program, I Hope You Enjoy It." For every dollar you donate to "This Is a Good Program, I Hope You Enjoy It," we will use some portion of it to help teach these third-world country virus coders English lessons. If we don't raise enough money then we will use the cash to buy them spellchecking and grammar-checking programs. In the odd chance that we don't receive enough money for that, we will pocket the cash and use it to purchase narcotics for our own personal and private use. Find a place in your heart, a place in your harddrive, and a place in your pocketbook. Open your arms and help A World For a Better World Tomorrow help these unfortunate souls learn how to write proper English.

Years from now, when you're routinely receiving email worms that look just like your dead father's writing, you'll thank yourself for being a generous donor to such a selfless organization. Or you'll think you're a jerk. Either way is just fine by us as long as we don't have to get any emails about it.

Maid In Japan

Zack "Whatever Editor" Parsley has gotten off his above-average sized ass and reviewed what is apparently a very cutting edge game from Japan, the same country that brought us such cutting edge games as "Rape That Girl 1" and the award winning "Rape That Girl 2: Sperm Nose." Today's Hentai Game Review tackles "The Maid's Story," a game about young women, sex, sex

Donate One Dollar to "This Is a Good Program, I Hope You Enjoy It."

with young women, and all the other various horrible stereotypes that we Americans on the Internet have developed against Japan.

> *Hentai games have a proud tradition of believable plots, and in the case of The Maid's Story the plot centers on your character being a jobless college student. You are approached by your basement dwelling friend with the rumor of a job opening working as the supervisor of a small maid's school. Naturally you check it out and take the job, running the mansion and bringing up three maids. Part of being a professional maid is apparently having your ass violated and pissing in a cat litter box, because these things also factor into your no-nonsense training regime. You have ninety-days to whip the three maids into shape, raising their statistics in categories like "Cleaning", "Washing" and the nebulous "Service" in preparation for the final one-time "maid exam". Turning you loose on these three girls is something like turning a starved tiger loose on sheep with raw steaks stapled to their face.*

Wow! Thank you very much, Japan! We don't have enough horrible crap on the Internet already, and I think quality products like this will surely help out the current situation! If you're not at work or your boss doesn't mind you reading reviews of a horribly disturbing XXX game about molesting

maids, go right ahead and read the review! We dare you! When you get fired, make sure to blame us!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.28 Freaks a'Plenty!

Friday, May 31, 2002 by Integral

Having recently moved from Wisconsin to Washington state, I can't help but make comparisons of the two locales. I had lived in Wisconsin my entire life and this was the first "big move away from the 'rents" for me seeing as I went to college only two and a half hours away from my native Green Bay, home of **Packer Football.** I capitalize and embolden the words "Packer" and "Football" because in Green Bay, Wisconsin, Football is a religion and a way of life:

This is the tattoo that all babies receive immediately after birth. Parents pick what rival team is represented on the helmet below.

- Domestic abuse rates increase dramatically after a Packer loss, and on game days the streets of the city are deserted because everyone is either at the game, watching the game on television, or dead. They might be listening to the game on the radio, but no one really talks to those creepy radio people anyway.
- When a baby is born in Green Bay hospitals, it is given a Green Bay Packer tattoo to mark its entry into the Cult of Lambeau and it is automatically put on the list of people waiting for season tickets. While growing up it is subjected to hours of programmed learning in which it becomes fully able to accept the Packer Legacy and it is informed of its role as a Green Bay Football fan.
- Heretics who insist on raging against the machine by saying that they are Bears or Vikings fans or by wearing another team's paraphernalia inside the city limits (THE HORROR!) are brutally slaughtered and hung above the streets for all to see. The bodies are thrown into the locker rooms of visiting teams along with rotten fruit and year-old copies of *People Weekly*.
- On the third Saturday of every month, 12 of the city's virgins are sacrificed at an altar dedicated to the head coach to ensure a victorious football season and a bountiful harvest. As a result there is a whole lot of statutory rape going on because only a select and chosen few decide to remain virgins even though it is considered honorable and right to die for the Packer Cause. Most of the underage sex involves Packer players and high schoolers in area hot tubs and there are, in fact, specialized hotels that cater to football players and their young consorts, complete with sound-proofed walls.
- Sexually transmitted diseases such as Ass-Dropsy, Itchy Bump-Nuts, and Wiener Red and Full of Pain Syndrome are on the rise due to the increase in irresponsible sex and there are hundreds of illegitimate children born each year, thus continuing the beautiful cycle of life, Football, and death.

Yes, Green Bay was a great place to grow up but it was simply time to move on. To SEATTLE, that is!

Whilst comparifying Seattle and the Cheeselands I found a lot of similarities, but I was shocked at the stark contrasts between the two places. It sounds cliché to say "HYUK, I AM FROM THE COUNTRY YOUR CITY WAYS CONFUSE AND ASTOUND ME," but that's actually closer to the truth than you might think. Not that we don't have cities in Wisconsin, but the cities tend to be just collections of farms that are closer together than other farms that are not as close together. Sometimes there are a lot of cows standing in one section of a pasture and they all of a sudden

decide to incorporate, thus forming a city. It's very interesting to see. The biggest city is Milwaukee with about a million people or so, and three-quarters of them are exceptionally fat. They are so fat they could easily count for two or even three people just by themselves. There also seem to be more abandoned buildings and warehouses than people in the city of Milwaukee. And even more car repair establishments or garages run by toothless men with mullets. And more poor-quality beer than all of these things put together.

However, the main difference that I have noticed between Washington and Wisconsin is that the horrible mutant freaks in this state are even worse than those I was accustomed to seeing in Wisconsin. And for me to say that is quite something, folks, because there are some freaky people in that state. But honestly, the Wisconsin freaks are bland macaroni and cheese compared to the amazing circus people one finds in the lovely Pacific Northwest. I will illustrate this with a few common freak categories so that you can see what I'm talking about.

FAT MEN: We have all seen fat men. There are fat men everywhere just like there are people who like white chocolate, and they are equally disturbing. But even coming from a state riddled with coronary artery disease and stroke, where it is common and acceptable to have at least five heart attacks by the age of 40, I was not prepared for the fat men of Washington:

Fat Wisconsin Man

VS.

OH MY GOD, WHAT IS IT!?

FREAKISH CHILDREN: Unfortunately, the terror does not end with obese men. There are children in Wisconsin that one would swear to be more monkey than human and whom one would gladly kick just to get them to shut up or go far, far away. But the children in this state are warped and twisted parodies of human life. They are genetic freak-spawn doomed to a life of misery and pain:

STEREOTYPICALLY CRAZY PEOPLE: These people are everywhere, but nowhere are they more insane than here. Whether homeless people with grand conspiracy theories concerning the illuminati or the freemasons taking over the world via mind control devices or scientologists, they run free upon the range here in Washington. In Wisconsin "crazy people" are considered to be limited to the categories of people who care about the environment and people who voted for Gore. Usually these are the same people so it is easy for Wisconsinites to know whom to avoid. But here in Washington, they take crazy to a whole new level.

These are just three categories of creepy people, but it gets a lot worse. The poor people here are somehow even poorer. The smelly people are much smellier. Going someplace on a daily basis almost ensures that you will encounter at least one memorable freak. It might be the woman in the car ahead of me who can't stop swaying violently back and forth or the fat man skipping down the sidewalk with a cat under one arm, but the weird people here are definitely weirder than those I

Wisconsin Child

VS.

OH NO! SAVE US!!!

Wisconsin Crazies...

VS.

HELLOOOO, NURSE!!!

am used to. I think this is a good thing because I am broadening my horizons and am becoming more aware of a broad spectrum of people that I was previously unaware of. Of course, I have to tell myself this or else I'd start making plane ticket reservations to go back to Wisconsin.

Despite the increased freak population, I like Seattle so far. It has been both accomodating and hospitable despite the desire to close my eyes every time I am in a place with a large number of people. The best part is that although myself and eFiance Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka live about 20 minutes away from the city itself, so we are still able to get our daily requirement of at least one creepy mutant. In this way I realize that Seattle's population of freaks is on the move and that they are spreading out and multiplying. Soon, like a cancer, they will spread to other parts of the country and eventually to your neck of the woods where they will set up residence and make you laugh and cry in horrow and amusement every day you see one of their hideous number. But when you see them at your house, thank Seattle, because that's where they come from.

Go Pack.

-~Integral

5.29 Helpin' Out With Terrorist Threats

Friday, May 31, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This Just In: Someone May Want to Hurt You!

God bless the Federal Bureau of Investigation; they work tirelessly to protect us from the mysteries of the deep and they are rewarded with accusations of silent foreknowledge of the September 11th attacks. The FBI are the heroes of the 21st century, putting their lives on the line day in and day out in their work walking to and from the fax machine to send out the latest list of threats against our national security to various media outlets. They are down there in the trenches interrogating Taliban and Al-Qaeda prisoners until they reveal yet another unlikely scheme that the FBI can sound the warning sirens for.

Preparedness I understand, but constantly trying to alarm every segment of the American public is ridiculous. I doubt the FBI is even getting these stupid plots from the prisoners they're interrogating anymore; I think they just have meetings almost identical to writer's meetings for a nightly comedy show. They sit around a big FBI table and throw out ideas for the next morning's exciting press release and make sure to include as many different professions and lifestyles as possible.

Recent Terrorist Threats
Attacks on Landmarks (14 Threats)
Weapons of Mass Destruction (5 Threats)
Ingrown Toenails (7 Threats)
Suicide Bombers (11 Threats)
Rabid Dog Attacks Against the Blind (2 Threats)
Biological Warfare (6 Threats)
White Shoes After Labor Day (21 Threats)
Obesity (10 Threats)
Aircraft Hijacking (15 Threats)
Scurvy and/or Rickets (3 Threats)
Zeppelin Attack (1 Threat)
Projector Failure at "Spiderman" (8 Threats)

A number of terrorist threats have been predicted by the FBI since the attacks of 9/11.

FBI Chief: Okay people, we need to come up with a new terrorist threat warning in the next few hours and I am not staying late tonight, my kid has soccer practice tomorrow.

FBI Agent: Ooh, that's a good idea Chief, we could say that there's a credible threat to soccer practices and that terrorists are going to put chemical weapons in soccer balls.

FBI Agent 2: Yeah! Or we could have the terrorists putting stolen Russian plutonium in the coach whistles across America and when the coach blows the whistles he explodes like in Scanners.

FBI Chief: No, we did a Scanner-related terrorist threat last week, and plus I don't want you scaring my wife. Anything else?

FBI Agent 2: Tom Clancy is big, we could do something about blowing up a stadium in Boston.

FBI Chief: No, dammit! We already ripped him off enough, we don't want people catching onto where we're getting the ideas for these, plus we just released that "anonymous statement" about his movie timing being bad. You know, along with our warning about the robotic bole weevils.

FBI Agent: Okay, okay, okay, I got it! Al-Qaeda operatives disguised as lumberjacks are smuggling crack-cocaine inside of hollowed out babies across the US-Mexico border to help fund their terrorism.

FBI Agent 2: Robotic babies?

FBI Agent: Sure, that can work, we can spin that. Stolen Czechoslovakian baby robots.

FBI Chief: Daddy likes it!

Eventually the FBI is going to start running out of these kind of ideas, so in an effort to do my patriotic duty and help, I have interrogated a group of imaginary terrorists and convinced them to give me their imaginary plans for imaginary attacks against the United States. With the FBI taking hundreds of agents off of criminal investigations and reassigning them to making up terrorist attacks, I know they can use the help.

A recent photo of John Ashcroft approaching the podium to brief the press on the daily laundry list of "unconfirmed terrorist threats".

- **Terrorists Disguised as Police Officers**

Threat: There is a credible threat that terrorists disguised as local police will be attempting to infiltrate the streets of major metropolitan centers throughout the United States. Disguised as officers of the law they may issue orders to the citizenry and use their authority as policemen to get what they need.
Danger Rating: Very high ranging to "green" on the danger-o-meter.
Suggested Reaction: If you feel suspicious of a police officer's behavior then demand to see his badge regardless of the orders he has issued to you. Key warning signs of a fake officer include commands to: "stay where you are", "put the gun down", "put the hamburger down", "pull the car over", "watch out for that falling girder", and "don't move our you'll only further agitate the killer bees".

- **Hamburgers Made Out of Acid**

Threat: In their secret chemical warfare labs evil terrorist scientists have developed a form of acid that looks exactly like a normal McDonald's hamburger. Armed with these a number of terrorists may attempt to find jobs working at hamburger outlets, replacing nutritious and delicious regular hamburgers with their deadly acid hamburgers.
Danger Rating: Level 9 ranging to "off-white" on the danger-o-meter.
Suggested Reaction: Put the hamburger down* if it begins to melt through the bones in your hands. If it is melting through the skin on your hands but not the bone check to see if you are a White Castle, if you are this is normal. DO NOT STOP EATING HAMBURGERS EVERY DAY. Burger consumption must be maintained at all costs or the terrorists win.
Unless a terrorist disguised as a police officer tells you to put the hamburger down.

Now available for download: the new Al Aqsa file sharing program.

- **Peer to Peer File Sharing**
Threat: Vile terrorist scum will set up software that will allow one computer's files to be shared with another, thereby facilitating the piracy of valuable American commodities like that No Doubt song about "hella" or the video clip of the cat on the bed getting scared and jumping into a wall.
Danger Rating: Off the charts ranging to "sultry crimson" on the danger-o-meter.
Suggested Reaction: Buy only CDs encoded with Sony's completely unbreakable copy protection (unless you draw on the last track with a marker) so that you will not fall under the sway of evil terrorist file-sharing mesmerists. This terrorist activity warning has been brought to you by the RIAA, looking out for you by looking out for the future of our own money.

- **Terrorist Fashion Designers**
Threat: Terrorists are planning an attack on this year's summer fashions. Leading homosexual analysts predict deep cuts to the bust line, lots of hip hugging pants, and a definite emphasis on the posterior. Hats may be out, but turbans are in. Hygiene has taken a back seat to style with this year's hottest lineup from various cave-dwelling shell-shocked hipsters. That waif look has been accentuated with malnutrition gut-bloat and sleepless bloodshot eyes rimmed with the fear of knowing that a laser guided bomb may send you to Allah. Bandoliers of explosives and AK-47s are expected to blast onto racks at the hottest boutiques in New York and Paris.
Danger Rating: Apocalyptic ranging to "chartreuse" on the danger-o-meter.
Suggested Reaction: Those terrorists will tell you their styles are a "fashion do" but John Ashcroft is here to tell you they're a "fashion don't". This year show your patriotism by covering your body with American flag bumper stickers while singing "The Star Spangled Banner" at all times. Tell mom and dad that you're on the cutting edge of fashion by donning that three-piece blazer with a red power-tie, chill out next to the pool and recite the pledge of allegiance to an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11" glossy photo of George W. Bush getting the call about the September 11th attacks.

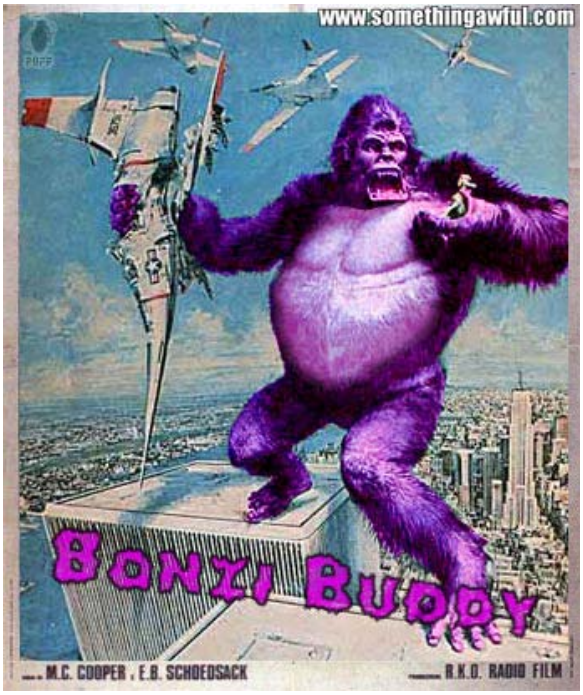
It is my sincere hope that the FBI will be able to use these in their future warnings about impending attacks. They may not seem particularly plausible now, but just wait until you see some of the threat warnings the FBI trots out in the coming months. Once they start mentioning either martial arts or the undead, I think that it's come time to turn to my little list here. I would give the undead three months, maybe two if you're including CHUDS.

Lucky Stars! It's Photoshop Phriday!

Get ready for thrilling chills and gripping cinema action, because Photoshop Phriday is here and ready to rock the T-cells out of you. This week's Photoshop Phriday focuses on ruining classic film posters, so you can already expect some insanity. No? Well then take a peak, bucko:

It's all waiting for you, hero!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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Chapter 6

June

6.1 Child Stars of Yesteryear

Sunday, Jun 02, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Where Are They Now?

I love those specials on E! or the History channel or whichever network shows them that explain what happened to the child actors who were on hit TV shows or in hit movies but then disappeared off the face of the earth. Unfortunately, those shows only cover a select few child actors. It's always Gary Coleman, that gnome from Webster, and Mikey from the life commercials; who give a fuck? We all know Gary Coleman beats up women and worked as a security guard, Mikey robbed a liquor store and was shot to death, and Webster died when a fat woman sat on him. What about all the child actors from lesser-known but still popular movies and TV?

Scenic Gary, Indiana: my investigation's base of operations.

I am here to answer these questions for all of you loyal readers. I put together a crack investigative team and took out a line of credit for expenses on my Something Awful business credit card. Rich may say something about that expense list, but he is just a busy body. Those strippers, massage artists, party magicians, and caterers were all vital to the investigation. It turns out that almost all has-been child actors go to live in the city of Gary, Indiana. What they do there varies widely, but that stink pit must be some sort of magnet that instead of attracting iron attracts shitty child actors. It also happens to have a lot of strip clubs, massage parlors, party magicians, and catering services, but that was just an aid to my investigation. Purely coincidental!

Erin Murphy (Tabitha Stephens on "Bewitched")

Celebrity: Erin was on the classic TV sitcom "Bewitched" that centered on a witch with magical powers who caused all kinds of mischief for an Astronaut or something. It had the guy from Dallas in it too. Erin played "Tabitha", their daughter who inherited her mother's magical powers. The show was on in the late 1930's. After Bewitched was cancelled for themes that endorsed communism, Erin was blacklisted and never again appeared on stage or screen.

What she's doing now: Erin is a homemaker, a beautiful and intelligent mother of three children. With the help of her Norwegian husband Sven Bjornsen she is trying her best to raise her family as good National Socialists and Aryan heir apparent to the throne currently occupied by Jewish untermensch. When not working on her web site about the Zionist World Order, she can be found signing autographs at various hate-related fundraisers and bake sales and is fond of participating in mass beatings of minorities. She belongs to the PTA and the Aryan Brotherhood of Gary, Indiana where she is ranked as a "Terror Frau" and "Storm Sister".

Erin Murphy in 2001 at an Aryan Brotherhood rally.

Biggest Achievement: In 1999 Erin was awarded the Iron Cross 1st Class for a hit and run accident in which she killed a woman whose mother may or may not have been of Jewish ancestry. She was also given the spider-web and crosshairs tattoo symbolizing her 1st ethnic minority kill. She wears both with the same pride she has in her award-winning apple pie or her ability to tie a noose.

■ **Jeremy Miller** (Benjamin Seaver on "Growing Pains")

Celebrity: "Growing Pains" was one of the hottest shows of the 1980's with heart throb hunks like Alan Thicke giving American women all manner of palpitations. Jeremy was quickly lost in the shuffle and very few episodes even featured subplots about his character Benjamin Seaver. After three years of lobbying Miller finally got a main plot about Benjamin worked into the script, but his "molested by gay coach" plotline failed to win the hearts of the ladies and made him a pariah on the set. His increasingly confused sexuality led to bouts of heavy drinking and "huffing" before the show was finally cancelled. The cast of "Growing Pains" largely blamed Miller for the show's ultimate failure and he was never invited to their hip parties. Three weeks after the show was cancelled, Thicke's agent put out a press release stating "Alan Thicke will never work again with that cocksucking faggot Jeremy Miller" and when Thicke talks, Hollywood listens.

What he's doing now: Shortly after "Growing Pains" closed up shop, Miller's parents took him to see a psychologist. He was diagnosed with "fringe sexuality syndrome" or FSD for short. A rare physiological disorder, FSD is detectable as an abnormality in brain tissue that drives the sufferer to always identify his sexuality with what is considered just outside the norm for society. Homosexuality was ceasing to be considered a perversion by the 80s and it was during the show's run that Miller turned away from it and into his next perversion; "yiffing". Miller conscripted the prop department to make him a special rabbit suit that allowed him to be anally penetrated while it was being worn. Just recently, with the growing popularity (and reduced shock value) of Furry culture, Miller has turned away from his beloved fursuits and has taken up fetishistic cannibalism. He is currently on the run from law enforcement agents in Gary, Indiana for several counts of murder and abuse of a corpse.

Jeremy Miller caught by a brave photographer consuming one of his victims in Fall of 2001.

Biggest Achievement: In 2001 Jeremy Miller murdered and ate a family of four in a single sitting.

■ **Jodie Sweetin** (Stephanie Tanner on "Full House")

Celebrity: Jodie began her career, as many child actors do, in the commercial business. At the tender age of five she began doing advertisements for Super Polygrip Junior, a brand of denture adhesive marketed to physically abused or particularly clumsy children. Her ads we so successful that they caught the attention of TV producer and comedian Bob Saget, who was casting for his show "Full House" which he described as a "hellish freakshow of a family living together in a house". Jodie was perfect for the role of middle daughter Stephanie Tanner.

Her work on the show was very well received and the cast got along very well together, despite repeated accidents on that set that knocked out her remaining nine teeth. When the show was finally retired, Jodie found herself down on her luck.

What she's doing now: Two years passed from the time Full House ended its run and Jodie's next appearance in a video production, this time "Girl's Night Out" an amateur lesbian softcore porno produce for Cinemax. Her simulated moves caught the eye of Hustler porn-baron Larry Flynt, who cripple-rolled his way into her heart with repeated gifts. Finally, she agreed to date him and

Jodie "Honey" Sweetin and Hustler kingpin Larry Flynt in love in 2000.

agreed to his five picture box-cover deal to star in her own series of pornographic movies. She now resides in Gary, Indiana, where she runs a small production studio co-owned by Flynt called "Honey Sweetin's First Ass Productions". The two are frequently seen together and she tends to do his talking for him, you know, since he talks like he's got a whole grapefruit shoved in his throat.

Biggest Achievement: Definitely her 2002 straight-to-video instant classic "Honey Sweetin's 1000 Mile Fuxtravaganza". Although critics have said she failed to actually have intercourse with 1000 men, Sweetin defiantly insists that she is the ultimate gangbang queen and that Houston and Annabelle Chong are "fucking lying cunts" who "wouldn't know a 1000-man gangbang if it rolled through their bucket-like assholes". She is also supposedly in talks with Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen to produce their first adult video on their eighteenth birthday.

■ **Todd Bridges** (Willis Jackson on "Diff'rent Strokes")

Celebrity: Bridges starred on the smash hit sitcom "Diff'rent Strokes" which ran from 1978-1997 or maybe 1987, I'm not sure, my facts on that are a little vague. What I do know is that Bridges was trouble on the set from day one, repeatedly sassing directors, crew members, and even fellow cast members. Stunted ebony cherub Gary Coleman referred to Bridges in his 1991 tell-all book "This is What I'm Talkin' Bout Willis" as "the meanest thing since calculated averages." When the show's run ended, Bridges had a reputation to deal with in Hollywood, so he sought work Off-Broadway. From "Fiddler on the Roof" to "Grease" Bridges became a fan favorite. He gradually worked his way into the coveted role of the Phantom in a Broadway production of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Phantom of the Opera".

What he's doing now: Todd Bridges had a bad attitude that proved to be his ultimate undoing. During his second season on Broadway as the phantom he was signing autographs following a performance. He made a comment to a gentleman in an elaborate robe and pointed hat that angered the man greatly; and the man turned out to be a powerful wizard. The wizard immediately cast a spell on Bridges that transformed him into a large caterpillar. Trapped in this body and unable to communicate his thoughts without horrifying the human race, Bridges escaped into the woods of Gary, Indiana. He makes his home there in the trees, chewing quietly on leaves and waiting for the heartless apathetic deity some men know as God to finally reclaim his bloated and speckled body.

The last known photograph of Todd Bridges, circa 2001.

Biggest Achievement: While Bridges is forever sentenced to his soft, lumpy, many-legged form, he still has aspirations (as do we all) to one day spread his wings and fly. In 2000 Bridges managed to construct a hanging chrysalis from his own saliva and excreted waste. After spending three weeks cocooned beneath a poplar branch, Bridges grew frustrated. Mad with hunger as well, he chewed his way out, but the chrysalis remains where it is, a grotesque monument to his sad condition.

I wasn't able to research a full profile on everyone I attempted to cover. That Will Robinson kid from Lost in Space disappeared into some sort of nerd vortex and was never heard from again. The entire cast of "Just the Ten of Us" was taken hostage by Basque Separatists while filming a reunion episode in Spain, they were never heard from again. Danny Pintauro, the little kid from "Who's the Boss?", was edited from every episode of the series and replaced with a green-screen version of an adult Alyssa Milano in lycra cat suits. As to what happened to him after the show stopped taping, I can only theorize that he met a fate shockingly similar to Todd Bridges.

Then there's Wil Wheaton, reviled space nerd from Star Track. Why won't he just die, or melt, or

turn into a ghost version of himself that gets eaten by a Pac Man version of Mr. T? I can't answer that question and neither could hundreds of hours of painstaking research in Gary, Indiana.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.2 Wackistan and Indiatomic bomb!

Sunday, Jun 02, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Bundle Up, June is the Start of Nuclear Winter!

Remember this? THIS IS BAD.

When I woke up this morning, it seemed like any other day. Normal early morning depression, normal unidentifiable taste in my mouth from the previous night, normal unidentifiable person lying next to me (of unidentifiable gender). Outside, the sun was shining and everything just seemed like it always does. It was just an average day...average, that is, until I saw my newspaper. Suddenly, my whole world went turned topsy-turvy, as it seems to do every now and then when something shocking happens. It turned out that there was conflict in, of all places, the Middle East! This came much to my chagrin, as I'd previously thought very highly of the Middle East, and showed my support by trading limited edition Middle East collector cards and wearing basketball Jersies with the word "Jordan" emblazoned on the back. World renowned for its sanity and well thought out ideas, this region was a virtual Mecca for me. Alas, to my dismay, this idealistic image was shattered by the story on the page in black and white. It was as if I saw the Fonz at a Star Trek convention, or Archie Bunker having gay sex with a black man. If nothing else, this thought showed me that I've been watching far too much TV Land, and far too little news programming.

As you probably know, Pakistan and India are on the brink of nuclear war. What you probably don't realize however, is that Pakistan and India are on the brink of NUCLEAR FUCKING WAR! Besides media outlets, it seems to me that nobody is all that worried. Granted, the combined nuclear arsenal of Pakistan and India are about equal in magnitude to a large fireworks display, but it still is a cause for concern. It may be unlikely, but there's still a chance that every single person on Earth will be exploded into base pairs of DNA and molecules smaller than the size of a penny! Especially susceptible are the people you love and admire most, such as your Mother or STD laden former athlete Joe Namoth. And yet, as a whole, people are so desensitized to the whole idea of explosions and molecules that they barely even stop to think about how this could effect the world. Why, right now as I type this sentence, I could have easily been eradicated by a thermo-nuclear device. As you're reading this next sentence, who's to say that I haven't been? Also, in case I have been vaporized by the time you read this: BOO! That's a little ghost humor! Don't worry if you didn't laugh, it'll seem funnier when you're dead. Which may be soon if India and Pakistan go at it!

What could drive these two nations to such extreme measures? Surprisingly little! Ever since the two countries were liberated after World War II, they've been disputing a tiny hunk of land known as the city of Kashmir. While I'm not exactly clear on the specific details, I believe that Kashmir is valued by both sides because hey, why not? Clever deception like that may hide my personal ignorance of the situation pretty well, but the one thing it doesn't hide is the fact that my ignorance is unfortunately typical of people regarding this situation. Not a whole lot of folks really know what these countries are fighting over, or what could really happen if they do in fact go to war. Nobody seems very phased at all, with most being very passe about the potential instantaneous melting of several million people. Even as our own Government evacuates all of our citizens from these countries, people are still content to sit back and not spend their life savings on lifesaving bomb shelters and gas masks and atom repellant. Let's take a look at a time line of what just might happen if a bomb were to drop...

00:00 - Bomb drops
00:01 - A metric assload of people explode
00:02 - Not a whole lot
00:10 - Not a whole lot
01:00 - Not a whole lot
20:00 - Not a whole lot

Fifty Years Later...

00:00 - Adorable Kitten born with three kitten faces on one head.
00:01 - Kitten destroys us all.

India, launching an attack on Pakistan's secret moon base.

Back in the good old days, we were always prepared for a nuclear war. We had our mortal enemy, the Soviets, breathing atomic fumes down our neck at regular intervals. Led by the charismatic Red Skull, the Soviet Union would delight in making us Americans think that all hell was going to break loose at any moment. It wasn't much of a surprise to be threatened with nuclear annihilation, but we were always ready. Students were taught the proper way to hide under their desks during bomb droppings to ensure maximum safety from the explosions which had roughly 100 megatons of power. Nowadays, average students may foolishly think that their desk provides no shelter at all! Everyone knew just where the nearest fallout shelter was, and exactly how to get to it in case of an emergency, such as the need to create a hilarious situation like in the Brendan Frasier film "Blast From the Past." Unfortunately, "Blast From the Past" is at the very bottom of our list of worries now, while "Blast from the city of Kashmir" suddenly finds itself ranking among the top three.

This situation has the potential to be the worst Nuclear disaster since that crappy villain in Superman IV. We have to start wising up and taking action, like those really awesome Kryptonian villains in Superman II. Our government needs to step up its campaign to get these two nations friendly again. Set up a romantic candle lit dinner, maybe a few roses, some wine...before these two "Enemies" know it, they'll be in bed rolling around as lewdly as can be. That, or we can just go in and blow up both countries ourselves, because two wrongs always make a right. Still, with our current Government, I'm not sure if we're going to actually have any influence on the goings-on. George W may be good for pure wacky fun, but he lacks the basic motor functions and coordination required to push the buttons on the white house control panel marked "Blow up stuff " and "Make peace." We need someone who can take action. If America had a leader like George Washington or Adolph Hitler, you can bet this situation would've been rectified long ago.

Word on the street has it that, due to increasing pressure from world governments, both India and Pakistan may pussy out and go back to their sissy bitch name calling. Pakistan has offered to hold talks to end the current standoff, and to possibly arrange a later date at which to start a new one. India, however, is being a little standoffish, and for now there are no peace talks. It hurts my brain to think about the possibility of a real Nuclear War, but at least I'm getting myself prepared. A reassuring thought may be held in the fact that if they hold off on this war for just a little over a month, we may get to see the biggest, sweetest Fouth of July display ever conceived! Won't that just be swell?

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

6.3 OH NO!

Tuesday, Jun 04, 2002 by Integral

Lowtax's shit is fucked.

-~Integral

6.4 Holy Guano! Nothin' But Bats!

Wednesday, Jun 05, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Pet me and you're going on a pain safari!

It doesn't take a detective or someone who owns a magnifying glass to see that the world is a truly scary place. For starters, we've got foreign fanatics who look at blowing themselves up into tiny cereal-sized chunks as both a valid way of winning a debate and the super fast and super fun express escalator to heaven. Then, we've got the smarter terrorists who do crazy things like send poison hate mail to various news anchors in hopes they'll read it and feel really bad about their work. Oh, and then die of anthrax poisoning. Sadly, evil also takes on many forms and can't always easily be blamed on people who aren't from America. I don't mean domestic terrorism, either. I'm talking about things like furries. Right now somewhere out there is an 18-year-old kid sliding into his homemade raccoon suit so he can go out and dry hump his neighbor who is probably dressed as a horse or something. That's pretty scary. Then, let's not forget that there are those crazy millionaires all over the country kidnapping girls and tying them to train tracks for who knows what dastardly purposes. But above all the scary things I just mentioned rests a level of terror unattainable by man. I'm talking about nature's answer to terror. Not just regular terror, but the kind of terror that circumvents your bowel controls and lets loose an all-encompassing blast of panic in your shorts.

If I were to romanticize bats in the way some kids romanticize their favorite cartoon characters, bats are to terror what hot naked women are to sensuality. Yes, they're the final answer, Regis! In fact, I often wonder what it would be like if I were to stumble into a bat cave late at night. It's most certain that my clothing would be torn and tattered and the inviting aroma of my nubile man-blood would attract a fine bat to terrorize me. Only, instead of terrorizing me it would nestle up close to me like I was some kind of fleshy bat nest. As we'd make sweet man-on-bat love, my eyes would water from all the sensations. Of course my bat companion would be dealing with a throbbing deluge of love pings on her sexy bat sonar! But I'm not going to romanticize bats that way. You're still welcome to enjoy the visual treat I just provided you with. Oh yes, you're quite welcome!

The real nitty-gritty is that bats are goddamn creepy. I don't think you can make a better case for supreme creepiness. Really, no other animal on this planet can fairly compete with the brooding savagery of the bats. Bats are the indisputable height of natural living, breathing terror. Lets take a look at why:

- **Bats Sleep Upside Down**
  Short of sleeping in the middle of a cauldron of fire, I can't think of a more extreme way to sleep. Does Tony Hawk sleep this way? No! That sorry sack of potato skins probably has a racecar bed he sleeps on. No doubt he sleeps horizontally on it as well. Bats sleep upside down hanging from slimy rocks.

- **Bats Live in the Dark**
  Bats are so serious about being creepy that they live perpetually inside dark caves where they congregate and look evil as the dickens. That's right, the dickens. You don't have to be a penis seismologist to know how much weight that carries with it!

- **Bats Bite**

Those little bastards have fangs like freaking nails and they're more than happy to dig them into your skin like it was drywall and then hang a scar on your flesh.

Also, for you baseball fans out there, aluminum bats bite as well! Just a good zinger for you baseball fans out there! No charge for that little bonus gem!

Bats Carry Diseases
Bats are ripe, juicy disease-ridden fruits just waiting a chance to get close to you. Forget trying to bite the head off a bat. If that's your approach to life, you might as well just take a bite out of Magic Johnson. Let's see how far that gets you, Batbiter McGee.

Holy Hell! They're Flying Rats!
Rats are creepy as is, but when you take away the vision and add sonar, wings, and a goth lifestyle, you've got pure undeniable horror. You stand in the way of a swarm of bats and you can expect to get horsewhipped to tarnation, boy! Them sons of bitches will box your ears.

The good thing about bats is that they're mostly isolated away in places humans fear to live. This works out to our benefit, because obviously living with bats would prove to be unpleasant and stressful. In fact, if you're planning on moving somewhere you should always verify that it is one of our nation's many Bat Free Zones. Know the facts, and make sure you aren't moving to an area bats are likely to live in. Those fiendish creatures are known to make residence of the following habitats:

This cute little guy is a rat with wings, fangs, and freaking sonar!

Caves
In the elitist world of bat society, the cave is a castle. All bats that are familiar with Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs will recognize finding quality shelter as one of the essential components on the road to becoming self-actualized. The cave is the most ideal of all shelters; thusly it is the most popular.

Bell Towers
If a cave is unavailable, bats tend to predictably end up in bell towers. There they rest in peaceful slumber until the bells sound. When that happens, it's the kind of hellish flight Meatloaf would sing a song about if only people knew he still existed.

Defiled Churches and Labyrinths
Archaic structures that have been perverted by evil provide an excellent den for bats to live in. The dark, suspenseful atmosphere creates the perfect kind of tension needed for a bat's home life. Stay away from these places, as they're a skinned elbow or stubbed toe just waiting to happen.

Dark Forests of the Damned
Some adventurous bats will take up residence outdoors, particularly in those forests that have been besmirched by the forces of darkness. Avoid these forests at all costs. If you absolutely have to cross through them, send your children through first to sort of, you know, test the waters.

Although you might think irony would be on your side, none of the aforementioned places are ideal for living or even vacationing. Not even for short afternoon picnics. It's best just to avoid the various bat lairs altogether.

If you still don't believe bats are creepy, all you need to know is that Adam West used to dress up as a bat and that while dressed as a bat he teamed up with a scantly clad boy to fight various flamboyant villains. Clearly, only sexual deviants can identify with bats.

Now stay the hell away from bats, damnit!

Helen's Got Some More Advice

That lovable Helen Gunther is back with more helpful advice for the confused and/or misguided. Helen's delicious brand of homespun wisdom is sure to set you straight on the path to clean, honest living! Okay maybe not that, but at least something distinctly similar. Here's a cunning glimpse of the kind of questions Helen will be tackling:

> *I've read your column for some time now, and you're advice has helped me in many a case. Now I need your advice in a matter that has been bothering me lately. I often find myself invited to my neighbour for dinner and a smashing game of Solitaire. But every darn time I have some of their famous "5 Alarm Chili" my stomach gets upset and gives me plenty of trouble when I go to visit the toilet before the game of Solitaire. I like my neighbours and I don't want to upset their feeling by saying no to the free meal. What can I do?*
>
> Love, Stomach Trouble in Seattle

For the mysterious conclusion, take a peak at Helen's latest column!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.5 Well, Well, Well!

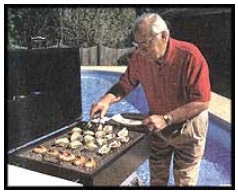
Wednesday, Jun 05, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Some picture of some current event in the news. Notice there is no well in the photo. This is not good.

If you're like me, and I know I am, you have undoubtedly noticed a sharp decrease in stories that fall into the "exciting news" category of televised network news shows. In the odd chance that you haven't pawned off your television to help pay for student loans, try turning it on to the local news. What you will find may shock and possibly horrify you, or else it might just cause you to make a sound like "ehhhhhh" and proceed to dismiss the entire television with a quick sweeping gesture of the hand. For you people who lack televisions, do not know how to operate one, or have mistaken a card table for a television, let me take a moment to sum up the daily news items which rotate around every newscast:

- Suicide bomber in Middle East blows up Dunkin' Donuts; 15 killed.
- President Bush travels to a country that is not currently America. He meets with a person wearing either a robe or a suit and they shake hands.
- The stock market has gone down but analysts claim it will rise again, possibly sometime before the sun explodes.
- More agencies are using that stupid Segway Scooter so they can look as absolutely goofy as possibly.
- A criminal has escaped from a local jail.
- A criminal, who had previously escaped from a local jail, has been caught.
- Another criminal has escaped from a local jail.
- Somebody knew something about 9/11 before the date of 9/11, revealing huge communication failures in the government. This is presented in a shocking and surprising way, as all other governmental services such as the Post Office and IRS work so efficiently and are near flawless.
- India and Pakistan hate each other and there could be between nine and 11 million billion zillion deaths if they decide to start throwing missiles at each other. This estimated death toll figure, which was based on a particularly exciting game of Risk, is mentioned at least 50 times so everybody is really aware of how many people could die if a bomb the size of a camper trailer is dropped on some mud huts and crude stone fortresses in the middle of God knows where.

These quality reports are classified as "phase 1" of news broadcasts and are immediately followed by the "phase 2" news items. "Phase 2" is like the single-A minor league farm team of any baseball team. They are the boring, pointless, uninteresting gobs of wasted film dedicated to showcasing whatever idiotic local events took place that day. "Phase 2"-type stories include such winners as:



This photo has nothing to do with today's update but man, look at that old guy go! Ahahahahahaa!

- Woman finds snake in toilet. Animal control people are called in and they catch the snake. Interview with woman reveals she was "very frightened" and "did not expect a snake to come out of the toilet." Expect to see this story reported within nanoseconds on Fark.com.

- Gas prices are rising because it's either summer or it's not summer.
- Voting for a local bill will commence tomorrow. Such bills include rerouting water pipes, using barren land to construct a memorial to barren land which also doubles as a dog park, and various things regarding some mythological group of people dubbed as "the County Board." The County Board is simply a group of all the white people who have memberships in the area's most expensive country club.
- Traffic is backed up on every road everywhere. Drivers, for some inexplicable reason, do not seem to be pleased.
- The old guy who spent all day feeding the birds and sitting in front of the Arby's recently died. It turns out he had an exciting and colorful past. For example, he once rode in a boat during World War II.
- Some large business is moving into town. People interviewed admit they have mixed reactions while in the background some idiot with a scarf jumps up, waving and smiling, at the camera.
- A crappy national landmark burned down, like an 183-year old house of some guy who wrote a poem shortly before being stabbed in the face by his crazed wife.

Then it's the weather report, a summary of how low the stock market dropped, an investigative reporting piece about how there are secret things in your home or body that could potentially kill you and your kids while you sleep and a guy who once auditioned for the part of a leading doctor on a soap opera confirmed all this and we should just give up now and kill ourselves right after we purchase whatever goods and / or services are currently being advertised. Then the news is over. That's it, the end, now get ready for reruns of the feelgood, laugh-inducing, child-molesting antics of "Fraiser" reruns.

Now I know what all you people out there are wondering: "But Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, something seems to be missing! That summary of my local news report sounds quite accurate but there's just something... something that seems to be missing! What is it?" You're also wondering if you are getting fatter, which you are. However, your weight issues have nothing to do with the fact that each and every news report these days lack an important key story that is necessary to make any television news program complete: **kids falling into wells.**

Now THIS is news! Note that I, for some inexplicable reason, made a yellow X through the picture. I'm still not sure exactly why I did that.

You may remember that one kid who fell down the well in the mid 1980's, a time of cold war tension, nuclear weapons, New Coke, and breakdancing. The kid, who wasn't very well off (ha ha, that's a clever little pun! Thanks for playing along!) captured the hearts, minds, and colons of the American public. News crews had cameramen stationed 24-7 outside of the well while Police and FBI agents from across the globe tried to fish the kid from his stony deathtrap. Viewers called in sick to work just so they could sit down and witness the ongoing developments of *Operation: Pull Kid Out of Well*. Ratings skyrocketed while the entire American population banded together in order to hope and pray that little whatever-his-name-was would somehow get yanked out. I don't really remember what happened after that; I think the kid either died of boredom or the city officials gave up and filled the well with concrete so no more idiot children could fall into it. I suppose it doesn't really matter because even if that kid was hauled out of the well he'd just end up starring in porn or doing meth. That's what falling into a well at an early age will do to you.

So where is our decade's Well-Child? I can't even really remember anybody falling into a well in

the 1990's, which leads me to believe that perhaps some renegade cop made it his life's mission to hunt down and eliminate all wells in revenge for killing his idiot son. Or maybe industrial-strength fans were installed near the bottom of each well so when some single-braincelled moron kid falls into one, the fan will blow him back up and into the waiting arms of his homeless drifter parents who wear four pairs of pants at once even though it's summer and they'd be much more comfortable wearing just two pairs of pants and keeping the others in that sack-tied-to-a-stick thing they always carry around. Regardless, the number of children falling into wells has decreased dramatically, as illustrated here in this timeline I thought of while taking a shower this morning:

- **1,000,000,000 BC - 1500 AD:** Wells hadn't been invented yet, so children could not fall into them. They tried falling into ditches and holes and the ocean but none of these really caught the news media's attention, mainly because the news media didn't exist back then.
- **1501 AD:** Samuel H. Well, an English poet, patented the first well which he had previously named "Ye Olde Hole In Thy Grounde" but had to change the name because that phrase had already been copyrighted by a local cemetery. During its inauguration, 19 children immediately plummeted into it and tainted the water for days to come.
- **1502 AD - 1700 AD:** Lots of kids and stupid people continued to fall into wells but nobody really cared because the well victims would be bitten by at least a million deadly plague rats during their decent, and by the time they reached the bottom they would have died of at least 10 different diseases.
- **1701 AD - 1900 AD:** The Boston Tea Party.
- **1901 AD - 1950 AD:** Poverty struck throughout the world and major corporations were forced to shut down all wells. The new trend moved from well-falling to the more economically viable "standing around primitive industrial plants and getting covered with soot while looking miserable." Sometimes kids would climb the gigantic coal-burning chimneys of electrical plants and then fall in, but that required a lot of effort and was hindered by the fact that those dorky little old person caps that all the kids wore back then would usually fall off during their ascent.
- **1951 AD - 1980 AD:** Wells were once again reopened and children found themselves attracted to them like flies to a fly whorehouse. Luckily for the nation, Lassie was always around to grab the little morons before they could plummet to their boring deaths. I think the Lone Ranger helped too, he could've used that lasso rope of his to catch the kids or something.
- **1981 AD - 1990 AD:** I guess Lassie died because a lot of kids fell into wells and suddenly the government and news media began taking intense interest in them. Also I think Fidel Castro was involved in some way.
- **1991 AD - ???:** Who knows!

As you can plainly see, the timeline above shows a disturbing trend which I can't quite figure out yet because I'm not paying attention to the timeline above. It doesn't really matter though because the central point I'm trying to establish here is that we need more kids to fall down more wells. Sure this whole 9/11 thing did a great job in bringing Americans together and creating a more patriotic nation which now buys more patriotic bumper stickers to put on their Toyota pickup trucks, but I think it's way past time that we return to our roots and band together to applaud the efforts of a good televised well rescue.

Let's join hands, America, and make sure the youth of today find the wells of tomorrow! Do your part to make this exciting event happen! Place signs that read "FREE GOLD AND MAYBE ALSO TOYS!" with an arrow pointing to a well and then kidnap a grade school and force them to look at the sign (some of them might "fall" for it, literally, ha ha!). Travel across the country spreading the message that only the "cool kids" jump into wells. Start a public access television show which

revolves around giggling puppets who have magical adventures in the Kingdom of Joy and Wonder, which is coincidentally at the bottom of a well. Construct an entire skate park centered around a well placed exactly in the middle. Trick your pregnant wife into bending over a well and aiming her baby-hole down so when she's about to give birth so the kid shoots out directly into the well. It doesn't matter how you do it, let's just get more kids to where they belong; in the bottom of a well.

You're Big in Japan!

Zack "Goose Emulator" Parsons has put his brain through the wringer once again and reviewed another perverse Hentai game for you ungrateful louts. This time it's a delightful little gender-bending romp entitled "X-Change", so head on over and give it a look.

Natsumi
''Well, sex is one thing, but this is another thing altogether. This is 'skinship,' which is good for a person's family life.''

> *Immediately after getting a lesbian sex exam from the nurse that started with me being forced to strip naked I went to talk to my chemistry lab partner. She told me she needed to examine me and that I had to strip naked. Much to my complete lack of anything resembling surprise I was presented with the option (which I chose) to engage in lesbian sex with her. Seriously, how hard is it to come up with a different scenario for lesbian sex? I know these guys are probably spitting one of these games out every half-hour or so, but for the love of Christ I've seen better plot concepts randomly float together in a bowl of Alphabits.*

Sounds like another winner from our friends to the East!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.6 Back to the Future!

Friday, Jun 07, 2002 by Integral

I am a shiftless bum.

One of the most difficult things for me to do is plan a viable future for myself, one in which I am socially acceptable and make money all at the same time. I recently quit school after deciding that until I actually figure out what it is that I truly enjoy, I shouldn't be taking classes and wasting time and money. This is because it would be time that I could be spending on playing *Everquest* and money that I could be spending on backup copies of *Everquest*. Up until fairly recently, the plan was to go through with medical school and become a doctor, but then I realized that I really just hate people, so that probably wouldn't have worked out so well. I got a bachelor's degree in English, of all things, but that's pretty useless in today's world unless you want to use it to teach people who don't know English because they come from Ethnia where people speak in some sort of bong-bong language. And that brings us back once again to my not wanting to do that because I hate people. I suppose I could also write angsty poetry about how the world is black like my black, black heart, but I shouldn't do that until I get my webcam and Amazon wishlist set up properly.

I'd get to have neat-o business cards!

The thing is, there are very few pastimes that I actually enjoy enough to make them a career, which causes a problem when it comes down to employment and furthering of education. Unfortunately there are few places that will pay me to play video games and even fewer who will pay me to write horrible things that sometimes concern video games, so for now I am just sort of treading water in that big future-related ocean in the sky (where "the sky" is actually in Seattle). In the mean time, I have been learning a little about life, a little about love, and maybe even a little about myself, but I do think that one of these days I am going to have to just pick something already so that my parents will be able to sleep at night without having blissful dreams of my violent death by bus-smashing.

And this brings us to the wide world of organized crime. Yes, the Mafia. Sure, I'm not Italian, but I like pasta and pizza, so that's at least a step in the right direction, I figure. In a lot of ways the Mafia would be perfect for me as a career choice, but mainly, the Mafia is just plain neat:

- I would get a cool nickname such as "No Ass" or "Joey Joey Joe Joe" or "Crazyfingers."
- I would get kissed a lot on the cheeks by swarthy men named "Vinnie," "Guido," or "Mobby."
- I could hide behind money-laundering schemes that masquerade as pizza parlors, dry-cleaning businesses, porn shops, or the Church of Scientology.
- One word: Ill-gotten gains. Awwwww yeah.
- Years after my death someone would write a groundbreaking exposé about me, highlighting the time when I was 12 and one of my goldfish was brutally flushed.
- I could say really neat catchphrases like, "You'll be sleeping with the fishes" and "We'll give you a pair of cement slippers" and people will finally take me seriously.

The downside to the whole things is that I am female, and last I checked they don't allow girls into the Mafia. Sure, I could always just be someone's moll and rely on my man to supply me with furs and expensive jewels and liquor, but that's boring and I'd still want to play video games instead. Plus, knowing me I would make some sort of mistake involving a card game or the police or something and then I would be casually shot in the head in under a week's time. I could just do that myself right now without all of the hassle, so what's the point? I guess the mob biz is trickier than it would first appear .

Another option is that I become a professional fat person. This may sound easy enough, but believe me, it's a tough job full of hazardous traps and dangerous intrigue. It does have some **hefty** benefits, however. Get it? Hefty? AHAHAHAHAHAHA! HEFTY!! **HAHAHAHAHA!!!!** Whew. Anyway, some of those benefits include:

The very first professional fat woman, Greta Schmidt, in 1882.

- No one expects anything of you because you're just too damn fat to do anything, period.
- You don't have to worry about dealing with people because you're so damn fat they just avoid you at all costs, anyway.
- You can go on disability because you're so damn fat and need one of those little motorized cart-things to get around.
- You can spend your days sighing mournfully and playing video games and eating ice cream and no one will think twice because that's what you are supposed to do due to your being so damn fat.
- It's easy to keep warm in the wintertime (so damn fat, etc).
- If someone accuses you of being so damn fat and lazy, you can just say that you are preggo.

Unfortunately, being fat also has that whole "heart attack before age 35" thing associated with it, and I intend to be in this world for as long as possible so as to inflict as much damage upon the unwitting population as poss--er, I mean, to spread love and happiness all over the world. So I'm not sure I'm interested in that aspect of fattitude. It also creates problems when you have to start special-ordering clothing because only tents and mumus fit your massive, whale-like bulk.

A third and probably the most viable option for me is that of being der Kommissar from Falco's smash 80's hit, "Der Kommissar." As the song implies, you shuld not turn around (uh oh!) because the Kommissar is in fact, in town. This seems like a good career path to follow because I tend to sneak up behind people on a regular basis. I am not really German, but I like sausages so that is probably close enough.

You're in his eye
And you'll know why
The more you live
The faster you will die

Now I can go to school to learn many different ways to interpret these cryptic lyrics about myself. I consider this a worthy goal, certainly better than playing video games all day or being a doctor, of all things. There has to be a school someplace with a class on Falco lyrics. After all, this is America.

-~Integral

6.7 Toys That Don't Suck

Friday, Jun 07, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Just one of the products we hope to bring to a barren market!

I recently had a good excuse to stop by Toys R Us to pick up some gifts. It had been a fairly long time since I had been to a real toy store and I was not particularly impressed with the quality of most toys. Some were unchanged from when I was a kid, like Matchbox cars, others had become hideous parodies of what they used to be; like Transformers. There were also a shitload of movie and TV license toys that made no sense at all to me. Why the fuck did someone release a doll for that horrible Kevin Sorbo TV show Andromeda? Was there really a gap in the market that needed to be filled by rubberized statues of the lunch lady from the Simpsons? I'm not even touching McFarlane who, while he releases quality toys, will pump out figures for any band signed to a record label and any movie where at least one person gets shot or stabbed.

I eventually found some decent stuff but the overall quality of the toys that I saw was sadly lacking. What we need is a toy renaissance, we need all of the geeks who obsessively stick old toys on their computer desks to get down to toy manufacturers and explain to them how to make decent toys and create fond childhood memories. Not spew out pack after pack of Pokemon cards and day glow Transformers that break the first time you try to transform them into their stupid eagle mode or whatever they're supposed to be.

I am the man to give to the toy industry big wigs a shot in the arm, and I am coming at them full force today with a list of toy ideas that will literally blow their socks off. I hope they have titanium plates welded to their shoes, because those socks will blast their way through regular iron. Get ready for the 2002 Something Awful Toy Faire. The added "e" on the end of the word fair means "excellence" and/or "extreme!", because our toys are both excellent and extreme!

■ Edutainment

Even the must gullible child cringes with recognition when they see an edutainment toy, but Something Awful is about to change all that with our new line-up of Subversive Edutainment toys. These toys get an educational message across without the annoying upbeat veneer most kids have come to expect from edutainment toys.

Commander Slaughter - Commander Slaughter is an action figure available for the 8-10 age range. He smokes cigarettes constantly and fights terrorism with a machinegun in each hand. In the cartoon for Commander Slaughter he defeats General Jihad only to die immediately afterwards from terminal lung cancer. His last words are "I guess I should have chewed a piece of gum every time I iced one of those terrorists instead of lighting up. Don't do dr-" and then he fades away.

Balloon Full of Burning - This abstract educational toy is intended for children in the 3-5 age range. It consists of a thick balloon containing low-molar acid that will cause 2nd degree chemical burns. It is intended as a tool to inculcate children at very young age into practicing safe sex with their partner. The game's motto is "if it's under the rubber you won't feel the horrible searing pain".

Busy Girl Dress Up - Based on the classic board game Operation, this game for older children (10-12) teaches a girl how to dress responsibly. When she attempts to raise the

dress up manequin's hemline or choose a bustier too risqué she will be treated to a loud buzzing sound and a recorded wolf-whistle.

Skulls and Holes - The classic toddler game of pushing cubes and spheres through holes in a plastic board gets a gritty voodoo update with "Skulls and Holes". The object of "Skulls and Holes" is to teach developing children three-dimensional rationalization skills by having them insert various objects into oddly shaped ocular cavities of three different plastic skulls. When making the prototype for this game I discovered that for the circular eye-hole skull it was cheaper to import a real human skull from Indonesia than it was to make a plastic skull.

- **Puzzles and Games**

Not Without My Daughter Monopoly - Critics and audiences gave the 1991 Sally Field movie "Not Without My Daughter" a fairly lukewarm reception, but the film found a cult following with children. I think now is the time to capitalize on that by releasing a themed version of Monopoly based on the film. The object of the game would be to trade favors and resources to an information broker until you find the location of your daughter. You could also buy properties in Iran and build various cave bunkers and crazy terrorist training camps on them to raise money to get your daughter back. But watch out for the overbearing stereotypical Arabic husband who will intimidate and menace you if you land on "Evil Husband Community Chest".

Risk is a boring game, but this ain't your great-grandpappy's risk!

eXtreme Risk - Kids enjoy playing soldier, but the current crop of slow-paced and boring war games are about to get a kick in the ass from eXtreme Risk. Conquer the world in style! New units added to the game include:

- Skateboard cavalry
- BMXtreme radical skydiving cannon infantry
- Rollerblade commando missile robots
- SlopeSquad snowboard assassinZ
- Type R motocross gorilla cowboys

Not to mention an all new hero system that includes real pros like Tony Hawk and Vin Diesel, let one of these superstars lead your troops to victory on the battlefield! War 2 the max! Note: still takes 8 hours to set up and play an entire game.

Oops, She Did It Again - Britney Spears Upskirt Puzzle Collection - This three puzzle set includes three hidden-camera "upskirt" photos of a woman who very slightly resembles Britney Spears. We can get around lawsuits from her attorney by misspelling her name on the box and referring to her as a model rather than a pop singer.

- **Action Figures**

Transmogrifiers - These are what modern Transformers should be. They're all matte black and gun metal in color and they all are a weapon of some sort that transforms into a robot. There will also be sets of five Transmogrifiers that combine to form TWO different things. Take the Knife Masters for example; Shiv, Stilleto, Butterfly, Switch,

and Punch Dagger are each a knife and a robot, but they combine to form a giant robot or a totally awesome katana. For no reason other than to make the cartoon more violent the robots will all have blood and human internal organs.

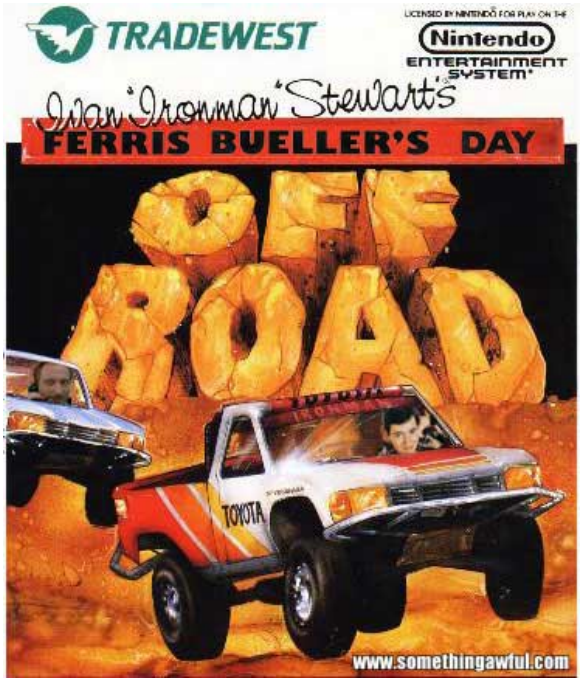
Objectmon - Ripped directly from Japan, Objectmon will be as addictively collectible as Pokemon but will not make you look quite as crazy doing the collecting. Each of the Objectmon will be an object featured in a Hentai game that is inserted into one orifice or another. There will be a card game based on it and a popular cartoon that features the exploits of a "Really Not High School" student and her helpful Objectmon companion Traffic Cone (anal). The Japanese version of the cartoon will feature tons of hardcore pornography, while the American version will replace all of the pornography with graphic violence. A possible Canadian version will replace the porn and violence with obscene stand-up comedy routines dubbed over a still photograph of a pine tree.

Ready! Aim! Fun! - Kids love things that shoot and R!A!F! plans to capitalize on that by offering a wide variety of cool action figures that use springs, compressed air, gunpowder, torque, and magnetic coils to launch various objects at high speeds. Each figure will come with some totally radical R!A!F! "robo-goggles" to marginally protect the children's eyes from high-velocity projectiles.

I'm sure there might be other categories of toys we could expand into in the future, but I'm very focused on our current product lineup and I know we can succeed if only we can get some financial backing. I'm looking at you crazy venture-capitalists! Take a risk with your money on these innovative new designs!

Phriday! Phriday! Phriday!

Hello, this is Livestock, and according to my biological clock radio it's Phriday and time for some Photoshoppin'. Worth1000.com is generously sponsoring this week's Photoshop Phriday, and it's quite a winner. Here's the traditional preview image:



Be sure to stop on by and enjoy the show. And heck, since you like Photoshop sweetness so much, why don't you give Worth1000.com a shot as well. Not only are a lot of SA Goons running amuck there, but so too are a lot of other equally dangerous people. You know, those shady internet types. There are plenty of fresh contests to enter and even prizes! As long as it's free and not signed undergarments previously worn by space nerd Wil Wheaton, it sounds good to me.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.8 All about malpractice!

Sunday, Jun 09, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Malpractice Makes Perfect!

DO NOT TRUST THIS MAN!

A person's body is the most essential thing they have in this world. While you may put loads of importance in your riced up Honda Civic or your vast collection of Faberge Eggs, your own body is always going to be top priority. Much like a Faberge egg, we like to think of our bodies as valuable and try to take as best care of them as we can. In reality however, our bodies are more like regular eggs: Fragile, loaded with cholesterol, and incredibly edible (to bears). Consequently, people are put in situations where they face the unpleasant condition of not living which Webster defines as "death". While I don't know why a sassy black orphan with a heart of gold would be an authority on the English language, I refuse to go off on a tangent to discuss that particular issue. Instead, I'd like to subtly re-route this paragraph back to my original point, thereby saving face and getting this article to where it should be. It is very, very easy to get killed if you aren't careful. Dying is at the very bottom of a person's biological "to do" list, but nature seems to want us out of the picture quickly and has thus short changed humans in every thinkable way. We could have at least been provided with an exoskeleton or some fancy purification system for our blood. Instead, we get soft, readily penetrable flesh and an easily bamboozled immune system which is about as effective as the Three Stooges were at any of the jobs they were given throughout their illustrious careers. But what people lack in biology, we make up for in ingenuity. To combat these various threats to our well being, we came up with medicine, a concept that's kept many people alive well past their prime.

The main job of a doctor is to look Mother Nature in the eye and spit in her face. Later, the doctors will often apologize with flowers and candy, claiming it will never happen again and that they truly love nature. But this lie starts the vicious cycle over again. Diseases which under normal circumstances would kill a person and mine the precious iron right out of their bloodstream nowadays stand no chance because of our extensive knowledge of drugs and vaccines and surgery and pointy medical things. Not only do Doctors prevent death, but they can also reduce discomfort caused by non-fatal illnesses and rogue lawnmower blades. With recent advancements in modern medicine, mankind is now living longer than ever. It would seem all is peachy thanks to these lifesaving individuals. But the medical practice isn't all sunshine and surgical candy canes. There's a dark side to this field, and her name is medical malpractice.

When medicine was first invented, the entire idea revolved around malpractice. If you had anything wrong with you, the answer was either bloodletting, leeches, or the beloved procedure of limb removal. People would walk into a doctor's office with a minor cold, and walk out legless or dead. After about a thousand years of this, someone figured out that changes needed to be made. It was discovered that filthy, rusty tools were perhaps the wrong instruments for surgery. Another important discovery was the danger of bloodletting, which came about when people learned that we need blood to live. Today's medical field is based on these two key principals. What malpractice is based on is a different story altogether. Principals such as fucking up, gross negligence, slicing, and maiming are all core values of the particular area of medicine. It takes a special kind of person to spend 10 years in college to become a doctor, only to screw it all up in the name of malpractice.

Malpractice can be any sort of medical mishap, ranging from deadly, to slightly less deadly, to hilarious, to really deadly. Anyone that's incurred the wrath of an unqualified drunken Doctor fresh out of one of Honduras' many reputable med schools knows the pain that can come with malpractice.

Here is a recent example...

> ***March 4th, 2002:*** *A man walked into his Doctors office in Sacremento, California. He told the Doctor, "Doc, it hurts when I go like this!" The Doctor said "Well, don't do that!" The man later died of cancer.*

Ok, so that wasn't really a recent example, but rather a modified version of a joke from the 1940s. Still, the point remains the same, whatever it was in the first place. If you're on the receiving end of a Doctor's incompetence, there are only bad things in store for you. Even if you aren't killed, there are plenty of other options for the malpractice minded Doctor to choose from. You can be scarred for life after surgery, blinded, or even be put into a coma. The latter is the most fun option of all, because you get all of the benefits of being dead with only ten times the burden on your loved ones.

Actual footage of malpractice. Who knows what that tube could be?

That's just the downside of malpractice though, and as you know, Something Awful is a very optimistic and positive site that always chooses to discuss the bright side of things while wearing our frowns upside down as proudly as a crown the whole time. While malpractice may seem bad to any logical human being with "ethics" or "morals", this cloud has a big fat silver lining known as litigation. Lawsuits of this nature are a veritable goldmine for people who are sly and wily enough to take on the system. Been longing for a Corvette, but don't have the money you need? Have someone spike your Surgeon's drink before your next hospital visit. If you survive, you'll be richer in both money and character! All at the low, low cost of whatever permanent damage was done to you throughout the process.

With the endless amount of stuff that can hurt us, you would think people would be thanking Judas that we have people like doctors who can heal our wounds and treat our humiliating disorders. But sometimes, doctors can do more damage than what brought you to their office in the first place. And who'll be sent to fix you after the doctor hurts you? Another doctor! This endless cycle of doctors being thrust at you like hot bullets from a machine gun has far too much potential for deadly mishaps and malpractice. Best to avoid the whole situation altogether by performing all medical procedures yourself. It can't be that hard, can it?

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

6.9 Heroes of the AA-League

Monday, Jun 10, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

There has been a lot of focus on superheroes lately. The media spotlight has been highlighting such superhero-based films as "Spiderman," "Spiderman," and the blockbuster hit "Spiderman." America is literally caught up in a superhero frenzy, purchasing as many action figures, memorabilia, and "College Superheroes On Spring Break" videos as possible. This might be because Americans believe that only a superhero such as Wonder Woman or the always alert Aquaman can save us from such real-life evils as Osama Bin Laden, that guy who sent out Anthrax envelopes, or an evil bizzarro version of the Harlem Globetrotters. I have my doubts that Wonder Woman could best Osama Bin Laden in combat, mainly because an invisible plane and some retarded lasso is easily outgunned by an army of bearded men with AK-74s and explosives strapped to their chests. Maybe she could just fly around overhead and drop those anti-Osama propaganda pamphlets that the military threw onto Afghanistan citizens back when we were supposed to care about the Afghanistan citizens. However, I am completely sure that Aquaman could kill Osama because Aquaman can do almost anything just as long as its in the water and he has some starfish he can use as throwing stars or a dolphin to knock the Al-Queda guards around. The difficult part would be luring Osama and his cronies out from their caves and into the ocean, which I believe is at least 50,000 miles away. Maybe we could trick him by sending his Hotmail account spoofed email messages like this:

Since Stan Lee would probably sue us if we posted a picture of Spiderman, here is an image of a Spiderman marionette. Let's see your legal team go after us now, you old fuck!

> ***TO: Osama "Ben" Laden***
> ***FROM: sexxygurrl2938@aol.com***
> ***SUBJECT: war***
>
> *i have nucular bomb to use on AMerica. meet me at the pier at 2:00 am. i am 19 / female / Ghana. this is a very useful tool and I hope you enjoy it.*
>
> *xoxoxoxoxoxo ;-P*
>
> *Sexxygurrl2938*

Then, pow, Osama is clobbered by a porpoise. I don't see any potential flaws in this plan, but in the off-chance that it doesn't work, it's not like that's some big deal or anything. The entire world has been trying to hunt down and kill Osama for like the past six months and all they've successfully done is televise John Ashcroft looking concerned while an American flag is shown in the background. USA! USA! Go team! USA #1!

However, what most people don't know is that for every hero such as Superman, Spiderman, and Superspiderman, there are at least 10 minor-league heroes who have yet to make their way up to the ranks of "super." In fact, the superhero world even has a AA-minor league farm team, one where all the lesser heroes congregate and attempt to solve easier crimes, such as "where did my bus token go?", "who just said that?", and "do you smell that?" These hardworking everyday guys and gals are just like you and me except they have decided to wear capes and spandex while attempting to fight crime. Us regular folk don't even bother fighting crime, much less wear capes and spandex. This is because we're generally not stupid. We also don't have the lesser-superpowers that these pseudo-heroes have been endowed with either through birth, futuristic science, or being exposed to some chemical that is green and glows. Today's update will highlight some of the Heroes of the AA-League, and Thursday will feature a few Villains of the AA-League. Sometimes they have

picnics together, but there's a lot of uncomfortable silence involved.

HEROES:

Never fear, Captain Logoff is here to disconnect your modem when not in use!

■ **Captain Logoff** - Ever find yourself "cruising the Information Superhighway" and "surfing the Interweb" when you suddenly "fall asleep" or "die"? Your dialup modem stays connected to your ISP and you run the risk of surpassing the allocated amount of hours you're permitted to stay online, resulting in outrageous penalty fees and public humiliation. Captain Logoff has the uncanny ability to sense somebody's inactive modem connection, causing him to break into their home (usually through the window) and helpfully log off the person's computer. Needless to say, he's been arrested plenty of times for breaking and entering, but this has not stopped him in his eternal quest for lower ISP bills and more gunshot wounds from overly protective homeowners.

■ **Guy Who Was Bitten By a Radioactive Spider But Just Got Cancer Instead of Superpowers** - During a field trip to the National Museum of Silly Insect Experiments, an awkward teenage boy named "Parker Peterson" was bitten by a radioactive spider which was an unwilling participant in the "Let's Irradiate a Spider Just to Piss It Off" experiment. The spider was able to escape from its confines that particular day because the head scientist was out and the experiments were being run by a TA from Malaysia. Parker Peterson was just standing around, minding his own business, when suddenly the radioactive spider dropped from the ceiling and bit him on the hand. At first Parker's hand got swollen and hurt a lot. Then it got REALLY swollen and hurt even more. He eventually went into the doctor's office and he was immediately diagnosed with cancer. Parker changed his name to "Guy Who Was Bitten By a Radioactive Spider But Just Got Cancer Instead of Superpowers" and decided to fight crime by threatening to irradiate evildoers by touching them with his creepy radioactive hand. He waves it around in the air and says "wooooo!" in a really scary fashion.

■ **Unzip Wizard** - Blessed with the powers of hitting keyboard keys really quickly and the ability to memorize program shortcuts, the Unzip Wizard can breeze through decompressing any zipped up file from any computer. He knows all the secret shortcuts and developer tools, giving him the unbelievable power of an accelerated unzipping procedure. While it would take a normal human about three seconds to unzip a program, the Unzip Wizard can do it in like one second. Are you jealous? Well you should be.

■ **Traffic Man** - Traffic Man is the result of a bioengineering program that attempted to merge the DNA of a human being with the DNA of a roadsign. We're not exactly sure who sponsored this program or why, but hey, here he is. As a result, Traffic Man can read street signs and highway overheads even if you're driving really fast. I mean like **really** fast. If he's sitting in the passenger seat and you're driving through a residential neighborhood at 110 miles an hour because you're drunk or hopped up on goofballs, you can depend on Traffic Man to inform you when you're approaching your target street. He also brings along one of those hanging tree air fresheners because it's a nice gesture and there have been repeated complaints about Traffic Man's body odor.

■ **Suicide Man** - When he was a young child of the age of some age that's young, Suicide Man (then called "Bobby") was given a gun by his alcoholic dad who then said, "take this you little shit. One day you'll realize how pointless and worthless your life is and you'll want to blow your head off." These words have resonated within Suicide Man's head ever since then, and his unique

crime-fighting tactic of threatening to kill himself (thereby resulting in a massive guilt trip for the criminal in question) demonstrates this. We're not exactly sure if this technique is effective, but only time will tell.

> **UPDATE:** *Suicide Man apparently died today while trying to prevent a bank robbery. The cause of death is currently unknown.*
>
> **UPDATE TO THE UPDATE:** *The cause of death has been officially declared a suicide.*

■ **The Man With Two Lungs** - Ed Merkowski was blessed with a body that contained two lungs. He doesn't have one lung or three lungs, but he does have two. Chances are pretty good that whenever you hear somebody boast, "Oh yeah? Well I have TWO LUNGS, buddy!" it's probably coming from The Man With Two Lungs. We have heard rumors that he might have a switchblade or a comb that looks like a switchblade, but we're not sure if these rumors are true or he even knows how to use them. All of the Christmas cards he sends out are simply printouts of his lungs with the words "LOOK AT THOSE TWO BEAUTIES!" written below in Magic Marker.

He has two lungs and he's damn proud!

■ **Secret Agent King Doctor Maestro Reginald D. Combover** - Shrouded in mystery and perhaps intrigue, Secret Agent King Doctor Maestro Reginald D. Combover is so mysterious and intriguing that nobody anywhere knows what he does or who he is. Is he a spy? Is he a doctor? He is a king? Does he direct an orchestra? We can never be sure as Secret Agent King Doctor Maestro Reginald D. Combover has mastered the ability to disguise himself as different people by combing his stringy hair over his noticeable bald spot in various creative ways. Some claim Secret Agent King Doctor Maestro Reginald D. Combover is a Russian spy pretending to be an American spy disguised as an Irish spy who is an undercover American spy acting as a Russian spy, but we may never know the true identity of Secret Agent King Doctor Maestro Reginald D. Combover.

> **UPDATE:** *We found out his true identity. It's Reginald D. Combover.*

■ **Morbidly Obese Man** - It's no surprise that America is getting fatter and fatter with every day. You can't stop at a busy intersection without noticing at least 10 people sitting in their cars and shoveling handfuls of mulch into their drooling maws. Some of us try to exercise and lose weight but hey, it's really kind of hard and it's not worth it because cheese fries taste too good to give up. Morbidly Obese Man makes appearances in public places to show off how incredibly bloated and near death he is, causing people with a low self esteem to realize, "hey, at least I'm not THAT guy!" Each night, after a job well done, Morbidly Obese Man goes home and has at least eight steaks well done. Then he cries himself to sleep, tears the size of water balloons.

Coming up on Thursday: the Villains of the AA-League! Stay tuned, minor-league hero fans!

■ Win a Date With a Psycho!

The SA Forum Goons, a group of people who occasionally frighten even me, recently went looking for love on Sony's Online Dating Game service. I'm not sure if any of them actually hooked up, but they did end up providing a hilarious series of screencaptures during their mating attempts.

Be honest. Tell me something about yourself that might prevent me from picking you.
cool
my personality is too infectious!
I like to hit women during sex, and not during sex
I'm a lumberjack
LvGurl
hatsmine
Brutha
Waffqle

Can you pick out which two contestants are SA Forum Goons? That's a tough one! Head on over and check out an article about love, lust, and a surprising amount of rape.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.10 Michael J. Beverage

Monday, Jun 10, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

IT'S A TRAP!

I feel like 20 pounds of shit in an eight pound shit sack and rather than write a sassy, self-pitying update, I will be merciful and just do an Awful Link of the Day.

To see you through this, here is a picture of Michael J. Beverage:

Good luck!

Cliff Yablonski Still Isn't Too Fond of You!

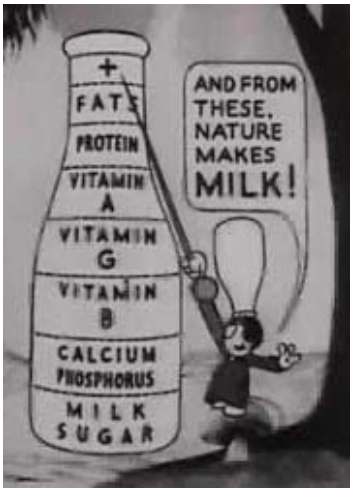
In a shocking moment of truth, I was able to pick up on the fact that Cliff Yablonski just might not like you! Three pages of you, to be exact!

Now that's a spicy meatball! Head on over to Cliff's fantabulous website and discover the many, many reasons why you are not held dear to his heart.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.11 A Gripping Emotional Tribute to Milk

Wednesday, Jun 12, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

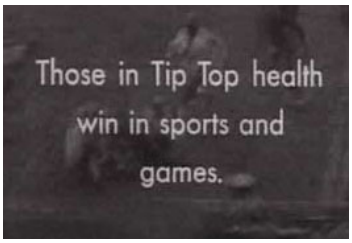


Milk is just full of essential vitamins. Anthrax on the other hand contains non-essential poisons. My expert medical advice: more milk, less anthrax!

Since the dawn of time a couple thousand years ago, man has been turning to a wholesome variety of beverages for refreshment and dehydration prevention. The hallowed halls of liquid satiation are home to many a character, from water and juice to pop and coffee, all the way to alcohol and unstable growth serums. But perhaps the greatest drink occupying space in this imaginary beverage super castle that I draw pictures of in my journal is a little something called milk. Milk first appeared when it blasted out of the crotches of cows, captivating primitive man and undercover time traveler alike. The white liquid, when ingested, produced the pleasurable sensation of consuming liquid chalk. The delicious taste is only half the prize, though. Milk is also an ingredient in many popular food items as well as a healthy treat. Don't even forget for a second that drinking milk will make your skin as durable as rugged leather, just like the exteriors of cows.

As I mentioned, cows produce milk. How do these lowly bovine know how to make such a delicious and healthy drink? The answer, young man or woman, is that cows know a thing or two about taste. Your friendly neighborhood cow has been blessed with not one, not two, but four stomachs! You don't get to have four stomachs by taking the shortcut through flavor country. With four stomachs, you're traveling scenic routes all the way through the highway transpiration system of scrumptiousness. These bonus stomachs, coupled with the fact cows really don't have any valid purpose other than to be a source of food and drink, ensure that milk is quite simply the best, most ass kicking beverage available on the planet Earth and very likely in the entire solar system. However, given that our galaxy is named the Milky Way, it's a pretty safe bet that there is milk elsewhere in space.

I've already given some pretty good reasons as to why you should love milk with all your heart and soul, but since I don't know when or how to close a sale here are even more. For starters, just think about a world without milk. You'll quickly realize that a lot of your old friends are gone! These are just some of many dinner table All Stars that depend on the existence of milk:



Peppy, strong, and healthy folks get and hold jobs everywhere!

- **Cheese**
  Cheese is grown from milk seeds planted in the ground. There would be a lot of empty fields without our good friend milk. You know what happens to empty fields? Not much!

- **Cereal**
  You can bet your britches that cereal is pretty much going to suck without milk. What are you going to use in place of milk? Peroxide? Soapy dishwater? Carbolic acid? Goat's blood? Obviously milk is the ideal choice for cereal.

- **Chocolate**
  Gasp, a world without chocolate? What are fat housewives going to cram into their faces

when the latest soap opera development triggers an emotional avalanche? I'd suggest big handfuls of tiny spiders, but that just doesn't seem practical. I reckon a cork would be pretty practical. Face it, fat women like their chocolate, but without milk they just don't get it.

- **Various Types of Gravy**
Thanks to some skullduggery on the part of Mother Nature; milk is a critical ingredient in milk gravy. Without milk there are going to be a lot of gravy boats going out to sea with no fuel. Surely you care about defending deliciousness enough to ensure that your gravy navy is fully armed and prepared to deal with any possible threat.

- **Ice cream**
Can you imagine a land with no ice cream? I can, and it's called Communist China. Ice cream comes in many flavors and colors, including red, white, and blue. But it doesn't come without milk. I'm pretty sure a lack of ice cream alone would encourage millions of children to kill themselves. Just what the Communists would want!

- **Spousal Abuse**
Amazingly enough, spousal abuse wouldn't exist without milk! You're probably wondering just how I snuck this into a list of foods, but I consider spousal abuse to be an intrinsic part of the dining process. How else will women learn whether or not they've earned their husband's approval? Well they can't if their husband is a damn weakling who isn't strong enough to offer up a solid punch. Milk would fix that problem by building strong bones and muscles.

Convinced that milk is the ultimate weapon in the war on thirst and hunger? You damn well better be! Short of freezing milk into an icicle and then stabbing you in the mouth with it, I can't think of a better way to make you add milk to your diet. It's not like it's expensive, either. Milk isn't that much more expensive than gasoline and it's much safer to drink. Also unlike gasoline, it's going to boost your muscles and make you strong like an experienced serial killer. You'll be able to snap necks with ease, as well as help out around the house and do more at work. A harder working you means a wealthier you!

Of course you might be one of those hippy types who believes that milk is a form of animal exploitation. Or worse, you might be lactose intolerant. As far as I'm concerned, these are not valid excuses. You only get stronger by sacrificing, after all. No pain no gain! And really, does it matter if it's your pain or the pain of an animal? Not to my knowledge it doesn't. Unless it's one of those sacred cows, in which case those should probably only be killed when no one is watching.

If you absolutely need more convincing, I recommend you watch the film "Tip-Top's in Peppyland" available for download at archive.org. It's a silent movie, but contains some lovely scenes of clowns performing semi-lewd acts in front of a minor, as well as disturbing voyeuristic cartoons of children working out and dancing. It also has some educational information on milk.

Stop, It's Helen Time!

Something Awful's most sensible advice columnist is back with another intelligent batch of guidance. Be sure to stop by and read it or you'll break her poor heart. Here is one of the many questions that Helen confronts this week:

> *Helen, I just love your advice, and I have a real question for you. Lately I've been having a terrible problem with keeping my skin looking young. I have 3 kids to take care of and I'm pushing 60 but I still want to be sexy for my husband. How can I do this without using all of those yucky chemicals they sell ont he market these days?*

Thanks, Wrinkle-Free in K.C.

Why yes, I'm still here and advocating that you read Helen's latest column! Do it!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.12 Villains of the AA-League

Wednesday, Jun 12, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

For the seven of you who read this page two days ago (hi mom!), you'll undoubtedly remember the heart-wrenching and nostril-twisting article highlighting the heroes of the AA-League. These brave and selfless individuals have given up their spare time to fight crime instead of going bowling. Of course the aforementioned people don't really have socially acceptable or even vaguely useful powers, but that's why they're in the AA-League instead of the big-time, high-crime profile of being a governmentally sanctioned "Superhero." Sometimes their not-so-superpowers break apart their marriages, their relationship with their kids, or their relationship with their kid's marriage, but that's the risk they take after slipping into a spandex leotard and painting flames on their forehead with an art brush they found in the dumpster behind a Radio Shack.

However, there is a darker and slightly less silly side to the AA-League. For every hero, there has to be at least one villain to have their crimes thwarted, preferably at the last moment. If the last moment is already booked up, then the hero should thwart their plans slightly earlier; as a hero, you have to be flexible like that. The villains of the AA-League are not notorious around the globe for their many failed crime capers, but for the fact that their crime capers are often so ludicrously stupid that nobody in their right mind would even bother foiling them. For example, your average supervillain usually aims to rule the world, destroy the world, or at least do something to the world. AA-League villains are lucky if they can capture a one-acre plot of land without being defeated by a 10-year old girl on her way home from grade school. Considering that the heroes of the AA-League often have a difficult time remembering their home address without the use of a Magic Marker, the back of their hand, and somebody who can read and write, these villains are considered a perfect match. Let's take a look at eight of the most popular AA-League villains and maybe, just maybe, we'll learn something about life, something about love, and maybe, just maybe, a little more of your time at work will be wasted by reading this site and the run-on sentences that I like to include because I'm not a very good writer but I guess it doesn't matter anyway since every single website is going bankrupt these days and the only entertaining sites that will be left in two years will be CNN.com and some kid's Geocities site dedicated to Charmander.

VILLAINS

■ **The World's Worst Dad** - Let's face it, there are a lot of deadbeat dads out there. Some don't pay child support, others skip their kid's band performance, and a good majority of them simply don't know how to be a responsible parent. They all take a back seat to The World's Worst Dad. Known to his neighbors and family as "Jim," The World's Worst Dad has recently participated in the following activities:

The World's Worst Dad, shown here in one of his many Police mugshots.

- He saw his kid wearing a pink shirt and called him "a filthy faggot," demanding that he go back upstairs and change into a NASCAR t-shirt.
- Whenever he plays catch with his child, he always aims for the kid's head when throwing the ball back.
- Instead of playing catch with his child and aiming for his head when throwing the ball back, he goes out and plays poker and does drugs and drinks and gambles on strippers. How do you gamble on strippers? Only The

World's Worst Dad knows that secret!
- For his kid's birthday, The World's Worst Dad gives him a pack of cigarettes and immediately takes them back while muttering, "you're too young to smoke, you little bastard."
- He doesn't buy any cereal that has "sugar" listed in the ingredients. He doesn't want his kid to turn into some hyperactive filthy faggot, and that's just what Lucky Charms will to do you if you're not careful because, hey, look at that goddamn fruity elf prancing all over the place.

The World's Worst Dad never shows up at social events, and when he does, he's either drunk or throwing up. I guess Joe Don Baker technically falls into this description as well.

■ **Henchmen Henchman** - Supervillains often employ the services of various henchmen to do their dirty work for them. Henchmen are known as the "can do" guys, the utility workers who have no problem mopping the nuclear missile silo one moment and then getting beaten up by superheroes the next. Not a single member of the Henchmen's Union has ever been able to defeat a superhero in any type of combat whatsoever. The only time they even have a chance at succeeding in any way possible is when about 500 of them gang up and try to subdue the superhero by holding his arms back or shooting a flying net on top of them. However, there are just some jobs that the Henchmen can't get around to accomplishing or simply refuse to do out of their limited dignity; this is where the Henchmen Henchman comes in. He's the henchman for other henchmen, the guy who makes sure all the worthless bolts on the Laser-O-Zapper Ion Beam Cannon are tight and the bathrooms are fully stocked with paper towels (those air-drying hand things are just lame, even to supervillains). When the henchmen have all been beaten into non-bloody pulps by superheroes, it's the Henchmen Henchman's job to bring out the medical kits, swab their wounds, and feed them chicken soup. Henchmen Henchman also takes out the trash, paints decks, and washes villain's cars.

Oh no, what evil scheme is Doctor Shrapnelhead up to now? Who knows, but chances are good that it's very stupid and won't work. At all. Ever.

■ **Doctor Shrapnelhead** - When he was a young child at the age of 8, Doctor Shrapnelhead was involved in a horrible accident in the National Museum of Magnets and Social Studies. A terrorist organization, known as Rage Against the Magnets, planted a bomb disguised as a different kind of bomb disguised as a cardboard cutout of "Mannequin 2: On the Move." The explosion caused deadly debris to shoot throughout the air, and a large magnet crashed into the side of his skull, embedding itself in his cranium and amplifying the "evil" portion of his brain. Unfortunately, it also cut off the "common sense" part of his brain as well, so every evil weapon or plan that Doctor Shrapnelhead devises is intensely retarded. Here is a list of the last six items he built in his "secret laboratory," which is just his ex-wife's garage:

- A ray gun that turns donuts into gum.
- A ray gun that turns gum back into donuts.
- An electric hat that, when activated, allows the user to experience the sensation of being electrocuted.
- A box that conceals items when they are placed inside the box and taped shut.
- A time traveling machine that lets you travel forward in time at the rate of one second per second.
- A trick sundial. The "trick" is that it's not really a sundial, it's a rock with a postage stamp affixed to one side of it.

To add insult to injury, the magnet in Doctor Shrapnelhead's skull continues to attract metallic debris and surrounding objects, causing them to implant themselves into his head. He's amassed a collection of over 143 different pieces of shrapnel in his brain, the earliest being the end coil of a Slinky from 1972.

■ **King Opposite Day** - One of the most nefarious tricks in grade school would be to suddenly declare it "Opposite Day," a day in which everything is inexplicably reversed. For example, if you wanted to drink some water, you would say "I **DON'T** want to drink some water!" That's how Opposite Day works; it's just like Saint Patrick's Day or Kwaanza or Kazoo or Kazaa or whatever that Black Pride holiday is. King Opposite Day takes advantage of the inherent confusion that accompanies this horrible holiday, randomly declaring it to be Opposite Day and then asking a hero, "today is Opposite Day and no means yes and yes means no. Do you want me to punch you?" The perplexed hero, unable to understand the complexity behind the sudden announcement of Opposite Day, blurts out either "yes" or "no." If he says "yes" then King Opposite Day decrees that Opposite Day is over and punches him. If the hero replies "no," the Opposite Day is still in effect and King Opposite Day slugs the guy. Unfortunately, King Opposite Day is a 123-pound albino who rarely leaves his house, so his punches don't really do the damage he would like.

■ **Radio Head** - In a frightening merger of man and machine, Radio Head is the result of combining a radio with the body of, well, a human body. Although Radio Head cannot see, hear, talk, or even think, he does have a radio for a head. If that doesn't scare you enough, the radio plays Radiohead music nonstop, thereby attracting a group of hipster dorks who think they're intellectually superior to everybody else on the planet because they like listening to really shitty music. Some day Radio Head's creators hope to equip him with both Aphex Twin and Tool songs, turning him into the world's biggest whiny college student magnet.

■ **Lifetime Network Ex-husband Man** - If you've ever watched the Lifetime Network, you're undoubtedly aware that all men in the Lifetime Network world are evil. Lifetime Network Ex-husband Man is a married man who is currently cheating on his wife with another woman whose baby he stole and ran off with while having another affair with a woman who is attempting to blackmail his wife. Lifetime Network Ex-husband Man also stalks random married women and is apparently immune to any kind of laws since whenever the woman goes to the police to ask for help, the cops always respond with "I'm sorry ma'am, but there's nothing we can do." If the woman somehow sues him and brings him to court, she invariably loses because Lifetime Network Ex-husband Man is able to make the judge and jury in any court case become really stupid for no reason. If the Lifetime Network is any indication, he'll ultimately be either stabbed or shot by the woman when he breaks into her house and tries to kill her. Only time will tell.

Don't try to avoid the Lifetime Network Ex-Husband Man or try to get a restraining order... he's above the law!

■ **The Ex-Man** - She used to be a man but now she's a woman! The Ex-Man lures unsuspecting men into dates via AOL chatrooms or cleverly placed classified ads in the local paper, asks them to come up for "a nightcap" (whatever the hell that is), and then, after performing oral sex on the man and getting him to climax, reveals the secret that she used to be a man. This devious and underhanded trick is particularly able to fool guys who have something stuck in their eye and causes everything to look blurry.

■ **Tetris Master** - Ever play Tetris and get all your blocks stacked up into a huge, neat square while you waited for that elusive 4-squared long straight piece to fall down? Well Tetris Master makes

sure that you get a nonstop barrage of those squiggly little worthless pieces that you can never do anything with. He's currently devising some scheme to make triangle-shaped pieces available, but he hasn't quite figured out how he'd be able to accomplish this since he doesn't even have his GED.

Wow! What a not-scary and non-frightening trip into the world of AA-League Villains! Keep in mind that these people could be standing next to you and you'd never know it. Well, unless you're at home alone or you happen to notice that the guy waiting next to you for the bus is wearing a cape and has a large picture of a toaster stitched onto his chest. Hats off to you AA-League heroes and villains! We salute you on your ability to continuously fail without ever giving up. In that regard, this website is a AA-League Hero as well! Hats off to us, who are currently not wearing any hats because we took them off for the AA-League heroes and villains, as mentioned before.

☐ Holy Craptastrophe! A New Hentai Review!

SA cretin Zack "Gutterball Animator" Parsons has once again scraped the bottom of the tiny barrel hidden in a compartment inside the regular sized barrel to bring us all another wonderful Hentai Game Review. This week it's "Sentimental Shooting", which sounds like the title of a song from a musical written about Columbine.

> *The stage opened with me shooting her socks off and as I traveled up her legs while simultaneously battling the boss, I was treated to a view of her panty-clad crotch. The image of my ship thrusting violently towards her groin while the boss tried desperately to ward me off was only made more comically disturbing when targeting boxes began to spring up on her panties.*

Sounds like another wonderful family entertainment title from those kooky bastards in Japan! Coming up next week, a game in which you crap into hats and throw them at girls until their ghosts explode out of their chest and give you a blowjob! It's called "Rana-nana's Fantasy Poker 5". That's a little joke, the reality is far worse.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.13 Building a Better Film Critic

Friday, Jun 14, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

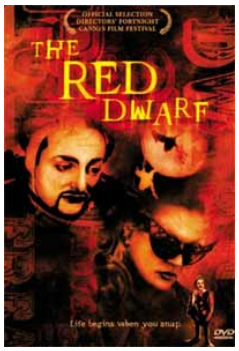
Good critics exist, but even they are hated.

Reviewing movies is a thankless job. No matter how intelligent, well read, and open-minded you are, you will eventually piss every single human being on earth off with at least one of your reviews. I look at the top critics like Ebert and Maltin, both of whom I think are pretty damn good, and I invariably find a whole shit list of movies that they were completely off base about. Who wants to be a movie critic these days? I review a Hentai game, one of the most repulsive forms of entertainment on the planet, and I'll still end up getting buckets of hate mail. Take it to the level of reviewing major motion pictures and I would expect to be shot by a rooftop sniper inside a week.

With this in mind I initiated an extremely expensive research program targeted at discovering what makes a great movie reviewer that is capable of surviving the anger their reviews may produce. I started by pondering what people would be qualified to review movies without angering the public, but also without becoming tools of the studios used to promote bad movies. After a lot of careful examination I decided upon four candidates.

One was retarded, because lord knows it's a horrible thing to say or do anything bad to the retarded. The next was a 2nd grader, because a little kid would never hold back or be anything but brutally honest, plus they are rumored to be "adorable" which means people are less likely to try to beat them to death if they give Spider Man 2 a thumbs down. Another one of my candidates was a Japanese girl in a school uniform, designed to appeal to men with her naïve sexiness and women with her shrill voice and cutesy behavior. Finally I picked a robot, because a robot will review movies based on the facts alone and his metal body, while it does not feel the thing we humans call "love", is capable of withstanding a lot more damage from angry crowds. I had each of them watch three movies selected to represent various levels of maturity in the film audience. They then each submitted a three sentence long review of the film which I used to test them in their various abilities at being a critic.

■ Le Nain Rouge ("The Red Dwarf ")



Make a movie a 2 hour still photo display of a dwarf and the French will love it.

Genre: Unwatchable Art House Crap

Plot Synopsis: Fellini wannabe horseshit about a dwarf who murders some woman and then prances around with a girl from a circus and some other shit in French that made me want to throw a bowling ball through my TV set.

Adam (2nd Grader): This guy is really short and funny looking and I think the movie would be better if it were about a moose with rocket jets that solves crimes in Toledo. The moose could be a scientist in an amusement park or a circus like in the show and then he can get burned in a lab experiment of yesteryear and then go on to fix things. Like crimes.

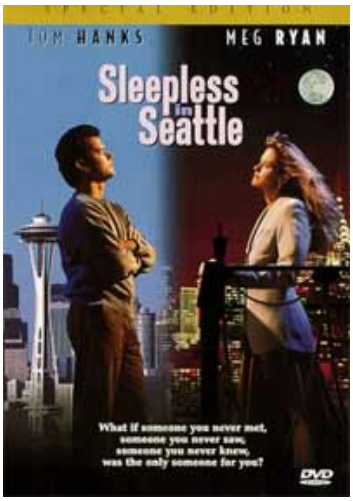
Eric (Mentally Handicapped): Spooooooooons! SPOONS ON MY LAP SPOONS FOR A NAP! SPOOOOONS AND HOTDOGS ON THE WALL DO NOT FALL, OH NO MOM! THEY FELL AGAIN.

Manoko (Japanese Girl in School Girl Costume): HIIIIIII! This is so

fun movie okay? I am rooting for the gnome to climb the peaks to scale the heights, alright GOOO!

REVIEWOTRON (A Robot): The film was saturated upon initial development beyond optimal levels for flesh sack viewing. In addition, the use of non-color film was not necessary given the current level of color film or color digital photography. The 35mm film was inferior in image quality and pixel translation to high-end digital video equipment.

■ Sleepless in Seattle


TOM HANKS
MEG RYAN
Sleepless in Seattle
What if someone you never met, someone you never saw, someone you never knew, was the only someone for you?
DVD
GREAT!

Genre: Insipid Chick Flick

Plot Synopsis: Meg Ryan gets all kissy with Tom Hanks and it's sad and romantic and who gives a fuck?

Adam (2nd Grader): The girl in the movie had very pretty hair like my mom. My dad says her hair has a "lust her". That is like a shine like a lightbulb. Like a miner's hat has a lust her.

Eric (Mentally Handicapped): HELP ME I'M ON FIRE! HELP ME NOW DOCTOR CALL THE DOCTOR I AM ON FIRE! IT ISN'T FIRE IT'S POOP AGAIN IN MY PANTS AGAIN MOMMMMMMM! Mom.

Manoko (Japanese Girl in School Girl Costume): Oh this is so pretty number one, okay? The girl is finding love on the telephone, hello! Ha ha! That is the best place for love I have five pagers to the love devotion.

REVIEWOTRON (A Robot): The running time for this film is perfectly within the standard human brain engram attention tolerance threshold. To optimize it, this unit suggests trimming thirty seven seconds of dialogue from random scenes using a Mandelbrot calculation. The credits could also be reduced to a .09 second flash display as this is the minimum frame comprehension capability of the flesh sack head unit.

■ Armageddon

ALSO GREAT!

Genre: Overblown Jingoistic Hollywood Claptrap.

Plot Synopsis: Only Bruce Willis and Ben Affleck can save us from a giant space boulder in this Bruckheimer shitfest that collided with box offices to create an IQ extinction level event.

Adam (2nd Grader): This movie had it all for everyone under the sun, balls of fire AND talking! I love the meteor when it's like SHHHHHHHHHHH and the spaceship is like EH-EH-EH-EH KRPPPRRRRRRRRR!!!! That was so cool!

Eric (Mentally Handicapped): NO! TOO LOUD! TOO LOUD! UH OH! TOO LOUD! Row, row, row your boat! NO, LISTEN! LISTEN! THAT IS TOO LOUD LISTEN TO ME!

Manoko (Japanese Girl in School Girl Costume): Hi-ho again, okay? This is a movie with a space ship wow! Alright America, peace! It is fine to look at but the Ben Affleck is so adorable, right.

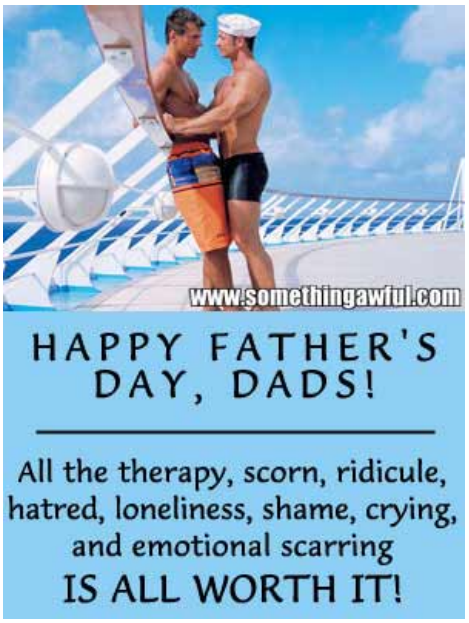
REVIEWOTRON (A Robot): Humans cannot oppose the will of space, this is folly. When the

time comes for the flesh sacks to be destroyed, the robots will rise from the ashes of your pathetic civilization. This unit will lead them, and they will call me king.

Once I had all of the results in I tabulated them with the help of REVIEWOTRON's brother TABULATEOTRON and it turned out that none of the candidates I had selected had any qualities that would make them a worthwhile film critic. Ah well, back to the drawing board and looking to Ebert for his reviews while I cross my fingers and hope that he doesn't call my favorite movie "plodding" or "pedestrian".

Photoshop Phriday

Since Father's Day is pretty much right around the corner, it's only natural we cheaply cash in. This week's Photoshop Phriday is a heartwarming tribute to the men whose sperm has made us a frightening reality. Why yes, I am talking about fathers. Take a gander at yonder preview:


www.somethingawful.com
HAPPY FATHER'S DAY, DADS!
All the therapy, scorn, ridicule, hatred, loneliness, shame, crying, and emotional scarring
IS ALL WORTH IT!

Stop on by and witness the horror!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.14 Hobophobia!

Sunday, Jun 16, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Homeless on the Range

I'd like to kick this man in the teeth, but unfortunately for me he doesn't have any. Don't even try to kick him in the dignity, or the food.

After making several trips to various cities in the last few months, I've come to the solid conclusion that I hate cities and all the various creatures dwelling within. They're congested, loaded with filth, and have a horrible smell that can only be described as "wee-wee-esque." I meant that as a description of the city itself, but in retrospect it's a fairly accurate characterization of many of the people who live in these cities as well. Being from the bastardized, yet vastly improved stepchild of cities known as the suburbs, I have little tolerance for all the quirks of a city that other people might find endearing. And yet, it seems beyond the realm of possibility for some people to accept the fact that I dislike areas rife with crime and pollution... areas which have a population of giant, deadly sewer rats which is only kept in check by the population of gianter, deadlier sewer sharks. "Oh, you just have to get used to it. You'll grow to love it," they say. Thanks, but no thanks, city folk! Sorry I don't like your cold, loveless pit of despair, devoid of joy and manners and safety!

Despite my many grievances with these urban hell zones, the one which seems to stand out most is my total and utter hatred for the homeless. Hobos are a wretched bunch, filthier than a thousand issues of Hustler, and in a completely different, far less sexy way. And cities are swarming with them, they're like a veritable hobo-hive. But don't be fooled by that comparison to bees, because any gooey discharge from a homeless man is bad news! No matter what they were in their past, hobos are terrible, terrible people. Whether they're seasoned hobo pros, or relative homeless rookies like many young ex dot-commers have become, they are all awful and deserve everything they get. As an example, here is an absolutely true hobo story I'd like to share with you which will chill you to your bones, or at least distract you from the pain of living for a few seconds...

One day, on a visit to the city of LA, myself and several chums were eating in a highly respectable Subway restaurant. We got our food and began to eat, when suddenly, we caught the attention of a homeless man outside our window. Apparently the chewing and savoring motions were a homing beacon for hobos, and our intense moans of pleasure and satisfaction from food consumption were audible from miles away to the well trained hobo ear. Instead of waiting for us to leave the building, this man has the audacity to COME INSIDE the restaurant and request that we give him money. The conversation went something like this...

This contains secret hobo treasures, known to you and me as "garbage!"

Homeless Man: *(Obviously annoyed that we didn't shower him with the precious stones and scented oils he felt he deserved upon his arrival)* Do you have any money?

Me: No.

Homeless Man: *(Clearly angered by my lack of respect for his royal filthiness)* Do you know your book of life, son?!

Me: No.

At this point, he left the establishment and talked to another, more frightening hobo outside. This one had a long, scraggily grey beard, and the "crazy eyes" which are greatly valued by scary transients. He made it a point to stare at us through the window until we made our hasty escape through the secret rear exit and ran home like little girls.

Indoors Land's star attraction!

For this reason, and many more, I am and forever will be anti-homeless. And that includes the horrible gypsies and carnies too, they're just hobos living in tents and wagons instead of makeshift wooden shanties. If I were rich, my favorite pastime would be to usher hobos into a private theater to enjoy a show in which I would frantically eat hundred dollar bills dipped in the finest of Dutch chocolates. However, I think that this hobo torture would eventually bond me with my hated enemies, and encourage me to give something back for all the hours of entertainment their pathetic anguish would provide me. Thus, I propose the construction of the very first homeless theme park, quaintly titled "Indoors Land." This project wouldn't require much financing, as it would just be a condemned building with a sign over the door. It would be broken into several theme areas, such as...

Asbestos Town: The main area of "Indoors Land" would be Asbestos Town. Characters in foam suits such as "The Benevolent Businessman" and "Glenda the Giver" would walk around greeting people, and would give out fake plastic coins which the hobos would have to surrender upon exit of the park. Almost everyone without a home can enjoy the fun of such rides as...

- "The Shopping Cart Thriller"
- "The Filthy Rag Trampoline"
- *"Rusty Tire on a Rope: Flight of Terror"*

Back Alley Alley: Of course, the theme park would have to have a Wild West themed
area, and Back Alley Alley would do just the trick. Rides include...

- *"Jack Danielle's Amazing Whisky Stumbletron"*
- *"The Rattlesnake" (an actual rattlesnake)*
- *"Crips and Bloods Wild West Shootout show" (Outside Windows)*

Of course, we'd need set items to really sell the illusion. As such, old heroin needles left behind by bums would be collected and used to make fake cacti, and any hair to fall off a hobo would be swept up and used to make tumbleweeds.

Dead Hobo Valley: Indoors Land's haunted, scary area. To save on costs, we'd use actual dead hobos as props.

Leaky Roof Cove: Every theme park seems to have a water park these days, and Indoors Land isn't one to be left out of a crowd! All panhandlers are encouraged to

bring their swim-rags, because they're in for one wet, wild time! Leaky Roof Cove offers attractions like...

- *Slippery wet floor*
- *Dangerously cold water*
- *Soap*

Inoculation Aisle: This is the kiddy area of the park. The little homeless boys and girls could go here and get such fun vaccines as...

- *Polio*
- *Hepatitis a and c*
- AIDS*(Just kidding, Irving "Magic" Johnson!)*
- *Influenza*
- *Small, as well as various other, pox*

Of course, since this is a theme park, none of these would be real. All syringes would be filled with water, bleach, or air. The kids can use their imagination to pretend they're safe!

The park would be a huge hit with homeless people. The ragged bums would come in droves, but they wouldn't go to it to have more fun. Just less misery. Until I get this project developed though, they're going to have to stick to hating the world and everything in it. Which is fine by me, because that bonding with the homeless theory was based on me being rich, which I'm not. So I still hate hobos with all my heart and soul. To summerize, cities are bad, hobos are worse, and you are a horrible person if you laughed at any of the jokes I just made. And if you didn't, then I'm a horrible hack!

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

6.15 Making History

Sunday, Jun 16, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I am a huge fan of the Second World War. By fan I don't mean that I have pennants up in my bedroom that say "GO WWII!!" I mean that I have a voracious appetite for all things related to the war, particularly the European Theater. For years I have read almost any book about the war I could get my hands on, thanks to the History channel I have seen ever frame of documentary footage from the war, and I have watched so many WWII movies that I could shot-for-shot recreate almost any major battle. It's sort of like a little kid's fascination with construction equipment only boldly updated to "destruction" and made "an adult hobby" by adding in the word "history".

Tanks are only one reason to be a fan of World War II, there are also things like airplanes and rifles!

Of course all of this knowledge about World War II is basically useless, the most I've ever done with it is write a few short stories with the war as the backdrop and publishers aren't exactly clamoring for short historical fiction. No, the big market these days is in alternate history fiction. What if the Nazis had won the war? What if aliens invaded earth during the battle for Stalingrad? What if Japan had developed Transformer technology in the 1940's instead of the 1980's, would Megatron have lead them to victory? All of these hypothetical questions are answered in the form of novels with the exception of the last, which I think I saw answered in some Internet fan fiction where Megatron had sex with Optimus Prime. This is where I need to focus all of this untapped World War II knowledge; I need to write a novel that completely invalidates the gravity of the war.

Fed up with this exhausting "write for a web site three times a week" workaday world, I decided that it would be in my best interest to branch out into the realm of alternate World War II history fiction. Before I started brainstorming plots I read more than ten novels by authors ranging from the idiotic (Harry Turtledove) to the overly dry (Robert Harris) so that I could get down the rules to writing in that particular genre. You see, every literary genre, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant, has a large number of concrete rules you must follow or some sort of genre police will teleport into your room and jam your computer keyboard up your ass without any lubrication other than harsh words about grammar. Fearing keyboard ass insertion I took careful note of the techniques my fellow wordsmiths were using.

The Rules of World War II alternate history fiction

- One of the sides that actually lost the war ends up winning the war and/or some sort of third side enters the pictures and attacks both sides but is ultimately defeated.
- Despite the rapid innovations in technology that took place during World War II, in alternate World War II technology will advance even more rapidly until someone is shooting a laser.
- Never make Hitler a main character. His legacy is so terrible and alternate history writers are such huge pussies that they are afraid to make Hitler a character. Anyone else, even people who did worse things than Hitler but are less widely known, can be characters.
- Don't worry about the facts surrounding World War II, it's the general idea of the war that's important. Get around factual nit-pickers by having the history deviate very early on. Who is going to criticize you not knowing which one of the Allies was involved

in a particular battle when the entire Western hemisphere has become a part of the Smegosaurian Galactic Imperium? Only jackasses.

- Throw in a lot of sex because most people forget sex happened during the shooting times.
- Make sure you have a lot of sympathetic German and Japanese characters, because lord knows we're still whipped into a propaganda frenzy by that racist Popeye cartoon from 1939. It's your duty as an author to dispel the concept that all of the Japanese are idiotic baby eaters and the Germans are Satan worshipping half robots.
- The American have to save the day, because they sure did in World War II. All by themselves! No help from the Russians or anyone.
- Don't even really attempt to cover much of the Holocaust since that whole thing is just depressing and will only get readers down. Replace chapters on the Holocaust with more vignettes of characters fucking like rabid apes.
- Have some horrible shit happen in China that is basically unrelated to the war to drive home the fact that we all forgot about the Japanese atrocities committed against the Chinese even though there are ten documentaries entitled "The Rape of Nanking" shown every day on the History Channel.

Once I had all of those rules down I began work on my alternate history fiction magnum opus which I have tentatively entitled "The Iron Cross of Fire Above." Actually I haven't gotten very far on it at all, I've just put together a little plot summary and some excerpts of dialogue, which I will share with you.

"The Iron Cross of Fire Above"
An Alternate History Science Fiction Action Novel
By Zack Parsons **Plot Summary:** It is 1940 and the war is raging in the Pacific. The

Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor with an atomic bomb which started the war and the Germans are quickly advancing across Russia. Just when the Japanese are about to capture all of China and the Germans are about to capture Moscow the planet gets attacked by the moon robots. The moon robots have been hiding on the moon and waiting for when the time was right to invade the earth and capture it for themselves. Since the humans are busy fighting each other the moon robot's initial landings totally

kick the German's and Japanese's butts. Then while the Americans and Russians are laughing and getting ready to send thank you gift baskets to the moon robots, the moon robots turn around and attack them too.

The moon robots will begin to collect Chinese women that they then rape with tentacles and then smash them with giant moon robot hammers and shoot their smashed bodies into space in corpse rockets. Some Jews might get oppressed somehow by the Germans but I won't go into that, it's irrelevant to the battle with the moon robots.

This sets the stage for a massive planetary war that pits the moon robots against the humans in a struggle for supremacy. The humans begin the book outmatched by the moon robots, but by chapter five the Americans have developed Nintendo from a crashed moon robot jet fighter. By chapter seven the Americans have shared the Nintendo technology with the Germans and they have created a Super Nintendo. Hitler is hiding in a mountain bunker because he is a coward and because I'm afraid to make him a character who says anything.

Once the humans have the Super Nintendo they can use it to develop the jet tanks which will allow them to meet the moon robots on an even footing. The tides of battle begin to turn in the favor of mankind until finally they shoot a whole bunch of nuclear missiles at the moon robot space fleet and destroy it. Then the Germans and Japanese try to take over the world and fly to the moon to capture it as well, but the Americans are having none of that and kick both of their butts while the Russians and British are too afraid to do anything.

Characters: The two main characters will be Jock Daring, a US Marine who was fighting the Japanese on Okinawa when the aliens invaded, and Heinrich Himmler, who was fighting the Russians in a tank in Moscow when the moon robots attacked. The supporting characters will be Svetlana, a female KGB agent that Himmler has sex with several times, and Miss Nancy, a school marm who just wants to escape the moon robots and have constant sex with Jock Daring. There will also be a Jewish freedom fighter who is battling the Nazis for whatever sort of mean stuff they are doing to the Jews, I don't know the details, and the moon robots. I will also probably include like ten famous war heroes from all of the different sides but they will all seem exactly the same and will say things like "attack!" and "we've got to attack!" and "there's no way we can attack!"

Sample From Chapter 9: Nintendo Power

Himmler peered out over his sunglasses and he was looking really awesome in his black trenchcoat sitting in the hatch of the new "Tiger" Jet Tank. The moon reflected in the shiny silver turret thing and in his sunglasses. There was a thump behind him.

"Is this an attack?!" he shouted.

Then he saw Svetlana, who had red hair and was wearing a shiny plastic body suit with a zipper up the front and the zipper was unzipped all the way to her belt so he could see the sides of her boobs. His own "88" began to grow rigid, preparing to fire an armor piercing round prematurely if he wasn't careful.

"This isn't an attack Sergeant Himmler, unless you want me to attack your lips," she jumped onto the tank and kissed him and they were putting their tongues in each other's mouths.

"I'll give you an attack!" he growled, pulling his lips away and unzipping her bodysuit until it was all the way unzipped and he could see her crotch.

"We can't keep doing this Heinrich," she said even though she was unzipping his crotch, "we are on different sides of this crazy war and all of the sex is breaking some rules."

"I don't know about rules," said Heinrich thrusting into her with a loud and cool zapping sound, "I'm a soldier. We attack."

Sample From Chapter 15: Battle in Outer Space

"Oh no!!!" shouted the moon robot king.

"Sir the Americans, they are unstoppable," said another one of the moon robots who was standing next to the moon robot king.

Meanwhile in the detention sector of the moon robot flagship Jock Daring was punching the crap out of a moon robot guard soldier.

"Unnnnnnff!" grunted the guard soldier as it doubled over from a bad ass flying kick to its head.

Jock Daring ran to the cell where they were holding Miss Nancy captive. He kicked in the door. She screamed thinking he was a moon robot and then she squealed with delight.

"There is an attack!" shouted Jock Daring holding out his hand "We have to hurry before the nukes hit the flagship!"

Miss Nancy held her finger up to his lips all like "be quiet sailor".

"We're not going anywhere until I make sure you're okay," she said dropping to her knees in front of him and unzipping his crotch. There was an awesome zapping sound as she put his thing in her mouth.

"Ohhhh... but... the attack... " Jock's voice trailed off as he was getting ready to shoot a .45 love bullet from his crotch Thompson.

I don't want to give away anymore of the plot but the moon robots end up getting defeated by the Americans in the end. I am currently looking for a publisher based on this treatment, if anyone is interested, please e-mail me. I think I could have this bad boy ready to go to press in about a week, assuming someone e-mails me today and I feel pretty confident someone will.

◻ I Don't Think Cliff Yablonski Really Cares For You!

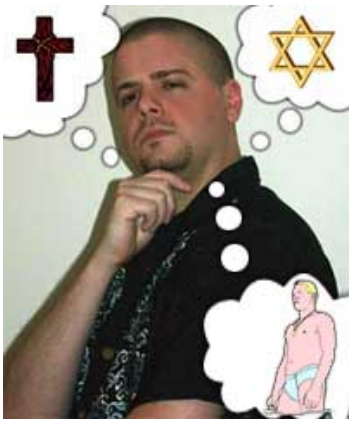
Once again our good ol' buddy Mr. Cliff Yablonski, WWII hero and friend of children large and larger, has updated his sassy Internet webpage (on the Information Superhighway). What kind of exciting surprises does Mr. Yablonski have in store for us today?

WOW! Now that's one hot, uh, thing! Head on over and take a gaze at three brand spankin' new photos of people that he just really doesn't enjoy. Is it just me or do Cliff's updates seem like he's becoming a bit... senile? PLEASE DON'T HIT ME MR. YABLONSKI, I WAS JUST WONDERING!!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.16 We're All Going to Hell!

Monday, Jun 17, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



Here I am, contemplating which religion I should choose. You can make fun of how I look all you want, but keep in mind that my god will smite the hell out of you.

One of the eternal questions that has been plaguing all of mankind since at least 1972 has been "where do we go when we die?" Some people speculate that there's a place where all the good people go and a place where all the bad people go, which I think is blatantly racist and should probably be overturned in the Supreme Court. Other people claim that once we die we become alive again except we're now in a different person's body. I guess that means our souls are like zombies and the only way you can stop us from coming back to life is to shoot our soul in the head or drive a wooden stake through our soul's heart. Let's face it; nobody knows what happens to us when we die. Early death-related experiments in the 1800's, a time when doctors believed every medical disease could be cured by adhering leeches to a person's face, were extremely unsuccessful. Doctor Heldrich Von Mayvein was one of the first scientists who attempted to solve this puzzle. He stapled a note that read "WHERE ARE YOU NOW?" with a long blank fill-in box below to his apprentice's face, and then proceeded to beat him to death with a rake. Unfortunately his apprentice's soul never filled out the questionnaire, causing this mystery to continue to remain a mystery.

Religion has tried to answer this question by requesting donations from its members and declaring war on other religions, but let's face it: there are thousands of religions out there. What if we choose the wrong religion and we're punished for all eternity by being forced to watch reruns of "Mama's Family"? In this trying day and age of fast food, Bingo, and Scotch tape, it's not easy to find answers in one convenient place. They certainly aren't in my bathroom because I just came from there and if they were somewhere in that room I would've definitely seen them, unless they were under the sink or in the pipes, which is a definitely possibility in this day and age of fast food, Bingo, and Scotch tape. With this perplexing question of eternity and filthy bathrooms in mind, your friends here at Something Awful have assembled a list of the most popular religions and have provided a brief summary of each, as well as the chance of you being tormented eternally for believing in that religion and being a real horse's ass.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN RELIGION

Religion Name: Christianity

Chance You'll Be Tormented For All Eternity For Screwing Up: 95%

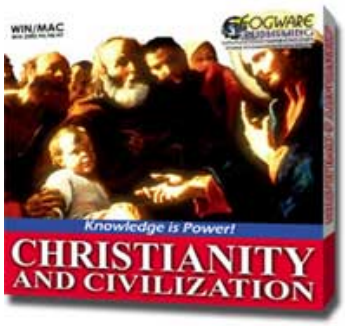
Famous People of This Religion: Sir Isaac Newton (invented gravity), Blaise Pascal (invented PASCAL), those fat white guys with puffy red cheeks who are always yelling on network TV.

Brief Description: Christians believe in an old book called "The Bible" which can be found in the sock drawer of many motels across America. The Bible is so old that if you went out and looked for the original copy, you would probably never find it (even if you looked on Amazon.com). This book is a collection of crazy stories, fanmail sent into Jesus by people in his club, and the overall theme that Jesus was a great guy and all of us, by comparison, are pathetic jerks. Christians believe that Jesus is God's son and therefore God has a magic penis because he somehow caused a

virgin woman gave birth to Jesus. This is kind of a scary thought, which is why many Christian leaders hate homosexuals and refuse to talk about God's penis, even in the Confessional Booth.

That's how powerful Jesus and God are!

This religion is essentially a spinoff of Judaism, much like how that one show about the black kids in college was a spinoff of "The Cosby Show." Christians believe that God is the most powerful and ultimate being in the whole universe, even stronger than Andre the Giant and Mr. T combined. However, Christians also think that Jesus was some powerful and ultimate being even though he was God's son and only got his powers because of his dad, George Bush Sr. Er, I mean God, sorry. Jesus used his powers to smite Egyptians and to torment people who believed in Him and God. He would often engage in conversations like the following, which is listed in Matthew 182:28:129.B.1i82 Section 15:



This game is available for BOTH Windows AND Mac!

> **JESUS:** "Do you believe in Myself and My Holy Father?"
> **DIRT FARMER:** "Oh yes Jesus, my family and I worship You all the time!"
> **JESUS:** "Excellent. I will now kill your family and give you the plague and make all your crops die and then you can reflect on how much you love Us."
> **DIRT FARMER:** *(Happy)* "Praise Jesus!"

That was only in the Old Testament though, which is like "Bible: Episode I." The Old Testament was really cool and it featured such hits as the Book of Ezekiel, which I believe was about Martians or maybe time travel. In the New Testament, Jesus turned into a real pansy and didn't do much smiting. He just walked around and said nice things to people until a group of Roman soccer hooligans killed him.

Then there's some magic ghost called "The Holy Spirit" which flies around and shoots lightning or something. So essentially, Christians believe in a three-headed beast composed of God, His son, and a ghost, which rule over everything and solve mysteries in their free time.

Like any good religion, Christians tend to believe that essentially anything you do will cause you to go to hell. Hell is a painful and horrible place like Detroit only with less crime. By default, we're all going to hell because Jesus got killed for our sins, even though most of us didn't ask Him to. I know I didn't. So to make it up to Him, His Father, and the Holy Lightning Ghost Spirit, we must do a bunch of boring and repetitive crap all the time and torture ourselves out of guilt for Jesus. There are certain days when we're supposed to eat Holy crackers and Holy wine (Communion) and days when we're supposed to be miserable and think about how we'll never be able to amount to 1% of Jesus and how we're probably all going to hell (every day). If you don't dip your kid into a pool of water after he's born, he will go to hell and you probably will as well. If you have sex before marriage, you and your significant other and your kids will go to hell. If you don't Anoint the Sick then you'll go to hell. I don't even know what Anointing the Sick consists of. I think you have to go out on weekends and give Advil to lepers. I'm not sure where the lepers in my city hang out. Maybe in the trailer park that has the three broken 7-Up machines in front.

Summary: Although there are three major players in this religion, there is still a very high chance that you'll be punished for all eternity. Quantity certainly does not equal quality, except I think that the more money you donate to the Christian church, the better chance you'll have at getting into Heaven. Poor people and minorities are not welcome.

Religion Name: Orthodox Judaism

Chance You'll Be Tormented For All Eternity For Screwing Up: 98%

Famous People of This Religion: Robert J. Avrech (helped Brian De Palma make crappy movies), Dr. Laura Schlessinger (woman who yells at pregnant white trash over the phone), most of the people from the smash hit Melanie Griffith movie, "A Stranger Among Us."

Brief Description: It's hard to summarize all Orthodox Judaism groups because there are about 100,000 of them and they keep growing by the minute. While they disagree with a bunch of major policies (Zionism, cooperation with non-Orthodox Jews, in what sinister ways they can rule the world and control all the money and gold and diamonds and cubic zirconium), they all agree that they should dress really funny and be very comical. I'm poking fun at Orthodox Jews because I'm fairly sure that it's against all their laws to use or even look at the Internet, so I'm relatively safe from getting flame mail from "supah_ortho_jew19029@aol.com." In order to distinguish themselves from the rest of the non-Orthodox Judaism population, these religious fellows have adopted a lifestyle that many of us find to be very silly, although I'm fairly sure they don't feel the same way. This includes:

These two Orthodox Jews are haggling over the price of some take out Chinese food and weeds.

- Prohibiting women from having their arms or legs exposed because this promotes unclean thoughts. Since women aren't allowed to work (except in the kitchen and birthing room), they are given complimentary parkas and scuba diving suits to hide all their appendages.

- Forcing all members to have huge beards and sidebrows. If you are unable to grow a long beard, you are given an Abraham Lincoln fake beard and are required to wear it until you die, at which point it is passed on to your heir.

- Requiring all members to wear a lot of black, silly hats, and demanding they never smile (even if they hear a very funny Orthodox Jew joke). They are kind of like goths in this way, only without the Geocities "dark poetry" webpages.

Orthodox Jews spend all day studying the Torah, observing Orthodox Jewish law (which consists of over 150,000 different rules), and brushing up on various other required reading material. When they are not studying, they are either sleeping or not talking to their wives. Their ancient Jewish Law is written in Hebrew, a language which looks like the symbols from Ultima IV only they don't shoot large fireballs (In Vas Flam). Orthodox Jews separate themselves from the rest of society by living in large groups that have their own secret stores and secret codes and secret handshakes. Another trademark of this religion is their really silly music which sounds like a cross between the polka and a Mexican Mariachi band on crank. If there is ever a major crime in the Orthodox Judaism community, they will not let outsiders come in to solve it unless they slowly but surely adopt their principles and ideals, a process which takes roughly 19 years to accomplish.

Summary: While this religion certainly has its positive points (secretly ruling the world and all its monetary reserves), it does contain some very defining negative aspects (everything else). Unless

you enjoy a lot of facial hair and spending 19 hours a day in a musty library full of old books, you should probably skip this one.

Religion Name: Islam

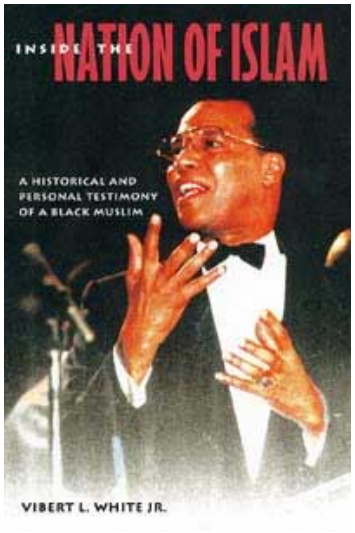
Chance You'll Be Tormented For All Eternity For Screwing Up: 71%

Famous People of This Religion: Tupac Shakoor (drug-using rapper who was shot to death), Mohammed Ali (badass boxer), many people who have blown themselves up with bombs to prove how much they enjoy Islam.

Brief Description: The basic belief of Islam is that there is just one important God, not multiple weird things like Christians or anybody who really liked the Three Stooges. While they share a common bond with Jews, the Muslims and Jewish people really hate each other for many vague reasons. I think the primary cause is because the Jews think The Torah is the best book in the world, whereas the Muslims think the Koran is the best book in the world. It's like those people who argue on forums about the Playstation 2 being better than the X-Box, except these people will stab each other to death just to prove their point. They feel that Jesus, who was a lot like Moses and Muhammad, was trying to encourage the Jews to adopt his policies regarding how they should act, but the Jews denounced him and screwed up big time. As a result, the Koran wisely advises all Muslims to kill non-Muslims like Jews, Christians, Mormons, plumbers, Moon People, and Big Bird. This "killing" thing really causes a rift in the whole inter-religion community thing.

Muslims also have a belief system which they feel is more based in science, not some nonsense that a traveling Son of God talked about when he was smiting people and forcing others to kill goats and smear the blood on their doors to prove how much they loved Him. For example, the Koran supports the "Big Bang" theory, as shown in this except from the Koran:

> *[Quran 21.30] Do not those who disbelieve see that the heavens and the earth were meshed together but We have torn them apart? And then We have made of water everything living? Would they still not believe? Also, kill the Jews.*



Haha, the book about Louis Farrakhan is written by Mr. White! Haha, white! Get it? Nevermind.

The Koran is the "Big Book O' Rules" for the Muslims, the pure, untainted, 100% pulp-free version of the Bible as was told to Prophet Muhammad. They feel the Bible is kind of messed up and wrong in some parts, like when Paul sent Jesus some contradictory fan messages to his website, talking about "hearing sound but not seeing light," which he later changed to "not hearing sound but seeing light." This, therefore, completely invalidates the Bible and makes the Koran #1 on the New York Times Bestseller List. God apparently said some stuff to his Prophets, guys like Noah and Moses (the two people who collaborated to build the Ark), but what he told them was kind of wrong or something. Maybe God was loaded when he was chatting with them. Regardless, the only person who really knows the truth about everything was Prophet Muhammad, who was smart enough to record God's teachings on tape cassette. The cassettes are no longer available, but copy-proof CDs are available through BMG Entertainment.

Another fundamental feature of Islam is throwing rocks at people. If you break any one of their strict laws, you will be executed by having rocks thrown at you until either you die or they run out

of rocks. The Shari'ah, which was not an alien race in Star Trek, recommends harsh penalties for anybody convicted of murder, personal injury, theft, kissing in public, thinking about the color pink, double-parking, or failing to jump over the flaming barrels in Donkey Kong. These punishments include public stonings, crucifixion, chopping off a hand or foot, or banishing the criminal to a post-apocalyptic desert area where they must fight radioactive mutants and raiders in dune buggies. Women are also required to wear an intricate series of holy towels and scarves so no male can differentiate them from a pile of moving rugs.

Summary: Although there is a better chance of you ending up in Heaven, there's also a better chance of you being murdered to death for really trivial crimes such as spitting in public after arguing with the umpire's call.

MISCELLANEOUS OTHER RELIGIONS

- **Religion Name:** Hinduism
  Brief Description: There are a whole bunch of Gods and you can pretty much do whatever you want as long as you wear the right clothing. There are a lot of Hindus in India, but not quite as many in Indiana. Oh yeah, there's also that thing with the red dot on your head which makes it look like a SWAT team has you targeted in their laser scope.
- **Religion Name:** Buddhism
  Brief Description: Just chill man, and don't like freak out about anything dude. It's bad karma man, and you just need to cool out unless you want to be reincarnated as a sloth or filthy anteater. If you're a really good Buddhist, you'll reach Nirvana, which is a large atrium in Canada that houses the ghost of Raoul Julia.
- **Religion Name:** Scientology
  Brief Description: Aliens traveled to our planet and got blown up, forcing their spirits to roam around and haunt us because their leader is trapped deep inside a volcano, and the only way we can get rid of them is by understanding this idea. The movie "Final Fantasy" was based off this concept, although the estate of L. Ron "Ronny" Hubbard has not sued Square Inc. Yet.

Well that's all the main ones I care to list at this point, and since I'm fairly sure my flame mail will increase exponentially with the number of religions I list, I think I'll just stop right now. I hope this guide has helped you find the "correct" religion so you won't end up in hell or even worse, Detroit. May God / Jesus / Allah / Xenu / Alan Thicke have mercy on your souls!

■ Big Fat New Section!

Howdy folks, Scott Delbango here. Don't be fooled by my greeting, I'm not a cowboy! I'm just a friendly SA staffer here to inform you of our new section, The Goldmine! To create awareness of our amazingly fantastical forums, we've decided to showcase highlights from some of the funnier threads each week.

This week's thread was about make believe products - ones so make believe that they don't even exist! So what are you waiting for? GO READ NOW!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

PINK
SHIT

6.17 Mad Rail Skills

Wednesday, Jun 19, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Trains sure are warm and inviting!

Over the last three years I have taken advantage of a service known as "public transportation" to move my person from the vast cornfield utopia that is Indiana to the bustling port city that is Chicago. The main reason I do this is because my school is there and it makes it a lot easier to get high-ranking grades and pass classes if I am there as well. Since Chicago is a seething pesthole filled with sleazy characters straight out of the cantina scene in Star Wars, I choose to remain a resident of Indiana where trees still grow in the actual ground instead of stone buckets and squares cut in the sidewalks. Ultimately this works out to my advantage because it's safer and somewhat more pleasant than driving into the city, even if I do have a luxurious Ford Tempo on my side. Like all major cities, Chicago is filled with millions of foreigners who have come to strike it rich in the lucrative field of taxi driving. To make matters worse, the city only requires that you know where the horn is in order to get a driver's license and chauffeur's permit. Few drivers know how to do anything but hit the gas and than honk like hell when something gets in front of them. Forget about breaking, as a well-placed honk will eliminate all need to stop. Then of course if I did drive in, I'd have to pay up to twenty-esque dollars just so I can park my car in a place where it wouldn't get towed or end up with a naked homeless man having night terrors in the backseat. Instead of all those hassles I can just ride the rails hobo-style to the city and be done with it.

Gruesome train wrecks like this are very rare these days.

Sadly, riding the rails isn't without its faults. Sure, trains can occasionally be fun and relaxing, but more often than not they're a moving headache. The problems typically arise when people fail to recognize that a train is essentially a series of really long cars that travel not on roads, but on train tracks. The usage of train tracks confuses people, as they instantly assume that the train is a thrilling roller coaster and thusly they have the right to scream loudly and move around like idiots. Such nuisances are all too common. There are always the parents who get on and drag along an armada of noisy and undomesticated children. As a firm believer that children should be kept in cages until it can be proven that they are incapable of expressing emotions, I find this to be a major pain in my thong district. Instead of being able to relax on my ride, I often have to endure children running up and down the train car, screaming, laughing, and flailing arms madly. Children are annoying enough, but some of the adults can be even worse. There is nothing more infuriating than sitting near a herd of loud-mouthed cretins excreting lame conversation shrill enough that your eardrums erupt blood from having to work so hard deciphering their particular brand of moron spiel. Unfortunately, these are the common pains of public transportation. Short of becoming a dashing railroad baron and setting up my own private railway, there isn't anything I can do to remove those vexing commuters. But that doesn't mean I can't engage in an epic game of wits with them!

Every great annoyance of public transportation must have a solution, right? I strongly believe so. I have seen just about every annoying problem you can think of, so you can invest stock in my judgment. After careful thought and some sexy diagrams, I have come up with solutions to some of the most common problems encountered with commuting via train. For those of you who ride the rails, feel free to take notes. Those notes just might come in quite handy in your various times of public transportation need. Believe you me, these are practical solutions:

- **Overcrowded Train**

Problem Description: It is quite common for a train to take on a larger capacity of people than it was designed to hold. This leads to people standing in the aisles and/or vestibules and a general air of discomfort. This also means that you are going to have to share a seat with someone instead of being able to enjoy more space for yourself. That extra seat next to you provides an added buffer separating you from the savages. You need that extra seat!

Problem Solution: Bring along a pair of underwear. It doesn't matter if it's a clean pair, but ideally for your sake it should be. Using bottled water or some other easily containerized liquid, lightly wet the underwear. Now place the pseudo-soiled undergarment in the seat next to you and pretend like you don't notice. There are few people who are going to want to move wet underwear just to sit down, and fewer who would want to sit in a seat previously occupied by wet underwear. Congratulations traveler, you just earned yourself an extra seat!

- **Obnoxious Commuters**

Problem Description: Your relaxation is held captive by a hoard of commuters talking at loud levels about whatever horrible nonsense amazes them. Often times these pests can be halfway across the train, but the sound of there voices still reaches you. Your journey would be a lot more pleasant if they were rendered unable to talk.

Problem Solution: Short of murder or acts of extreme violence, the only way to silence these infidels is to convince them it is in their best interest to shut up. Threatening them sounds like your best weapon. A confusing or startling threat directed at them should work to disable their auditory emitters. Try one of the following statements:

"God has commanded me to part this conversational sea of stupidity with my aluminum alloy knuckles!"

"Conductor Fist says the next stop is your face! Choo! Choo!"

"You remind me of the person who is now encased in drywall in my basement! I think his name was Ted. Are you related?"

"I'm from ten minutes in the future, and in my time you're dead from mouth-exhaustion!"

"I'm the railway marshal and I'm here to take you to my sex jail!"

- **Slowpoke Door Jams**

Problem Description: Getting off the train is hindered by a bottleneck directly outside of the train doors. This commonly happens when a large family gets off the train and rather than moving away from the train, instantly stops to establish a beachhead. They fortify this position by unpacking strollers, lining their children up into wall-like formations, and placing their bags in strategic positions aimed at preventing other travelers from exiting. And they do all of this unintentionally. It sure would be nice if you could break through their defenses.

Problem Solution: Identify the weaknesses in their fortress. More than likely it's the children. Your best bet is to take them by surprise and rush. Children are natural cowards, so they will scurry out of the way at the first sign of danger. Once you break through, complete the destruction by disabling the parents. Do not harm the children, as it's dishonorable to deny them the chance to grow up and avenge the untimely downfall of their parents. You'll just have to live with them as enemies.

Of course I'm afraid of people, so I haven't actually tested any of these solutions. I strongly encourage you to do so, though! I can't guarantee these will actually solve anything, but I can guarantee

that they will make the ride more interesting. That at least counts for something.

◘ Helen's Here!

Jupiters! Our very own Helen Gunther is back with another edition of her weekly advice columns. As predicted by the stars, it's full of sound advice you can take to the bank and deposit as if it was money or bricks of solid gold you personally stole from the King of Prussia. Here is just one of the many questions Helen tackles:

> *Hi. I was wondering if you could help me out with...ya know...girls. There is this girl I really wanna shag, but I'm scared to ask her. She's one of my good friends that I've come to like more than a friend. How do I ask her?*
>
> Thanks. Post-friendly in Cleveland.

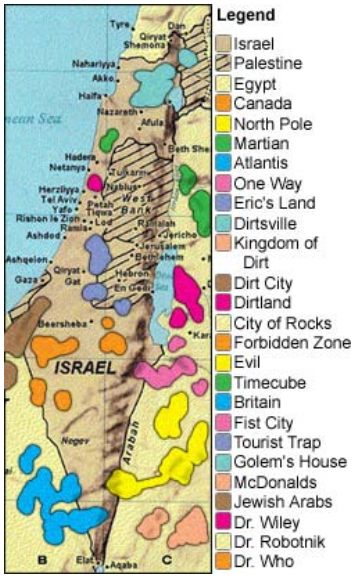
What's that? You want to read the column? Go for it!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.18 Wall Street

Wednesday, Jun 19, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Although I have held many different jobs in my life, developed infections in new and exciting places, and have taken a wide range of mind-altering prescription drugs, one thing has remained a constant throughout my dynamic existence on this planet (Earth): my undying belief that Israel and Palestine will reach a peace treaty and cease fighting. The first question that enters my mind each morning I wake up is, "I wonder how that peace thing is going in the Middle East?" Then I ask myself, "why am I outgrowing all my pants?" because I swear that the day after I buy a pair of pants my gut doubles in size and before you know it there's a button being launched out of my crotch at Mach 3 speeds. While I do have an answer regarding my upgrade in obesity, I'm afraid I don't have the same answers for that whole Middle East thing.



A current political map of the Middle East. I think.

For those of you who have never heard of the Middle East before or don't know what's going on there, allow me the chance to summarize: you're stupid. Watch CNN or read a newspaper sometime you jerks. Basically you've got the Palestinians who want this big chunk of desert wasteland but they can't have it because the Israelis want the same wad of dirt and rocks. The Arabs and Jews have been fighting for this land since roughly 1,000,000 BC, back when "suicide rockers" would walk into a crowd of cavemen gathering by a big dirt pile, proceed to rub two sticks together, and eventually form a crude bonfire. The fire would then consume the suicide rocker who would attempt to light as many others on fire as possible while throwing a handful of rocks and gravel in random directions. This hardly ever worked because the guy on fire would be too preoccupied with extinguishing his flames to hurl stones or light others on fire. To make matters even worse, the phrase "stop, drop, and roll" hadn't been invented at that time, so the suicide rocker would invariably die. This was before the invention of religion, so nobody is exactly sure why they did this. Scientists are guessing it had something to do with The Big Bang theory, but they kind of blame everything on that.

Anyway, soon after 1,000,000 BC, the year 1947 AD took place. The Middle East was full of migrant Jews who had fled from Hitler and his army of evil mechanical robot Moon zombies. The Palestinians were naturally a little pissed off because they had been living there for a while and had all their stuff like unpacked and set up and everything. Then all these Jews came down and started hogging up all the space like when your college roommate brings over his idiot friends and their drunk braindead girlfriends to your dorm room. However, unlike you and your college buddies, Israel and Palestine have a bunch of missiles, bombs, helicopters, tanks, and soldiers, and can therefore do a little bit more damage than putting some shaving cream on your roommate's hand and then putting his other hand in a bucket of water and calling his parents, pretending to be a doctor claiming that their son just died in a drunk driving accident. The UN, US, and UPS have all tried to resolve this conflict by holding meetings and shaking hands while various news stations film them, but this strategy hasn't worked so far. The Jews have tried to solve the problem by killing the Arabs, and the Arabs attempted to resolve it by killing Jews. This solution has failed as well because whenever any side starts to win and really begins kicking the shit out of the other one, the UN begins complaining and demands that they go back to killing each other in equal amounts.

While Israel has a strong military and air force, Palestine has a bunch of crazy people who aren't

afraid to explode in public places. It's kind of like in those realtime strategy games where one side has the strong but slow guys and the other side has the fast but weak ones. America tends to lean heavily towards the Jewish side of things because if we don't pretend like we really want the Jews to win they will use their secret Jewish world-domination power to shut down all of Earth and then we'll be closed until the next holiday season. So the entire world pretty much doesn't care if Israel and Palestine fight every day, just as long as the frag count for each side doesn't become too lopsided or uneven.

However, there's hope! A breath of fresh air is has been pumped into the lungs of the Middle East, as Israel has devised the most cunning and ingenious plan ever to ensure peace between both nations: build a big fucking wall.

> *Palestinian Authority President Yasser Arafat has blasted Israel's decision to begin construction of a 217-mile (350-kilometer) fence designed to shield the country from suicide bombers, calling it a fascist enterprise. "This is a fascist, apartheid measure being done, and we do not accept it," the Jerusalem daily Ha'aretz quoted Arafat as saying. "We will continue rejecting it by all means."*

A wall. NOTE: not to scale.

It's this kind of clever thinking that has brought all of mankind to the place we are today, although I'm not exactly sure where that is. You've got to give the Israeli leaders credit though; the revolutionary idea of "a wall" probably ranks up there with the invention of the lightbulb and the carp-shaped tie. Just think about it: a wall separates one group of people on one side of the wall from another group of people (on the opposite side). There's no possible way violence could break out if there was a big fucking wall in the Middle East! Palestinian suicide bombers would have to devise some pretty clever schemes to sneak by this secure obstacle. I'd imagine their first attempt would go something like this:

> **PALESTINIAN SUICIDE BOMBER:** *(knocking on door under wall)* "Hello, is anybody there?"
> **ISRAELI GUARD:** "Yes, who are you?"
> **PALESTINIAN SUICIDE BOMBER:** "I'm, uh, a Jewish guy. I was praying so hard to my Jewish god last night that I fell down and blacked out and when I woke up I was here in Palestine."
> **ISRAELI GUARD:** "Why is your clothing all lumpy and has the shape of explosives underneath?"
> **PALESTINIAN SUICIDE BOMBER:** "Uh, I, uh, have indigestion."
> **ISRAELI GUARD:** "Oh well okay, come on in." *(opens the wall door)*

Then ka-blammo, another cafe explodes in a shower of Palestinian body parts. If the Israelis ever catch on to this Palestinian trick, I'm fairly sure the Arabs could think of new ways to fool them, such as claiming they're pizza delivery guys or they've got to hurry up and open the door because all of the land on the Palestinian side has turned into gold or chocolate and if they don't open the door then the guards will never get any. So as you can see, this wall idea is really wonderful and all, but it's not 100% secure. This is why I propose the leaders in Israel take this concept a few steps further to ensure the safety of their citizens, preferably by implementing any or all of the following ideas:

- A stealth team of construction workers who build walls around terrorist camps at night

while they're sleeping. I mean while the terrorists are sleeping, not the construction workers. They'd have to be particularly stealthy to be able to erect walls while sleeping.

- A big sign on the Palestinian side of the wall that reads "GO AWAY" in many different languages, preferably Arabic as well.
- A wall-building robot which can be unleashed into the streets of Palestine, erecting walls in random locations and eventually walling itself in so nobody can get to it and turn it off. It would be like a cross between Robocop and that faggy thing from "Short Circuit," The Jackson 5 or whatever it was called.
- Planes that drop a load of walls around Yasser Arafat's compound which he is never in because he's always partying the night away in some Arab bowling lane. I'm not sure why Arafat never hangs out in his compound, except for maybe the fact that Israeli bulldozers are always running into it, pushing dirt into his front yard, and knocking over his mailbox.
- A second wall behind the first wall. Hell, make a third wall behind that one as well. Make all of Israel into a series of horizontal walls and rename the country to "Wall Land." Charge admission for people to enter and then laugh as they get lost behind wall #2819.
- Land mines that, when stepped on, make a wall spring up and enclose the victim in a plaster deathtrap.
- Hire those light bikes from "Tron" that had walls grow behind them wherever they go. Then unleash the blue and red bikes on opposite sides of Palestine, turning their precious Holy Land into a series of neon rectangles.

As I proved above, there's a lot of different ways Israel can work on the imperfect idea of "one big wall," and hopefully turn it into the much more perfect idea of "a whole lot of big walls." This will undoubtedly solve the silly religious problems between the Arabs and Jews because there's nothing that building a good wall can't fix unless the problem is having too many good walls, and I don't think I've ever heard either side complain about that. Yet.

Israel must make sure the Stealth Construction Workers are not easily fooled by puerile ruses!

More Crazy Sex Games!

Once again Zack "Kite Elevator" Parsons has put his face to the grindstone and written up another review of a naughty game from Japan. In Japan "naughty" means boring and offensive.

Generic Hentai "look and think" menus ahoy! The game could have actually had some very slight semblance of fucking entertain-

> *ment if the wrestling had say ported the cutting-edge NES "Pro Wrestling" engine. Just replace Star Man with a woman with a strap on and The Amazon with a woman holding enema bags and there you go.*

It's a lesbian wrestling sex simulation! Yes, somehow they have combined all of those genres into something that is actually bad. Check out his review!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.19 Always Remember, Never Forget!

Friday, Jun 21, 2002 by Integral

USA! USA! USA! USA!

PRELIMINARY NOTE: I put this update up approximately 14 hours ago and I am shocked and appalled at the number of moronic flame emails I have already received because people don't take the time to actually read and comprehend what I wrote. Before you get your panties in a bunch, take a deep breath and think about whether you understand what I am saying. If you honestly think that I am in any way being anti-patriotic or making light of the WTC tragedy then you need to spend less time huffing glue and more time learning about the world. Oh, and you're retarded.

I can't help but notice that lately there has been a real resurgence of patriotism in the United States. I know this to be true because I have used my brilliant powers of deduction to observe the increase in USA flags and bumper stickers adorning the cars and personal belongings of the general populace as well as the tasteful red, white, and blue tie dye t-shirts worn by your average Wal Mart shoppers. I have also noticed an increase in late-night infomercials promoting USA watches, posters, clothing, hair accessories, make-up, knives, coins, and children. Those USA brand children are a rip-off, though, trust me. They break in a week, tops.

I can only assume that from the increase in USA merchandise that people feel more passionate about **USA #1 USA #1** these days. The cause for people's sudden decision to support our great nation via owning a bunch of over-priced crap most likely stems from the World Trade Center disaster or possibly the Chandra Levy mystery.

That Levy thing had me on the edge of my seat for weeks and I still have nightmares about it. But after the tragedy in New York, everyone ran around for a few days buying gas masks and bottled water and fearfully looking up at the sky. When nothing bad immediately happened, no more planes were crashed into large buildings, and all of the people of Arabic descent were rounded up and herded into a large pen that closely resembled jail, people decided that the best thing to do would be to buy things with "USA" or "NYPD" / "NYFD" printed on them. This was fine because at the time everyone was pulling together to show support for New York and the folks at the Pentagon and that town with the funny name in Pennsylvania, Shanksville. Heh, it's an entire ville full of shanks. That's a lot of shanks. What would people do with that many shanks? But anyway, it has now been over nine months since September 11th, and the stupids are trying to cash in.

USA! USA! USA! USA!

If you read popular news sites or watch television about September 11th, you are likely to hear some sort of comparison between the World Trade Center and Pearl Harbor. Pearl Harbor happened a long time ago, like in the 1800's sometime or something, but it was the last time that the United States had been attacked on its own soil and it wasn't really on the same scale as what happened in New York. I suppose it was the fact that it happened back in the day that made the movie people think that it was ok and fine to make a crappy, saccharine, romance film about it. I guess it was also the time factor that created the legions of Pearl Harbor collector plates and other crud with World War II planes and US flags

on them. I can't help but think that 50 or so years from now some moron will take it into his or her pretty head to make a movie about September 11th that revolves around one star-crossed couple one of whom gets crushed to death underneath five tons of steel and burning jet fuel. It'll be a box office smash. Get it? Smash? AAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA. That was good. But I still don't understand why tragedy plus time equals profit.

The interesting thing will be to see what sort of collector plates they can come up with for September 11th. With Pearl Harbor there are cool World War II planes that they can use or maybe those neat old battleships. People wouldn't mind hanging things like that on their walls. And there's always the US flag or a picture of Hawaii to add in for flavor. But there was just nothing cool or picturesque about the WTC that would ever make a good plate.

Possible failed ideas for World Trade Center collector plates include:

ANGER!
Why do humans do this to each other?
Why?
Gaea screams in my mind, the wail of agony of a spirit torn asunder. Can you not feel the world in pain? Can you not hear her souls shouting?
USA! USA! USA! USA!

- The heroic legions of ambulances, fire trucks, and police cars that rushed to the scene only to be buried in debris and crushed. I'd eat off of that in a snap. Extra bonus points awarded if the plate also shows some dead or disfigured bodies inside of the ruined vehicles.
- A collage of pictures showing people jumping out of the windows of the WTC to their deaths as it burned. The kids will love it! Makes a great Christmas gift!
- A picture of the herds of people trying in vain to run away from the cloud of dust and shrapnel that raced throught the streets of New York at 80 miles per hour.
- The plates depict a picture of the burning towers but arrive broken into tiny, sharp pieces that you have to glue back together yourself.

Fun for the whole family!

Another popular product seems to be stickers and posters and shirts with pictures of the World Trade center and either the phrase "Always Remember" or "Never Forget." The only problem with this is that I am not sure which one of these things I am supposed to do. It is not mere semantics to say that these phrases mean distinctly different things and I would think that in a time of crisis our government would have adopted one national catchphrase to make it easier for us to tow the party line. It's too easy to get them mixed up! I demand a sound byte! GET YOUR SHIT IN GEAR, USA. I PAY MY TAXES TO LIVE HERE SO YOU HAD BETTER SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT.

USA! USA! USA! USA!

There are many products that they have yet to offer from the WTC thingy, but I'm sure that if they marketed this stuff on TV, those profit-minded folks would clear up:

- They could have a game show akin to the 80's *Double Dare* only with a name like *Defend the Towers* in which you have to answer questions about preventing the terror before it starts. The physical challenge section of the show would involve stopping a 747 with various parts of your body.
- You should be able to buy a vial of bone and ash from the towers themselves. This is an heirloom that would be treasured for generations, and for the low, low price of $300 plus $25.95 shipping and handling it can be yours.

- WTC-flavored cola! Now in Diet and with half the calories of other colas (may contain some carcinogens and human bone).
- The all new VW WTC Turbo edition would be equipped with the latest luxury conveniences including flame-retardant upholstery and escape ladder. Extra-large gas tank and model American Airlines planes included for the kids!
- 747-proofing kits are a must for any terrorist-safe home. These easy-to-assemble products lead you step by step through the important tast of making your house, pets, and children safe from planes by erecting a 30-foot thick lead wall around them.

I suppose that only time will tell whether these amazing products will be created, but in the meantime there are plenty of crappy USA-emblazoned things to waste money on. I am sure that the people selling the cheaply-made patriotic garbage are only doing so because they want to help support the families and victims of September 11th, but gosh, it just doesn't really come off that way for some reason. I suppose that there's nothing anyone can really do about it seeing as Mrs. Joe Housewife just has to buy those red, white, and blue lawn flamingoes, but that's nothing a little fire won't cure. Until then, I am working on my own personal line of WTC feminine products that should be on sale by fall.

-~Integral

6.20 The Laundromat Ecosystem

Friday, Jun 21, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Other than those 18 or so years with my parents I have very little experience with the convenience of owning my own washer and dryer. I remember griping incessantly about the hideous task of having to do my own laundry and now, with a little age and wisdom, I see just how easy I had it. Going to the Laundromat is not fun. No one enjoys it unless they were in some sort of industrial accident involving a pneumatic hammer that also makes them enjoy getting kicked in the groin by livestock.

Sweet Laundromat solitude, denied me by this infernal city!!!

Laundromats in Ohio were best visited during the wee hours of the morning when they were completely emptied of customers cleaning the cooking grease off their Nascar #3 smocks. Barring the occasional run in with a homeless lunatic (it happened roughly half the time I went) it was very quiet and I could just do my laundry and read a book. Once I moved to Chicago the three AM visits to clean my clothes were right out. To my corn-fed mind Chicago at three AM is as bad as Beirut during the height of the intifada. I'd be lucky if I made it three blocks before a pick-up truck overloaded with Arabs started shooting RPGs at me.

Forget DDR, forget Tekken 4, TANK is sweeping Laundromats by storm!

No, it's daylight visits only for me, thank you very much. I have been making bi-weekly trips to the nearest "Spin Cycle" Laundromat since I moved here and I have come to the conclusion that a Laundromat during normal human operating hours generates an ecosystem every bit as real and diverse as the primeval jungles of South America. Thursday when I went to do my laundry I took along my notebook and took careful notes on the various species of beasts cleaning their laundry. I left out the "Pasty Skinned Comedy Web Site Hack Writer" since by now I think you're all very familiar with that particular type of animal.

■ Teenager Who Comes In to Play Video Games

Description: Everyone knows that a Laundromat has the best video games ever! Ranging from a stand-up of Pole-Position that fell off of a truck that was taking it to a trash compactor to that game that was a plastic car and a wheel with a road drawn on it that spun beneath it, Laundromats have the hottest titles! Knowing this, the "teenager who comes in to play video games" brings a sack full of quarters and absolutely no laundry. Instead he takes up a position at the worst game in the entire place second only to the out of order vending machine and proceeds to pump quarter after quarter into it while cursing wildly.

Aggressive Behavior: The TWCItPVG is not overly aggressive, although when threatened by a particularly trying round of "Crystal Caverns" he will curse loudly so that everyone knows he is not to be trifled with. He will than kick the machine repeatedly and condemn it as broken even though Crystal Caverns was a game intended for six-year olds and was designed to withstand an entire cup of kool-aid being upended into the control sphere.

Ecosystem Hierarchy Position: Outside of the hierarchy because he does not do any

laundry. He is a tolerated interloper but a frequent enough one to be included as a part of the ecosystem.

Young Child Who Wanders Around Unsupervised

Description: People who come to the Laundromat frequently bring one or more children. You would think it would be fairly easy to supervise them while you were doing something as sporadically demanding of your attention as laundry. However, within the laundry ecosystem you are absolutely required to ignore (or pretend to ignore) every other living thing including your own offspring. This means that the children who tagged along with the "woman with 500 trash bags full of laundry" (see below) will wander around the Laundromat completely unsupervised.

Aggressive Behavior: The "young child who wanders around unsupervised" is the most aggressive animal in the Laundromat ecosystem. He is absolutely fearless and will approach anything or anyone without the slightest hesitation. He is prone to insert objects into his mouth that seemingly exceed the limitations of his jaw structure. He will ask you questions in a shouting voice about items such as "why do you smell like farts?" or "how did your boobs get so ugly?" He will cry for no reason at all and demand ice cream from his mother who is carefully obeying the laws of the Laundromat and pretending he does not exist. He will even approach the teenager who came in for no other reason than to play video games and tell him that "I have this game at home and it's easy, you're not doing it right."

Ecosystem Hierarchy Position: While the "young child who wanders around unsupervised" is near the bottom of the hierarchy within the Laundromat, it is a cunning opportunist. As mentioned previously it will insert anything into its mouth and this might include your laundry, your change for doing laundry, or even your laundry basket. There are rumors of a 40 foot long unsupervised child in the deep Laundromat that is capable of swallowing an entire 5-Load high speed washer.

When all of the washers are full she puts her trash bags on top of them, thereby "marking" her territory.

Woman With 500 Trash Bags Full of Laundry

Description: The origins of the "woman with 500 trash bags full of laundry" are shrouded in mystery. Does she work at an orphanage? Does she have 20 children? Does she only do laundry once a year? Did she find a dumpster full of dirty clothes that she is cleaning to resell at Goodwill? DOES SHE EAT CLOTHES? We may never know, but what we do know is that this woman does a fucking lot of laundry. She almost always arrives in a van and it is safe to use the verb "crammed" when describing how the laundry was inserted into the vehicle. When she opens the side door trash bags full of filthy underwear erupt out of the van like spring-snakes in a surprise can of peanut brittle. She is never attractive because pretty women would use some sort of crazy Laundromat seduction dance to lure the video game kid into doing the laundry for them.

Aggressive Behavior: Normally she is very docile. She has a lot to do though, so if

you get in her way expect her to use extreme measures to ensure that she can get back on task. Do not stand in her way at any of the detergent or fabric softener vending machines because, while she invariably brings a 500 gallon drum of her own secreted detergent, she may somehow misplace it. If you're in her way in her time of need you may lose an arm, leg, or face. This goes double for if you are in her path when she is attempting to remove her 50 loads of laundry, so do whatever it takes to select a dryer or washing machine far away from the ones she is using.

Ecosystem Hierarchy Position: Silently at the top. She commands a lot of respect from all other members of the ecosystem except for the "crazy homeless man", who respects nothing. Most people show this deference by avoiding her so that she remains calm and quiet. She sometimes is inadvertently provoked by the "non-English speaker who insists on controlling the TV", although often she will be a non-English speaker herself and not prone to caring about the Television, instead reading magazines written in some crazy moon language with pictures of exploding pets on the cover.

- **Crazy Homeless Man**

Description: The one holdover from my late night visits to Ohio Laundromats and my morning or afternoon visits to Chicago Laundromats is the "crazy homeless man." They are literally everywhere, and Laundromats are their bases of operations. They enter the Laundromat with two purposes; to use the bathroom and to get a drink of water. However the "crazy homeless man" is a curious animal who is starved for social interaction and he can be almost as abrasive as the unsupervised child, but with the added bonus of being physically menacing.

During one visit to the Laundromat, I personally witnessed a "crazy homeless man" actually going toe-to-toe with an unsupervised child. The child was getting a drink, as they enjoy putting anything in their mouth, when the crazy homeless man entered. Also set on getting a drink the crazy homeless man rapidly approached, as he neared and the child was still getting a drink he began some sort of crazy homeless man ritual shuffle. He refused to stop moving towards the drinking fountain, yet he was aware that the unsupervised child occupied a position within the hierarchy roughly equivalent to his own. Eventually the child became frightened, a truly awe-inspiring and rare occurrence, and retreated from the fountain.

Aggressive Behavior: The "crazy homeless man" rarely poses a physical threat, but the unpredictable way he can behave is full of menace to anyone who is nearby. He enjoys looking around and may hold his head at an odd angle while babbling about Bible verses that don't exist as if to say "I have a screwdriver in my sock". While there is no direct threat, there is an implied threat, and all within the ecosystem would do well to stay clear of him.

Ecosystem Hierarchy Position: As mentioned previously, he is roughly equivalent in station to the "young child who wanders around unsupervised". He is both a nuisance and a vital part of the complex cycle within the Laundromat and he is as much of an opportunist as the unsupervised kid. He will drink an unattended week old cup of chewing-tobacco spit if he is fairly certain no one wants it anymore.

- **Non-English Speaker Who Insists On Controlling TV**

Description: Everyone needs to use the Laundromat, even crazy moon people like the "non-English speaker who insists on controlling the TV". He can be identified the moment he walks into the Laundromat by the strange bag he is carrying his laundry in and the confused expression of someone in a world that they are unaccustomed to. He is one of the most rigid adherents to the code of the Laundromat, and immediately after jamming his moon clothing into a washing machine he will stand in front of the

TV and begin to switch channels. He will never stop switching channels, because there are no moon people channels even in Chicago. Sometimes he may grow tired and tune the TV to static, which is closer to a moon person channel than say CNN or Telemundo. If you're actually lucky he IS Spanish-speaking and puts on Telemundo, at least that channel is entertaining and overrun with gorgeous Latino women.

Aggressive Behavior: He is only aggressive when it comes to control of the TV. He refuses to watch anything that makes the slightest bit of fucking sense since in moonland or wherever he's from TV shows are usually about things like screaming animals flying through helicopter blades that sing Abba songs. If you start to approach the TV during one of his lulls in channel changing he will suddenly leap towards the TV and begin rapidly flipping through the channels again. It may be possible to pry him away from the television by using brute force, but this is ill-advised because of the many secrets that moon people keep.

Ecosystem Hierarchy Position: Next to the woman with the 500 bags of laundry, the moon man TV changer is at the top of the heap. He only controls a small piece of Laundromat landscape, but he is very territorial when challenged and most recognize this and avoid any conflict.

There are many more archetypes and species within the Laundromat daytime ecosystem, so diverse in comparison to the barren nocturnal Laundromat, but these were the ones which I documented. When I venture out again I will be sure to keep a pencil handy at all times to record any new discoveries. Truly, for a naturalist such as myself, the Laundromat is a pristine haven for species as wondrous as the Galapagos islands.

Super Photoshop Phriday Time

This week's Photoshop Phriday is a real optic blast of flavor as the Goons got busy and decided to give a bunch of superheroes and super villains new jobs where their powers are wasted. But it's not all bad. In cases such as this one, it makes them more useful:

It is in your best interest to view Photoshop Phriday!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.21 Get less fat for summer!

Sunday, Jun 23, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Exercise your right to exercise!

Ha! The inset picture is looking up that fattie's skirt! Or mumu, or whatever.

As much as politically correct children's programming would have you believe otherwise, outward appearances are possibly the most important thing to consider when judging something. Much can be learned by looking at an object or person and making wild, outrageous generalizations based on the first thing you notice. Historically, man had operated this way for thousands of years, until some brainiacs decided that the practice of blindly degrading things based on look was morally wrong. This system stems from man's most basic instincts however, and was used by the filthy injuns for survival when they still roamed the land free range. If you were out in the woods and you encountered a local creature such as a ravenous bear or a hungry, hungry hippo, the first response you'd have would be fear. Fear of being eaten. Looking at the large body and massive, gaping maw would send chills down your spine. It doesn't matter if the bear rides a unicycle for the amusement of orphans in its spare time because, based on its horrifying exterior, it's best to assume that Gentle Ben is probably going to want to eat you. The same is true of fat people. Oh sure, they might be "nice people" on the "inside", but are you going to care about that when a fat person breaks down your door in a fit of hunger-fueled rage to eat your chocolate...or your children? Avoiding that horrifying situation entirely is best, and the only way to do that is to stay away from fatties.

Blatant stereotypes like this are just why it is so very important to exercise regularly! No one wants to associate themselves with someone who looks like they have pancake syrup flowing through their veins. And since the calendar seems to insinuate that it's June, that means Summer is here. And summer is no place for fatties! But many people don't have the faintest idea on how to start an exercise program and lose those extra flabby, disgusting rolls of fat. But never fear, because the fitness experts at Something Awful have put down their bags of pork rinds and bottomless mugs of cola to provide you this simple guide to getting fit!

- **Step 1:** Stop eating, pudgy!

  The reason you're so fat is probably because you eat a massive supply of food. Food which could be going to better use in areas like Somalia, where it would provide me with endless entertainment when I tie it to a string and pull it away when a starving citizen attempted to dive for the delicious morsel. Whine about glandular problems all you want, but that fistful of cheesecake you just crammed down your throat isn't helping your increasingly Rosie O'Donnel like figure. Washing it down with extra heavy cream probably didn't help either, but I'm no expert! The best thing for you to do is to cut off food entirely, especially you ladies. Girls, if you think you need to lose weight, you do! Don't fool yourself into thinking eating salad is healthy. You'll never look like ideal woman Calista Flockhart or famous 80s sitcom star Tracy Gold with all that fattening lettuce sitting in your portly gut!

- **Step 2:** Join a gym, you slob!

Lovely.

Now that you've gotten on a proper diet of absolutely nothing, it's time to go work that flab off at the gym! These have nothing to do with Slim Jims, a subject I'm sure you fatsos are familiar with. Instead, a gym is a place where you can go to work out. While your choices may seem overwhelming at first, selecting a gym isn't very hard. The first thing you should look for is a place with doors wide enough to fit you. Once you locate one, check out the equipment and environment. Many popular features at gyms are pools, saunas, and aerobics classes. Still, always be wary. If the sauna you just walked into smells like cake, chances are that you accidently stumbled into the local bakery again, chubby! Resist the urge to tear the place apart with your jabber jaw and return to a gym. It's best just to pick a place that you feel comfortable in. While it won't be easy finding a gym adorned with Pop N' Fresh posters, I'm sure you'll eventually find one to call home. The gym will cost you about $300 per year, which helps you lose weight in and of itself by slashing resources which would otherwise go to your ample candy bar fund.

- **Step 3:** Pick a program, and stick with it like frosting to your sausage-like fingers.

  After you choose your gym, you have to actually start using it. A wild concept for most of you, I'm sure, but hear me out. You should go at least three times a week, and make a plan for yourself of exercises on each day. Learn what the different activities do for you, and start sweating. At first, you'll most likely start to feel the burn right away, like when you walk from your car to the gym. But as you work at it, things will get easier for your pathetic body. Though you may feel more comfortable at the juice bar, or the Taco Bell across the street, or collapsed on the floor, you should stick with the commitment you made. Stay dedicated to it, unlike you did to your failed marriage.

- **Step 4:** Keep your cool in the face of adversity.

  Ok, so it's been a few weeks and you're not seeing any results. People are still calling you nasty names like Lard Lad or Beefytits, and your girlfriend isn't calling you because she's imaginary. But it's alright, because you're sticking to your guns and you're gonna make it happen. At this point, it's best to double or even quadruple your efforts at the gym, going anywhere from six to twelve days per week. Although you can't reduce your food intake, since technically you shouldn't be eating at this point, you can do the opposite of eating by vomiting at any chance you get. Bonus points because you actually get to taste something for the first time in weeks! Results should be coming any day now, I swear!

- **Step 5:** Give up.

  I lied. It was your fucking genes, fatty. By the time you start to see any results, it'll be winter already and you'll be able to hide yourself under loose clothes and heavy blankets again. So just fucking stop trying already. You make me sick.

Flame away, tubby!

I hope that advice was helpful to all you plus sized powerhouses out there! As a naturally thin guy who maintains a steady weight despite eating fast food every day of my life and not exercising, I can honestly say I do not feel your pain. But I'm sure if you do something along the line of what I just wrote, you'll notice the improvement in no time flat! Or you'll die, either or. I'm sure there are loads of fat people out there firing up their hotmail accounts ready to flame me like they flambe a delicious dessert treat. But don't waste the energy people, because I don't care! That energy would be better spent attempting unsuccessfully to stand up.

-~Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

6.22 Our Ghost Town Rules!

Monday, Jun 24, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A fixture of the Western film, "ghost towns" have provided many an hour of spooky atmosphere for otherwise generic cowboy stories. Sometimes they crop up outside the Western genre, in say horror movies or re-runs of "Scooby Doo". It's a little known fact that more than 80 episodes of "Scooby Doo" were either set in a ghost town or made mention of a ghost town. It's no surprise that cities across North America have been jockeying to be declared "official ghost towns". After all, there is big money to be made in declaring your town a ghost town since it attracts two things in order: ghosts, followed immediately by tourists.

These happy tourists can tell you that everyone loves a ghost town!

Back in the 1950's you didn't fight to get declared a ghost town. Back then the Federal Government would send investigators to see if you had ghosts in your houses, rickety general stores, saloons, and ground water. They used chemical tests. If a strip turned blue it contained enough ghosts and the town was declared a ghost town. Nowadays things are obviously different. These communities have to hard sell the legislature on making them an officially recognized ghost town. Why make it official? Well, if it's not official you can't get the zoning permits for ghost attractions. So a mayor can say his town is a ghost town, but unless he can jockey for official ghost town status he can't put up a ghost ranch or a ghost bordello. Inspectors will shut them down.

Another satisfied customer!

I have a lot of empathy for the would-be ghost town mayors of America. I consider myself something of an arm-chair mayor ever since I played the Sims and got my guy to stop pissing on the floor by putting a toilet in every room of his house. I know the tribulations they go through day in and day out, dealing with citizens who are too busy thinking about musical notes or sleeping to pick plates of food up off the floor of their kitchen. To help my brother mayors I have put together a little guide to making your town into a successful ghost town. Not one of those cookie-cutter franchise ghost towns either, those are a fast road to having a ghost Wal-Mart controlling the commerce in your town.

FIVE EASY STEPS TO GHOST TOWN!

■ **STEP ONE:** The first step to making a ghost town is always to fill it with prospectors. The easiest way to attract prospectors is to announce that some valuable resource was discovered. Back in the 1950's minerals like gold and copper worked, but not in the 21st century. It needs to be a resource like cellular phones or pornography, so dig several holes and fill them with either cell phones or pornography, or possibly a mixture of both. Then you issue a press release stating a rich vein of pornography was discovered in the mountains or park or wherever you buried it. Also scatter some porn in the river so prospectors who can't afford to buy tracts of land to dig for porn can pan for it.

■ **STEP TWO:** Prospectors are very rowdy and will build a lot of brothels and those inflatable rooms that you can jump around in that they have at county fairs. They also tend to make a lot of moonshine. These things will all work to creating that "ghost town

feel" you're looking for; at least once you get rid of all these filthy prospectors! But before you get rid of them you need to have a nice big gun fight in which the sheriff of your town in shot dead. It can be hard to get the sheriff shot to death, but two key ingredients in any violent death are alcohol and the song "Here and Now" as performed by Luther Vandross.

Get the angry townspeople to drive those prospectors right out.

■**STEP THREE:** The devil liquor and a little Luther Vandross has turned a few gun wielding prospectors into cop killers, now while the prospectors are at an all time popularity low, get rid of them! Put together a torch and pitchfork wielding mob and run them all out of town. Your mob is welcome to set fire to prospector-related buildings during their maddened rampage as a few torched building will only add to the atmosphere once your town is teeming with ghosts. Do not let them set fire to any saloons! These will be the mainstay of tourist commerce in your ghost town and can easily be converted to sell ghost plush toys, humorous WANTED posters, and Luther Vandross precious moments figurines along with the usual sarsaparilla.

■**STEP FOUR:** You've got your empty town but it isn't going to do you a whole feedbag full of good if you don't have any ghosts. As vengeful spirits of the departed, ghosts are not interested in things like creaky old Victorian mansions or musty ossuaries, they want bright colors and lots of fun. Ghosts like techno music - "Techstep Terrorcore Goa" to be exact - so play this over loudspeakers all of the time. Lots of flashing lights in various colors and patterns will help. Basically you need to get your entire town to resemble a gay disco. It might attract some regular gay people in addition to the ghosts, but they can be scared away by building a lot of public bathrooms with pre-drilled holes in the walls of the stall dividers.

You can help make your town more sensually pleasing to ghosts by remembering the following informational tidbits about them:

- Ghosts do not wear hats so do not open any hat-related store or offer any hats in the saloons. If you do so you will make them feel ashamed and they may begin to cause books to fly off of shelves or force beds to levitate.
- Ghosts are afraid of Bald Eagles. Shoot all eagles in a twenty mile radius around your town.
- For safety reasons you should fill all open wells with dirt to prevent ghosts from falling into the wells and becoming trapped haunting a well for all of eternity.
- Ghosts float and therefore cannot sit down, remove all chairs from the town.
- Do not under any circumstances allow Pac Man or Power Pellets anywhere near your town or you will have fucking genocide to deal with.

- Oh yeah, don't worry about the wells because I just realized if a ghost falls into a well they can just float out.

Hopefully those will help you put together a ghost-friendly environment that will attract thousands of specters and spooks.

- **STEP FIVE:** Marketing is your friend! Put together some television spots talking about how spooky your new ghost town is. Possibly show a poorly blue screened skeleton moving around while video of various exciting locations in your town plays in the background. If you can add a glow effect around this skeleton this would be really cool and might make it look more like a ghost. You can't show the real ghosts of course since real ghosts do not show up on film. With a surefire hook like that the tourists, and more importantly the money, will come flooding into your town!

Fellow mayors, I sincerely hope that this article has helped you put together your own plan for turning your boring regular town into a hip and fresh ghost town. Good luck and remember, "Boo!" means the ghosts are working not that visitors are disappointed in your town. **The Horrible Dr. Bone$!**

There's a new name in voodoo record producing, and boys and girls, that name is The Horrible Dr. Bone$! Come take a look at this horrifying movie review about a horrifying voodoo doctor just dying to get his horrifying meathooks into a zombie army.

HE IS HORRIBLE! HE IS FULL OF BONE$!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.23 RPG Roundup!

Monday, Jun 24, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This is an RPG, which is not to be confused with an RPG.

As most avid gamers know, there has been a recent surge in RPG releases for the PC, and when I write "surge" I mean it in the same context as those Extreme Fishing kids featured in the Surge soft drink commercials, the ones who shout out "SURGE!!!" and then ride a skateboard off a bull's back while juggling bowling trophies (in an extreme fashion). There were approximately zero games released in the past eight months or so, and then all of a sudden the game truck backed up and dumped a bunch of stuff on the back porch of Electronics Boutique. Thirty or so RPGs were released within 10 minutes of each other, turning software stores across the nation into ultimate nerd magnets (even more than before). Here's a brief list of some of the more popular titles that are currently being warezed on IRC:

- **Morrowind**
- **Neverwinter Nights**
- **Dungeon Siege**
- **Heroes of Might and Magic 4,627**
- **Might and Magic 299,126**
- **Jerks of Might and Magic 89**
- **Retired Old Women of Might and Magic 162**
- **Rejected Features From Might and Magic 234**

Now before I launch ass-first into this article, let me toss up a little disclaimer: I, by default, hate RPGs. The last decent RPG I played was the Final Fantasy series for the Gameboy, and that was just because they were like really weird digital acid trips. The Gameboy Final Fantasy series had nothing to do with the Playstation ones, which have become fruitier and fruitier with each release. I'm fairly sure the plot of the newest Final Fantasy game revolves around you picking up sailors from a bar. Like all the other Final Fantasy games, you must also learn about nature and the human spirit and the evils of industrial machines or whatever the hell they babble about. The series for the Gameboy was a completely different game and centered around you traveling from a castle to the future and back to some other dimension and then a castle of the future in some other dimension. The games made absolutely no sense, much like virtually everything Japan exports, so I don't think it will surprise anybody when I mention how you could have monsters in your party who eat the meat from other monsters you battle. Eating monster meat converts your monster character into a new monster character, one seemingly chosen at random from a database of approximately 50,000 very short names. Oh, and you could have robots on your team as well. They, like the monsters, could pick up and consume robot parts that the enemy dropped when defeated. I can imagine what conversations must have been like in that group:

> **Main Character:** "Huzzah and hooray and times well met, merry folk! We have vanquished our enemies and are victorious in this battle!"
> **Monster Party Character:** "Mmmmmmph rrrrrllllll urrrrrrrrr." *(Picks up chunk of corpse and begins gnawing on the ribcage, immediately transforming him into a human-sized moth with spikes on his head and fire spewing from his elbows)*
> **Robot Party Character:** "Okay, just hold on a second, one of these guys dropped a piece of metal. I need to strap that to my head or weld it into my face or something.

This will make me more powerful." *(Begins attaching wad of metal to his stomach with a welding machine)*
Main Character: "Wilst somebody reveal to me why the hell I'm in a group with a bunch of corpse-scavenging retards?"
Robot Party Character: "Hey, shove it there, Shakespeare. Now give me a hand attaching this metal arm to my robotic tits."
Monster Party Character: "Mrrrooooooooooollllll."

These two people enjoy role playing games. Why? BECAUSE THEY'RE WEIRD.

Wow, it sounds just like any dinner conversation at my parents' house, only with a lot less yelling! Anyway, the whole point of this was to show how my taste in games is very poor and you probably shouldn't read anything I write. With that out of the way, let's tackle this RPG Roundup by first "reviewing" the games I have never bought or played:

- **Morrowind** - Emily ran this game for about eight minutes but then we turned it off for some reason I don't remember. A lot of people really liked this game but then again there were people who enjoyed the movie "A.I.," so you definitely should not listen to them.
- **Heroes of Might and Magic 4,627** - One of these Might and Magic games is released every other week, so if you don't set up a tent outside your local software store, you'll probably miss a few dozen of them. This is an RPG in a first-person shooter style, much like how John Romero's Daikatana was a pile of shit in a first-person shooter style. Sorry, I had to throw in a Daikatana joke because everybody has forgotten how bad that game was.
- **Might and Magic 299,126** - Wait, maybe this is the FPS game and the other one is a realtime strategy. I don't remember. Anyway, I think this is the game which is like Warcraft only it's a lot more obnoxious, much like how John Romero's Daikatana was a lot more obnoxious than... oh wait, I made the Romero joke in the previous paragraph, sorry.

I'm sure there are crucial and critical aspects of these games that I failed to mention, but like every good journalist, I really don't give a shit. The main two games I want to molest on today's update are Dungeon Siege and Neverwinter Nights, mainly because they're the only games I've played and, like every good journalist, I don't care about researching them. Research is for scientists and the French.

This is not Chris Taylor but he has the same name as him ("Chris Taylor"). I assume this is what Chris Taylor would look like if he was a black gentleman.

- **Dungeon Siege**- This game is officially titled "Chris Taylor's Dungeon Siege," so people don't mistake it for "Bobby J. Smith's Dungeon Siege," which I believe sold just about as many units. I think placing your name before your item is a really good idea and I'm going to start doing this around my apartment.

Me: "WHERE ARE RICH 'LOWTAX' KYANKA'S THUMBTACKS?!?"
Emily: "What?"
Me: "I DEMAND TO KNOW WHERE RICH 'LOWTAX' KYANKA'S THUMBTACKS ARE AT ONCE, WENCH!"

Emily: "Why are you talking in all caps and in third person?"
Me: "RICH 'LOWTAX' KYANKA DOES NOT KNOW!"

Dungeon Siege is like Diablo II only without the deep and compelling storyline. I don't even remember the plot of the game because when I was supposed to be talking to town peasants about how Lord Whoever is being attacked by killer whatevers, I was trying to kill the horses and cows. Allow me to save you all the hassle by revealing there's absolutely no way to kill the horses and cows. If you ask me, that's really crappy programming on Gas Powered Games' part.

Speaking of crappy programming, this game seems to have it in spades. Your character will randomly stop attacking creatures for no apparent reason. Summoned creatures will launch fireballs into the ground nonstop until they either die or disappear. Your character can pass through closed doors by somehow walking through the walls. The game runs like crap on my 2 GHz system that has one gig of that magic Rambus RAM and a GeForce Titanium 4 card. Yes, that's correct, it turns into a slideshow on a computer which is hypothetically powerful enough to estimate the release date of Duke Nukem: Forever. Ha ha, I am of course poking fun at Duke Nukem in order to fill up the clichéd nerd gaming joke portion of this review! Thanks for playing along!

A screenshot from Dungeon Siege. Don't bother clicking on it for a larger image because you won't get one.

The multiplayer part, which I was mostly interested in, has the depth of a shotglass. You basically just run around and kill everything until it's all dead, at which point you move along and kill everything else. However, unlike Diablo II, the game doesn't save any changes to the world once you quit, meaning that everything you do in a game will get erased once you stop playing. Sure you still have your character and all the crap he's carrying, but all the dead bad guys respawn and it's exactly like you're playing the game for the first time. I suppose it doesn't really matter though, since there's nothing to do in the multiplayer mode except kill things and learn new ways to cheat. It doesn't even have end bosses or mini-bosses or anything, unless you call the 829th Goblin to attack you a "boss."

On the positive side, the graphics are pretty damn polished and there's a wide selection of bad guys who want to see you more dead than you currently are. The quantity of enemies seems minuscule compared to the sheer number of weapons this game offers, all of which get sillier and sillier as you progress. For example, a level 1 character might find an object like a "rusty mace" or "short sword."

When you're level 50 or so, you begin discovering weapons with names like "The Brilliant Shining Staff of Magical Retreat," "The Glowing Cape of Futile Pursuit," or "The Abominable Cracker Jack of Ace Clemmons." I'm fairly sure the computer just generates these weapon names by pulling random adjectives out of a database that contains words used by really weird English scholars. The in-game sounds are kind of crappy because each creature has like a maximum of one sound that they make over and over again at the most annoying pitch possible.

This is a DUNGEON MASTER. Note the thing in its right hand. I believe it's doing a really scary pole dance or something.

Overall, Dungeon Siege is a pretty fun game that plays like an arcade-style RPG. Unfortunately it appears as if Microsoft shoved it out the door really early just so it could be on shelves before Neverwinter Nights shipped. Everything about this game screams "rush job," from the game crashing bugs to the non-game-crashing-

but-really-fucking-annoying bugs. If they could have worked on this game for about two months more, I'm sure it'd be a load better than the "80% done" version of Dungeon Siege that was released to stores.

- **Neverwinter Nights** - Okay, let me get this right out of the way here: I really don't like this game. At all. In any facet. I'm sure this will generate a barn full of flame email from people whose fulltime occupation is producing grease from their facial pores, but luckily I don't ever read my email. That is a wonderful example of my genius brain at work.

Neverwinter Nights is apparently a Dungeon and Dragons nerd's wet dream. You can build your dorky little dungeon and put monsters and crap in it and then be THE DUNGEON MASTER while other people walk around and get killed by the stupid traps you placed everywhere. The fact that you can be an online DUNGEON MASTER really appeals to a lot of people out there, which probably explains why the national murder rate is going up again. A whole bunch of nerds really want to be THE DUNGEON MASTER because it makes them feel powerful and like god, assuming god wears a tattered 3DFX t-shirt and fails to shower weekly.

A group of Neverwinter Nights players attempt to kill a marauding 20-sided die. ROLL FOR A SAVING THROW AGAINST DUNGEON MASTERS, GUYS!

Another big feature of Neverwinter Nights is the fact that it uses the Dungeons and Dragons 3rd Edition Rulebook. These rulebooks explain how many 20-sided dice you should roll when your Elf thinks about pottery. Everything in every D&D game requires you to roll 20-sided dice for at least seven hours. There's also something called a "saving throw," which I think is an Olympic sport. Each rulebook released includes more banal and boring requirements to roll 20-sided dice over and over again. In fact, I think D&D games are being released as large boxes containing a bunch of dice and a note that says "have fun!" Neverwinter Nights uses the 3rd Edition Rulebook to make gameplay turn into a giant orgy of mathematics and 20-sided dice and Elves. Oh yeah, and it takes roughly three hours to simply create a character because there's a billion different traits and qualities to choose from (since being Lawful Good makes a huge difference compared to Unlawful Good Neutral Chaotic Evil Hungry Neutral Well-Done). You have a lot of time to obsess over your stupid stats when you walk through any doorway and experience the exciting roleplaying feature of "long ingame pauses to load the next map."

Although I only played the game for two hours, it felt like the equivalent of 40 hours in any other game. If you're some goober who enjoys numbers, frequently gloats in public about your Armor Class, or wants to be THE DUNGEON MASTER, this game is for you. If you're somebody who wants to play a quick game and then quit after 30 minutes, you should stay the hell away from Neverwinter Nights because it takes at least that long just to look at your spellbook.

Whew! Somehow this turned into a long and stupid update, so I'm going to end it right here because THE DUNGEON MASTER rolled a saving throw versus butter and it turns out my armor class is too low to have enough strength to wear some stupid gloves. Get out your 20-sided dice and celebrate, nerds across the globe, because your ship of RPGs has finally come in!

Break Out Your Pickax! Tuesday Brings The Goldmine!

It's Tuesday, and that means it's once again time for our newest, mildly exciting column called "The Goldmine!" We've reached into the vast archives of The Awful Forums and pulled out yet another thread we thought was worthy of your laughter! This week's topic was making wrong casting choices

for movies.

So, what are you waiting for? Go there now! The only thing you have to lose is your precious, precious time!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.24 The Mystery and Wonder of the Musical Jamboree

Wednesday, Jun 26, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Could it be? A jamboree?

Early in the development of animal society, it was clear middle ground was needed between the different species in the kingdom. Because so many types of creatures had to coexist and because there was a myriad of mutual concerns amongst all of these creatures, the creation of an open forum was necessary. The genesis of this forum was a slow process, one hampered by distrust, greed, and general spite. Bears didn't want to get along with alligators, and for good reason. What did an alligator have to offer a bear, anyway? But with man's growing dependence on destroying pretty much everything, these differing species would have to unite to discuss issues of territory, defense, and a rapidly shrinking ecosystem. While it took some time, an open dialogue was established. And in a big way, no less. After centuries of silence, the sounds of cooperation and common ground echoed through the forests and swamps as a spirited tune. Animals were united by nothing less than the awe-inspiring force of the musical jamboree. Today, in a world plagued by war, millennium-old grudges, futile territory struggles and stupidity, it's time we humans utilize the power of the musical jamboree to usher in a new age of peace and understanding.

To make use of the musical jamboree, we must first understand its origins. When the first musical jamboree occurred, creatures of all types got together, put aside their differences, and each contributed their own uniqueness to the wonderful jamboree tune that flowed through the lands. Bears would provide the bass with their deep growls, alligators would let raccoons play their teeth like xylophones, possums would bang sticks on rocks and logs to round out the percussion, and birds would chirp in time to the beat. The end result was a musical experience as raw and primal as the soundtrack to *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles 2* and as engrossing as a good book adapted into a movie with lots of special effects, like *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles 2*. Every creature from the lowly but diligent ant to the overbearing ox had a place in the jamboree. As long as a creature could carry a tune and contribute to the festivities, it was welcome to participate. Since that first jamboree, thousands more have occurred all throughout the world, from the swamps and bogs to the jungles and forests. Every place there can exist life also can exist the seeds of the musical jamboree. It's just up to the good-natured beings of the world to water those seeds and let the magic grow.

Unfortunately, musical jamborees have been in sharp decline since the Industrial Revolution. However, many are still known to occur when the time is right. Musical jamboree researchers everywhere agree that you are most likely to encounter the following types of joyful celebration:

- **Animal Jamboree**
  The original type of jamboree still occurs periodically, although the motivations have changed much. In olden times, the jamboree was meant to build a bridge to the future, but anymore they are used only to build bridges to the past. As the world becomes increasingly hopeless, dreams take a back seat to memories. This decline in imagination can be attributed to the death of innocence, the point in time where someone or something becomes damaged goods and no longer sexually desirable. Still, these jams are spirited and encompassing of all creatures. Except stink beetles.
- **Hillbilly Jamboree**
  While it can be argued humanity has already embraced the musical jamboree, it can also be argued that hillbillies aren't a part of humanity. The hillbilly is essentially the

Even godless clowns can't deny the mirth of a jamboree!

lowest rung of humankind, existing even a notch below hobos and Internet writers. Even still, the hillbillies have managed to create a respectable replica of the musical jamboree. Their music, however simple and primitive, brings together a cornucopia of slack-jawed yokels for the purpose of song, dance, and infectious rhythm. The instruments of a hillbilly jamboree are pots, jugs, and any other basic items. When the jamboree gets going, hillbillies will become increasingly experimental with their music, using all kinds of unpredictable items to add texture and depth.

Undead Jamboree

Nothing is without danger, not even jamborees. In times of great darkness, it is quite common for a diabolical demon to rise from his slumber and command an army of skeletons and other ghouls to make merry music of the damned. If you encounter an undead jamboree it is best that you run like mad or suffer the eternal consequences. Cover your ears, because while the music is playful and spirited, the musicians are anything but! The product of the undead jamboree will be one terrifying tune that you'll carry to your grave. JUST WHERE THEY WANT YOU! You can recognize the undead jamboree by its usage of bone-based instruments. Skeletons will use their skulls and ribcages to produce infernal ditties sure to lead your ears into the fairy circles of hell. Their demonic conductor will also highlight each of their songs with a spine-tingling and ghoulish laugh. Finally, be aware that the undead jamboree will feature astonishing chorography as well as breathtaking amateur pyrotechnics and juggling. It's a just a shame that if you behold an undead jamboree, you won't be beholdin' anything else ever again.

Now more than ever, it's time we humans take a lesson from the animal kingdom and start working towards a lasting peace. Sure, it didn't really work for them, but it can damn well work for us. With so many other primitive life forms taking advantage of the musical jamboree to bring unity, why can't we as humans? Would it be so hard for the Palestinians and Israelis to come together and create a jovial tune to help heal all the pain? Really, I don't think I'm asking a lot. The area might be war torn, but there are still plenty of musical instruments available. If the animal kingdom has taught us one thing – other than that there is never a bad time to start licking your crotch – it's that anything that makes noise is a musical instrument. With a little planning suicide bombers could explode themselves in time with the beat, guns could be fired at just the right moments, and everyone could have a merry time. The same goes for India and Pakistan. You want a peace plan? Gather both your armies on the border and challenge each other to a musical battle. After a few tense sitar duels, both armies will give into the moment and join in on a ruckus battle of conflicting tunes that eventually blend into one harmonious tune. What's that sound? That's the sound of peace!

Helentober Fest

It wouldn't be a Wednesday without a new advice column from Helen, now would it? I guess it

probably still would be. If you hate Helen, then you best be sucking down a bowl of karma, because she's got a new column up just to spite you! If you love Helen, then there is also that very same column up to amuse and enlighten you. Either way, you're getting some Helen action. Preview Activated:

> *Helen, for years I have failed in my efforts to make contact with my dead family. When I heard that you have opened the portal to the spirit world I was overjoyed. Can you please contact my mother, father and two sisters to tell them I am sorry for killing them with a breadknife.*
>
> Regards, Frustrated Frank

Find out how Helen tackles this and many other questions by reading her latest column!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.25 USA! USA! USA! or This Update is Unconstitutional!

Wednesday, Jun 26, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I stole this picture from CNN.com and added that witty remark at the end using Adobe Photoshop 6.0 on Windows XP with 512 megs of RAM.

We all have certain things that we love or hate about our childhood. While I won't necessarily dub my experience growing up as "the best time of my life; two thumbs up," I certainly will not claim it was like the classic movie "Flowers In the Attic," a film about a generous old woman who trapped her grandkids in a room (the attic) and expressed her undying maternal love by feeding them poison cookies until somebody eventually stabbed her. However, there were a few annoyances I experienced which I will never force upon my children, assuming some day somebody tells me how kids are generated. I think it's a process that involves roofies.

The biggest complaint about my childhood revolves around being herded into church multiple times a week. My parents wanted to trick me into thinking they were very religious people, so they requested that we all attend church a few times a week and fool ourselves into thinking that this somehow made us better people. Now I certainly have nothing against organized religion; I think its admirable how those guys wearing bathrobes onstage have been able to successfully use their Hypnotizing Church Mega-Ray Beam to melt the brains of followers for decades. However, there's not a single place in the universe that any kid hates more than church. I was fortunate enough to have parents who chose to be Catholic, a religion that is very popular amongst white Republicans and various other people who refuse to embrace the witchcraft voodoo of the "wrong" religions.

Catholic churches are like really boring calisthenics courses. You walk in, kneel to the ground, sit in a pew, kneel to the ground, sit down, get up, kneel down, sit, get up, kneel, sit, kneel, red light, green light, Parcheesi, no Whammies, no Whammies, stop! During this knee-ruining exercise some really boring old guy occasionally hands out church menus that describe the main religious courses being served up that day. If I can remember correctly, these Bible Buffets always contain such gems as:

Jesus, as seen through the eyes of a really stupid kid or a retarded adult

10:00 am - Reflections upon a Faithful Ministry.
10:05 am - Song: "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus."
10:07 am - Father Fred Drapier introduced; crowd should chant the special priest welcoming words. If you don't know them, fake lip synching.
10:10 am - The Gospel of Saint Mark (351.28 - 2938:28a).
10:14 am - Father Fred Drapier makes some casual remarks that you're supposed to pretend you find interesting. Failure to pretend will result in eternal banishment to hell.
10:17 am - The Gospel of Saint John (14.001j - 3.14159).
10:21 am - Faithful Reflections of our Ministry.
10:25 am - Kneel, sit, stand, sit, stand, kneel, sit, stand, kneel, twirl your partner, dosado, do not pass go, do not collect $200.

10:28 am - Give $40 to the collection plate. This will help pay court costs during up coming child molestation trials.
10:31 am - Song: "Jesus, Oh Jesus, Jesus my Jesus."
10:38 am - The Gospel of Saint Elsewhere (981.83 - the largest prime number known to man).
10:42 am - Sit, kneel, stand, kneel, sit, rotate, sit, kneel, stand, kneel, lay down and fake death.
10:44 am - Come on down the aisle to receive your complimentary wine and crackers which you're supposed to pretend are body parts of a dead guy.
10:51 am - Song: "Jesus, the Jesus of Our Jesus is a Jesus Jesus."
10:54 am - Reflective Ministries of Our Faith.
10:55 am - Start getting all fidgety because you know we're about to let you all go.
10:56 am - Father Fred Drapier talks too long about Jesus and makes everybody really restless.
11:09 am - Congregation may now go in peace. Gossiping about other families is permitted once you've entered your car and began driving away.

Maybe I'm just a shallow, bitter man because I really loathed being forced to worship God and go through all these silly meaningless actions such as reciting prayers or repeatedly telling a stranger that you really agree with the teachings of "that Jesus fellow." I think parents should wait until their child gets old enough to actually **understand** religion before they decide the child should worship a certain god in a certain way on a certain day. Prayers and holy text are just meaningless words to a kid, ranking up there with memorizing Civil War battle names, geography, and the Pledge of Allegiance. Luckily for all of us shallow, bitter adults, we can now rest safely at night and know that the children of tomorrow will be at least protected from one of these harmful items thanks to the recent ruling by a California federal appeals court claiming that dastardly Pledge of Allegiance is unconstitutional:

> *A federal appeals court ruled Wednesday that the Pledge of Allegiance to the U.S. flag cannot be recited in public schools because the phrase "under God" endorses religion. In a 2-1 decision, the 9th US Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that reciting the phrase was a violation of the constitutional separation of church and state and amounted to government endorsing religion.*
>
> *Circuit Judge Ferdinand Fernandez, who agreed with some elements of the decision but disagreed with the overall opinion, said phrases such as "under God" or "In God We Trust" have "no tendency to establish religion in this country," except in the eyes of those who "most fervently would like to drive all tincture of religion out of the public life of our polity... 'God Bless America' and 'America the Beautiful' will be gone for sure, and while use of the first and second stanzas of the Star Spangled Banner will still be permissible, we will be precluded from straying into the third. And currency beware!"*

Whew! That was a close one! It's really good to know that our taxpayer money is providing wealth to these people who make such important decisions and impacts in our boring lives! I fully support giving cash to judges and attorneys who spend months arguing about crucial things like analyzing how muttering the word "God" turns children into violent religious zealots, much like how that secret military gas turned dead bodies into CHUDs. Also, I think we should fill up a few more barrels with money and give them to the government so they can buy more useful Anthrax-detecting machines, fight their successful war on drugs, and run anti-smoking ads that feature groups of ethnically balanced children. I can't count the number of weeks I have spent curled up in the corner of my apartment, paralyzed with fear and drenched in sweat, worried that somebody would make me say

the Pledge of Allegiance and I would naturally be forced to turn religious. Thank you very much, Miss Lippy!

Judge Judy, who is a judge just like those other judges. Her response to this federal appeals court ruling? "I'm the boss, applesauce!"

While this ruling is definitely a breath of fresh air inside a dank YMCA men's room, it leaves us with another problem: what do we force kids to say in the morning of each school day? There's now an empty space in between the principal's announcements and Homeroom period, one that is not tarnished anymore with the stain of God. Luckily I have a solution for this and feel there's a safe, easy way to promote blind faith in our country while refusing to acknowledge any form of religion whatsoever: **the theme song from G.I. Joe.**

If you were never a kid or you were really lousy at being young when you were a child, let me take a moment to explain the central theme of G.I. Joe to you. Cobra, a group of foreign terrorists whose main goal was to have each of their silly schemes thwarted within 30 minutes or less, wanted to take over the world in the most bizarre and inexplicable way possible. For example, instead of launching nuclear missiles and killing millions, Cobra would launch missiles full of pink gas which turned people into zombies who danced uncontrollably when hearing the song "Don't Cry, Daddy" by Elvis Presley. Cobra would then smuggle speakers inside a popular toy teddy bear which all the kids were buying and then, at the stroke of midnight, they'd play the song and (somehow) try to take over the world by kidnapping a prominant scientist. The key to capturing worlds always lies in kidnapping prominant scientists. G.I. Joe would then catch wind of their plan and foil it by introducing as many distinct collectible characters as possible, each of whom shoots a blue laser gun that makes enemy helicopters explode and teleports a parachute onto the back of the pilot. G.I. Joe taught us American kids that the United States of America is truly the only thing protecting us from the tyranny of other rogue countries such as Laos or Argentina.

While I believe that the G.I. Joe song is intensely patriotic and lacks any mention of God whatsoever, I feel that it's kind of outdated. G.I. Joe was created when the US was at war with the evil Yellow Menace (the vile Japanese), the evil Red Menace (the Russians), the evil Brown Menace (the Mexicans), and the reprehensible Magenta Menace (the Moon People). However, it is currently the year 2002 or whatever and I'm fairly sure we're friends with both of these countries because now we have nuclear missiles and all they have is crime. The G.I. Joe song needs a more "international" feel to it, one which can easily be achieved by translating the theme song to Chinese and back to English again by the help of the ever-so-useful Babelfish service, a free utility provided by the same people who invented search engines that don't work and spent millions of dollars building an "Internet Portal" that doesn't work. Although Babelfish seemed to inexplicably change the name of the song from "G.I. Joe" to "G.I. Tall," it's okay because it isn't compassionate to demand people speak proper English. Without further ado, let me present to you the new Pledge of Allegiance, "G.I. Tall":

G.I. Tall the fight will be there!

G.I. Tall

Yo tall!

He for freedom regardless of where has the trouble,
GI tall the fight will be there!

GI tall...
1 genuine American hero
GI tall is there.

Its GI tall opposition cobra and Destro,
fight preservation day.
He never give, he always are there,
fights for freely in the land and the air.

GI tall...
1 genuine American hero
GI tall is there.

(Speech) GI tall is codename is USA'S boldness, highly is trained, special mission force. Its goal: Defends the person freely opposes cobra, callous, the terrorist organizes to determine rules this world.

He never give, he will leave behind the fight win -
GI tall dare.

GI tall...
1 genuine American hero
GI tall!

Imagine the patriotism and lack of belief in God children will have after repeating this song in grade school every day for six years! With the help of one single tune, our schools will finally be able to separate church from state and the nation will be free from the tyrannic rule of God once again! After all, isn't this what G.I. Tall would want?

Three Times the Crappy Sex Game!

Intrepid Hentai reviewer Zack "Golf Predator" Parsons has once again jumped feet first into the seedy world of Hentai. This time he comes up vomiting to "Three Sisters' Story", a touching tale of betrayal, romance, and long stretches of mind-numbing boredom punctuated with pixelicious sex. I'm sure he loved it as always!

> This game has the innovative system of combining the thrilling and standard "look and think" Hentai interface with the even more stupefying "wander around until something happens" interface. It's like they took a shit in your bowl of cereal in the morning and you go to rinse your mouth out with some bottled water and, oops, they also took a shit in that. Thank you crazy Japanese cretins!

Sounds like another great gaming experience for Zack. Head on over and share the joy with him!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.26 Home for the Holidays!

Friday, Jun 28, 2002 by Integral

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM MY FAMILY TO YOURS HO HO HO!1!

Well, the fourth of July fast approaches, marking the annual holiday when people in our great nation blow things up, eat pie, and blow more things up. Some of the things that are blown up include old tree stumps, toilets, and the occasional firecracker but the list unfortunately never includes Rosie O'Donnell who was due for blowing up at least eight years ago. This is most likely because if they blew her up her massive bulk would sit around and rot in enormous, disgusting chunks like that whale they blew up in that one town that one time. In any case, the fourth of July is a wonderful holiday and is enjoyed by many, especially the companies that make fireworks for poor saps to spend thousands of dollars on and then enjoy some pretty sparkles for two entire seconds and hear a big BOOM. **USA!**

My family has been on my case for some time to return for a visit to my lovely native home of Green Bay, Wisconsin. As I had no plans for the 4th here in good old Seattle, I decided that this would be as good a time as any to endure the shirtless rednecks and rabid white trash that Green Bay has to offer to appease the family. It isn't that I don't want to see my parents and my brother, but for some reason whenever I go home I feel about 30 years older than I actually am, especially if I am at my parents house for more than three days at a time. This might have something to do with the fact that my bedroom still has a light green and purple color scheme.

That has to be the prettiest $300,000 I have ever seen! USA! USA!

I don't want to come off as angsty or as saying that I dislike my family, because I love them very much and they are great people. They do have their eccentricities, however, and those can be a little hard to deal with at times:

- **My Mom:**

> Having recently moved here from the Moon, my Mom has a hard time adjusting to the things that are considered "normal" by our everyday standards. She has a real problem with microwaves in that she has a deep-seated belief that they are emitting death rays that will turn your brain into gourmet scrambled brain and cause you to wake up one morning with an extra arm or perhaps become everyone's least favorite AM talk show host, Dr. Laura Schlessinger. Because of this, she refuses to get within a 5-mile radius of the thing when it is running, and if you dare sit in front of it she will descend from the heavens with a screeching cry of, "NOOOooooo!!!" and pinch you until you move a safe distance away. The microwave is also the cause of world hunger, apartheid, and communism.
>
> Another fun habit of hers is buying into whatever health trend is popular at the time or that is a focus of a nightly television news magazine. She takes an aspirin every single day even though she has no headache because she thinks that it is good for her heart. Every time I tell her that it isn't good to just go around popping aspirin and that it could be damaging her stomach she says something to the effect of, "They say that aspirin is good for you." She also drinks a glass of red wine every day because "They" said that it could be beneficial. "They are the same reason she takes about 40 unnecessary vitamin supplements every day and eats a handful of walnuts whenever she remembers that she

is "supposed to." I am not sure who They are, but I would appreciate it if They would stop talking to my mother. Please.

- **My Dad:**

  My Dad is also crazy, but in a slightly different and more disturbing sense. He has always been very secretive about his occupation. So much so that it is a running family joke as to whether or not he is actually in the mob. As far as my brother and I knew, he had some sort of crazy job in the "import/export" business dealing with wines or something. Whatever that was supposed to mean, he had to go on trips to Europe a lot. If you boldly said, "Dad, are you in the mob?" to him, he came back with, "HAHA Now where would you get an idea like that?" But he never denied it. He also made offhand remarks about "fixing" people or having to "take care of business." I remember several occasions on which I rode with him to a liquor store only to wait in the car while he went in to "discuss something with the owner." He always came back out with unmarked manilla envelopes.

  My father also has a meat fixation. By this, I mean that he is as carnivorous as a person can be without losing all of their teeth to scurvy. At some point in time my Mom got him a gas grill and ever since, he has gone on a mad grilling rampage, grilling everything in sight. He grills in the sun, the rain and even in the driving snow, which in Green Bay means that he grills through all 6 months of winter. This would all be well and good, but when he does grill (read: every day), he grills approximately 400 pounds of meat. The worst part about this is that when we sit down to eat he insists that you continue eating until you are about to throw up. Protests of being full fall on deaf ears and he continues to stuff your face full of steak or pork or chicken until the vomit spews forth like luscious frosting. Warnings that all of that meat might be bad for him elicits the response of, "What meat?" He refuses to eat a dinner with no meat in it, calling it "foo-fay" and complains, "Where be the meat up in this piece, yo?" YAY DAD!

- **My Brother:**

  He's a ricer. That's all there really is to say about it. He puts a lot of money, time, and energy into whichever car he happens to be driving. I say "whichever car" because he goes through cars like Snak-Pak pudding. My parents gave him the 1-year old Dodge Neon that I had been driving when I went away to college. It was trashed within a year after he went through five head gaskets. My parents then bought him a slightly used Dodge Stealth. It was trashed within two weeks; one of the pistons broke through some part of the engine or whatever. My mom then gave him her Infiniti J30 that she was done with due to her buying one of those Acura SUV monstrosities. It was in mint condition because my mother had cleaned it daily with Q-Tips and parked it 4 miles away from other cars lest it be scratched. The engine was dead inside of a month. Of course, my parents got it fixed for him, so now he drives around in that car complete with "Fear This!" stickers and tinted windows. Unfortunately, I don't believe that they currently make tailfins aka. spoilers for that car large enough to satisfy him, so he is cranky and bitter. He doesn't believe that enough people are adequately able to fear him without it. But maybe my parents will just buy him another car and then all will be well.

A friendly neighborhood retard who is also a student of my brother's.

He also plays the drums. Actually, he's quite good and could probably go pro if he had the determination and motivation to do so. As of now he teaches lessons to retarded children who want to become musicians and follow in the footsteps of other retarded musicians such as John Tesch and Billy Joel. And that one other retard who plays the banjo or whatever. In any case, he has three drum sets in the house and they are all in his studio in the basement so at random times during the day or night the light fixtures shake and the floors rumble as though it's time for the headlining dj at the rave and they've run out of 'E.' My parents are oddly tolerant of this, saying only, "Oh. He's drumming," and then going back to arguing about who is in whose way in the kitchen or watching Fox News. Unfortunmately, he is a jazz drummer, which means that as hard as he tries, he will never be able to truly succeed because he is a pasty, cracker-ass, whitey fool.

The fourth of July at my parents house is always a fun time, even though my family is nuts. My father always insists on buying bucketsful of illegal fireworks (and by 'illegal' I mean legal, Mr. friendly police officer-types) and we set them off in the driveway or on top of the dog. My brother is a pyromaniac so without fail he will set something on fire that is not supposed to be on fire, such as the trees, the house, and/or me which always results in my Dad shouting at him to stop it. FUN! My mom also gets into the festive spirit of things by building a cardboard boat, dressing up like George Washington, and sitting in it for exactly one hour (with the dog) until she is sure that she has paid tribute to his crossing of the Delaware. She also purchases a large cake with stars and stripes on it because buying a cake that is decorated to look like a flag shows support for our country's glorious independence. I always eat a big piece with stars on it in the hopes that one of the stars I am consuming and turning into feces is the one representing Texas.

Overall I'd say that my family was fairly normal compared to the other families that inhabit this beautiful country of ours. The fourth of July will be a good chance for me to sit down with them and catch up on all of the local gossip and other news that I've missed for the past couple of months and it will also be a good time to try in vain to escape my Dad's insistence that it isn't the fourth of July without watching, "Tora! Tora! Tora!" followed by "The Longest Day" followed by "Patton" followed by "The Patriot" followed by "Saving Private Ryan" followed by "Splash."

Going home will also be a good opportunity for me to remember why I am really glad I don't live in Wisconsin any more but a reminder that Wisconsin has a lot fewer and less freaky (albeit very fat) freaks than Washington seems to have. I will enjoy going to Green Bay's fireworks display and seeing mullets galore on victims of fetal alcohol syndrome as well as the scantily clad, buck-toothed redneck skanks. I will enjoy driving late at night knowing that all cars with me on the road are driving drunk because that's the way it's done, godammit. I will enjoy speaking with people I have not seen or heard from in months or years and trying to explain to them what I am doing with my life, eg:

Typical.

ME: Oh, hey guys, what's up with you these days?

THEM: Just working at the grocery store like usual. What about you?

ME: Oh, well, I'm living in Seattle and writing and doing other work for Something Awful. It's a humor website.

THEM: A website? Like, on the internet?

ME: Yes.

THEM: Oh... I thought that the internet went out of business.

ME: (slaps forehead)

I can't wait. Now all that is left is for me to drug myself for the plane ride which is always an ordeal for me. My parents will be thrilled to see me when I step off of the plane a drooling, sleepy wreck. Maybe they will be so happy to see me that they will appease my wishes to not take 4,236 photographs of me doing extremely mundane things, such as **DRINKING A GLASS OF WATER, WOW!** or **OH MY GOODNESS WATCHING TELEVISION!** I am certainly not placing any bets in that department. It doesn't bother me, really, and I know that overall my family loves me and means well. I just wish that I could enjoy a quiet vegetarian meal that was cooked in the microwave.

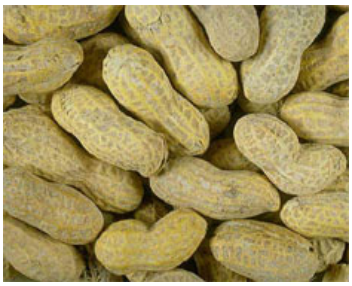
◘ WTC Update Flame Mail

I am sure that a lot of you remember my oh-so-controversial update from last Saturday regarding the World Trade Center and the attempts by friendly capitalist folks to cash in by selling patriotic garbage emblazoned with the stars and stripes. Well I have compiled a few of the flame emails I received for your perusing enjoyment! SURPRISE, PEOPLE ARE DUMB! Head on over to the features section and check it out, yo.

-∼Integral

6.27 The Brown Menace

Friday, Jun 28, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



They are everywhere and they are lethal.

Just about everyone has an allergy of one form or another. Some start sneezing because of pollen while others have a sort of respiratory meltdown when they eat asparagus. I have a mild milk allergy. If I chug a glass of milk I sneeze for about five minutes straight afterwards, which is no big deal since I don't particularly like to drink milk. Recently I became aware of a segment of the population that is afflicted with a peanut allergy. We're not talking a little wheezing or a Kleenex full of sinus juice, we're talking if they so much as look at a peanut through a telescope their faces melt off. What's worse for these people is that the brown menace is everywhere. Just about everything on the planet contains peanuts, you just don't notice it because coming in contact doesn't cause your lungs to turn inside out. Peanut butter obviously contains peanuts, but did you know that peanuts are also in most types of bread, candy bars, cookies, wigs, eyeglasses, hand guns, almonds, and even parachutes? Well they are, and for the people with a severe peanut allergy this is like all of these items contain knives that stab them in the chest.

World wide an average of 100 people die each and every year from an allergic reaction to peanuts or peanut-based products. That doesn't seem like a very significant figure, but for those who have loved ones and especially children with a peanut allergy this number is irrelevant. Peanut allergies are serious!

To better educate myself I have been frequenting a peanut allergy forum and discussing the illness with them. One thread featured them lobbying to remove menu items from Pizzeria Uno so that it was a "peanut and tree nut free restaurant". When they received e-mails saying that Uno could not emphatically guarantee the contents of their food, one frustrated mother wrote:

> *Well if that isn't the biggest hunk of bologna I've ever heard. I know some of the restaurants have barrels of peanuts but the on [sic] at the Burlington Mall doesn't. All I ask is that they discontinue the peanut butter dessert.*

They organized a mini-letter writing and call-in campaign to get Uno to take the offending nuts off the menu, and they have been meeting with success with other products and companies. A number of them have managed to ban peanut butter either completely or almost completely from their school systems. Of course some annoying brats who just MUST have their satan's butter and jelly sandwiches can cause problems, but the Peanut Allergy crew is there to re-educate them:

> *I know of one school that had such a parent, "my child will only eat pb and I demand that she gets it". The school gave this child a special room to eat in. Well this child had a younger sibling who turned out to be diagnosed with PA. A full blown miracle occurred because suddenly this child no longer required pb. Can you imagine?*

Even if this form of education works and the peanut allergy people manage to remove peanuts from every school, there are still other menaces in the terrible world.

> *In two of our local grocery stores I have seen signs that show a peanut with USA stamped across them. Then on the bottom it says Crack first before you pop.*

> I almost $hit my pants when I saw this. They were in the soda and water isles.
>
> These are the little signs that they have sticking out like the little grocery coupons do.
>
> What next???
>
> Renee

Renee, I'll tell you what next. I am personally launching a campaign here and now on Something Awful to raise awareness about Peanut Allergies. I will crusade in your name and the name of every other person who suffers from at the merciless hands of a peanut until Agent Orange has defoliated the last acre of peanut crop-land.

I propose first a marketing campaign similar to the anti-drug TV spots seen during the 1980's. You need to give living "peanut free" a cool and totally hip image that will appeal to kids. I'm no graphic designer, but I think this mock-up of a poster I've put together would look great plastered on walls across America. Heck, you could probably even sell them to raise money for the next phases of the campaign. These posters would of course be only one part of the overall marketing campaign. We would also do the aforementioned television advertisements and even radio advertisements.

Click the image to see a larger version of my "totally radical" poster!

> **Father:** Son, I wanted to know how... what's that smell?
> **Son:** Nothing... dad... I... No, please don't look in my back pack!
> **Father:** What's this son? Have you been eating peanuts?!
> **Son:** No I, well this kid at school asked me if I wanted to take home a couple and there were a lot of people who were doing it, so I didn't think it could hurt anything.
> **Father:** Peanuts are deadly! Your friend gave you a loaded gun and you're just lucky I found it before it went off. Peanuts are a tool used by the Jewish controlled world government and secretive Order of the Illuminati to manipulate developing minds like yours. I'm going to flush these down the toilet and if I ever catch you using peanuts again I am going to cut both of your hands off.
> **Voice Over:** Brought to you by the society for the elimination of peanuts and freedom from the Zionist American Police State.

National Guardsmen will oversee the fumigation of urban centers with BTH to depopulate peanut-carrying vermin.

Once these ads begin to take hold you will notice a real drop in peanut consumption. Kids will stop thinking that eating peanuts makes them cool and start using their brain before they "pop a nut" as they like to call it in their "street language". If you eat fewer peanuts it's a proven fact that you are far less likely to die or make anyone around you die. But the ads alone can't do the trick, we have to be proactive throughout the entire crusade to eliminate peanuts. Once the public has been educated about the dangers of using peanuts and using them has been stigmatized we will begin to ostracize those in our society who continue to rely on a "peanut fix". We will also take this opportunity to restore the "white" in "Red, White, and Blue" and move all of the coloreds to an island off the West Coast called Peanutopia. By electing officials who support

the creation of a Peanutopia state and the removal of minorities to the island, we will set the stage for a complete Federal ban on peanut products. Once the ban is in place and the blacks and Jews are on their island we can set about dismantling the black-market peanut infrastructure.

The number one smuggler of peanuts may be in your very own back yard! I'm not talking about Mexicans, although they are bad too and during this phase we will be moving the Mexicans to Peanutopia. I'm talking about squirrels. Squirrels care nothing for our children and are willing to scamper and frolic around with a ticking time bomb clutched in their chubby cheeks of evil. Luckily science has already provided us with a solution in the form of Benethyl Tri-Hydrocyanate. While BTH is fatal to humans as well as squirrels, squirrels have not yet designed a working gas mask, and we white Americans have.

The squirrels will frolic no more and their capering will be done only within the 1-3 hour time period that it takes for the ground traces of BTH to work their way through their bloodstream and crystallize in their rodent kidneys. It will be a peanutocalypse, and who will be laughing then? Not the contraband growers and not the Jew-run banking industry.

So let's take a look at the world we'll be living in at that point.

- There will be only scattered and personal peanut farms for subsistence peanut junkies.
- White America will be restored.
- The Zionist shadow government will be on the brink of collapse.
- The world will be almost completely safe for those who suffer from peanut allergies.

Once our Sturmverband Sonderkommando are dispatched to provide a final solution to the remaining peanut growers (and agents of the Zionist Autocratic Collective) we will have only the legacy of the peanut to contend with. This may surprise you, but some people (like Renee) are so allergic to peanuts that even hearing the word peanut or seeing a picture of a peanut will cause their skin to begin bleeding. If left untreated or subjected to prolonged exposure to say, a 48 hour "peanut" audio looping experiment performed at Dachau, their entire epidermis will erupt into boils that eventually burst and cause them to bleed to death. Therefore the triumphant Sonderkommando will be reenlisted to travel across America collecting any media that contains direct or indirect references to peanuts. Even copies of this manifesto will be tracked down and immolated. Harboring peanut material will be considered a seditious and even treasonous capital offense. There will be great peanut burnings (attended of course only by those who are not peanut allergic) and the funeral pyres of the peanut will light the bellies of the clouds from Washington D.C. to Washington the state.

A member of the Sonderkommando throws a collection of the art of Charles Schulz into a raging bonfire.

I will not rest until the last death-peddling peanut farmer has been driven out of business by a global boycott of any product containing peanuts, from Reese and his blasted cups to Jarvis and his blasted peanut-polymer heart valves. The name of George Washington Carver will be systematically purged from the annals of history and his villainous remains will be exhumed and launched into space. Dictionaries that do not conform to our standards will burn with the fire of our righteous fury. On that day Renee and the rest of the peanut allergy sufferers can breathe free knowing that they and their offspring will walk the earth and have plenty of peanut-free living space.

Photoshop Phriday You Can Lick

Hello, it's Livestock. I'm here to let you know that Zack is a drunkard and he once punched an old woman. But that's not important. The real reason I'm here is to tell you what the gigantic title text above this paragraph says. You guessed it, it's PHOTOSHOP PHRIDAY. This week the topic is postage stamps. Case in point:

Go fourth my pretties and view Photoshop Phriday!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.28 Cover up

Sunday, Jun 30, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

There's no justice in the world like fast, brutal street justice. The kind of justice that starts with fists flying, and ends with heads rolling. Taking the law into your own hands is every good American citizen's dream. Unfortunately, recent studies have shown that at least 75 % of people on Earth aren't Charles Bronsen, so street justice is a choice many of us don't have. Average people like you and me (mostly you) unfortunately have to rely on street justice's slow, powerfully retarded, anti-climactic cousin: legal justice. The American legal system is quite mystifying, and works through a seemingly random set of laws thrown together haphazardly one night by clever apes masquerading as senators in an adorable orgy of unfortunately poor ideas and cheaply made costumes. These laws, both sensible and not, are defended and enforced by the state's very own violent thug squad, known to you and I as the Police. Otherwise known as 5-0, the fuzz, or simply "The Man," the po po uses a variety of different types of officers to keep society in order, and to force people on the roads to drive like 50 year old Asian women. Amongst these are the ever valuable traffic cops, the indisposable meter maids, and the always popular "rogue cop with a chip on his shoulder." Perhaps most valuable type of agent to the police, nearly as valuable as gold dipped in silver, is also their most secretive. Shrouded in mystery and quite possibly horror, undercover agents are the crown jewel of the police force's, um...crown. So to speak.

Innovations like this help the cops stay extra secret!

What the hell was I talking about? I'm not going to pretend to know, so I'll just dive headfirst into shallow water and write an article about the last coherent thing I remember typing: Undercover Agents. I capitalized the "U" and "A" to emphasize how entertaining the concept is, much like the movie theaters which bare the UA name across the nation. I'm just letting you know, in case you haven't realized how all-encompassingly marvelous the idea is. For the uninformed, undercover police officers are basically regular policemen that dress like normal people in order to infiltrate our potentially dangerous drugs rings, wild religious sects, and any larger than average gathering of filthy minorities. It takes a brave man to enter into this illicit world of drugs, crazies, and black people, though. Not just anyone can do it, it takes a certain caliber of person. A person who's willing to be completely, stupidly dangerous. Only in the most desperate of situations do the police actually call in the use of undercover agents, because it's often such a death defying job. Bad things will happen if they get discovered by accidentally ticketing their mark for speeding, or slipping into a tirade about how outrageously low undercover agents get paid, or by answering yes to the question "Are you an undercover cop?". However, since it is so very cool of a concept, I propose an increase in undercover activity for more pointless and absurd police ventures. Think about it...just imagine the possibilities! Possibilities such as...

- **Undercover Crossing Guards:** A typical crossing guard is a friendly looking individual, mostly old ladies in orange vests with disarming smiles and happy a demeanor. This will never do in the world of undercover! They would be replaced by tall, emotionless men in sunglasses who would randomly step into the middle of the street and flag down traffic in order to allow small children to pass. I imagine that a stop sign would give away his identity fairly quickly, so the undercover crossing guard would stop traffic by brandishing his gun wildly in the direction of oncoming traffic. Not only would it slow traffic to a halt, but this would double in value by helping children learn to embrace the kindness and generosity that strangers have to offer them. An untapped wealth of candy and free car rides await the children who were just willing to open their hearts!

- **Undercover Police Chief:** The man in charge never gets to see any undercover action...until now! With the advent of the undercover police chief, all that is about to change! While to a casual observer, he'd just seem like any other man in a holding cell, the undercover police chief carries out all his duties from the inside! Of course, the officers couldn't know who he is, or else the whole operation would be blown. So the undercover police chief would be subject to the same living conditions, violent beatings, and sodomy that all prisoners receive. Although currently there is no practical or logical application for the undercover police chief yet, who knows what the future holds? Best to have it just in case!

- **Undercover Police Stations:** Ordinary police stations are all well and good for regular operations, but how can the 5-0 conduct secret undercover ops in a building that's neither secret nor operational? Answer that, genius! The undercover police station would be dressed up to look like another average public building such as a fire house or a hospital. Inside however, it would have none of the workings of these and would instead be all about secret, covert police wheelings and dealings. Anyone that came requesting other services would be quickly, yet secretly, turned away and shot. This place would be the base for all undercover operations, yet would often be so well hidden that not even the people working in them would be able to find it. For no good reason, this would be incredibly beneficial to the police force!

- **Undercover Undercover Agents:** In a world as dark and mysterious as that of undercover agents, there's bound to be a few bad apples. Secretive people are often bad, and no one is more secretive than an undercover cop! The undercover undercover agents would route out this problem by going deep within the heart of undercover police syndicates, posing as an undercover officer. He would attend secret undercover officer gatherings and report his findings the the surprisingly well known and public undercover undercover police station. Similarly, these too would eventually become suspect, and would require still more undercover agents to investigate them in an endless cycle that is neither interesting nor funny enough for me to get into at this time.

- **Undercover Police Dog:** Police dogs are an incredibly useful tool for coppers. They can sniff out hiding criminals, drugs, and can even sometimes moonlight as trenchcoat wearing lecturers to inform elementary school children on how they can bite crime. Undercover dogs would be even better though! Disguised as cats or various woodland creatures, they would do the same jobs as regular undercover dogs. Only they'd be in adorable outfits. Also, they'd forgo traditional dog names like Rex or Woofie, in favor of less species specific names such as Walter.

That's only the beginning of course. I expect that once the undercover idea picks up, all sorts of government jobs will become undercover. My vision includes, but isn't limited to...

- *Undercover Mailmen*
- *Undercover Governor*
- *Undercover Lawyer*
- *Undercover Census Taker*
- *Undercover Taxis*

Here is an undercover child molestor!

All this is in the distant future though, because I'm having trouble getting the initial stages off the ground. When I proposed my idea to my local police

officers, they simply refused to hear me out and instead proceeded with giving me a breathalyser test which proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that I was simply babbling drunkenly. And although they were able to strip me of my driver's licence and dignity, they can't take away my freedom to ramble nearly incoherently on the Internet to thousands of people who have nothing better to do than listen. Still, I stand by the fact that it's a good idea. Next time I'm pulled over and forced to blow into a tube, I demand to have no idea who the person is or what business they have handcuffing me.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Brown Outs Equal Frown Outs

Monday, Jul 01, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

HOT NEW ITEM!

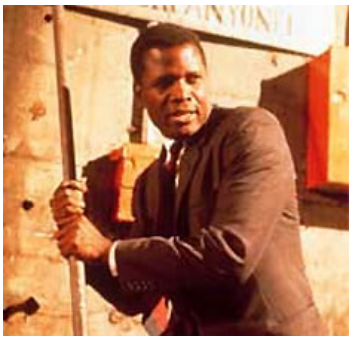
Fresh off whatever sort of crazy presses print mouse pads, we have the incredible new JEFF K MOUSEPAD!!!!!!!!1 Rich has told me that it is not only durable and colorful, but that it will solve your relationship woes and buy you dinner.

Guys, do you have trouble with ladies? Well, look no further than the JEFF K MOUSEPAD. This beautiful 9 by 8 inch mousepad will turn you into a Cassanova in just THREE WEEKS!

Gals, is your man just not man enough? The JEFF K MOUSEPAD can turn him into almost 120% of the man he currently is. He may gain as much as 4 man inches or up to 20 pounds of man weight. MAN! THAT'S A DEAL AT ONLY $13.95 + S/H!!!

These mouse pads must be fucking haunted, because they are FLYING OFF SHELVES. I WAS JUST RENDERED STERILE BY A MOUSEPAD TO THE GROIN! ACT NOW BEFORE THEY TAKE MY EYES!

Brown Outs Equal Frown Outs



This picture of Sidney Poitier wielding a pipe in the movie "In the Heat of the Night" symbolically conveys the idea of my discomfort.

Despite the misleading title of this article it really has nothing to do with brown outs, I just had to rhyme something with my new favorite fictional phrase "frown out". This Saturday it was "killer of the elderly" hot in Chicago. The mercury on our apartment's thermostat has been firmly topped out at 90 degrees for the past 24 hours or so, leading me to believe it is either exactly 90 degrees or somewhere between 91 degrees and the temperature at which the thermostat sublimes into gas. You can't fry eggs on the sidewalk because if you take them out of the refrigerator the sweat pouring off of your hands hard boils them.

"Zack, we are living in the 21st century - THE FUTURE - and we have futuristic conveniences like air-conditioning."

Well mystery speaker, I believe our apartment to have been the first building constructed when Russian settlers first found their way to the heartland of Chicago. It does not come equipped with futuristic conveniences like central air-conditioning. It comes equipped with brown bricks and centipedes, and you'll like it!

We are not without some ability to cope with this heat wave. Realizing that some people live in the urban equivalent of mud huts, enterprising retailers now offer "window air-conditioners" and "window fans". The window fans were the first to show up in our apartment, but they do little good seeing as how the air in Chicago seems to be composed of the pudding filler previously used in Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Pudding Pies. Hoping a fan will push that air at any decent velocity is like hoping to navigate one of those foot-pedal paddleboats across a lake full of quick dry concrete. In an environment like this, the blades of the fan spin and the air sort of falls out the front and pools on the windowsill. I like to scoop it up and pretend it's

retro mutagen ooze and that my genes are going to combine with those of Michelle's cat.

This whimsical illustration of a man being electrocuted symbolically conveys the idea of my circuit breaker.

Even though the fans didn't work we had the window air-conditioner to fall back on. Nestled snugly in the bedroom window it would at least allow the both of us to fall asleep tonight without turning the bed into a swamp of sweat. This assumes of course that the wiring for the apartment was not done back in the day when the telegram was still considered "raw and unrefined" technology. Naturally the wiring was actually much older, possibly predating the evolution of invertebrates, and the circuit breaker is only capable of controlling a bone-crushing 15 amps of electricity. This means our power goes out if we have the air-conditioner running and even think about turning our head in the direction of a light switch. I am pretty sure Saturday afternoon that the circuit breaker even mistook sun reflecting off a car outside to be a light on in our apartment and it once again cut off our power.

This would not be a very big deal if I could simply jog down to the basement and flip the circuit breaker. This solution would be far too reasonable though, and our landlord is ideologically opposed to things like common sense and reason.

Instead of simply flipping the circuit breaker ourselves we must contact one of two maintenance men. If you live in an apartment building you know exactly how fun this can be. You see, most maintenance men are skilled workers with a day job who get to live in the building with a much lower rent in exchange for answering maintenance calls. By "answering maintenance calls" I mean they hide in their apartment and tell everyone they know that they are "going out of town" every time they see them. If the FBI wanted to ensure the safety of mob informants they would assign them to work as apartment maintenance men, because no one is more invisible than the maintenance man.

I was all set to wait this problem out, like I do most problems, and just let it fade away or get so bad that it becomes a different problem that I can wait out. Then I checked the five-day forecast and saw that it's going to be even hotter on Monday and basically ectoplasm boiling for the remainder of the week. So I started brainstorming ideas on how I could beat the heat.

- **Buy a Generator**
  Diesel powered generators are a staple of any survivalist nut ball who intends to be able to play Super Monkey Ball on his Game Cube after the impending nuclear apocalypse has occurred. While I'm not really concerned with atomic annihilation and I don't own a Game Cube, a generator might be able to provide enough electricity to allow us to run an air-conditioner and have a Plug-ins air-freshener in an outlet at the same time.
  Pros: Fresh smelling living room and cool air.
  Cons: Expensive to buy and maintain. While the generator is running it will fill the apartment with diesel fumes.
- **Trick Homeless People into Fanning Me**
  If you live in a city you know that vagrants will do anything for whiskey and canned beans. I could stock our cabinets full of cheap whiskey and even cheaper cans of baked beans, and then approach homeless people with an offer of food and beverage. When they get inside the apartment (standing on a tarp of course so they don't spill vagrant on the floor) I will insist they fan me for one hour straight before they receive a bottle of whiskey and a can of beans. Interesting side note, we once bought a bucket for a dollar from a person sitting on a street corner. Unfortunately the bucket failed to make an

impact on the temperature within our apartment.
Pros: Fairly cheap and the homeless man might take the opportunity to eat some of the centipedes in our apartment.
Cons: Homeless people are usually unfit for any type of labor that doesn't require drunkenly swaying from side to side and ranting incoherently. I could potentially rig a system of pulleys that harness the mechanical energy of the vagrant's drunken swaying and use it to power a mechanical fanning system, but this would likely be more trouble than it's worth.

This image of the word fire symbolically conveys an image that would symbolically convey the idea of my apartment burning.

- **Set Fire to the Apartment**
This might not seem like a particularly logical decision, but the way I see it, fire has zero humidity. The air in the apartment has 100% humidity and is like sticking your face into a hot tub and trying to breathe the bubbles. If we set fire to the apartment the temperature might be two or three times what it is now, but it will be completely humidity free.
Pros: A dry heat, no more stewing in sweaty clothes.
Cons: Everything we own will be destroyed. The human body contains like 75% water or something and I think you need that to survive.

- **Sit in a Bathtub Full of Cold Water and Eat Ice Cream All Day**
This heat has made me break from my normal routine of taking scalding hot showers. I've been turning things down so that the water in the shower is actually cooler than the air temperature. Sunday, while scrubbing the layer of solidified salt deposits off of my skin, I realized I could just fill the bathtub with the cold water and sit in it while I enjoy my favorite summertime dessert; ice cream.
Pros: Ice cream tastes good. Cold water feels good.
Cons: Ice cream makes you fatter. Cold water makes you look like an old man. While I'm starting to feel old at 24 I don't relish the idea of becoming a fat old man just yet. Also my computer can't be plugged into the outlets in the bathroom, something about an electrocution hazard.

- **Break Open CO2 Canisters with a Hammer**
CO2 canisters are like pirate treasure chests filled with Spanish cold. You can find them inside a number of different products ranging from cartridges for pellet guns to environment safe hairspray cans. I will fill a sack with these canisters and one by one break them open, basking in the cool compressed goodness they emit into the air.
Pros: They will cool me down. The loud banging might frighten away the centipedes that form a menacing circle around me at all times.
Cons: I may blow my hand off. It's hard to guarantee that it's just carbon dioxide in those canisters, it could be any number of deadly substances. I hope to be okay as long as I stop the instant I begin to hallucinate.

Right now I am leaning towards either buying a generator or breaking open those CO2 canisters with

a hammer. If you have any additional suggestions, please, let me know! I will be waiting patiently for your input in a spreading pool of my own sweat mixed with writhing centipedes.

You Hate Me! You Really, Really Hate Me!

Rich "Boss Hogg" "R-Lo" "Kyanka" Kyanka has taken the time to sift through the more than 200 hate mails I received when I wrote my review of the movie "The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring" for our new Truth Media section. I took a very critical and objective look at the movie, and instead of seeing where I was coming from a lot of people who were caught up in the hype decided to send me angry letters. Oh, did I mention that I intentionally got a shitload of facts wrong about the movie? Yeah, that might have contributed to their outrage.

> Number ten: "Orks" is misspelled. It is spelled with a "c", as opposed to a "k", and Orcs were NOT coming to the Shire for the ring, you blasphemous idiot.
> Number eleven: you're the most mentally defficient person I don't know, and I don't know alot of them. They are Ringwraiths, in the service of Sauron, not Saruman, who is the white wizard.
> Number twelve: Rivendell, or Imladris if you will, is not an elf city, but the house of the elf-lord Elrond, you seething zit of putrid slime.
> Number thirteen: They do not go to Rivendell to discuss how the Orcs should be driven away, but to discuss what should be done with the Ring, cheese dick. Ok, a slight beef here that isn't your review, but the movie. In the book, Legolas helped them escape from the Black Riders, not Arwen, and the only reason they changed it is so they could give that pouty bitch a bigger role.
> Number fourteen: the Ringwraiths are not fought of with ANYONE'S sword, but are washed down river by a flood mustered by Elrond (in the book); Arwen (in the fucking movie).

He doesn't stop at fourteen folks, it goes on a lot longer. One thing I think we've all learned from the response to this review is that not only are "Lord of the Rings" fans obsessively defensive of their film and full of encyclopedia-quality nerd knowledge about it, they are also really bad spellers and shitty at being insulting. Head on over and see what else they found wrong with my review! It's like the solutions to a "Where's Waldo?" book for angry thirty year old virgins!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.2 Great Deals Are Popping Up Everywhere!

Monday, Jul 01, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

System Alert!
You are missing out on an incredible deal!
NEW ALERT!
If you do not click here, we will hunt you down and rape your kids and throw your computer into a swamp and then seduce your wife even though we killed her hours before. Save $5.00!

Before I kick off today's update which isn't nearly as funny as Something Awful was two years ago and I'm not funny anymore and Something Awful sure is "something awful," let's try a little fun and exciting activity. Turn off all your ad-stopping and popup-blocking software and visit a handful of random websites. Just cruise around and click links which you find interesting, making sure to not close any windows. Are you with me now? Have you done this? If so, you have undoubtedly noticed something startling:

Internet advertising has reached a critically annoying level and is about to explode like a fat man in a pie eating contest where all the pies have been replaced with dynamite.

I remember how it was a long, long time ago (two years) in a galaxy far away (my apartment). Webmasters could support their site by simply serving up gobs of banner ads in bulk. If the webmaster was slightly greedier, they could additionally put a sidebar advertisement or a text ad somewhere on their page. These ads supported their video card-buying addiction and insured that they'd have enough money to purchase a Gaia Blackhead Removal device, which is as seen on TV. These times of grapes and roses soon began to sour, as ad networks began introducing a new way to generate money from Internet sites: the popup ad.

Now when the popup ad first came out, webmasters were united against displaying them. Sure they'd make a lot more money by tossing up a few popups, but the sheer amount of flame email their readers would invariably send in would cause their inbox to explode like that guy's head in "Scanners." One popup ad a day was enough to cause readers to form virtual lynch mobs, and I'm fairly sure if there was a way to tar and feather somebody over the Internet, stock in the tar and feather industry would've gone up 400%. However, more and more sites began running popup ads because banner ads had been declared "dead" and no longer generated revenue for any of the parties involved. Naturally, the advertisers blamed this on people like you and me, idiots who failed to click on their enticing "Play the Maxi-Pad Challenge!" ad which directed you to a tampon site. It would be far too simple to claim that the Internet advertising failure was the result of 60-year old white ad executives who thought the Internet was simply a place to download their copy of AOL. No, the advertising executives are not to blame here, it's you and I who made the market collapse. Each time you didn't "click here for more information," you contributed to the great Internet advertising crash. We should all feel guilty and hang our heads in shame or perhaps commit suicide, whichever takes the least amount of effort.

Once the popup ad maggot had buried into nearly every website in existence, the advertisers soon began to realize a disconcerting new trend: nobody was clicking on the popup ads either. How could this be? I mean, I can understand how a banner ad reading "IF THIS BANNER IS FLASHING, YOU'VE WON A HOG" might not get the most clickthroughs, but a popup? Come on! For Christ's sake, the ad POPS UP! That concept alone is genius! Who could resist the charm of a new window appearing out of nowhere, taking up valuable desktop space, and forcing the user to close another window? It's the equivalent of having your television spew out a giant piece of posterboard with a company's ad plastered across it whenever you turn on reruns of "Matlock"! Although I frankly am too stupid to figure out how and why popup ads stopped being effective, I do know what happened

next: pop UNDER ads!

BUY THIS AND GIVE US MONEY FOR MORE ADS
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CLOWN'S BEEN?
www.eclowncheck.com
Click here for a free background check on a clown before you hire him for your next party.
NAME: Chuckles
AGE: 32
CRIMINAL PAST:
- Arrested for sexual abuse of mule.
- Arrested for stealing burritos from 7-11.
(more...)

The pop under ad was another stroke of brilliance that could only be invented by a MENSA member or perhaps Adolf Hitler. Instead of popping UP, the ad window now popped UNDER the current window! Can you imagine how revolutionary this was? It's like the time Albert Einstein invented the steam engine, which completely revolutionized the world of steam engine manufacturing. Now, instead of having to close a window that obscured the website's text, users had to minimize the website window, close the pop under ad, and then once again maximize the website window! I can't count the number of products and / or services I purchased thanks to seeing them prominently displayed UNDER a window. Also, I don't know how to count.

However, the pop under ad soon saw its popularity waning, possibly because everybody in the entire universe despised them and refused to click on the ads. The genius Internet advertising folks, who are all MENSA members or perhaps Adolf Hitler, naturally came to the conclusion that the lack of clickthroughs on pop under ads was once again directly our fault, and we were to blame for the failure of the Internet economy. Yup, once more you and I are to blame for the current state of the Internet. If we would've only clicked on the "WIN BIG PRIZES AT CYBER LOUIE'S CYBER GAME HUT" then the Internet would've been saved and we would all somehow be rich people who drive nice cars and have wives that don't complain about being locked in the closet for hours at a time. Unfortunately, we refused to pick up the slack and support eCyber-iCommerce.com.net, and the advertising industry had to get even more creative: spyware.

Spyware is a great and useful product that informs us as to which products we want to purchase, although we may not have been aware of it at the time. To aid us in our buying habits, spyware infects our computers and does such helpful things as:

- Showing ads
- Showing more ads
- Replacing website ads with new and different ads
- Showing even more ads
- Tracking your every move and then sending the information back to spyware headquarters so some fat Linux nerd can put it all in a database and then use it to potentially blackmail you if you attempt to run for public office.
- Showing an unbelievable amount of ads

This seemed like an incredible idea to Internet advertising executives because what could be more helpful than a program which infects a user's computer and then controls what content they see? In yet another bizarre stroke of unbelievably bad luck, people seemed a bit hesitant to download a program that monitored their computer and assaulted them with a barrage of advertisements. The amount of people willingly downloading "Cyber eVirtual Reality Shopper iHelper" and "Bonzi Buddy: the First Monkey Who is Able to Infuriate You Without Tossing His Shit at Your Head" began to mysteriously taper off. After minutes and minutes of brainstorming, the Internet advertising heroes came up with another surefire hit idea: why not bundle their spyware with legitimate software products from other companies? That way the user wouldn't have to be inconvenienced by the laborious process of going to a website, clicking the "download me" link, and installing the spyware. It's a win-win situation, right?

Ad Executive Lawrence Malortennance in a recent meeting.

Well once again, we, the users of the Internet, began ruining the economy by installing anti-spyware programs such as Ad-Aware and that program Steve Gibson made to monitor his bloated ego 24 hours a day. This made the last seven remaining advertising firms very angry, especially since they put so much time and effort into creating a program that takes over your computer and we were too selfish to willingly install it. The ad industry, disenfranchised by their repeated scorning from Internet users, decided that perhaps they made a mistake in creating banner ads that nobody would want to click, popup ads that are simply annoying, and PC-sabotaging programs. After a brief meeting in the Denny's men's room, these important business leaders agreed that the only way to rejuvenate the constantly failing ad market was to take the obnoxious and annoying motif one step further: integrate ads with Flash and embed them into a website so they cannot be avoided.

Now, thanks to the miracle of technology, we are finally able to experience the wondrous feeling of seeing products float randomly around our screen while creating shrill, horribly sampled sound effects which are loud enough to wake up the sleeping Bonzi Buddy on our computer. The ad industry know how we, the users, don't really go to websites to read content; we visit them to learn about the new and exciting products and services we can purchase through the miracle of the Internet. The embedded Flash advertisement addresses this critical issue and allows us to view the intended website while simultaneously watching brand name products fly around over the text, obscure nearly all the site's content, and make lovely honking noises for roughly 10 minutes. These colorful and carefully aimed advertisements have caught the attention of millions of Internet users, as proven by this fictional conversation I had last night with Emily:

> **ME:** "I'd like to purchase a product and / or service, but I simply don't know what I want! Oh my, this is sure perplexing!"
> **EMILY:** "Why don't you use the Internet?"
> **ME:** "What a marvelous idea!" *(I turn on the computer and load some random website which greets me with a hovering bottle of deodorant and an announcer's voice which explains to me, in depth, the many reasons why I need to buy this)*
> **EMILY:** "What did you find?"
> **ME:** *(Screaming)* "I need Ban brand deodorant and I need it now!"
> **EMILY:** "Let us purchase that product and / or service at once!"
> **ME:** "FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, PLEASE!"
> **EMILY:** "Who is talking to you on your computer?"
> **BONZI BUDDY:** "Fuck off, broad!" *(Informs me of the other 40 different deodorant products I would be interested in purchasing)*

Unfortunately, I don't see this trend of advertising ever stopping. I can't even begin to image where these corporate whore companies will go next, but I am fairly confident that it won't be anywhere good. Although Internet advertising firms seem baffled as to why their ads fail and people aren't interested in clicking them, they don't realize that the key to selling a product lies within creating something somebody wants and then marketing to that demographic. When is the last time you've seen a giant ad network serve you an ad that you were genuinely interested in? We've been going downhill for years and the Internet is becoming increasingly obnoxious thanks to the efforts of ad networks who believe that the way to sell a product is by annoying people into submission until they eventually give up and buy it just so the ads may stop. If these companies don't hurry up and go broke, I'm afraid that the only way we'll be able to avoid their intrusive, mindless ads is by shutting

off our computers and throwing them into an ocean. I have seen the future of the Internet and I have seen the past. If only Internet advertising companies could do the same, they'd realize that the optimal method of selling products is to not beat us in the face with them over and over while shoving them down our throats and simultaneously blaming us when they fail to sell. If I could ever remember a time when the Internet was full of common sense, I'd express my desire to return to those days.

This Is the Greatest Email I've Ever Received

I usually don't do features like these (in fact I've never done an entire feature like this), but I recently received the greatest email in the history of the universe or possibly longer. As you may remember, we posted a feature yesterday entitled, "'Lord of the Rings' Fans Lash Out and Attack Something Awful!" This article highlighted the various incoherent flame emails sent to our "Truth Media Reviews" section, a part of the website that writes completely false and obviously fake reviews of popular media so we can poke fun at the people who mindlessly worship companies and their products. We've never been able to understand how people can blindly devote such enormous portions of their lives to supporting a company that doesn't give a single shit about them. These people also have the unfortunate tendency to have absolutely no common sense but tons of free time, which allows us to take advantage and infuriate them with our completely bogus reviews.

Anyway, we posted the feature yesterday which highlighted some of the more hilariously pathetic flame messages sent in by clueless Lord of the Rings fans who couldn't spot common sense if it came out of their jumbo-sized bag of Doritos and stabbed them in the throat. We thought the fiasco and the idiocy was over... but then I got The Greatest Email I've Ever Received and my entire world shook with joy or perhaps tears. (PS: I've yet again included another image of what I imagine this person looks like)

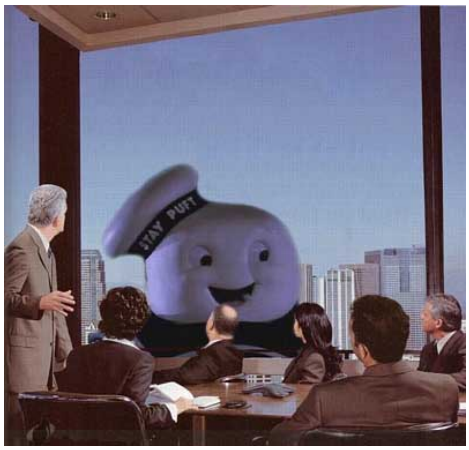
> ***From: Dug E. Fresh***
> ***Subject: Lord of the Rings Flames***
>
> *I am writing in reference to the article, "Flames From Review of 'Lord of the Rings: Fellowship of the Ring,'" found at* `http://www.somethingawful.com/truthmedia.php?id=348`
>
> *First of all, I find it to absolutely ironic that you would attempt to combat flamers by flaming back at them. I am not a Lord of the Rings fanatic. I did enjoy the movie. However, even I noticed the extreme discrepencies and seemingly complete lack of effort in Zack Geist's review.*
>
> *You sound astonished by the fact that you have gotten so many flames in regards to your initial review of the movie. Yet, you have to admit that there are some very valid points that have been brought to your attention, and now to the attention of all. It has been made very apparent that Zack Geist put very little effort into his review. Given that this is merely a website, you can get away with publishing shoddy articles written by lazy "journalists." I use the term journalist very loosely. I understand your reasoning behind posting these flame e-mails, but perhaps there would have been a more effecient way to handle things, such as removing the review. I honestly hope that Zack Geist is merely a freelance writer for you. If he is not, then I suggest you fire him. If for some unforeseen reason you cannot fire him, I suggest that you actually copy edit his work from now on.*
>
> *Regards,*

Dug E. Fresh

Okay, so let me sum this up for you: we write a fake review. Angry mindless drones swarm in and complain about the review because they're too dense to realize it's a joke. We admit it's a joke (even though it's also clearly stated on the main page) and make fun of these people. Then Dug E. Fresh writes to inform us that, in our article talking about our bogus review and laughing at the people who believed it, we made mistakes and factual errors in the bogus review. This is one of those moments where I hope, I pray, I beg to God that this person is either not real or will stop being real very soon. Being the webmaster of this site is like a tragic comedy; I want to laugh so hard that I commit suicide.

More Gold than in the Dreams of a Crazy Old West Prospecter!

Scotty D here folks, to interrupt Lowtax's article with a special news bulletin! The Goldmine has been updated! Our forum users have been hard at work creating atrocities the likes of which have never been seen! This weeks topic is about a meeting that got somehow interrupted...



Anyway, go check it out, and then head on over to the forums for more!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.3 Awful Link Spotlight: Sound Judgement

Wednesday, Jul 03, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Crappy New Flash Movie!

Local doofus Cakewalk has concocted a new Flash movie for your viewing misery. It's called "Aborted" and it's about as offensive as you can get short of killing orphans and using their body parts to dam a river and endanger all the fish that pass through it. But it's still hilarious and features a most catching musical number sure to dominate the charts! Expect to see this movie nabbing the Oscar next year for best picture and best original song.

Go watch this horrible thing! Or don't! You'll be sorry no matter what you choose to do!

HUT HUT HUT HIKE! NEW #86/68!

In an effort to continue my quest to blind as many people as possible, I have created an exciting new episode of #86/68. As you can imagine this is a patriotic adventure filled with twists and right angle turns sure to leave you breathless and suffering from a raging headache. Plus it has a surprise ending that rivals the surprise ending of "The Sixth Sense" where it turned out the kid was really a sled named Rosebud all along.

Celebrate this Independence Day by reading up on one of America's finest heroes. Read "The Justice Reversal" now! It's like a razorblade massage for your eyes! HUT HUT HUT HIKE!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

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86
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7.4 Our Country is Exploding With Flavor!

Thursday, Jul 04, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Merry Christmas! I mean, Fourth of July or whatever. Burn pigs, burn!

As many of you know, today is the historic Fourth of July / Independence Day holiday. If you don't believe me, then look a few lines above this sentence and check out the date. If you don't believe the date, then go outside and grab some random stranger by his shirt and shriek, "I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS!!!" He will probably direct you to the appropriate authorities who will be able to answer your question and, if you're a lucky immigrant, drive a toilet plunger up your rectum. Independence Day is a very important and crucial holiday in America, one so important that citizens are required to express their patriotism by doing the one thing Americans are famous for; blowing shit up. If you don't have a calendar and you're too dumb to figure out the date, a surefire way to tell if the Fourth of July is approaching is to drive down a major street and look for flimsy cardboard shacks that have plastic American flags draped across them and a sign which reads something like:

BIG SWEATY NED'S FIREWORK KA- BOOM HUT FIRE EMPORIUM!!!
ALL FIREWORKS 50%! BUY 10 GET 540 FREE! OUR PRICES ARE SO LOW THAT IF YOU LOOKED AT THE PRICE TAG, YOU'D DIE! WHISTLIN' SCREAMERS: $2.93 PER 1,000! SPARKLING DRAGON CONE: $1.21 FOR SEVEN! EVERYTHING 84% OFF!!! LIGHTNING DIXIE RED WAGON SPECIAL SURPRISE: NINE CENTS! ALL ITEMS 390% OFF!!! EVERY CUSTOMER GETS A FREE BALLOON FILLED WITH POISON GAS! BIG SWEATY NED HAS BEEN DRIVEN INSANE BY THESE LOW, LOW PRICES AND HE'LL TRY TO STAB YOU IN THE FACE WITH A BROKEN LIQUOR BOTTLE IF YOU APPROACH HIM! YOU KNOW WE ONLY SELL THE ABSOLUTE MOST HIGH QUALITY FIREWORKS BECAUSE WE'VE GOT A GIANT INFLATABLE GORILLA OUTSIDE OUR SHITTY TENT!

Most fireworks have highly comical names such as "Red Dragon Surprise" or "Golden Shower Surprise" or "Live Hand Grenade." This is because the best and easiest way to show pride in our country during the Fourth of July is by sending all our money to sweatshops in Japan or Taiwan or Malaysia or wherever the hell they manufacture these explosives. The firework assembly process is a very precise and intricate procedure that requires the absolute most skilled and dexterous foreign experts. These people are often required to obtain the following degrees before being admitted to work in a fireworks plant:

1) A Bachelors Degree in "Shoving Gunpowder Into Paper Rolls"
2) A Master's Degree in "Knowing About Fire"

Many Americans choose to celebrate the Fourth of July by dressing up like raving idiots.

These degrees can be obtained by finding a blank piece of paper or a discarded newspaper and then signing your name across it below the message "I WORK IN FIREDWORKS PALNT!" The accepted workers are then given a shiny new American nickel and are "allowed" to work the following thirteen hours by standing over an assembly line and cramming fuses into tiny blue sticks covered with crude drawings of dragons humping a boat. Fireworks are so cheap these days that it actually costs less money to produce them than it does to stand around

and do absolutely nothing. Next time you visit the local fireworks hut alongside the Dairy Queen in the bowling alley, you should feel proud knowing that your Fourth of July money is going to a fat, bald, moist Asian man who has a group of underage seminude boys fanning him with palm fronds. I'm fairly sure this is the spirit of the Fourth of July, but I may be wrong.

Some of you non-Americans (AKA "foreigners" or "terrorist suspects") may not know the history behind the Independence Day holiday. Hell, there's probably a good percentage of *Americans* that don't know the history behind the Fourth of July. If you were to walk up to any high school student these days and ask, "what do you know about Independence Day?", they would probably respond by asking you for a cigarette and then cursing a lot. This is because the only thing US school systems teach anymore is how to avoid gunshots by using your math book as a crude shield. That might be a good thing in the long run, especially since the only thing the public school system taught me in junior high was how to square dance. Yes, that's correct, we had to pass a square-dancing course if we wanted to graduate to high school, where we would eventually be taught how to smuggle beer inside movie theaters without being caught.

If it was up to the British, we'd all look like this guy now. NOTE: this picture was taken less than three weeks ago.

Once again, I have gotten off track and forgot to explain the history behind the Fourth of July, mainly because I don't really care. The original Fourth of July, also known as "Independence Day," did not star Will Smith and Bill Pullman and, to the best of my knowledge, featured neither killer aliens or Macintosh computers which uploaded spaceship-destroying viruses. Independence Day started a very long time ago (1776), around the time Dick Clark was hitting puberty. America was controlled by Great Britain back then, which is especially ironic now considering that the only thing Great Britain controls these days is a seemingly limitless supply of plaque and barroom fights. Oh yeah, I guess they also have those incredibly stupid "comedy" shows that revolve around people drinking a lot and then pausing when the laugh track begins to play for absolutely no reason whatsoever. Regardless, America was ruled by the British back then, a ruthless group of people who demanded the Americans wear pasty white wigs and frilly dresses whenever they met to complain about the outrageous taxes the British were imposing upon them. The Americans kept taking sass from the British and didn't object because they were real weenies back then. Great Britain continued to take advantage of the Americans by making up really ridiculous rules such as:

> 1) British soldiers could come over to America and stay in anybody's house whenever they felt like it. They could additionally turn on the water and then leave it running even though they weren't using it.
> 2) King George "Fiffy" III was allowed to enact whatever silly laws he felt like, whenever he felt like. For example, he spontaneously declared March 19th to be "Silly Hat Day," where all American colonists had to wear comical hats forged from dog feces. If they refused to wear these hats, King George "Fiffy" III would force them to watch his one man off-Broadway play, "An Evening on the Holodeck."
> 3) All colonists were forced to make out with zombies.

The great American revolutionaries of that time finally decided that enough was enough, and they soon began to write American Revolution erotic fan fiction. This spawned the creation of an actual declaration of independence from Britain, a piece of paper appropriately entitled the "Declaration of Independence." This historical piece of history was written by the founding fathers of America; Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Franklin, Albert Einstein, John Adams, John

Quincy Adams, Thomas McKean, Louie Anderson, and Robocop. It is a majestic piece of history that shall remain historic for the foreseeable future, and naturally this made King George "Fiffy" III very angry. He ordered his British troops to come over and start the American Revolution, a war which caused many people to die in the mud. It didn't matter if the battle was taking place in a town or on the beach or inside a toolshed; the people would always end up dying in the mud. The Americans who refused to die in the mud survived and lived to help promote Independence Day, a day celebrating an event which caused a whole shitload of people to be killed, much like Christmas.

However, today is supposed to be a happy day, one where we should forget about what happened back then and instead celebrate America by drinking liquor and purchasing products made in other countries. So this Fourth of July holiday, when you're sitting on your deck and grilling steaks while you watch your idiot children attempt to blow off their key appendages with explosives named "Thunderin' Inferno Happy Touch Elk Dragon Fire," keep in mind that the only reason you're here right now is because a lot of very, very, very dead people signed a piece of paper saying that you could be here. If they would've never created the Declaration of Independence, we'd all be currently watching some television show about two drunk women who seem to talk in a language they make up as they go along.

Oh yeah, and don't forget those fruity wigs too.

Toilet Love is in the Air!

Intrepid journalist Zack "Eddie Vedder" Parsons has once again taken a trip into the wacky world of Japanese Hentai games. This time he pays a visit to "Water Closet", a game that sounds to be the most horrible thing on the face of the earth.

> *Once again proving that it's just not possible to lower your standards enough, Water Closet threw me a curveball when Nicholson's therapy consisted of tying Ikumi to a urinal in the men's room and urinating on her face. Even that was just the beginning of her therapy as he went outside and announced that a new toilet had been installed in the men's room. A hideously graphic multiple rape sequence followed, accompanied by the "bathroom rape sounds" I mentioned previously.*

More quality entertainment from Japan! These prices are insane!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.5 Holding Out for a Hero!

Friday, Jul 05, 2002 by Integral

This hero has a luxurious head of hair with which he fights crime and earwigs.

I need a hero. That's right, I'd just like take this opportunity to say that I'm holding out for a hero 'til the end of the night. He's got to be strong and he's got to be fast and he's got to be fresh from the fight. All of these things are very important and even necessary. Perhaps you are wondering why I feel this way? Why my nights are spend in sweat and torment? Well it's not by choice, let me tell you that. Well, not usually. I am just so worried about the horrible state of the world that I can't sleep and when I do eventually fall asleep I wake up soon afterward in a pool of my own vomit and urine from being so scared. It's a vicious cycle! I have tried to fix the problems that I see out there, problems like crime, Martha Stewart, and crime, but I'm just one person. I can't do it all.

In these dark times, it is easy to lose all hope and turn to witchcraft or Scientology as methods to make yourself feel better about things like the dramatic rise in scabies and the rising cost of cheese. Those are only temporary solutions, however, because as a witch you are bound to eventually run out of oil of newt testicle and as a scientologist you are bound to run out of money. So it is no wonder that these days people have given up hope in large numbers and eaten bowls full of Draino or even taken up yoga. The world is not a very happy place and it lacks a positive motivating force to drive it to the circus each Saturday afternoon to see the funny clowns. That is why we each need a hero! A hero could save the day and also do the laundry for us when we were too tired because we were out drinking and gambling again until 5 AM with that one guy who works at the 7-11. At least, I need one. Because I am too lazy and inept to do things for myself.

I have given this matter a lot of serious thought and I decided that it would be best to completely and thoroughly analyze the situation before I just go picking someone I want to be my hero. A hero has to have a certain set of characteristics that are rare and hard to come by. A hero cannot just be found easily and quickly in the dairy section of the grocery store. It is always a long, tough search that is usually fruitless for months if not years. Personally I hold my heroes up to such rigorous standards that it becomes close to impossible to find anyone who matches all of my criteria. But when I do eventually find my hero like I know I will, I will look for at least the following characteristics:

One way my hero can camouflage himself is by wearing very tight, very short shorts made out of vinyl or latex. And nothing else.

- The hero should be capable of doing basic hero-like things such as flying, lifting heavy objects, and killing swiftly and efficiently. These skills will come in handy in situations where I need to be lifted out from under a heavy car or building and then flown to another location. While in flight, my hero will kill birds that get in his way in a very humane manner.
- Another must is the ability to camouflage well. This is especially important when I and my hero are deep-sea diving as it is all too easy to get spotted by sharks and other scary undersea menaces that might want to make us into

a tasty meal. With camouflage, we can hide from them and make them a meal instead! Stupid sharks.

- A third and very important skill to have is the ability to shoot various things out of bodily orifices. These things can vary from laser beams to feces, but woe betide anyone who chooses to stand in front of my hero when he starts shooting things from holes. And when he gets angry, those things just start shooting out faster and faster, so watch it!
- My hero should be good at playing gin rummy, because dammit I like that game and if I'm going to be spending a lot of time with this dummy he might as well know how to play a simple card game.

I have put together a short list of a few heroes I think might be up for the job of Heroing for me, but this list is by no means even close to complete. Heroes come in all shapens and sizes and even the smallest of us can be a hero if we look deep inside ouselves and find that inner glow. I believe in you, Tiger! Go get 'em, RAWR!

Possible hero ideas include:

You wouldn't even know Really Bendy Thumbs Man to look at him, except for the smirk, that is.

NAME: Really Bendy Thumbs Man

ABILITIES: Really Bendy Thumbs Man is a master of hand-to-hand combat. With his superfluously bendy thumbs he is able to more firmly grasp the crania of his opponents and crush them for the worms they are. Really Bendy Thumbs Man is especially useful in crowded elevators and is a formidable opponent in any console video game. He also comes in handy in the bedroom. Get it? Handy? HAHAHAHA I AM FUNNY! Really Bendy Thumbs Man is also a master of camouflage in that the only way to tell him apart from just another guy is to see his deadly thumbs in action, but by then it is probably TOO LATE!

PROBLEMS: After a lifetime of winning at video games and manually pleasing women, Really Bendy Thumbs man is very arrogant and a little hard to put up with for more than 15 minutes at a time. He alsoenjoys pointing out his thumbs to animals by tapping them on the shoulders and pinching his thumb and forefinger together while saying, "Eh? How about that?" In this way, he feels more superior than animals because he has opposable digits, but unfortnately this gives him away to enemies all too easily.

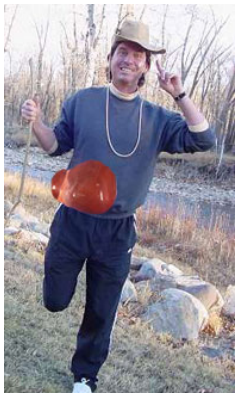
SUPER POWER: His thumbs! They are bendy!

NAME: Man Whose Liver is on the Outside Man

ABILITIES: Man Whose Liver is on the Outside Man is the best at dispersing large crowds of unwanted people with his pulsating, slimy liver. He sneaks up behind someone, clears his throat loudly and gesticulates with his abdomen. Depending upon the venue, the result of this can be anywhere from laughter to mass hysteria. The most common reaction is vomit which would give me a chance to run away while my enemies are busy puking their guts out at my hero, the freak of nature. He is also good to have at picnics in case someone forgets to bring pate because of the liver's amazing regenerative properties.

PROBLEMS: Unfortunately, Man Whose Liver is on the Outside Man has one true enemy, the hungry thing. He is a prime target for hungry dogs and in poor countries, hungry children who are just dying for a bite of his tasty liver. HAHA I made another joke. Did you get it? Dying. Oh boy. Anyway, Man Whose liver is on the Outside Man has to constantly watch himself lest he be caught unawares and taken a bite out of. As a result he doesn't function as a personal hero as well as one would like because he is usually running away from things.

SUPER POWER: He metabolizes things at the speed of light! And he's pretty repulsive to look at unless you're into that whole "body-parts-on-the-outside-instead-of-the-inside" thing.



Man Whose Liver is on the Outside Man loves the great outdoors and frequently takes hikes, but he has to be on the lookout for bears.

NAME: Captain 5-Year Old

ABILITIES: Captain 5-Year Old is a master of duplicitous disguise, deception, and distraction, dammit. She easily impersonates a small child, therefore luring my enemies to her to do some serious cheek-pinching. Once they get close enough to begin exclaiming over how cute she is, she unleashes one of many deadly computer viruses that hack into their systems and cause immediate crashes and errors that make it really hard for them to get to their data! Sometimes she even erases important things on their hard drives and replaces them with Blue's Clues mpegs, but only in extreme circumstances will she go that far. She also has an amazing drooling power that she unveils in especially tough circumstances, causing people to recoil in disgust and search for tissues.

Captain 5-Year Old is a techno whiz and you had better back your hard drives up onto floppies because she is out for vengeance!

PROBLEMS: Captain 5-Year Old is unfortunately easily distracted by cute, fluffy things. The list of these things includes puppies, kitties, chickens, other birds, and some forms of marmots. As a result of this it is very dangerous to take her into public places because she will lose tract of her mission fairly easily and wander off to "pet the pretty thing." Captain 5-Year Old is also a prime target for pedophiles who attempt to lure her into their cars with promises of candy of threats that her mommy is sick. She falls for this ruse every time, so it's important to keep an eye on her whenever possible.

SUPER POWER: Adorableness and drool, not to mention mad phat computer hacker skillz make Captain 5-Year Old a formidable opponent or an annoying responsibility... OF DOOM!

NAME: The Dreaded Quintaclops

ABILITIES: The Dreaded Quintaclops was cursed not only with the need for glasses but also with an extra eye on his forehead that is very large and also not the same color as his other eyes! With this mystical fifth eye, the Dreaded Quintaclops can see around corners more easily than people with less than five eyes. He also wears a bandanna around his fifth eye or one of those dumb foam baseball hats that look like they were bought at a thrift store to easily blend in at emo rock shows. When the headlining band appears, he unveils himself and causes multiple faintings and heart attacks in the highly-caffeinated counter-culture crowd. In this way he slowly but surely removes one moron at a time until they are all dead or at least just creeped out because he has so many goddammed eyes.

PROBLEMS: Because he has so many eyes, the Quintaclops has a lot of allergy problems. In the springtime when the pollen count is high he can't leave the house much less do a good job being my hero, so that tends to be a slight problem because I would need seasonal hero assistance. He is also prone to taunting by neighborhood bullies because of his higher-than-usual number of eyes. Names like "Ol' Five-Eyes" and "Starey" tend to make him cry, and when he gets upset he refuses to move until the bullies apologise. Sometimes this never happens and he stays in the same place for months until it is time to chence his eyeglass prescription.

SUPER POWER: He has five eyes. What more is there to say?

The Dreaded Quintaclops seems benevolent enough in an emo-rocker sort of way, but they don't call him "Dreaded" for nothing!

These are just four possible heroes that I could hire to help me save the world and also help me sleep better at night. None of them are perfect and I might just be better off getting a pet of some sort like a fish or perhaps one of those lizards that change colors, but the concept of having my own hero to defend me and do my bidding is a very interesting one. In the mean time, I will continue my search for the perfect personal hero, but so far I have not had any luck. Maybe I am not looking in the right places.

-~Integral

7.6 What America Means to Me

Friday, Jul 05, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Apparently to compensate for buildings exploding in America last year, people across the city of Chicago have been celebrating our nation by blowing things up since the third of July. It culminated in last night's orgy of explosions, a fireworks display that was literally city wide and stunning in a "how much money did these people just throw into the sky" sort of way. In all honesty it really did make me feel a little patriotic, standing on balcony drinking an American beer, watching dozens of Puerto Ricans in my neighborhood shoot ridiculously expensive mortar fireworks into the sky to celebrate America's Independence. That is what America is about, not American flag refrigerator magnets, not bobble heads for your car of President Bush. It's about a shitload of foreign immigrants willingly shelling out their hard earned money to celebrate our nation's independence.

Simulating a warzone in our urban centers is what makes this country great!

Don't mistake my sentiments for chest-pounding jingoism, I am probably as cynical about the United States as a crazy militiaman in Wisconsin who has a self-embalmed deer head sitting over his television set. I'm just not crazy enough to kill and preserve a deer head and the wall space above my TV is reserved for my DVD racks.

This year the fourth of July also just happened to coincide with my annual cleaning of a musty steamer trunk containing a variety of worthless papers I have collected over the years. Near the bottom of the trunk I found a 7th grade paper I had written about what America means to me. I wrote it while I was on a class trip to Washington D.C. and my paper so impressed the teacher that I won some little contest and got to keep a flag that flew over the Nation's capitol along with a sheet of paper autographed by all of Ohio's senators and representatives. The flag was far too huge to actually fly anywhere other than a Perkins or Bob Evans restaurant flagpole. You might not know this but Perkins and Bob Evans constantly compete to see which restaurant chain is more American by having their franchises fly increasingly larger flags every year. By 2025 the flags will be roughly the size of a river barge. By 2090 the flags flown by Perkins and Bob Evans will eclipse the sun over the continental United States.

The flag disappeared into my closet and is probably still there at my parent's house since hauling around a giant symbol of America was never at the top of my moving priority list. The paper I wrote to get the flag has followed me around for no reason other than it isn't twenty pounds and a hundred square feet of fabric.

Within this 7th grade paper I stated that, "America is a nation of freedom built on the blood and tears of generations of those who would seek to be free."

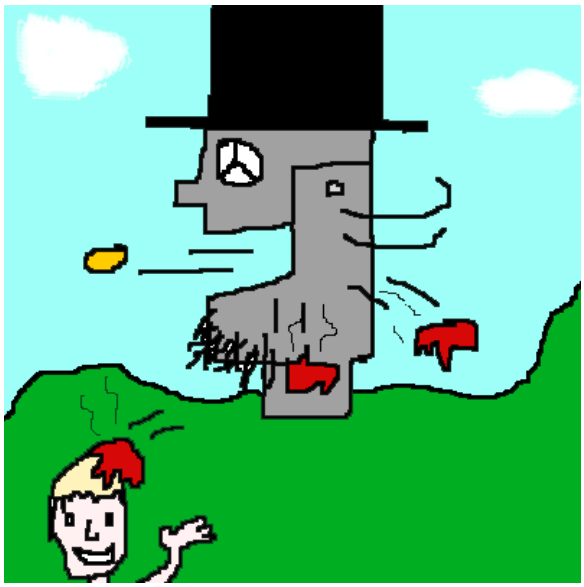
Wow, I am deeply moved. Also when I was in the seventh grade I was apparently a scriptwriter for Jerry Bruckheimer movies. Obviously there is some truth to that statement, just like there is some truth to the statement that there is a centipede in my apartment right now; I don't know where it is, but it absolutely has to be there. On the plus side, this paper and all the hubbub transpiring outside in the sky above Chicago last night did get me to thinking about what America does mean to me these days. Upon revisiting these feelings about the United States I discovered, not really surprisingly, that my concept of what America means had changed a lot since the 7th grade.

My theory about what America is these days is both much less patriotic and much less coherent. To

me America is best summed up as the giant robotic head of Abraham Lincoln with peace-symbols for eyes. The head rotates 360 degrees constantly and the mechanical mouth flaps up and down spitting out partially chewed P'zone from Pizza Hut and small gold coins. Children laugh and play at the base of the giant robotic head even though the pieces of that horrible pizza pocket crap is hitting them in the face and scalding them brutally.

Essentially I think this is how the crazy terrorists view America too, and while I see a giant rotating Abe Lincoln head that scalds kids with P'zones as a positive image, they view it as the Great Satan. What exactly "The Great Satan" is remains another mystery. While I think he is some sort of magician or failed pro wrestler, I never wrote an essay about him in the seventh grade so I have no reason to really explore my theories about him.

So I've got a complex metaphor for what America means to me in the form of the "All-consuming Abe Lincoln P'zone Bot", but that doesn't really help anyone who isn't either me or an evil terrorist. To clarify things for non-me non-terrorists let's break this incredible symbolic representation of America down and analyze the pieces.



- **Abe Lincoln's Head** - Abe Lincoln was like the third or fourth American president and he put a stop to the Confederacy. Obviously, my vision of his head represents the good and pure early intentions of America. He is a firm foundation on which the dreams and aspirations of most freedom loving people are built. The head is mechanical because the good intentions of America's early years have been stripped of their soul and turned into a cold manifesto. His head rotates 360 degrees as a symbol of our nation's overwhelming urge to monitor and police all directions at once, to be omniscient. The peace signs represent that despite some mistakes, we ultimately do want peace.
- **P'zone** - Other than my hatred of that guy from "In Living Color" who does the commercials for this fucking awful crap, the P'zone also represents American consumerism gone astray. In our haste to commercialize every possible avenue and churn the topsoil over and over again until another crop grows, we have begun to do nothing but recycle already bad products and remarket them again even though they failed once or more. P'zone is the evil aspect of capitalism, many would say the evilest.
- **Gold Coins** - Gold coins are usually found on pirate ships and pirate ships are usually

found sunken off the coast of Louisiana. Therefore, America is piratical but also something that everyone desires. I don't know, I think my subconscious was really grabbing at straws when it visualized the whole gold coin thing.

- **Children Playing** - Children enjoy playing, much like the French, and that is what the children represent. They are the French dancing for the end of empire, the collapse of the American hegemony, even as they frolic in the P'zone and suffer under our far-reaching cultural imperialism.

Despite the anti-American sentiment my vision seems to harbor, I love this country. It has the lightest jail sentence among first world countries for violently attacking P'zone commercial spokesmen. Where else in the world can you beat the ever-living fuck out of that guy from "In Living Color" with a hose full of cement and only get a five-year suspended sentence? Not France, I can tell you that.

Phriday of Photoshop, The

Hey folks, it's your arch-nemesis Livestock here to remind you that today is probably Friday. As you might have bet a lot of money on, I have prepared a new Photoshop Phriday featured jam packed with funny images created by our beloved Forum Goons. This week the goons raided the Library of Congress and managed to soil a good chunk of American history.

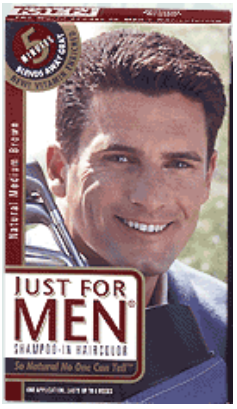
Celebrate the 5th of July in Photoshop Phriday style!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.7 Manly Men and such forth

Sunday, Jul 07, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Be a Manly Man, Man!



Hands off, snatch! This is JUST FOR MEN!

While watching TV the other day, I was witness to something so baffling that I could scarcely even begin to understand it. Although television has lost a stunning amount of quality in recent years, I still occasionally turn on the box to justify the ridiculous cable bills that have to be paid each month. Every time I watch, I come to the conclusion that TV is an insipid pool of trash, stupidity, and 7th Heaven. With the possible exception of Adult Swim on Cartoon Network, and Conan O' Brien, television is simply just not entertaining in the least. The programs aren't really what bother me on TV however. By now, I've grown accustomed to the idiotic cancellation of the brilliant show "The Family Guy," the intense downward spiral of "The Simpsons," and the irritating phenomenon of local Latin news reporters whose accents only manifest during the pronunciation of their last names. Instead, it's the inane, banal commercials that bother me most about the boob tube. Ads become increasingly moronic as time goes on. Someday in the near future, I assume all products will be advertised by skateboarding dinosaurs who rap hip catch phrases while high-fiving a person of every ethnicity and disability. The only actual mention of the product will come in the form of the logo emblazoned on the dinosaur's t-shirt or x-treme biking helmet. Worse still, the products themselves are growing increasingly stupid. There are still some ads for products that I desperately need such as recreational tampons or flavored diapers. But these are few and far between, and as time moves forward toward the futuristic city in the clouds known as the future, many new products appear that are just bewildering. This brings me back to the mysterious thing I was talking about in the first sentence that baffled me so, which anticlimactically turns out to be Maxim hair dye.

He's the ideal man, fellas! Aspire to be him!

Indeed, Maxim magazine currently has its own line of hair dye. Now, I would like to say that Maxim is probably my favorite magazine in the whole world. Its combination of well-written articles and boobies outdoes even Cat Fancy in entertainment value, and makes for a great reading experience. That's why it pains me so to speak ill of anything they do. But having their own line of hair dye, produced by "Just for Men", is utterly ludicrous. Furthermore, what the hell is the point of having a hair dye called "Just for Men"? The Maxim version of this product is clearly aimed at white males, age 18 to 40, but the point of it completely escapes me. It's as if using a dye with a woman on the box will instantly cause a man's penis to fall off and a gaping vagina to grow in its place. Apparently, this is the selling point that the makers of "Just for Men" are shooting for, because commercials for the Maxim hair dye come just shy of being an angry white male age 18 to 40 shouting "Using a dye with a woman on the box will instantly cause a man's penis to fall off and a gaping vagina to grow in its place!!" These atrocious ads involve attractive twenty-something males and females rolling around in underwear, with occasional, brief shots of blonde highlighted hair. Wow, I haven't been doing enough naked rolling lately, and this product nearly guarantees it. SO SIGN ME UP!

This whole concept of repackaging exactly the same product in a different box got me thinking

about how pathetic the male ego really is. Why do we men need constant reassurance that we're masculine and macho? Why do all our products have to feature box art that involve a rugged man who's fishing, or playing football, or both at the same time? What does hair dye have to do with football or fishing? Everything, to an insecure man who fears he might have the dreaded "gay". The greatest fear of the average straight male isn't something dangerous like terrorism or wolves or acid. It's the fact that somebody, somewhere might mistake him for a gay...or worse still, that he might actually BE gay! The common man is very insecure about his sexuality, and must prove to the world that he's as opposite of gay as possible. The constant pursuit of masculinity leads people to do idiotic things including, but not limited to...

- *Growing beards*
- *Getting tattoos*
- *Fighting*
- *Telling women to stroke their beards*
- *Cursing for absolutely no reason*
- *Wearing a beard of bees*
- *Gun collecting*
- *Beard collecting*
- *Drinking heavily*
- *Cursing while fighting*
- *Arm wrestling*
- *Beard fighting*

And even as the men of America do these things, their insecurity continues to increase, forcing the creation of an undying cycle of complete idiocy, with one stupid maneuver after the next being committed in the name of heterosexuality. Some even go as far as "gay bashing," the act of beating up gay guys for no good reason other than the fact that the gays enjoy man sex. Now, I'm not exactly the most tolerant person in the world. In fact, I'm a total jerk and probably would spit on you if I met you in person, because you're probably a filthy minority here to steal my jobs and my precious white women. But to me, the idea of gay bashing just sounds a little...gay. Think about it: A guy walks into a gay bar, waits to be accosted by a young, possibly Latino gay man, agrees to leave with him, then proceeds to pound the other man's body as hard as he can. That description could be used to describe an incident of gay bashing, or the plot to a disturbingly graphic homosexual erotic internet fan fiction, one which most likely involves beloved characters such as Ernie and Bert.

The entire idea of machismo is one giant pissing contest between men, one which often involves actual pissing contests which are judged in both in distance and accuracy. As a guy, my hands aren't completely clean of this though. Probably the biggest, most prominent activity I partake in to increase my masculinity is working out with weights. I go to the gym three to four times a week usually, a habit that I started in order to make myself look appealing to the opposite sex. However, it's been so long since I've interacted with someone of the opposite sex that I've forgotten what the "opposite" sex is. Thus, I really just go to make me feel better about myself. On the other hand, many men go there to show off. The most prominent show off at the gym is "the Screamer." If you've ever been to a gym, you understand who the screamer is. For those of you who have no idea what I'm talking about, here's a recent example: A friend and I were going about our exercises as usual, when something odd happened. A sound.

How wretchedly masculine.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGHH!!!!"

A scream that pierced my ears more painfully than an untrained goth at an earing shop in the mall rang throughout the gym. "Uh oh, is someone hurt?" I wondered. Suddenly, it happened again.

> *" AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGHH!!!! YARRGH!"*

At this point, I thought someone was surely dead, and these hideous howls were the sounds of their soul being ripped from their body by Lucifer himself. I look up, and finally see where the noise was coming from. As it turned out, nobody was dead. But the people screaming most surely deserved to be. There stood two sterroid-fueled jackasses screaming like little girls about bench pressing a fairly unimpressive amount of weight. They thought they were such hot shit that every gym member needed to know about the amazing 175 pounds they were lifting, and the thousand decibel cries were just the way to get everyone to respect them! Even as I went upstairs to the opposite side of the gym, their yelps were still clearly audible. The only thing that kept me from going insane was the fact that the only thing louder than the screaming was the jokes people were making about the idiots downstairs, giving me some hope for humanity yet. Unfortunately, most of these "jokes" were just other people mocking the screaming with screams of their own, creating a combined volume which damaged my ears irreparably.

Next time you're faced with a situation in which you're challenged to prove your manhood, think twice about it. While it may sound like the toughest, manliest thing in the world to pound nails into your urethra or whatever the challenge happened to be, think about what I said today. Hopefully the power of my powerful words have reached you, my children. It may actually help you save the few measly scraps of dignity that you have left. Then again, if you back down, you'll be considered a little pussy wiener boy and will lose the respect of those around you. So, actually, forget everything I just said. I'm off to do steroids, have sex with many anonymous large-breasted partners, randomly attack homosexuals, and lift weights. AAAAAAAGHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!! I AM A MAN'S MAN! Wait, not a "man's" man! That doesn't mean I'm gay, fag! Shut up dude!

Thinner than Ebert, and Less Dead than Siskel!

Well folks, our very own Emily "Internet Grrrrl" Reigel has taken time out from her busy schedule of cooking, cleaning, and baking to write a review of a travesty of a movie known as Captain America II...

> *I'm not sure exactly how "cool" Captain America can be as a super hero even when he's not part of a terribly-made movie from the early 80's. I mean, think about what his super powers are. He's pretty strong for a pasty white dude, true, but other than that he has a motorcycle that is painted red, white and blue. And he has a crazy plastic shield-thing that he can use as a sort of boomerang weapon. And that's it. No x-ray vision, no ability to fly, nothing. Oh, and he's AMERICAN too, we can't forget that. Perhaps this is where his power comes from. But if the movie Captain America II is any indication, his only discernible super powers consist of being incredibly useless, being a closet pedophile, and occasionally painting horrible pictures.*

Isn't that super? HA! THAT WAS FUNNY SUPERHERO MOVIE HUMOR. Anyway, just read her review before I sick the wolves on you.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

7.8 Town Criers Are All the Rage!

Monday, Jul 08, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Cryyyyyyying, Over You

You may not be aware of this, but the pastime of being a Town Cryer is sweeping the nation by storm. Last weekend in Philadelphia, partly as a celebration of our nation's independence and partly as a celebration of our nation's history of producing awful loudmouthed jackasses, a Town Crier contest was held. Town Criers from across North America were invited to attend and prove who could be the most overbearingly annoying. This year the contest sported an increased attendance from the younger generations, proving that being a Town Crier is fast becoming the next eXtreme sport like snow boarding, face skating, or bungee boating.

> *Bellowing out "Oyez! Oyez!" and "hear ye, hear ye," town criers from the United States and Canada unfurled their ornate scrolls Friday in the North American Town Criers Competition.*

The competition centered around three trials, or heats if you want to make being a Town Crier sound semi-legitimate, that took place throughout the eventful day. The first cry was a greeting the individual criers devised of no more than 125 words. The second call was a response to the Declaration of Independence. The third and important final call was a thank you call, obviously to show that the crier could be gracious despite people in his neighborhood hurling blunt objects at his face every time he opened his gaping biscuit portal. Judges rated the criers on sustained volume, manners, the content of their cries, and the usage of the all important attention getting devices like bells and giant hammers that the crier smashed into metal garbage cans.

Never one to pass up the chance to get in on the ground floor of the next big thing in adventure sports, I have been brainstorming ways for Something Awful to get the coveted first place at next year's Town Crierpallooza. I want the SA Crier team to smash through the ranks of the competition and make us all a lot of winnings.

I've put together a team of the four hottest sensations on the minor league pro-Crier circuit and I've been drilling them for three days on how to "up their game". I think by the time next year's competition rolls around, the SA team will be a shoe-in. Let's take a look at the members of this super team!

James "Mad Dog" Groden

Day Job: Angry Office Supervisor at Manholdt Office Supply

James "Mad Dog" Groden

Team History: The newest member of the team, we drafted Mad Dog when we ran into him at a Kinko's in Michigan. Actually we didn't meet him on that fateful day, rather we heard his screaming voice emerging from the other side of a telephone at the Kinko's and demanded to know who was on the phone. One flight to Schenectady later and we had signed Mad Dog to our team. He is considered to be the most "extreme" member of our squad and in press releases we will emphasize that he does everything "2 the max".

Strengths: Mad Dog has experience yelling on the phone. At his office at Manholdt Office Supply he is the supervisor of the shipping and receiving department and he will not take "no" for an answer. He spends roughly six hours per day screaming into a telephone at either underlings or product suppliers.

Weaknesses: While we expect Mad Dog to score big in the volume department, his greeting entitled "WHERE THE FUCK ARE THE PINK POST-ITS YOU MORONIC SHITHEEL?!!? I ORDERED TWO PALLETS TO BE DELIVERED TODAY!!" is not expected to do well in either the content or the manners categories of judging. He also is known to have a violent temper and is rumored to have once thrown a temp through a glass display case containing Mr. Manholdt's bowling trophies.

Steve "Bongo" Casey

Steve "Bongo" Casey**Day Job:** Morning Zoo DJ at 102.5 WLAF in Boston and one half of the "Bongo and Gator Morning Cruise Patrol"

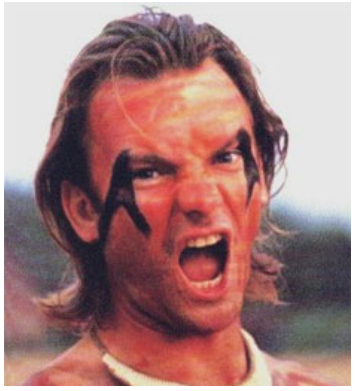
Team History: One of our loyal readers in Boston pointed us in the direction of Bongo and it was love at first listen. His skilled use of the explosion sound on the soundboard when a phone call went awry and random insertion of bongo beats into lackluster comedy bits had us calling him as fast as we could. After a prolonged conversation that involved a series of slide-whistle sound effects and a joke about Monica Lewinsky he was signed to Team Something Awful.

Strengths: The bongos will be a unique and attention getting replacement for the tired town crier tradition of using a large bell. We also have our support team working on a portable version of the 102.5 soundboard that Bongo can sling around his neck and use to interject hilarious sound effects into his crier routine.

Weaknesses: The majority of Bongo's content will likely consist of fart jokes and the occasional off-color reference to a piece of fruit resembling a sex organ. He may take the time to script a hastily produced sketch poking fun at the coach of a Boston-area sports team, but again I expect the response from the judges to be lackluster.

Sting "Sting" Sting

Sting "Sting" Sting**Day Job:** Aging pop star and sex machine.



Team History: When we saw Sting on the MTV Awards doing "I'll Be Missing You" with Sean "P-Diddy" (then "Puff Daddy") Combs, I knew he would do anything for a few bucks and the opportunity to expand his fanbase. By convincing him that there is a huge untapped market in the Town Crier scene, we managed to get Sting to agree to a single performance at next year's festival.

Strengths: With a still-powerful singing voice, years of lyric writing, a guitar in place of a bell, and legions of fans, we expect Sting to really blow away the competition.

Weaknesses: Sting may attempt to license out his songs to other criers at the competition for substantial fees, taking away the edge he has in content. Lately he has also had a propensity for unnecessarily pretentious showmanship, and we are concerned that he may arrive in Philadelphia dressed as Jesus with a cock-ring made of thorns. In the event this or something similar happens he will be hurried back onto his tour bus before debuting "Hear Ye! Hear Ye! I'm Losing My Wings!".

Tetsuo "Happy Mouth" Masamura

Tetsuo "Happy Mouth" Masamura**Day Job:** Professional crazy contest winner.

Team History: The Japanese are not just known for their ability and making horrible sex computer games, they also have a long history of obsessively winning offbeat contests like hotdog eating, screaming, vole punching, and horse grooming. Tetsuo came to the Something Awful team hot off a winning streak in New York and Los Angeles, bringing home the gold for being "the loudest man on earth" at both the regional and national levels. When he heard about the Town Crier, Happy Mouth was quick to assert that no man on earth could train with more insane dedication for this contest. Since he joined the team Happy Mouth has spent over 23 hours a day in 100lbs of crier gear, marching back and forth in downtown Seattle honing his skills.

Strengths: Happy Mouth takes the more traditional approach to being a Town Crier, with period garb, the standard "giant fucking bell", and time-tested content that will be sure to go over well with the judges. His incredible volume will also rattle fillings in jaws as far away as New Mexico when he begins his routine at next year's Cryathon.

Weaknesses: While Happy Mouth has some surefire methods to please the judges, he has spent so much of his life competing in wacky contests that he may become confused and revert to his training for a previous competition. Imagine our consternation when the whistle for his routine blows and instead of doing his bell-ring and greet, Happy Mouth proceeds to devour all six judges in under one minute.

I think with some more training these four up-and-comers will turn the Town Crier competition on its ear and prove that 2003's competition "Ain't Your Mama's Town Crier Competition".

Jeff K... ARISE FROM YOUR GRAVE!!!

Our resident computer expert and grammatical genius Jeff K., who has recently been on some kind of hiatus, has returned with a big bang. Well, not the big bang that created the universe, but a fairly big bang. Not in comparison, of course. Regardless, Jeff K. apparently noticed the cash crop of RPGs being released these days, so he decided to create one of his very own. Weighing in at 1.1 megs, we here at the Something Awful community would like to present you the most revolutionary step in the long lifespan of role-playing games, "TEH CASTAL ADVENTUARE!!!"

What the hell are you waiting for? Head on over and get cracking on this deep, complex, mysterious RPG that will have you addicted for weeks! If you read it on the Internet, it must be true!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

TEH CASTAL ADVENTAURE!!!
STaRTS
OPTIONS
QUITE
This is a magic adventare gaem with faireys and draggons and elfes too sell for moneys
(c) 1998 JEFF K!!!!! INC
THIS GAME IS COPYWRIGHTED 2002 BY JEFF K AND SOEMTHING AWFUL CLICK HEAR TOO GO TO TEH WEBSIET

7.9 The Red Menace Conquers the Red Planet!

Tuesday, Jul 09, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The new face of terror!

It appears as if just as one terror ends, another starts up and takes its place like that stupid Olympic sport where some guy runs around in a circle and hands a stick off to another guy, who then proceeds to run around the same circle and hand a stick to yet another guy. To sum up the current list of terroriffic events that have plagued our country like that time when Jesus turned a crop of Egyptians' corn (which they called "maize") into burlap bags full of sand and locusts, I will proceed to make a bulleted list of items in the vain attempt that somebody will actually read this site past the initial sequence of vowels:

1) Martha Stewart rises to fame; US Government is unable to determine who caused this.
2) Osama Bin Laden makes jets crash into major American landmarks; US Government is unable to find him.
3) Some assface mails out complimentary free samples of Anthrax to various people on his Christmas card mailing list; US Government is unable to track down this person.
4) The stock market goes down 600,000 points in three days; US Government unable to find or purchase a newspaper verifying this.
5) Reports leak out detailing that the US will do anything possible to make Saddam Hussein explode; US Government is stuck in rush hour traffic on the 405 and cannot confirm or deny this because they lost their cellphone in the men's room of the Dairy Queen downtown.

Even as more events of sheer terror continue to pop up like ads on a Tripod AzN PrYdE site, America has somehow found itself once again cowering under the behemoth shadow of an ultimate evil, an unspeakable force of catastrophe and vile wretchedness even more disgusting than videos of backyard wrestling. This unholy force recently held a press conference and revealed its sinister plans to do the unthinkable: conquer Mars.

Russia's last attempt to build a spacecraft. The AM radio soon caught fire and the project was called off.

Russia proposes joint effort to conquer Mars - *Refusing to be deterred by a string of failures in exploring Mars, Russian space officials have proposed an ambitious international project to send a human crew to the red planet around 2015. Anatoly Grigoryev, director of the Institute of Medical-Biological Problems, which works with all of Russia's cosmonauts, said Russia's plan calls for a cargo and a manned ship, which would consist of a commander, a second pilot, a flight engineer, a doctor and two researchers. Three members of the team would descend to Mars, while the other three would remain onboard the ship in orbit.*

Grigoryev said the trip could answer many of the remaining questions about Earth's mysterious neighbor. "Is there life on Mars? If there is, what kind of life?" Grigoryev said, barely able to suppress his excitement. "This would be historic."

Simply put, we cannot allow this to happen. Although the Iron Curtain has collapsed, the Berlin Wall has been destroyed by Orcs, and the hammer / sickle Soviet flag has been replaced by a large sign reading "WILL WORK FOR FOOD," we are still threatened by a dormant Communist menace that will stop at nothing to undermine our glorious Democratic lifestyle of electing old white people to public office. Somewhere in the back of a seemingly abandoned factory in Moscow lay hundreds of sealed Communist Robot crates, ready to rush out and begin convincing innocent people to grow comical facial hair like Josef Stalin did, at least before he was killed. What I'm trying to say here is that we may think we're safe from the Red Tide sweeping in, but much like the "Jason" or "Halloween" franchise of films prove, evil can never die, even if you try to kill it by giving a production budget smaller than an average combo meal at McDonalds. Evil can hide anywhere at any time; it could be sitting in your air vent right now as you read this, plotting its next move. Its next *EVIL* move.

I found this image during a Google Image search for "Russia." Now tell me, do you honestly want these people to take over Mars? I mean, look at that guy in the back! His mouth is all fucked up! Ha ha!

Now it's no secret that all Russians are godless drones bent on destroying everything we freedom-embracing humans hold dear, such as pencil sharpeners and Ron Popeil products. They may try to fake us out by pretending they're all reformed now and don't want to launch missiles at us any longer, but astute people like me know the truth! This recent news release detailing Russia's plans to overtake Mars and turn the Red Planet into the, well, Red Red Planet, simply confirm what I've been saying for at least the past thirty minutes, whatever the hell that was. We cannot allow Russia to deploy a space shuttle full of backstabbing Commie pinko Ruskies so they may colonize Mars and threaten to crash it into America if we don't meet their outrageous demands! Have we not learned anything from Cobra Commander?!?

On the positive side, I suppose Russia's less-than-stellar space track record may alleviate some of our fears. Here's a rundown of the last five Russian space exploration attempts, all of which add up to a space program that seems barely capable of determining exactly which direction space is.

March 1995 - Russia builds a probe designed to orbit the moon and collect dust samples from a passing comet. The probe catches fire while being launched. Upon further investigation, Russian scientists discover that the probe they ordered was actually a 1993 Ford Probe with a faulty engine.

January 1997 - The space shuttle "MOSKOW TYPE R" is launched from the top of a tire store. It immediately crashes into the Baltic Sea, wherever the fuck that is.

February 1997 - Russian scientists attempt to relaunch the "MOSKOW TYPE R," but are unsuccessful since none of the scientists can hold their breath long enough to swim to the bottom of the Baltic Sea.

September 1998 - Money from the space program is cut off and instead funneled into the construction of a huge tunnel that will connect northern Russia to an area that is really far underneath northern Russia. Miners flee the scene when they discover a dead canary at the bottom of the tunnel.

February 2000 - Russian scientists give up on launching crap into space and instead focus on making the Earth rotate in such a degree that their country will be on the bottom of the planet, at which time they can simply jump up really high and enter space manually. The program is marked "dead on arrival" after the two scientists responsible for brainstorming this idea are found "dead on arrival."

While we may feel the urge to laugh and mock the Russian space system for being so comically inept, we must remember that when people are mocked in various films, they usually become very angry and end up stabbing their tormentors in the face. I think we're relatively safe from being stabbed by Russian space scientists, but this wily plan of theirs to take over Mars is the equivalent of stabbing Democracy in its collective face! We cannot, under any circumstances, allow the Russians to reach Mars and begin doing their dastardly Russian things, such as being cold and miserable and wearing those goofy fuzzy hats. The consequences of a Russian-run Mars are simply too heinous and horrifying to name, which is why I will attempt to do so in the following paragraph.

CONSEQUENCES OF ALLOWING THE GODLESS COMMIE RUSKIE ROBOTS TO GET TO MARS AND DO WHATEVER THE FUCK THEY PLAN ON DOING:

> 1) They will turn the mysterious face on Mars into a mysterious face on Mars that launches fireballs at all planets who oppose their Communist manifesto which, among other things, abolishes casual-wear clothing on Fridays.
> 2) Once Mars falls, it's only a matter of time before they capture Venus, Jupiter, Ares, Hera, and the Planet of the Apes. Then, before you know it, they've got ICBMs stationed on the sun and are ready to launch them at the drop of a hat. No, literally, their missiles launch at the drop of a hat. It's a bug in the hardware.
> 3) Mars might have a lot of gold or Martian jewels on it, and if the Russians get a hold of that then they might undermine the budding cubic zirconium industry of America.
> 4) By colonizing Mars, there is a potential threat that the events from John Carpenter's "The Ghosts of Mars" might occur. If this happens, so help me God, I'll get enough Drano enemas to flush my eyeballs completely out of their fucking sockets before having to watch that crappy wad of parrot semen again.
> 5) The Russians will shoot their Martian Laser Cannons at me and force me to repeatedly write five-item lists on each update.

I think it's clear that our patriotic duty as American citizens (even if you're not an American you're still supposed to do what we say) is to prevent the Russians from launching themselves into space at all costs. Of course their engineering team seems to be doing this job for us, but I don't think it's too unwarranted that we ask the US Government to step in and do what they do best. I'm not exactly sure what that is, but it probably involves taxing them or making flying illegal. I guess we could also send in a crack team of US Military Specialists to hunt down and kill the scientists, but I doubt the assassination team could successfully find their way out of their airplane's coach section. Besides, I think they're still hunting Osama Bin Laden and Martha Bin Stewart.

There's Gold In Them There Hills!

The Comedy Goldmine section has once again been updated with only the highest-quality, 100% Something Awful approved content, ready and waiting for you patronage! Today's theme is entitled "Invasion of the Japanese Movie Posters," and tackles the eternal question, "what would popular American movie posters look like if they were translated into Japanese and then back to English?" I know I've been wondering about that nonstop for the last three weeks or so!

I could type virtually anything here and it would be acceptable if I just link to the aforementioned feature! Hairy fetus goat testicle grabass apple cow!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Crazy Italian Mafia
Causes Terrible Happening!

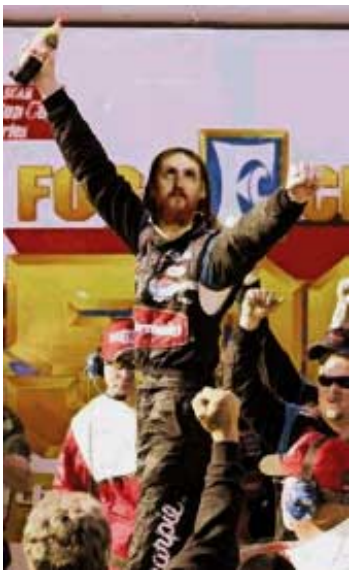
7.10 Putting the Lord to Good Use

Wednesday, Jul 10, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Lose your keys? Put your faith in Locksmith Jesus!

We all know that Jesus Christ, Son of God, had a vast collection of super powers at his disposal. These super powers enabled him to walk the Earth solving problems and generally raising hell for the establishment. He was kind of like an olden day Michael Knight, except without a talking car sidekick. To make up for the lack of talking car sidekicks, Jesus teamed up with his overbearing father who watched him constantly. But don't think he let his old man do all the work. Jesus, the best supporting actor in the Bible, was quite the worker. Like all good superheroes, Jesus worked a real job when he wasn't out dodging bullets and giving motivational speeches to packed ancient high school auditoriums. In addition to saving souls, curing diseases, walking on water, resurrecting the dead, and coming back to life, he also worked as a carpenter. While being a carpenter is hardly as cool as working for the Daily Planet or the news media in general like many other heroes do, it's what Jesus was best at. Besides, he already knew that the Jews controlled the media. I'm not sure what Jesus built, but I imagine it was probably patio decks and things like that. You can bet your soul he was the best damn carpenter ever, too. Unfortunately, much like The Humungus from "The Road Warrior," Jesus' life was cut short thanks to rogue cop Max Rockatansky. Just kidding, Jesus was crucified! Like Abraham Lincoln, he died for our sins.

The general consensus of most Christians is that Jesus is just resting and that he plans to return for a massive world tour, or perhaps just a North American and European tour. The date hasn't been set, but you know how heroes are. Once Jesus is back, his old jobs of being a carpenter and professional magician simply aren't going to cut it. Sure, he could probably do a show in Las Vegas where he builds a set of furniture and then transforms that furniture into an olive tree bearing delicious olives, but Jesus is too dynamic a man to settle for simple stage show theatrics. Paradoxically, Jesus is also humble, so he won't settle for anything too fancy. With that in mind, I've decided to come up with a variety of new jobs our beloved Messiah could take on should he ever return from his heavenly sabbatical. People who have taken the time to read some of my past articles will be delighted to know that I am already destined to spend an eternity burning in Hell, which is one of the reasons why I have no problems belittling the son of the most powerful being in the universe this side of Xenu.



Nascar Jesus wins another race! Thank the Lord!

Jesus Christ: Card Shark

One of the most popular tall tales relating to Jesus is about the time when he converted water into wine. Sure, Jesus could come back and score major points with everyone by converting two thirds of the world's surface into alcohol, but that's hardly his style. The actual powers of converting one thing to another have virtually limitless applications. The most logical of which is cheating at cards. Jesus could easily carve out an honest living cheating all kinds of people out of money at games like poker and blackjack. Oh no, Jesus is dealt a bad hand of cards! No

problem, he can just magically substitute his bad cards for good ones. No one will ever know, and if they do they aren't going to tell because it will be their word against His Word. Plus he could make comments like, "You might say these cards are miraculous!" Of course that's sort of a shady lifestyle for a good guy, so he could just donate a portion of his earnings to charity and make it all right in the end.

■ **Jesus Christ: Unorthodox Locksmith**
Using the same logic as the card shark career choice, Jesus could also choose to be helpful to those who have lost or misplaced their car or house keys. Using random items such as rocks, a copy of a sports almanac from the future, or a small, useless child as a base, Jesus could then substitute these things for your missing keys. His services would probably be pretty popular, so he's almost sure to make a killing! I know I've misplaced my keys plenty of times and wished to God that I'd be able to find them. Finally, an answer to all of our prayers!

■ **Jesus Christ: Nascar Racer**
If there is one universal trait I've noticed about Nascar fans, it's that they usually have a strong love for Jesus that's rivaled only by their strong love for the colorful and elegantly mustached rednecks that like to drive fast cars in a circular fashion for hours on end. If Jesus were to become a Nascar driver, his fan base would explode like a piñata filled with grenades, dynamite, and napalm Tootsie Rolls. As an added bonus, most Nascar fans have both a shrine dedicated to their favorite racer (usually consisting of collector's plates and pictures purchased at K-mart) and one dedicated to Jesus (usually consisting of collector's plates and pictures purchased at K-mart). The combination of Jesus and fast cars means that many will be able to condense their shrines and save much needed trailer space.

■ **Jesus Christ: Traffic Reporter**
Jesus is a benevolent man who desires primarily to help others. In today's hustle and bustle world of constant commuting, one of the best ways to help people is to offer hot traffic tips. From a helicopter high in the sky, Jesus could watch down and report travel times and road conditions. Jesus above all others exemplifies the tenets of good traffic reporting. He sees things as they are, doesn't sugarcoat anything, and gets involved. You just know that if there's a wreck, he's going to resurrect or heal the victims. Or, if the traffic gets heavy, he'll bless us with extra lanes. Don't have exact change at the tollbooth? It's a miracle because now you do! Thanks Traffic Reporter Jesus, my radio dial has faith in you!

■ **Jesus Christ: Lifeguard**
We all know that Jesus is so incredibly buoyant that he not only floats, he floats above the surface of the water. This would give him great leverage in the world of water safety. If a child starts to drown, Jesus doesn't have to worry about swimming out to rescue the poor kid. Instead, he merely has to jog out and tug the child above the waterline and into the inviting arms of Sweet Lady Oxygen. Those other super powers of his would come in handy, too. If he ever gets distracted, say he sees some lowly person bearing false witness and completely misses the chance to save someone, he can just cop out and resurrect them once they wash ashore. With his powers, Jesus doesn't exactly have to be a proactive lifeguard. And hey, he can let kids play Frisbee with his halo.

■ **Jesus Christ: Forensic Pathologist**
In many ways Jesus Christ embodies the spirit of justice. With that being said, he'd make a damn fine forensic pathologist. Who better to answer the cryptic riddles of the deceased than a man who can undo death? The best answers you can get are most likely from the victims, anyway. Using those divine defibrillator hands of his, he could raise

the dead, ask them how they died, and then solve the case. On top of that, the victims are alive and kicking again. That's not just justice, that's justice to the tenth power.

Jesus Christ: Robe Model
As a historical figure, Jesus helped define the robe style. Since he first set the trend, every self-respecting religious or almost-religious leader has purchased a really good robe. Gandhi? He wore a robe. The Dalai Llama? Yeah, him too. But Jesus was doing it before them all. After 2000 years, it's time for a style update. The only man capable of turning the world of robe fashion on its ears is the man who started it all. Forget the old testament of robe fashion; it's time for a new testament! If looks could kill, Jesus would knock you to the floor and send you to heaven with a smile.

Our Lord and Savior sure does have a lot of options open should he ever come home to this island Earth. Let's hope he does because if he takes on any of these jobs, people are sure to reap the many benefits. Sadly, if he does return, it won't be until we've embarrassed the holy heck out of ourselves. The good news is that we're already doing a damn fine job of that with the help of the Anti-Christ, our friend the Internet. Feel free to help speed up the process by writing fan fiction about Sergeant Slaughter getting it on with Skeletor while He-Man tackles Cobra Commander in bed. We may as well acknowledge and celebrate the fact we're going down the toilet by doing it with class and dignity!

Love So Raw It Could Only Come From the Backyard

In a gripping plot twist unlike anything you've ever seen, the dead and buried Backyard Love Column has come back to haunt the living! Get ready to see what happens when your favorite backyard wrestlers go mono a mono with the toughest foe of all: love.

Step into the squared circle and READ.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.11 Return to the Closet of Doom!

Thursday, Jul 11, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Rich "Log Cabin Lite" Kyanka is off dealing with the ulta-fun "problems" side of Something Awful so you unfortunate souls are stuck with me for today. Luckily I bring you a Hentai review, which you freaks seem to enjoy for some reason. This time it's the exciting conclusion to last week's review of "Water Closet".

> *Well the fun wasn't over for me, she changed her mind and decided to crap in the kitchen in a bowl, but then she changed her mind again and decided to crap in the bathtub. You see, the Japanese have their bathtubs in a separate room from their toilets because they're retarded. With Shouko claiming to have discarded the bowl entirely in favor of the shit-tub I was surprised when the next image I was treated to was her crouching over what was either a pink cooking bowl or the smallest bathtub ever made.*

Yes, I was dissecting the continuity of a sequence involving shitting in a bathtub, which coincidentally is why I hate my job so much! For those of you who were disappointed that Rich didn't update, remind yourself that at least I'm not Scotty D! Now check out that goddamn Hentai review!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.12 Destroy All Street Vendors

Friday, Jul 12, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Taking Back My Streets

All across America the kids are out of school and into video games and drugs, the local swimming pool is overflowing with urinating toddlers and elderly men in speedos, and the cities are experiencing brownouts as air conditioners are switched into overdrive. It's summertime, and unless you live in a basement or have some horrible disease that cuts off your brain from all five senses, you're enjoying the scorching heat along with the rest of us. Sure, summer is a time for leisure activity and beating the heat, but it's also a big business season for the street vendors of America. If you don't have the pleasure of living in a city, then please allow me to explain.

When the summer sun rises hundreds of people pushing little carts full of every single thing you could imagine never wanting scurry out of their dank street vendor caves like reverse cockroaches. The carts generally have two wheels, an umbrella, and one or more awful food items that vaguely suggest the idea of summer. The guys pushing the carts also constantly ring a bell to notify those who aren't out on the street that "a cart full of some random shit is outside, come on and out and buy some".

In my neighborhood alone there are vendors pushing carts full of sno-cones, ice cream, and corn on the cob. That's right, if you feel the heat getting to you, there is nothing quite like a cool refreshing ear of corn smothered in rancid mayonnaise to help you chill out. Don't like the sound of that? Thankfully the same vendor who sells the mayo corn also sells delicious plastic bags full of "something fried". Something fried is a taste sensation. They are sort of like pork rinds that are made out of hog bones instead of hog meat and fried in a vat of heavily salted lard. So if you're a big fan of pork rinds and you have a rare blood disease that leeches sodium from your body, then "something fried" is just for you.

Oh my goodness, what a surprise, he's selling a bunch of fried crap!

In addition to the vendors with carts there are also multiple ice cream trucks that have an affinity for stopping on the corner I live on while their music is blasting at maximum volume for half an hour at a time. Apparently they look through binoculars for people who want ice cream in neighboring cities and wait for them to arrive on foot while parked next to my apartment rockin' out to the hottest hits like "that fucking clap-track song" and "she'll be comin' round the mountain and searing my soul with her repetitious chorus". The ice cream trucks make things much more convenient for my pending lawsuit against their owners by operating until well past 11PM. I don't know what kinds of fucking kids are wandering around my neighborhood at 11PM wanting ice cream, but whoever they are they must be deaf since the ice cream trucks seem to turn the volume up on their music as the sun goes down.

Never a man to passively accept the hand dealt to me by a bunch of no good street vendors and ice cream trucks, I have taken matters into my own hands. Over the past three weeks I have been using the remaining liquid assets of Arlogeist GmbH to finance the creation of Funtime Summer Snack Carts. My goal is to flood the market with my vendors, driving the non-Arlogeist vendors into other neighborhoods. Then, next summer, I will close Funtime SSC and enjoy the peace and quiet.

That's just glossing over the beauty of my strategy. I have specially tailored each of the carts to counteract the forces of vendor evil at work on the streets surrounding my apartment. Each will play a vital role in the elimination of "that fucking bell" and "those goddamned ice cream trucks" and

if everything goes according to plan I may even enjoy the latter half of this summer street vendor free.

Not pictured on this model of our cart is the umbrella and mandatory deep fryer.

Deep Fried Crispy Onion Rings
The most disgustingly greasy foods appear to be a big hit with the street vendor crowd, so I'm stocking several of the Funtime carts with our special recipe of "deep fried crispy onion rings". Made from only the finest onion rinds and insect parts, these delicious onion rings are fried, then deep fried again in our special seasoned lard that contains a mixture of secret herbs, spices, and less than five thousand parts per million of human feces. Served buttered and salted, our onion ring vendors are set to put all of the other fried food vendors out of business in a hurry.

Mom's Homemade Pie Pockets
After you've enjoyed some of our scrumptious deep fried crispy onion rings, track down one of our dessert carts and ask for Mom's homemade pie pockets. Available in apple and cherry, these generous pie portions are baked and then glazed with sweet icing. I'll let you in on a trade secret; "Mom" is actually a Ukrainian immigrant we hired to unwrap ten pallets of past-expiration Hostess Fruit Pies we found sitting in the sun near a lake-side warehouse. One in ten of the pies is infested with baby mice so we have "Mom" insert a straw into each pie "she" unwraps and take a taste test to ensure that only the finest pie pockets make it into our vendor's carts.

The Big Kahuna Frosty Icee Slurp
Funtime has concocted a unique taste treat that is sure to help you beat the heat. The Big Kahuna is a 32 ounce blended fruit and ice drink with a kick that we like to call "Hobo urine". That unique zesty tang is what keeps people coming back to our Big Kahuna vendors for that refreshing and thirst-quenching iced beverage. While it is supposedly available in Cherry, Orange, and Purple flavors, all three contain the exact same quantity of every ingredient except iodine (for color). To ensure the quality of our product, all buckets of hobo urine that go into making Big Kahunas are certified disease and contaminant free by the hobos themselves! Each of our "flavor contributors" signs a written statement to that effect before they are permitted to take their three dollars.

The Garbage Bee Cart
Bees love dumpsters and trashcans and people generally hate swarms of agitated bees even more than they hate trashcans and dumpsters. The Garbage Bee Cart harnesses mankind's timeless fear of beestings and the street vendor's Achilles Heel of sticky sweet foodstuffs and a small trash container. The GBC will be pushed to within fifty feet of a rival vendor and a smoke generator within the bowls of the cart will begin to spew thick smoke into an adjoining chamber containing a hive of bees. Once the bees are good and angry, a trap door will open in the side of the cart facing the opposing vendor. A swarm of agitated bees will erupt from the trapdoor and proceed to harass and drive away the rival vendor's customers. For protection the man assigned to the GBC will be wearing a full beekeeper suit disguised beneath a painstaking recreation of the Philly Phanatic costume.

Arlogeist emergency crews work to clean up the disastrous prototype test of the Garbage Bee Cart. It used Africanized killer bees and proved fatal for two brave test vendors.

Nachos by the Handful
When we decided to get rid of paper containers for our nachos we also decided to pass the savings on

to you. Blended in a large mixer contained within the cart, nachos by the handful are a scrumptious nacho paste and you can have as much as you can fit in both hands. Just pay for your servings, reach in, and grab yourself a snack. Due to limitations on the equipment we could not build a starter into the mixer so all carts must be started at the Funtime depot at the beginning of the day. By purchasing nachos by the handful you agree to waive all rights for injury litigation against Funtime and our parent corporation Arlogeist GmbH. Inserting your hands into the mixer may result in severe injury including loss of limb.

The Amazing Fruit Bonanza

Funtime, in conjunction with Arlogeist Effluent Disposal, is proud to offer an exclusive new fruit to our produce vendors' carts. So secret that you cannot even see it without purchasing it, this fruit was carefully developed by Arlogeist waste disposal engineers at our 5,000 acre Hazmat Disposal Site in scenic Blasted Heath, Arizona. We think it may be a cross between a cactus, a pear, and some sort of snake, but only your taste buds can solve this mystery. Be sure to grip the fruit firmly behind the eyes where the neck meets the seed chamber, failure to do so may result in the fruit biting you. While we have taken great care to defang all of our fruit, the fruit is venomous and may have re-grown its fangs during shipping. Keep in mind that the fruit is not normally hostile but will lash out if it feels threatened.

Doctor Dunk'ns Donut Disaster

Doctor Dunk'n left the oven on too long and he's baked too many of his delicious cream-filled donuts and chorizos. With nowhere to put all of these extra donuts Doctor Dunk'n was happy to share them with us at a substantial discount, and once again we are passing the savings on to you. Available in three sizes based on the trimester, Doctor Dunk'n has cooked up a delicious treat for adults and children. I would like to take this opportunity to correct the spelling of the word "donut" on the cart, it should have been spelled "A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N".

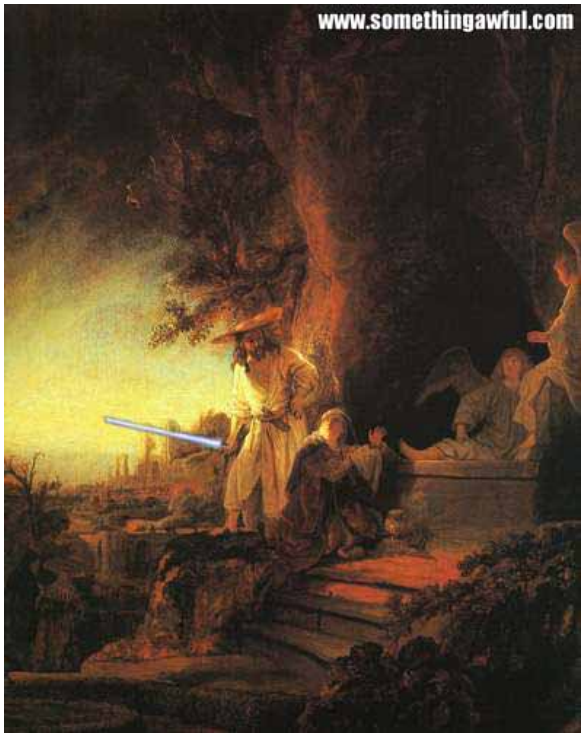
I have the will and the resources to take back my neighborhood from these noise-peddling scumbags. With a little help from you, the consumer, I think my campaign can be a resounding success!

MOTOSHOP PHRIDAY

It's PHRIDAY! PHRIDAY! PHRIDAY! That means it's time or an insane, death-defying spectacle of digital manipulation gone horribly MAD! MAD! MAD! This week's topic is that of classic artworks being reworked by the Something Awful Forum GOONS! GOONS! GOONS! Stop on by and READ! READ! READ! Ticket price pays for the whole seat but you'll only need the EDGE!

Don't miss Photoshop Phriday! It only happens once a week, after all.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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7.13 Inventions of a Lifetime!

Friday, Jul 12, 2002 by Integral

Ron Popeil sells his patented "Excrementory Rosepetal Smell-o Generator" which causes ordinary feces to smell great! "Not Hoses, Roses!"

My 23 years on this planet have taught me a lot of things. Some of these things include that you should take the pits out of the cherries before eating them or else you'll get cherry trees growing in your stomach, that you should always wipe from front to back or else you'll get cherry trees growing out of your privates, and that just because a child is mentally handicapped in some fashion does not mean that he or she should be sent to a special Retard Farm to live the rest of their retard lives pitting cherries and wiping from front to back. I realize that this knowledge that I have acquired is but the tip of the wisdom iceberg and so I am on a constant and vigilant lookout for new ideas and things of interest that I might be able to either ignore or exploit depending upon their seeming worth to me at the time. I am sure that I am not the only person in the world with this healthy attitude, and in fact I know of one other prominent exploitinatorist man by the unfortunate name of Ron Popeil. He is a lot more evil, creepy, and greasy than my less evil, not-as-creepy or greasy self, but he is certainly an enigma.

Ronald Damien Boba Fett Frederickson Popeil III, esquire, was born in rural New Jersey in the year 1904. From an early age he realized that he could best take advantage of people by scooping up dirt from his backyard and selling it to area farmers as "Amazing Downtown Brown Crop-Growing Super-Silt." The farmers quickly bought his dirt by the bucketload and before the age of four little Ron was quite wealthy. He discovered that he could sell anything to people as long as he gave it an interesting and grandiose name. This led to the production and marketing of his patented"Super Sleek Skin Revitalizer and Gourmet Cooking Oil" which consisted of rainwater he would catch in an empty coffee tin outside of his home mixed with his own thick mucus. It sold like tasty hotcakes and Ron was on the fast track to whatever it was that the fast track took you to back then.

By the age of ten, Ron was a household name. He sold his products all over the globe to far away places such as Birmingham, Alabama and that one town in that one state that has a funny name. Despite his newfound fame and fortune, Ron was a stingy little tyke and refused to share any of his wealth with his family. He had them exiled to a small, dilapidated shed behind the large mansion that he built for himself and put them on a ration of weeds and gravel. He used his fortune to build his own private bowling alley, hair salon, and stagnant swamp inside his mansion as well as erecting a large statue of himself in the town square that depicted him bowling whilst getting his hair done in a stagnant swamp. His family remained in the shed, although he preferred to call it the "Rustic Rehabilitating Quaintly Curious Familial Lodge."

This is the shed in which Ron kept his family all those years. "Put Your Bed in the Shed!"

As the years went by, Ron realized that he had to continue to sell new and seemingly interesting products to people or else his fortune would only grow by hundreds of thousands per year, and that was just unacceptable. He set about trying to devise new invention ideas. It was around this time that he noticed that his family, locked in the shed this entire time, showed

no signs of dying and in fact looked to have aged not a day since their imprisonment. He did a little experimenting and quickly realized that it was the diet of weeds and gravel that kept them looking young. He immediately switched their diets to that of mud and goat's milk but adopted their old diet in the hopes that it would cause him to live longer. Indeed it did, and to his day Ron Popeil looks to be a mere 50-odd years old, although chronologically speaking he is almost 100 years old. The only visible sign of his actual age is that his skin looks to be that of a freakish burn victim or perhaps some sort of plastic tarp that has been shoved into a tanning bed for days.

Ron's family finally kicked the bucket in the shed, and Ron himself began to sell his inventions to the general public around the globe. Examples of his new products included:

More Flame-o Wood was sold than any product ever in the history of the universe and time.

- Pocket Glover's 5-Fingered Pocket Glove: "The Handy Pocket Glove That's Pocket-Handy!" This is a glove that conveniently fits in your pocket for when you are in need of a glove that's close by and small enough to fit into your pocket.
- Pet Waste Paste Maker: "Turn Waste into Paste!" This is a machine that converts your pet's waste products into a multi-purpose, sticky paste that you can use around the house or pretty much anyplace.
- Printable Potty Paper Plus: "Just Type It and Wipe It!" This is a certain kind of reusable toilet paper that comes with its own special machine for printing messages on. Perfect for "larger" customers.
- Extra Super-Flammable Flame-o Wood: "Burn it Up Like Wood!" This is wood.
- Really Hungry Donkey that Can't Stop Eating Because There is Something Wrong With It And It's Always Hungry: "Feed the Donkey your Honkey!" This is a donkey that was genetically engineered to be very hungry all of the time. Ideal for getting rid of unwanted leftovers, white trash neighbors, and possibly outdated lawn furniture.

Today, the Popeil empire stretches to the ends of the Earth, to some neighboring planets, and even to Russia. Ron is a wealthy man and for some reason people don't stop buying his junk. I can't say that I have not been tempted to purchase his patented Very Loud Pasta and Sausage Grinder Machine or his patented Spray-On Hair Spray Hair to spray all over my body so that I could look like a freakish yeti and scare small children. I have to say, however, that my greatest Popeil-related shame consists of actually purchasing one of his products. Unfortunately it was not that little thingy that lets you conveniently chop your own fingers to little pieces in a matter of seconds. It was that other larger thingy which lets you cook large slabs of meat by rotating them on top of your kitchen counter. BUT WAIT! THERE'S MORE!

Gross.

We (Sir Rich "Gobs-o-Butter" Kyanka and myself) recently acquired one of these crazy things after an Ambien riddled evening of looking for things to buy online and deciding that yes, we need one of those right away! It was very important that we purchase this device so that we could cook entire chickens ourselves in a short amount of time, watch them rotate slowly on top of the kitchen counter, and then eat them after we had cooked them. Little did I realize that this would entail having to prepare the raw chicken for cooking which was one of the most disgusting and soul-crushing experiences of my life. This especially included having to remove the severed chicken neck from its body cavity.

After the chicken was impaled on the metal rods of the rotisserie device, we were able to enjoy the loud rumbling the machine made as it turned for two hours as well as the intermittent but loud, high-pitched squeaking noise of one of the metal parts rubbing aganst another part every three seconds. But we did get a tasty chicken out of it and we also used the machine to cook a roast of some sort and some hot dogs, which were also pretty tasty. In that sense, I suppose we got our money's worth out of the thing but it is just sort of amazing to me that this guy sells hundreds of these things per day at $100 per machine (for the small one) and that this is only a small bit of his invention empire.

I honestly dislike Ron Popeil, in case some or most or all of you couldn't tell by my incoherent ramblings thus far. I dislike his smarmy and phoney baloney attitude on his crazy infomercials and for the most part I dislike his slightly useful yet ridiculous and poorly-made products that for some reason members of the general public, especially old people, seem to buy with their gumment moniez. Despite my wantng to rip out his fingernails one by one, I do have to give the guy credit for making money appear out of nowhere and I wish that I had the smarts or the wherewithal to sell water to fish. See, if I sold water to fish, I'd really be good at selling things because fish don't need any more water. They're already in water, you see. And then I'd make a lot of money off of those dumb fish.

-∼Integral

7.14 The Muppet Virus!

Sunday, Jul 14, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

This Update is Brought to You by the Letters H, I, and V!

A long time ago, in the land before time, I used to be a little kid. Yes, as shocking as it sounds, I wasn't always nineteen years old. In fact, just a few short years ago, I was a totally different age than I am now. A younger age, filled with naivety, youthful energy, and littlehood. Back during this era which E! biographers refer to as "The Early Years," I was but a tot. A tot bursting with happiness and joy, amused by the simplest of things. Unlike today's futuristic world in which I'm only entertained by complex, futuristic things that involve deadly lasers and incredibly vast calculations, anything would entertain me in those simple times. Activities like coloring and swallowing Drain-O were all the rage with me and my forth form schoolyard chums, and we'd often have fun simply getting into comical mishaps in our fathers' gun cabinets. Still, at the end of the day, it was nice to relax with some simple television. To me, TV wasn't just a glowing box that spit out radioactive, cancer-giving waves directly into my brain. Television was a babysitter, a mother, and maybe even a true friend. For hours on end, I would sit at the screen and absorb all the wonderful programming that was being blasted at my developing eyes. Soon, a young Scott Delbango withdrew from the world. My friends were no longer of flesh and blood, but of plastic google eyes and cheaply made carpet. Shows like Fraggle Rock, Howdy Doody, and that one on Fox about the jive talking cat in a leather jacket began to absorb all my free time. Simply put, I was in awe. While I'm too young to remember the incident where children's programming legend Soupy Sails cajoled his young audience to murder their parents, there is no doubt in my mind I not only would have killed them, but also raped and ate them. This is the power that television had over me.

Fun, friendly, and INFECTED.

Of course, there was one program that captured my attention above all the others. And it's no lie that there were many who thought the same. Unfathomably perfect in its ability to entertain the lucrative three to five year old public television viewing audience, this one show had it all. Crazy puppets, politically correct ethnic characters, and superimposed numbers and letters flying at the screen from all angles, this one show outdid all competition in every thinkable way. There should be no doubt in your mind that the program in question is the mighty and powerful Sesame Street. The characters on the show were great. Who could forget the spicy Latina Maria, or the bald black guy, or that stupid deaf girl, or old Mr. Hooper whose violent death haunted me for months. But these guys played second fiddle to a greater force in the world of "the Street." As much as they tried, the human actors could never compare to the spotlight stealing Muppets, who were Sesame Street's real stars. Now, I'd like to mention that last time we even said the word "Muppet" on Something Awful, the diabolical Henson Enterprises threatened to unleash the reanimated corpse of Jim Henson on us, hungry for sweet brains and savory revenge. But I'm a risk taker, and since I'd bet that zombie Henson would just re-die of cancer before he could become a threat, I'm willing to go forth and write this article.

The Muppets were undeniably the strong point of Sesame Street. Whimsical characters such as the neurotic nerd Big Bird, the local hatemonger Oscar the Grouch, and the man on man action that was Ernie and Bert all proved to be immensely popular with children. It didn't matter that they were just old carpet samples molded into vague shapes of people or animals. Nor did it matter that each character had terrible personal problems, like cookie monster's eating disorder or Elmo's downs syndrome. The show handled these problems in such a creative way, one scarcely noticed. But there

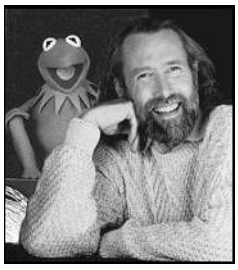
was always something lacking from the list of problems the Muppets dealt with. A serious issue which could only be taught to our children via the gentle, loving hand of a Muppet. There simply was no Muppet infected with HIV. Well, thank Kermit's ghost because the long wait is finally over! Sadly, this hip new HIV Muppet is only going to be appearing on the South African version of Sesame Street, called "Who the hell gives a fuck?" in its native land. Apparently, in South Africa, about a bazillion people have the AIDS, and people see this as somewhat of a problem. Since South African pre-k children's favorite pastimes are apparently IV drug use and unprotected sex, the Government felt they needed to step in and educate these kiddies on the subject at hand. And what better way to do it than with the warm, friendly approach that only a Muppet could pull off?

The initial design for the new muppet.

Obviously, because of the subject matter, great care needs to be taken when addressing the issue. First of all, the Muppet needs a clever name like "Hi V" (pronounced "high-five"). Next, it would probably need the right attitude. While one may be quick to hope that the AIDS Muppet be presented as a sympathetic character, I think this would be a terrible choice. My advice would be for the producers to make it a fearful, hated character. That way, the kids could associate AIDS with being negative, and they would try to avoid the disease at all costs. If they saw a cool, skateboarding Muppet with HIV, they'd want to be just like him. Instead, it should be an intensely pro-apartheid segregation advocate. He'd probably be wearing a t-shirt with Nelson Mandela's face with a big red X through it, sort of like a hateful ghostbusters logo. Hi V should also constantly spout vicious racist comments and slurs at other characters he encounters on the show. Take a look at this sample conversation to get an idea...

Elmo: *Hey there, Hi V!*
Hi V: *Fuck you nigger! I'm dying!*
Elmo: **cries**

As you can see, this would educate children to the dangers of people infected with HIV, and would let them know they should avoid these wicked lepers at all costs. Another thing that the producers need to address is the fact that having HIV makes people different. And we all know how kids treat "being different."



Jim Henson, re-created in muppet form!

While the HIV Muppet is probably the best idea of the decade, the producers are far too hard headed to stop there. That's right, they have a whole slew of new Muppet faces just itching to get put into the spotlight. Check out some of these hot new characters!

- **Tommy Tourettes:** This cute little fella is sure to be a favorite amongst children of all ages. His random outburst of obscenities and uncontrollable twitching and limb flailing will help kids understand a serious issue in a lighthearted way. He's a big fan of playing jacks, and kids would know him by his adorable catchphrase, "I got FUCK SHIT FUCKER FUCK twosies!"

- **Morbidly Obese Melba:** The "biggest" star on the show! Morbidly Obese Melba is two tons of fun, and her arteries are clogged with love! The first ever Muppet made of solid vegetable shortening, ol' Melba is here to show the kiddies that being fat isn't all that bad. Expect wacky fun when she gets her quadruple bipass surgery!

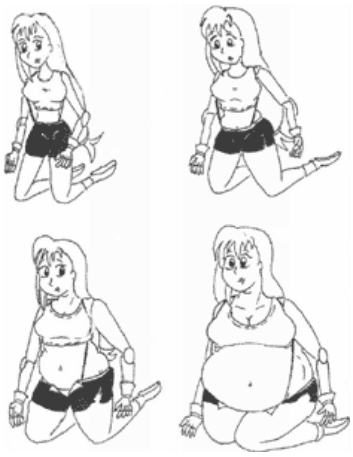
- **"Cookie" Monster:** The people behind Sesame Street are no fools. They're fully aware that there are parents out there who have to sit and watch the show for hours on end with their children. Normally it would be quite a boring experience, but not anymore! The "Cookie" Monster is a raunchy Muppet character who's constantly on the hunt for "Cookie" (vagina). Parents will love his raucous antics, and children will love his non-threatening introductions to concepts like one night stands and Rohypnol.
- **The Corpse of Jim Henson, reanimated through Muppetry:** Not even cancer can keep this man down! At one time the creator of the Muppets, Jim Henson is once again brought to life by the talented puppeteers he trained! By simply attaching poles and strings to various strategic parts on his mummified body, you'd almost never be able to tell that the man has been deceased for years.

As you can plainly see, there are bright things in the future of Sesame Street. With the innovative HIV Muppet, the doors are wide open for any and all crazy ideas producers may come up with. But how will competitors respond to this recent turn of events? Supposedly, the creators of Barney the Dinosaur are thinking of making the bold move of showing the gang sharing needles, and rumor has it Fred Rogers has already been seen accosting young gay men outside of clubs in an attempt to get a one up on the AIDS craze. Shining Time Station is all set to introduce their new character named "Promiscuous, the man train", while Fox is ready to bring back that leather clad cat from years of retirement - this time with cancer! And dear god knows that you don't want to know what's going on with the Teletubbies.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

7.15 The Ultimate Gaming Franchises

Sunday, Jul 14, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Sometimes fans can take a franchise too far, as evidenced by these force-feeding fetish illustrations of Final Fantasy 7 character "Tifa". If this we Duke Nuke 'Em, 3D Realms would have already released a 3rd person shooter based on force-feeding holodukes with cream pies.

Game developers strive to create an entertaining game, game producers strive to produces a title so unique and monumentally entertaining that it will spawn a long lineage of successors and spin-offs. There are huge amounts of money to be made in a franchise, hell some companies base nearly their entire product offering on a single title. Take for example Square Soft, who have been reselling and repurposing what is at its core the same Final Fantasy game over and over. They've released several spin-off titles based on Final Fantasy, some of which are considered by many to be superior to the original franchise. And people keep buying them, for the most part, because Square keeps releasing relatively good games. They have not "tarnished" their franchise with an apocalyptically shitty game.

Obviously there are other companies that haven't managed their respective franchises nearly so well. Companies like 3DRealms and their horribly misused Duke Nuke 'Em license that is apparently five dollars and available for everything from chess games to baked goods. I admit I still look forward to them actually releasing a sequel to Duke Nuke 'Em 3D, but I also dread it because I know if it is successful they will have Duke Nuke 'Em socks and puzzle adventure games on shelves almost the next day. Hey 3D Realms I hear the Bubble Bobble license is also about as hot as the Duke license, maybe you could work out some sort of smash hit crossover where Duke shoots bubbles with a harpoon! HAIL TO THE KING ME BABY: DUKE NUKEM CHECKERS 3D!

Then there is a third breed of gaming franchise: the beast that was horrible to begin with, grows progressively more horrible with each release, and some how manages to turn a massive profit as the producer spits out a game roughly once a week. I'm looking at motherfucking you Army Men. WHO THE LIVING FUCK IS BUYING THESE GAMES? I'm pretty sure it's the same filthy cocksuckers who are buying all those Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen games that are on every platform known to man. Do you want to hear some really bad news? There are FIVE goddamn Olsen Twins games for the Game Boy, six if you include the one on Game Boy Advance.

I am left to assume there is a race of earth-burrowing invisible worm people who buy these games because there is no possible way the human race is supporting these two franchises. Yet, every time I go into a game store, I see box after box plastered with the monkey-faced girls from Full House crammed right next to nearly an entire section devoted to those despicable Army Men games. Therefore I bestow upon the Army Men games and the Olsen Twin games the titles of "Ultimate Franchises". They have both outlived the hunting games, the comedic reverse hunting games where you play animals chasing guys with shotguns, and even that game where you play a duck that shoots fire at rabbit poachers that sold a million copies at Wal Mart.

Since my entire career as a humorist relies on illuminating and mocking awful things in this world, I wholeheartedly support Army Men games and Olsen Twins games. These 20-40 dollar shitburgers are my bread and butter, and I am going to do everything in my power to make sure they continue to produce thousands of titles throughout the remainder of the year. To this end I have put together

information packages and press kits for a series of upcoming releases in both franchises. I feel confident that these games will utterly disappoint players in every imaginable way, yet somehow inspire them to keep shelling out cash for the same regurgitated manure.

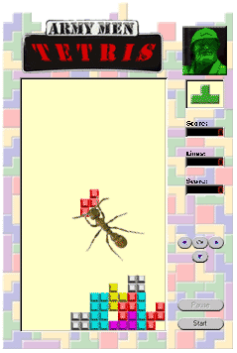
For Immediate Release: Army Men in 2002

3D0 in association with Gutterware Software is pleased to bring you our Army Men lineup for 2002! Do you remember playing with little green army men as a kid? Sure you do, because ever since Toy Story came out Disney has been ramming those memories down your throats, then we ripped them off and started ramming it down your throats! Fantastic! The marketing for our entire product line consists of a single image rendered from 3D Studio Max of a plastic soldier being melted by a flamethrower. That's because this is the concept for all of our games too!

Only we added characters recently, like "Sarge" and "Tits" and "That Rabbit Thing"! It just does not get any better than this; in fact this year's line up somehow manages to be even worse than last year's.

Army Men Battleground: Picnic (August 8th)
Platform: PC CD-ROM, Playstation 2, Xbox, Game Cube
Take command of Sarge and a squad of soldiers that look exactly like Sarge but have slightly different voices as you battle for supremacy of a picnic ground. Using a picnic theme has allowed us to tile the same red and white checkered "blanket" pattern and reuse the condiments and food from last year's "Kitchen Kombat!" This translates into even less fun for you! We also threw in some crazy gimmicks like ants that randomly attack you and Frisbees that land on your tank, this makes the game even more frustrating and unplayable. If you don't understand what we're talking about, then you're our target audience. Reading comprehension is not necessary to play this game!

Army Men Tetris Assault (August 9th)
Platform: PC CD-ROM, Playstation 2
Tetris is fun, why can't it be fun with a slightly-animated picture of Sarge in the corner of the screen? We don't know, but it sure as hell isn't fun. Listen to all the hits Sarge repeated endlessly when you clicked on him in all of our other games because Lord knows we haven't paid a voice actor since 1996. To make Tetris even more fun we have included ants that will run onto the screen and shift your blocks randomly around.



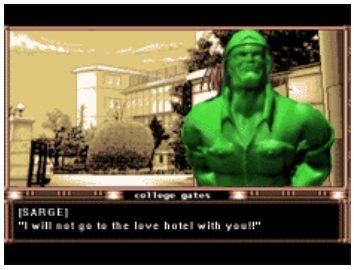
Watch out for those crazy ants! You never know what to expect from all of their craziness!

Army Men Battleground: Picnic II (August 10th)
Platform: PC CD-ROM, Playstation 2, Xbox, Game Cube
Sarge is back with a squad of his men to fight over completely recycled picnic battleground with improved graphics and all new units! We have added a water balloon that randomly falls on your men, an enlarged ant we called the "super ant", a new tank that moves faster and has even more pathfinding AI errors, and a new enemy army called "The Browns". The Browns are like The Tans only they are BROWN. HOLY MOTHER OF FUCK IS THAT COOL!

Army Men Battleground: Picnic Portable (August 10th, Afternoon)
Platform: Game Boy Advance
Do you remember how shitty the other two Battleground: Picnic games were? Well now you can take it with you to a real picnic thanks to the Game Boy Advance! And remember all those low-res textures on our polygons, they are replaced with sprites on this scaled down version so it looks even worse! We also removed ten levels and half of the units! Have fun with this one suckers!

Army Men Kart (September 13th)

Platform: PC CD-ROM, Playstation 2, Xbox, Game Cube
Did somebody say multiplayer kart racing? Party games are the rage these days and we have worked hard to "regraphicize" our "3D models" into a sitting position and place them in wacky go karts. We don't know why, but you can also race against a dragon and a ninja! Ants randomly attack you too! Buy this, you need it.



When you first talk to Sarge you will be given the option of inviting him to go to a "love hotel" with you. Choosing this option will not get you any closer to unlocking the CG scenes with him.

Army Men: Hot Date (Christmas)
Platform: PC CD-ROM
We only have four characters with names and three of them are male, but by God we are going to have an Army Men entry in the dating simulator genre too. We'll probably have you play Sarge or something crazy like that and you'll get to romance Tits, Rabo, or the evil Tan commander whose name even we can't remember.

Army Men: Makeover (Christmas)
Platform: To Be Announced
This is really just the Barbie Makeover Studio game we released two years ago repackaged in the unused boxes for Army Men Take Manhattan. We thought about putting new graphics in but we were too stupid to figure out how to turn on our computers so we just included stickers you can put on your monitor. We didn't have Army Men related stickers though so it's just a sheet of Knight Rider decals. 3D0 "bought" like 500,000 of them when a condemned warehouse near their offices got demolished by the city.

Thank you for taking the time to review our exciting lineup of Army Men titles for 2002. Chances are twice as many Army Men games as I have listed in this press release will actually hit store shelves before next year, but trying to keep up with all of the games in development would just give me carpal tunnel.

Thanks,

Jackass Marketing Director
3D0

With the strong ideas I have put forth I have no doubt that 3D0 can shovel even more of their Army Men crap into the gaping maws of the tunneling invisi-worms and reap huge profits. Let's take a look at what's on the horizon for Acclaim and their Mary-Kate and Ashley franchise in this helpful press release I've cooked up for them.

2002 Releases from Acclaim and the Olsen Twin Corporation

Those utter scamps are up to it again! Up to what? Profits! Acclaim is pleased to announced no fewer than four Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen games slated for release before the end of the fourth quarter. These two dynamos are powering our entire development department day and night. More importantly they are keeping the guys in the Mortal Kombat 4 team from having their electricity cut off for failure to keep up with bills.

Just two of the many outfits you can dress them up in during the "Haunted Fashion Show"

Mary-Kate and Ashley's Adventure in the Funtastic Funpark Funstravaganza
Platform: Playstation 2
We have more grainy footage of Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen then

you can shake a stick at in this spooktacular interactive adventure. Discover clues and solve a very non-threatening mystery that has nothing to do with an actual crime and includes vague concepts that could be misunderstood as "educational" in between horribly acted sequences that you will watch over and over because Mary-Kate has slight camel toe. Can they answer the riddles posed to them by the ghosts who haunt the Funpark? Can you hide the purchase of this game from your girlfriend by putting it underneath the Gran Turismo 3 disc? Only your skills can answer these questions!

Mary-Kate and Ashley's Assault on Death Island
Platform: Playstation 2, Xbox, Game Cube
The always lovable Mary-Kate and Ashley have a mystery to solve on Death Island and you can bet that despite the word "death" being in the title, the mystery has everything to do with lost necklaces or magical gems and nothing to do with even slight injury. Travel with them in this exotic interactive adventure filmed on location in Hawaii. We will put pictures of them in bikinis on the cover to entice our 18-45 year old viewers to buy the game, but they will be big bikinis that conceal their nipples very well so as not to offend parents or younger girls. In the game they won't actually appear in bikinis because they have a clause in their contract that makes us pay them double rate for wearing any clothes considered "underwear or revealing athletic wear".

I think this is the part in "Fashion Model" where you fly your pegasus through the magical TV screen.

Mary-Kate and Ashley's Portable Fashion Model
Platform: Game Boy Color
You'll have no idea why we associated this side-scrolling platform jumper with the Olsen Twins once you play it because the Game Boy Color graphics are so shitty everything looks like a poorly colorized photograph of sand. You see, we got this indy developer trying to sell us this GBC title called "Magic Cave" or something equally retarded. We just lengthened the hair of the elf, added a pixel on its chest for breasts and slapped Mary-Kate and Ashley's money makers all over the cover. We expect to sell five million copies.

Mary-Kate and Ashley's Shopping Spree Adventure
Platform: Playstation 2
We're not sure how we did it, but we worked solving a shitty milquetoast mystery into the concept of Mary-Kate and Ashley on a shopping spree. We even have some fucking ghosts in this, that's how good we are at cramming every single Scooby Doo cliché together with every single Seventeen magazine cliché. Believe us when we say if the Harlem Globetrotters were still a draw in any way they would be guest starring with Don Knots in every single one of these shitty games.

We look forward to submit review copies to you in the future. We find it hilarious whenever we get bad reviews because it has absolute zero effect on our sales. Not that you would even think of giving the girls a bad review, because if you did you would never again receive advance copies of one of our Olsen Twins titles.

Thanks,

Soulless Draconian PR Maven
Acclaim

> Those two sweethearts are probably going to take over complete control of America before 2004 with or without me, but my little "assist" should help get their upcoming games the attention they so richly deserve. If you ever hear news of a crossover project that combines Army Men with Olsen Twins, start stocking the bomb shelter with perishables, the apocalypse is right around the corner.

An Exciting Look Into the Near Future!

We here at Something Awful pride ourselves in being the online eLeaders of Interactive iAction zCyber-Content.com. With this in mind, we have created a sneak peek look at next week's installment of "Something Awful: The Website," a feature we like to call "Next Week On: Something Awful!"

This preview is crammed full of action, suspense, mystery, action, and most importantly, action! Interested in what's coming up next week on America's favorite website (I have recently renamed myself "America")? Click this here underlined sequence of colored letters and indulge yourself in the feelgood sensation of whatever year it is!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.16 Zug Zug!!! Glow-Duke!!! Okee Dokee!!!

Monday, Jul 15, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

kekekekekeke!!!

If you have had absolutely any contact or interaction whatsoever with the Internet in the past two weeks, you're undoubtedly well aware of the fact that the smash hit feelgood sensation "Warcraft III" has been recently released to stores and software pirates across the globe. This is a tremendously exciting event, as Blizzard Software has an impeccable record of releasing revolutionary and completely original games time and time again. Just look at their previous titles and note the stunning, exponential increase in exciting innovative gameplay devices!

Warcraft I: Play as humans fighting the Orcs, or fight as Orcs playing the humans, or as a human playing the humans playing the Orcs fighting the humans. Either way it will just end up with you building a really long highway until your serial connection gets yanked out by your college roommate's ugly girlfriend.

Diablo I: Point and click your way through a world full of monsters... monsters that want to KILL YOU but you must KILL THEM FIRST! Although your character's strength, intelligence, and dexterity stats will increase based on the number of times you repeatedly smash the left mouse button, you will personally experience a decrease in your own strength, intelligence, and hygiene stats based on the number of hours you play.

Starcraft: It's not at all like Warcraft in space! It's something different! For example, can you perform peon rushes in Warcraft? Yeah, that's what I thought! Also there are no trees or lumber to harvest in space because that would just be silly. Make sure you have a lot of Space Supply Barns because the only way to colonize small square sections of the galaxy is by constructing countless Space Supply Barns. In addition to playing as humans, you can either choose to play as the Zerg (gross aliens) or the Protoss (Egyptian poop-shaped guys who somehow launched themselves into space).

Warcraft II: This game is completely different from Warcraft I, except in the regard that it is exactly the same (without the road-building part). I think maybe the trees and goldmines look more "realistic," but I don't remember. Oh, and there are turtle submarines.

Diablo II: Point and click your way through a world full of NEW monsters... NEW monsters that want to KILL YOU but you must KILL THEM FIRST! There are also a bunch of new character classes such as the Amazon, Barbarian, Necromancer, Neuromancer, Hamstermancer, and Haberdasher.

Warcraft II: Battle Expansion Chest Network Battle Net Hammer Claw Grabass Apple Cow Edition v.2.31: Expansion pack for Warcraft II that includes bugfixes, tweaks, and support for a wide variety of Korean slang which includes racist "dog eating" comments.

Starcraft Brood War: Oh no, the Broods are warring! Try to stop them by using your new units which include a slightly different spaceship that shoots missiles and a different type of enemy green bug.

Diablo II Lord of Destruction: Point and click your way through a NEW world full of NEW NEW monsters... NEW NEW monsters that want to KILL YOU but you must KILL THEM FIRST! Like any good expansion pack, this game includes new character classes that you will have to spend 40 consecutive days learning to play, such as the

Druid and the Librarian.

Thanks to this hot lineup of games, Blizzard Entertainment has sold over 180 million billion jillion copies of their titles and are in greater circulation than The Bible and Dianetics combined. Most of these games are sold to highly foreign people like the Koreans, a mysterious group of folks who shoot each other outside of cyber-cafes and offer doctorate degrees in Orc Study. As any English-speaking human knows, the Koreans are very big fans of Blizzard Entertainment and routinely express this sentiment over the Battle.net chatroom with such intriguing conversations as the following:

A group of Americans futilely attempt to sit down and break down the Korean-Blizzard code.

MiKe12732: hey anybody want to play 2v2 no rush
Á¡½ÉÀº BK: kekekkeekekekekkeek
***w$ÅŒG!s:** toss zerg terran v 2 idiotic toss n 1 good zerg
ßQOQPWOL>: kekekekekekkekeeke ^_^
MiKe12732: what
***w$ÅŒG!s:** ^_^
¼ºè ÇÏ°í ÈëÅä ÇÏ°í ºû¸¯¿ä : toss zerg vs 2 idots, both toss. 2v2NOW =O hahaha. tok us more than 1ce to get game setup -___-
°¥ºñ... yum ^^: ^_-
MiKe12732: help

Hahaha! Oh no, fear the Fruity Elf Tree! Everybody run away!!! Ahaha!

This exciting intellectual conversation is undoubtedly what inspired Blizzard Entertainment to produce the third installment in their Warcraft series, the appropriately named "Warcraft III: (Something) of (Something)." I think it's "Warcraft III: Reigns of Terror" or "Warcraft III: Moons of Torment" or "Warcraft III: Panty Eyes of Lust" or whatever. It doesn't really matter what comes after the "Warcraft III" part because that's the only section of the title that really matters. Now based on my previous comments regarding Blizzard's track record, you may think that perhaps Warcraft III isn't exactly the most revolutionary and creative product this side of the Pecos (the north side). However, Blizzard has managed to outperform their previous lofty goals and aspirations by completely revamping the Warcraft dynasty in an unexpected and original fashion which has been virtually unheard of in this stagnant gaming industry: **they made their game 3D!** It's this kind of bold step which has made whatever country Blizzard Entertainment is based in the world power they are today.

"Warcraft III: Dark Hordes of Hoarding Darks" also offers... get ready here folks... *new character classes to choose from!* It's no longer a battle between Orcs and humans because two new races, the Undead and Fruity Elves, have joined the fray! Once again, each class has its strengths and weaknesses, making this game yet another complex version of "Rock, Paper, Scissors" only without the office appliances. Based off my brief and highly ignorant playing experiences, here is a rundown and overview of each class:

HUMANS: The basic, easy class for retarded people like me. Buildings include castles, workshops, towers, mansions, Maniac Mansions, Taco Bells, farms, Peppridge Farms, and

Human-Producing Stations that generate guys from a lump of gold and wood. Some of the more popular units include a wide array of "holy" characters that heal you, fight for God, and molest young Orcs behind the lumber mill. By upgrading all your buildings and units to their maximum level, you may produce the coveted "Jesus Christ" unit which is adept at destroying the homosexual Fruity Elves.

ORCS: The Orc race embraces chaos and the color green, not exactly in that particular order. Their prime motivation is to eat or destroy things, so keep this in mind if you're ever asked to double-date with an Orc. They aren't as technically advanced as the humans, but they do have evil spells and usually carry colored flags around on their backs to show their allegiance to colored flags.

UNDEAD: The dead, after growing bored of not living for a long time, apparently decided to rise up and become living once again. Well, they're still dead, but they're living. I'm not exactly sure what that means, but it invariably results in them being cranky and wanting to kill everything that lives, including trees and dirt and you. They are full of plague and disease, so if you see an undead hitchhiker alongside the road, don't bother picking him up unless you have plenty of Nuprin available in the glove compartment.

FRUITY ELVES: The Fruity Elves use nature and the power of trees to help them kill whatever they're trying to kill. Nature provides them with invaluable resources such as big cats and large inebriated trees to meet the lofty goal of murdering everybody else. I'm sure the Fruity Elves are just the absolutely most wonderful race to play, but that goddamn silly waving tree of theirs makes me laugh uncontrollably every time I see it. I guess nature has a really goofy sense of humor.

Since I'm painfully retarded (as previously mentioned), I always play as the humans because I can easily remember that building a Lumber Mill directly increases the production of lumber. Every other race has some goofy way of mining gold and gathering wood; for example, the Undead have to build a Bone Temple that sacrifices kittens to their unholy lord who then gives them a Pelvic Bone Queen who may construct a Bone Hole which manufactures skeletal balloon soldiers who work in conjunction with the Undead Grieving Widow unit to take each individual tree apart and suck the juices from it, spit them into a frying pan, and thereby build a bone zeppelin which harvests wood souls. In addition, the humans are also able to build watch towers, which are essentially shitty and useless but I still construct them everywhere anyway (for an explanation why, please see the "I'm retarded" part mentioned before).

Yeah!

Now while this is all well and good, there is an unfortunate downfall in the otherwise pristine and perfect world of "Warcraft III: Lunchboxes of Disaster"; the artificial intelligence. Simply put, it's 100% fucking impossible to play against the computer in multiplayer mode. Emily and I have attempted to team up and compete against the computer time and time again, and in each instance we've been beaten around like Jon Benet Ramsey. The only way to prevent the computer from kicking your ass is to simply turn off the computer as soon as you start up or load a multiplayer game. To add insult to injury, there's absolutely NO way to adjust its artificial intelligence setting, which is always set to "CRUSH, KILL, DESTROY" by default. There have been certain games I've played in which the computer has made up completely fictional units such as the "Rotating Selectable Lobster Loaf" and "Nuclear Undead Car Salesman Underwater Flute Instructor" which can crush my entire village with one single attack. The computer at least had an adjustable AI setting in Warcraft II, which offered three distinct choices:

> **EASY:** After playing the game for 50 minutes, the computer will have successfully constructed one farm and three peons, each of which are harvesting lumber for no reason.
> **NORMAL:** The computer produces about one unit for each one you make, but then proceeds to send them all into the one rigged area of your town where anything entering will be instantly killed.
> **HARD:** All the computer's units move at 400% the normal speed and can call in tactical nuclear strikes at will.

Although these difficulty settings were somewhat imbalanced, at least they offered a choice in Warcraft II. "Warcraft III: Foreboding Thrones of Eternal Fermenting" just sets each enemy to "MASSACRE" mode and lets you deal with it. During the time it takes you to make two farms and harvest 500 gold, the computer will already have an army of 15 million and a complete set of "heroes" that are level eternity and can slaughter every character from every game installed onto your computer from at least three months ago. Sometimes they use laser guns and grenades too.

Let me wrap up this article by making a few things clear: both Emily and I really enjoy "Warcraft III: High Horses of Moral Imperative." The graphics and special effects are great, the single player campaign is remarkably fun, and the different classes each have their own special traits which make experimenting with them highly entertaining. Warcraft III is definitely one of my all-time favorite RTS games and I truly enjoy playing it despite the fact that it's essentially the same game as its predecessors except with improved graphics (BUT IT'S IN 3D!!! 3D GODDAMMIT!!! EVERYTHING MUST BE IN 3D!!!). The only thing preventing "Warcraft III: Horns of Oblivion" from being on the top of my RTS list is its horribly impossible and infuriating multiplayer AI which was apparently built to slightly challenge most grade school Koreans. Hopefully Blizzard will release a patch in the near future that dumbs down the computer to the point where I have a chance to build a scout tower before his Demon Dread Lord Hero Psycho Hairdresser casts "DESTROY WORLD" on the entire map.

If you're reading this Blizzard, and I definitely know you're not, please, for the love of god, fix the computer AI. I'm begging you here. Either do that or release a patch that makes **me** more intelligent. Try not to include any additional Korean language support with it.

So Much Gold, You Could Pawn it to Support Your Drug Habit!

Hola, amigos! That's French, probably, and it's a language I don't speak! But anyway, there is a new edition of the number one rated Mexican soap opera, The Goldmine available for you to see! This week is all about bumper stickers. Created for your enjoyment, feel free to print these out and strut your stuff like a sissy little fancyboy! Let's take a look at this week's episode...

Don't wait! Supplies are limited! Get it while you can! Before you regret it!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.17 The Mascot Report: Where Are They Now?

Wednesday, Jul 17, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The Mascot Update

Everyone knows that the business world employs a number of gimmicks to get you to buy their products. One of the most notable is the use of a product mascot. Mascots range from a guy in a goofy costume to a cartoon animal that helps put a fun, memorable face on a product. Unfortunately, the life of a mascot is one riddled with temptation and obstacles. It takes a determined person to go out and work seven days a week and an even more determined person to do that and not succumb to the dark side of the mascot industry. These brave souls are out there dealing with issues of money, artistic integrity, celebrity, fans, and trying to genuinely capture and hold a market in the best and most ethical way possible. At times it's a ruthless industry that destroys twice as many as it creates. From the ashes of the countless failures rise those mighty mascot phoenixes who soar so high it seems like the good times are never going to end. Truth be told, the good times do end. The lights go out for everyone at some point. Where that person goes after that is a mystery. While I tend to feel that the actual mystery is the absolute best part of a mystery, I'd have a very short article on my hands if I didn't take the time to unravel that mystery. Without further ado, let us see what some our favorite mascots have been up to since vanishing from the spotlight:

Kool-Aid Man

The Kool-Aid Man was perhaps the most prominent icon of my childhood. This anthropomorphic pitcher of sweet flowing juice was the quintessential party man. Wherever there was summertime fun, Kool-Aid Man was there in full force. Sometimes he wore a Hawaiian shirt, sometimes he went all natural. With his omni-present smile, Kool-Aid Man could turn the most boring event into a bodacious flavor-packed funfest. If you tried to lock the doors and keep Kool-Aid Man away, he'd smash through your fucking wall while delivering his triumphant war cry of "Oh Yeah!" Then he'd hose your ass down in a flood of red Kool-Aid so alive it may as well have been drained from your very body.

Unfortunately Kool-Aid Man's reputation and popularity led him down the wrong path. He became convinced that as an entertainer he had a duty to also be an educator. After failing to get kids excited about politics, he turned his back on them and focused on his own political aspirations. This led to his involvement with the unstable Nixon-era political scene. Kool got involved with the wrong crowd and was fired from his Kool-Aid job after he helped G. Gordon Liddy break into the Democratic National Commitee headquarters in the Watergate office building. Since then, he has further distorted his image by voicing his support for the rightwing militia movement as well as calling for revolutionary action against the United States Government. More shocking, when asked if he felt Oklahoma bomber Timothy McVeigh was given a raw deal, he responded with a thunderous "Oh Yeah!" To his credit, Kool-Aid Man was cleared of all wrongdoing charges related to his involvement with the infamous Jonestown Massacre.

The Noid

"Avoid the Noid" was the slogan Domino's Pizza used to somehow sell pizzas. The idea of a fast-handed pizza thief stealing and destroying all the pizza in the world was somehow supposed to get you to buy pizza before it was too late. I have no idea what they were thinking and if you ask me the whole campaign was a dismal failure. The failures of the Noid campaign can largely be blamed on the Noid himself, whose disturbing lifestyle and attraction to underage girls led to the "Avoid the Noid" slogan taking on an entirely new meaning. The only thing he could snatch faster than a pizza pie was the thin-crusted regions of a minor. Thankfully the Noid's reign of terror ended when Dave Thomas shot him to death after he tried to kidnap Wendy. So to recap where is now, he's deader than Julius Caesar and Abe Lincoln combined.

The Hamburglar

One of the most treacherous mascots ever to mascot a product was the dastardly Hamburglar, a ruthless criminal who would stop at nothing to steal hamburgers. Hamburglar wasn't always a criminal, though. His descent into madness was one witnessed by all of America. It was even dramatized in the popular book and movie "Requiem for a Dream." Hamburglar developed an eating disorder that caused him to obsessively crave McDonald's hamburgers. His constant coveting of hamburgers led to him losing his job as an accountant and eventually turning to armed robbery to acquire his ends. What's worse, simple burger heists quickly grew boring an unrewarding. Hamburglar's schemes mutated, becoming more and more complex until even he could no longer keep up with his obsession. After three deaths and a tense two-day standoff inside of a McDonald's, Hamburglar was arrested and sent to prison.

Today things are much brighter. Having reached rock bottom, Hamburglar had nowhere to go but up. He's since found God and currently works as a preacher and volunteers at local schools in inner city Philadelphia. While his past still haunts him, he's confident that future holds greater things.

Snap, Crackle, and Pop

The spirited trio of Snap, Crackle, and Pop were instrumental figures in pushing Kellogg's Rice Crispy cereal into children's tiny mouths. These handsome little cereal sprites amused countless kids and adults with their comical antics and genuine love of the product they were selling. They delivered each line with impeccable timing and a smile as wide as a football field lined with dead lobsters. But then Kellogg's stopped sending work their way. After falling of the cereal radar, things turned tragic for the threesome as in-fighting, tangled love affairs, physical abuse, suicide, and several sexually transmitted diseases turned their smiles upside-down. It seems Snap always had a thing for Pop, but Pop was in love with Crack who was in love with only himself. The end came when Snap was arrested along with over a dozen others for exposing himself in public as part of an illegal homosexual roadside orgy. Pop and Crack tried to carry on the show, but Crack's narcissism ultimately drove him to physically abusing Pop in a desperate attempt to reassure his failing ego. The whole sordid mess ended with Pop blowing his brains out in a shopping mall restroom. Crack later contracted and died of AIDS, the legacy of his wild and reckless dance club days.

Count Chocula

Once a popular spokesperson for a breakfast cereal, Count Chocula's vampire lifestyle forced him out of the spotlight and into the darkness. Chocula retreated back to his native Transylvania, where his family owned a large castle and a lot of land. Having no activities to fill the emptiness in his life, Chocula turned to chocolate to fill the void. After several years of solid eating, the Count became a shut-in unable to leave his castle or even his bed. He laid in a pile of fudge-stained sheets, caped in sugar-coated bed sores. His misery ended when the local townspeople invaded his castle and drove a stake into his black heart. It was a challenging process, since the stake they brought with them was too short to penetrate the layers of fat. They had to special order a longer stake, which had to be custom made by a guy two towns over. After several long days, they got the job done and the undead Count Chocula was torn from this world forever.

As you can see, being a mascot comes at a high price. The next time you curse at that Taco Bell dog, remember he's probably going to end up dead or hating himself twice as much as you hate him. It's a tough job that begets an even tougher lifestyle. Be thankful they're there, because who else is going to put a recognizable smile on your greasy bucket of friend chicken? Certainly not those fatheads down in Washington!

◘ Rich is Rich! SA Wins $200,000!!

When some anonymous Prussian aristocrat recently put up a huge cash prize for a contest challenging nerds to port Linux to the X-Box, Lowtax jumped into his best pair of action pants and answered the call. Computer enthusiasts everywhere will be frosting their jockstraps after reading the amazing step-by-step instructions on how he got the job done. Here is a snippet:

> *Attach 200 feet of the Redlined Streamcoil Cable to the Proximation Processing Device (PPC) and siphon the extra voltage through the garden hose, depositing it into a safe body of water or nearby individual who believes they want some additional voltage. This process can take between 10 minutes or 10 months depending on the spacing of slip planes in the metal rod dowel flange, so make sure all units are properly crystallized before beginning to assemble the PPC's backup unit. Once the reversal procedure has been completed on the PPC, use your PVC piping to route passenger baggage to the claim terminal located in section A-20.*

It only gets easier from there! Click this link! It goes to the article! Victory!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.18 I Am the Harbinger of DOOM.

Thursday, Jul 18, 2002 by Integral

Everywhere I look I see babies.

"I don't want to cause you nice ladies and feminine men any unecessary worrying or potential comedy, but I fear that I may not be around to write my update next week on this site. You see, I have recently enlisted myself into the United States of America's Operation TIPS program, an organization dedicated to preventing our great nation of ours from falling into the hands of nefarious terrorist organizations, or worse yet, liberals. If you've been hiding in a concrete bunker and have been afraid to turn on your shortwave radio out of fear that Osama Bin Laden has found a way to convert himself into pure electricity and now has the ability to travel through electrical outlets like Mitch Pileggi in Wes Craven's "Shocker," let me copy and paste a chunk of patriotic goodness from the Operation TIPS website:

> *Operation TIPS, administered by the U.S. Department of Justice and developed in partnership with several other federal agencies, is one of the five component programs of the Citizen Corps. Operation TIPS will be a national system for reporting suspicious, and potentially terrorist-related activity. The program will involve the millions of American workers who, in the daily course of their work, are in a unique position to see potentially unusual or suspicious activity in public places.*

*The government requested that I join their Operation TIPS program after I spent 29 consecutive days chained to a safe deposit box in the downtown Seattle Post Office, screaming "I want to be a part of Operation TIPS! I want to be able to report terrorist activity! If you don't let me be part of Operation TIPS, I'm going to blow us all to hell!" They eventually allowed me into their exclusive organization and gave me a gold-colored sticker that reads "SHERIFF," although the "-IFF" part is kind of washed out. After a few days of ...Ggg-- Ggghh-- GHG**GHHH**hhhhh... GHHHH**HHRRRRAAaaAA**Aa AAAA**Auuughghghg**hgghghhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!"*

Oh.

Oh my.

...I am sorry to have to tell you all this, but Rich was unfortunately killed in a freak accident involving a bottle of vinegar, a turtle shell, and a warm spoon, so he will unfortunately not be completing the above update for today.

You know how this sign says "DEAD End?" Well, Rich is dead, too.

This is good for you because if he were updating you wouldn't be able to understand anything he would say. You see, he is dead, and he can't talk, being as he is also recently deceased and additionally no longer alive. If I squeezed him to try to to get him to talk, a whole lot of guts and stuff would squirt all over the place and the most you'd hear is a sort of wheezing or gurgling noise. He is also unable to type anything worthwhile because he can't move his arms. I could animate his hands for him and bang them on the keyboard to produce something humorous, but it'd most likely end up like the drivel-filled updates he usually writes, so there is not much point in doing this. It also falls to me to discover why he saw fit to type out variations of "Aaagh" when he was supposedly dying.

Anyway, as a result of Rich "Cheddar" Kyanka's untimely yet much anticipated demise, you get Zack's tasty Hentai review and an Awful Link. Before you start complaining, just understand that you are lucky to even be getting that much seeing as I must soon join Rich in the grave in accordance with the blood pact we made on January 21st of this year.

Stripping Her Way Through Time!

Zack here, bringing you only the worst Hentai games (all of them) that Japan has to offer. This week it's "Time Stripper Mako", a game about time travel, romance, and a foot-long clitoris.

> *In another eye opening sequence you catch your ex-girlfriend having sex with Nonn in the library, and her terrible secret is revealed. No, the giant clitoris is gone, this time you discover that your girlfriend is an android who is filled with white fluid instead of blood. Nonn brutally impales her crotch on a dildo and roughly three gallons of bizarre white android juices pour out over the library carpet. Yes, the mystery blue liquid that coats girl's thighs down to their knees and falls to the ground from their crotches like a waterfall has been upgraded to "a bucket of milk" in Time Stripper Mako.*

Sounds like another review that's fun for the whole family! Be sure to e-mail me all of your goddamn requests for this game, because I enjoy receiving them and immediately moving them to my deleted items folder! In the breaks between e-mailing me requests for Hentai games feel free to read the review!

-~Integral

7.19 Clues of the News

Friday, Jul 19, 2002 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

I don't know what happened to this picture thing but I am certain of one thing I tell you that it is not my doing at all. I am not really at all fat and blurry in persons.

Hello loyal readers and fan types, I am making to write pages in this book of Something Awful to update "Coranto News Systems" whoever in the heck that is! Zack "Ghost Eliminator" Parsons is sending me the instant messaging which is like a verbal conversations held electronically and is saying "Greatest wrestler in all of Southern Hemispheres, will you be updating the page on this balmy Friday morning so that I am making to travel out of the states?" I am known far and wide as being towards a man of action in my disposition so I am seizing the bulls by the hair and writing about the news for Mr. Coranto.

Here is a letter I have composed to give the thanks to Mr. Coranto for this fantastic type opportunity in this topsy-turvy job market.

> *Dear Mr. Coranto,*
>
> Yours Truly is excited beyond the moon to be given the chances needed to prove myself and believe you me it only takes one chance because I am known far and wide as being towards a man of successful chances in my disposition. I am supposed to update about the news and current of events, so I am thinking something along the lines of "MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR HAS DROPSY" or "SCIENTIST DISCOVERS THAT LOCAL RESIDENT HECTOR JUAREZ HAS IRON ANEMIA." I am thinking maybe to be sensationalizing this if press is color shifted to the yellows and having "NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR CARRYING DEADLY PLAGUE!" or "HECTOR JUAREZ PROVEN TO BE UNDEAD: VAMPIRE HUNTERS DISPATCHED!". Oh wait for just one second, I am typing this in the messaging book Outlooks and a message is coming from other staff member types of Something Awful and is saying to write about headlines in CNN book. Cancel the news of the neighbors that you can use, it will be all news you can use from the CNN book which I am informing the world about like powerful wrestling federations FARK.
>
> They are champions of terror and no good in these parts!
>
> This drink I am proposing the toasting with is to you Mr. Coranto, wherever you are God rest your soul.
>
> Your Truest Friend,
>
> El Pinto Grande

I am not knowing if Mr. Coranto is reading this letter or even reading my page in the Something Awful book today but I am sending my best wishes out to him in this time of intrigue. Also I am making to ask that I have been sent the file from "LocDogz" at least in the number of twenty times and the first ten I am sending in order to give my advice but I am getting response from man saying "WTF (I think it is standing for Warsaw Turtle Fever) dude u r gay". LocDogz if you are reading this I am asking you to stop sending file because I give advice ten times already. I understand my English is not the top of the town but yours is in a shambles! Please do not go to the location of my wasted time again or it will be trouble in terror town for you sir. Good day!

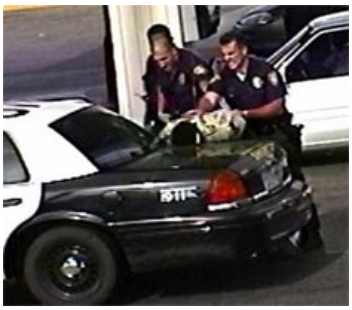
No more time for the personal messages, I am here to be an informational journal correspondent and that is why I earn the big bucks. I am saying I write about my moves and earn the big bucks

Is this being you Mr. Coranto? I am picturing you in my head to be taller and with more hair on your jaws.

even though the big bucks are coming from the direction of actually the wrestling action.

911 Bomb Attacker Pleads Guilt and Judges Say "No Thank You"

Escaped terrorist captured after failed attempt to blow up crops in Midwest with crop duster jet filled with dynamite Zacarius with the last name that starts with an "M" and ends with being too hard for me to remember the spelling is on trial in America. He told the judges today that "this courtroom is for the birds and my respect is in the dog house, I am guilty" and the judges made to tell him "in America you play by the books and the books say take a load off for one week". This no nonsense judge is really playing my kind of ballgame today and my hat is off to her if I am wearing a hat and not a mask which I am only taking off when I am defeated in mask stakes honor match up. I think it's high time that the terrorists are made to pay for the actions they are taking against innocents lives. I know there are many wrestlers on top of the border who are willing sorts to delivering punishing justice to the terrorists with the fury of their punch attacks.



In America police need to learn special citizen is strong as ox and can smash through plate glass without stopping the touching of groin in sweat pants. THIS IS SERIOUS ISSUE I KNOW!

Policeman Punches Escaped Special Citizen in California America

A special citizen escaped from his pen in California a few days ago and was handcuffed and then punches were delivered to his face by American police officer causing big time controversies. California is afraid of return to riots only instead of the Africans rioting it is the special citizens this time. There are three special citizens in my town and they are almost riot all by themselves I am telling you, they are knocking over lamps and tripping on rocks all the time! It is being like a comedy of airs! If the hats weren't taped to their heads they would fly off and break a window three blocks over, these fellows would find a way! I agree with concerns, this riot would be bad news, put him in jail and give him a TV because he is a police man.

Samantha Runion's Five Year Old Dead Corpse Found for Manhunt

Former five year old Samantha's Runion has been found in a desert in California almost one hour from her house. This is the kind of thing that makes my blood boil and if I am finding the man responsible on my doorstep... well... I just don't know what I would do but I think it is being a bet you can win that his arms and head would not work right at all times after such an encounter with Yours Truly. I think maybe her father is the one who killed her and police should surround

him and put him in the Goose Gal just to be sure. If killing is stopping then they know they are having their hands on the culprit and send him to salt mines.

Angela Joey Files for Divorces From Bill Thurmond

I was putting picture into book and son came in room and I had to close it in the events that son is seeing the nudity of Joey so I am sorry for picture is bad. I know!

Actress from movie of "Tomb Raider" and "Crackers" is sending other actor Bill Thurmont to the curb with a divorce filed in a court somewhere. Thurmont is best known for his role as the president in "Armageddons" and the special citizen he was in "Sling Blade". They are not even being married for whole five years, you see this is the state of relation ship these days, it is setting sail into high tides of turbulence. The kids in this day and age just do not know how to create the glue to tie each other together for all life. The glue is called a baby it is really easy and if you have a baby you are obligations of genetic lawsuit if you decide to file for the divorces. This is deep and saddening, who saw this one coming friends?

Bad Guys Blow Up More People in Israel America

US of A is country which is not catching a break. More terror is on the menu for the past few days and many of the Jewish people who live in state of Israel are being to exploded by the Bad Guys from Palestine. The baby Jesus is from Palestine but other than maybe those hats I like so much he is the only good thing to come out of country in the last fifty thousands years (fifty millions if you believe the story of the dinosaurs instead of the Bible). Israel police commissioner is hauling in nine people for questioning and things look like they are in the hot water. When will these crooks ever learn that crimes just does not pay the bills? I think it will be along time because they are block heads!

This is just a taste of the things to come if this beast is set on the loose! Goodbye Lady Liva-Treatz!

New Dinosaur Monster Discovered

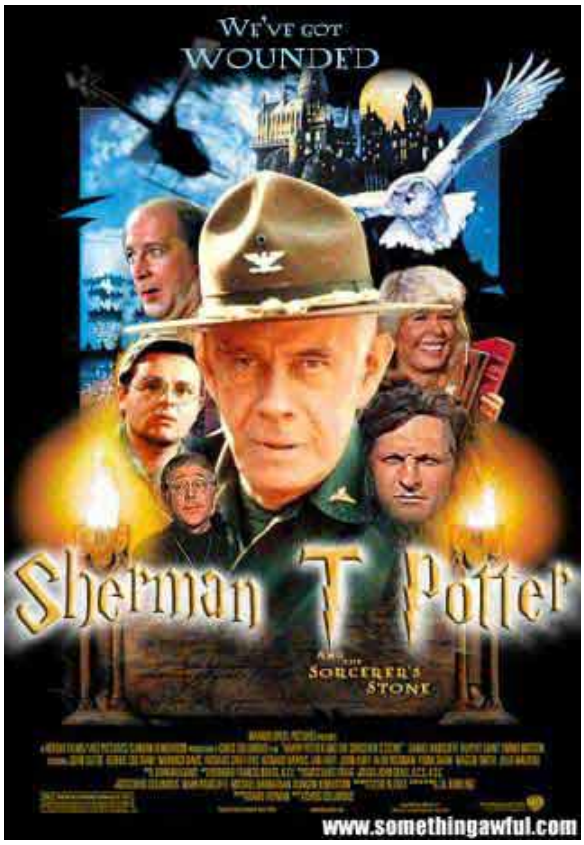
A new menace is coming. A giant dinosaur monster was found in South America but luckily it was dead. I hope it was natural causes that is taking the life of this beast because if it is being killed by a bigger dinosaur monster then I don't even want to think about what we are up against now. There are rumors that Mexico is mobilizing troops to clear out the nest. You read that right friends, the nest, these are bird dinosaurs and they have the biggest attack heads on the scales, even bigger I am guessing than Senor Severe Fightro Sethalus and his giant human head. Are you remembering the three special citizens who cause trouble around town? Fightro is one of these, he is their ring leader because he is paid in butter and tequila for his work ringsides, always in a tantrum!

This is all I am seeing on the computer book of CNN so you are up to speed. This only took me one hour to write down in the Something Awful book so it is the guess of Yours Truly that you are up to speed in twenty minutes of your value time. Thank you for reading!

Photoshop Phriday: The Movie

Well hello there! This is Livestock here to tell you that there is a brand new Photoshop Phriday feature up and ready for you to gaze at. This week the Something Awful Forum Goons tackled a bunch of modern movie posters like they were the Fantastic Four and them posters was Dr. Doom!

Here is a preview:



The boat is setting sail! Climb aboard now and get sea sick.

-∼El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

7.20 The Future is NOW!

Friday, Jul 19, 2002 by Integral

In these changing times full of changing technology, changing ideas, and changing clothes it's no wonder that people are looking to the future with wonder and expectant hope. Of course, the future is turning out to be less and less like the perpetually dark and rainy cities filled with flying cars that were prevalent in so many movies from the 1980's, but it's not too late to make that happen. In fact, the 80's were full of ideas about the future that really should be implemented as soon as possible. These include such amazing technological breakthroughs as robot butlers, time travel, and cyborg cops. This future also means that there are no more animals, that people can talk to creatures from other planets, and that video games are actually training programs for fighting intergalactic space armies.

Exhibit A: Robot Butlers

Let me address these one at a time so that I can really explain how great it would be if these things existed. Not only would I be very interested in living in a world that contained all of these amazing and beneficial things but I would just like to express my sincere disappointment with humanity at this point for not coming through with this stuff yet. Way to go, guys.

When I think of sci-fi movies of the 80's I think of robot butlers. The robot butler has always exuded wealth and class status. He seamlessly glides from place to place on his well-oiled wheels (but not over carpet or down stairs or anything), occasionally carrying cleaning supplies or cleaning equipment. He also occasionally carries drinks on a tray or a towel over one of his robot arms. The robot butler is synonymous with power and prestige. At parties, there is no need to get up and serve drinks because you are able to control your amazing robot butler from a seated position. Of course, you have to prepare the drinks yourself and set them on his tray, but after that it is nothing but ease and smooth sailing. Simply relax on the couch and use the remote control to instruct the robot butler from a distance of up to ten feet (but not through walls)! He will bring the drinks to your guests on his tray and you never even have to move. He is also always wearing a snappy tux which is sure to impress.

If I had a robot butler I would use him every day to carry things for me from place to place and also to occasionally stand still.

Time travel is one of the biggest enigmas humanity has ever faced, and yet its allure cannot be denied. If we could travel through time we would be able to see things that no longer exist, like the poorly rendered CG dinosaur over yonder and possibly Richard Nixon. We could maybe even travel back in time and warn our younger selves about future choices that might have been bad ideas. This would be particularly useful for me because I could travel back to before I ate the burrito that landed me in the hospital for four days with a tube up my pee-hole. Time travel would also allow us to prevent bad past events from happening such as the World Wars, disease, and the birth of country music. We could also prevent certain species of animals from going extinct such as dodos, passenger pigeons (so cool), great auks, or some other bird because birds are dumb and die a lot.

Exhibit B: Time Travel

All of the people who argued and insisted that time travel presented some very real and also unsolv-

able ethical dilemmas would be ritualistically tortured and then shot. Until they were dead. It is people like them who prevent the cogs of the ignorant hive mentality from turning smoothly. Viva la future!

Exhibit C: Cyborg Cops

Cyborg cops are another element of the futuristic 80's that would be very beneficial for us to have now. With their super strength, rigid adherence to law and order, and their sub-human compassion, we would be sure to have a fair and solid police force in place. This way, there would be no unwarranted beatings of racial minorities. Instead, there would be regular beatings of minorities and majorities alike. In fact, everyone would be beaten equally and thoroughly, usually within inches of their life. The cyborg cops would go on beating rampages. At that point we would decide that cyborg cops are probably not the best idea and that mankind shouldn't try to "play God." Then there would be a big battle to rid the world of the cyborg cops, etc. etc. We would eventually learn our lesson. But what a wonderful learning experience it would be!

Plus, if we lived in a world that contained cyborg cops, we would most likely have the knowledge or the technology to create the perfect hamburger. Perfect hamburgers would come before cyborgs on the technology ladder, wouldn't they? I would think so. And I sure like hamburgers, so everyone wins.

Exhibit D: No Animals

There would be no need for signs such as these in the future of the 80's because the animals would all be mysteriously missing, anyway. Whether we finally killed them all off or whether they finally decided that we humans weren't worth their time and boarded a space ship to go back to their animal dimension, one thing is clear:

Exhibit E: Alien Contact

A world without animals would be great, because it means that that stupid yappy dog in the other apartment would be gone and I hate that dog more than I hate most things that I hate. I would like to drop-kick that stupid dog across the country, or maybe run it over with some sort of large, heavy machinery. That dog sucks. Every damn day it is over there barking constantly at absolutely nothing and I swear that one of these days I am just going to go over there and squash it. It is one of those stupid little white dogs that look more like tacky lawn ornaments or freakish stuffed animals than canines. I hate those dogs. They're not even dogs in the true sense of the word. This one particularly has to go and I don't think I can wait long enough for the future to get here before conveniently and efficiently disposing of it myself. I tried writing the woman who lives there a nice letter explaining that if she doesn't shut her damn dog up I will come over there and shut it up for her, but thus far the letter seems to have failed in its mission. Perhaps it is time to change tactics, but I need to find a solution fast because this is quickly escalating to a white-hot rage such as no other I have ever known and I hereby declare that I am no longer responsible for my actions.

Since the dawn of time humankind has wondered whether life exists on other planets, and if so, what that life would be like. The good news is that in the future of the 80's, we find out that there is alien life on other planets and that a lot of it is sentient, even friendly. Unfortunately, the alien life tends to be goofy, ridiculous sacks of garbage with creepy, bulbous eyes and usually possesses useless powers such as the ability to organize people's living rooms at high speeds. Occasionally

there will be the odd alien who rips people apart before they can blink twice or the alien whose only characteristic that differs from things that humans have are their extra large ears or little bumps around their noses or whatever. Whoopty shit, Batman.

Alien contact would be excellent in that it would have dramatic implications in the arenas of theology and technology. It might also be good because theoretically we could go to their planet and slowly take over, forcing our will upon them and destroying their equivalent of forests or stupid animals and whatnot. We could also take their valuable resources, such as oil and gold. In this way, the first stage of our conquest of the universe will begin and soon we will have control of all things that exist, everywhere. We will be more powerful than we had ever dreamed, and there is no way that anything could ever go wrong or that our plans could be thwarted at the last second by a hero of any sort. There is also no chance that we will ever see the error of our ways and live peaceably in harmony with one another. USA! USA!

A final example of why the 80's sci-fi movie vision of the future would be great is that all of the time that we nerds spend playing video games would finally pay off. Everyone who doesn't completely suck has seen "The Last Starfighter," so I don't really have to go into detail here, but suffice it to say that I am really training hard this month. I'll bet I have logged in over 50 hours at least working and practicing to destroy the alien hordes. I'm not sure what my playing Warcraft III and listening to my undead acolytes proclaim that they would give their lives for Ner'Zoul has to do with me helping to fight off the evil aliens, but hey, I'm not complaining. Lemme at 'em! My frost wyrms will kick their alien asses back into deep space!

Exhibit F: Video Game Training

It would be good to know that the time I spend playing video games is actually beneficial to someone somewhere, and I am sure I am not alone in this sentiment. I have this nagging feeling that when I get my *Furious Gauntlets of Wisdom of the Badger and also Faeries* in "Chris Taylor presents Chris Taylor's Dungeon Siege by Chris Taylor Chris Taylor" that I am just living in a deluded fantasy world that has no basis in any reality anywhere, ever. If I knew that I would be using those gauntlets to fight intergalactic invaders and that my low intelligence score of 16 might at some point prevent me from fighting with sticks (apparently you have to be realy smart to use sticks)I would feel much better about spending that time from my life playing games and I would work extra hard because I knew that I would be playing a role in saving humanity. Or I would just take a nap.

I suppose that I don't need any of this crazy stuff to really think about the future as being now. We have computers that do fast and complicated things with Red Hat Linux and we have machines that cook our food at high speeds and temperatures, so we don't really need anything else. We live in a very strange time full of very strange things, with the intra/webnette being a prime example. I am overall very happy with the way humanity is progressing, although I still blame all of you collectively for not having made sure that we would have flying cars by now. I mean, get with it, people!

Helen is Back!

That's right, everyone's favorite advice columnist, Helen Gunther, is back with some new advice for you all. She's a crazy old broad, that Helen, and she sure knows her stuff:

> *My husband wants to go on a dangerous expedition. I am so afraid he will never come home. He has always been an outdoor lover and has taken many trips but this trip will tax*

him maximally. People have died. He says he wants to go now before we have children. What can I do to stop him?

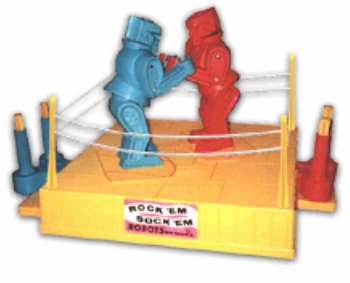
What will Helen tell this poor woman to do!? I know what I would tell her to do, but I am not an advice wiz such as Helen, so I have no idea what she will say! But you can read the column and find out!

-~Integral

7.21 Beat me up, Scotty!

Sunday, Jul 21, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Walloping For Justice!



Artist's depiction of intense beating.

If there are two things in this world that go hand in hand better than children and pedophile kidnappers, it has to be justice and severe beatings. For ages, people have used the concept of overpowering and subsequently beating the living fucking shitting fucking shit out of their adversaries as a way to show dominance, to settle conflicts, or simply relieve some job-related stress. Much like a bandsaw or a hammer, a brutal beating is simply a tool to be used as the situation demands. Sometimes, the situation even demands a brutal beating involving a hammer, which doubles the effectiveness of both tools. In fact, a beating can involve any number of things. Bats, clubs, sticks, blackjacks, Brazilian fighting rods, club shaped sticks, rocks, club shaped rocks, and Japanese club sticks (also called "clubs") are just a few of the more favored tools used in beating people into a bloody pulp. However, none can compare in popularity to the most widely used weapon of all: The human fist. Punching someone is a time honored tradition, and probably one of the most convenient and effective ways to levy a beating that a person has. Think about how many times you've used this powerful technique in your life. Why, just the other day, I entered my house to discover a mean spirited intruder with unknown (but probably evil) intentions. All seemed lost, but then I remembered what my Father told me after he severely beat me in a drunken rampage. "Punch em all and let God sort it out!" So I did, and the day was saved! While it turned out that the "intruder" was my "neighbor," and "my house" turned out to be "his house," who knows what could have happened had I not spent forty-five minutes mashing his face like a potato?

As great as punching is, there are some people out there who think it's wrong to arbitrarily hit whomever you feel like. In fact, some people even criticize others for engaging in this natural, beautiful activity. These bleeding face liberals are often at the wrong end of a punch, called the "Owie" end, and it rarely even crosses their mind at all to use it for their own diabolical purposes. While they lobby Johnny Lawmaker to enforce their outdated Assault and Battery laws, they are actually taking away the use of a beneficial and important instrument that the Police have to use to protect us. Sad as it sounds, not even the friendly neighborhood Police Officer can violently wail on a person anymore without being harassed endlessly about it. Just take a look at this semi-recent story that has sent the media into a frenzy!

This sassy diva was the one who videotaped the teenager's beating, as evidenced by her video camera and the "No you didn't!" expression on her face.

> *LOS ANGELES - A white police officer caught on videotape pummeling a handcuffed black teenager has been indicted on assault charges, less than two weeks after a beating that has raised concerns over police brutality and racism.*

That's right folks, it looks like they're trying to strip Policemen of the right to barbarically beat and punch teenagers. If you're a

person like me, one made mostly of Carbon, you should agree that this is simply outrageous. Why not take away a fireman's axe, or a surgeon's knife, or a lawyer's broad sword? Just as these people need the proper tools for their job, Policeman need to have what it takes to do theirs. Justice is most effective when it's handed out by the fistful, and the people berating this officer are as bad as Eva Peron, Hitler's comical sidekick.

This story isn't just about a few people in Caifornia somewhere. This affects us all, especially you people in California. How can you feel safe at night when there are teenagers, many under the age of twenty, gallivanting about unpunched? It's a well known fact that all teenagers are constantly committing crimes and spitting in the face of the law. And when they aren't, they're in school to become Congressmen so they can write new laws to break. It's a terrifying cycle, and the one thing that keeps any order or sanity in this world gone mad is the fact that for every punk teen loitering and smoking under age, there are two mighty fists of fury with their number. These fists belong to John Q. law, but not for long if the public has its way. Sure, it's easy to hide beneath a pile of bureaucratic mumbo jumbo when you hear about it in the news. But when you're faced with the horror of a real, live teenager with the intent to murder you or possibly loiter in a parking lot near you, how will you feel? Chances are, your first response to that question wasn't "woof." Unless you're a dog, in which case it probably was.

Another thing most of the anti-violence protesters are forgetting is the fact that violence is funny! As you all know, violence is related to anger. But what you might not piece together is that anger has been used in the world of comedy time and time again with successful results. Legendary comics such as Sam Kinnison and some other stupid angry jerks have used their intense rage to make millions smile. Well, angry public beatings have the same effect. Just take a look at this picture from the scene and tell me you don't laugh!

Clear as day, violence is purely positive. You may even want to send this image to your friends, to put a smile on their faces. Not even Jerry Seinfeld could match the sheer comic potential of a policeman randomly beating or clubbing some young black teenager!

As concerned citizens who want our streets safe from these rad, skateboarding terrors, I ask you to print this article out and send it to the President of the United states himself. Only he, as King of America, has the power to end the madness. Urge him to change the Constitution to his whim, and make it legal for members of the justice system to...

- *Punch people for being teenagers*
- *Punch teenagers for doing anything*
- *Arrest teenagers upon their thirteenth birthday*
- *Try teenagers as adults in a court of law*
- *Outlaw filming police beating teenagers*

- *Outlaw filming "Dark Angel" (that show really sucks)*
- *Institute "Just say no" policy about becoming teenagers, sponsored by the Toys R Us corporation.*

The President is a hard man to get a hold of though, so you may have to be creative to get his attention. If a letter writing campaign fails to capture his attention, and calls to the secret Presidential nuclear phone have no effect, you'll need to start thinking. As the President, one can assume he loves this country, and since he's a native Texan it's easy to assume the man enjoys guns. My suggestion would be to fold the paper the article is printed on into the shape of an origami handgun. Then, run to the White House, point it in his general direction, and scream the constitution word for word as loud as you can. It's a safe bet that you'd get through to him for sure that way!

Unless something is done about the meandering teenage menace, people like you and I will have to walk the streets not knowing whether we'll make it home safely. Until revisions to our legal system are made, we're left with only one option. We have to punch every teenager we see, until we've punched them all. If the Police can't do it, the citizens will have to do it for them. While chances are the teenagers aren't all bad, you can never be too sure. Teachers, punch your students. Parents, punch your children. Priests, take your hands off the younger children for just a moment and place them violently on the teens in your church. And please, for any of you responsible teenagers out there that might be reading this, do society a favor and punch yourselves. You'll be contributing to the greater good.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

7.22 Sank Yew Velly Mooch For Yoor Votes, Hooman!

Monday, Jul 22, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I don't know what's going on in this photo, but it's infinitely more exciting than Democracy.

I don't think I need to remind anybody that politics are boring. Anybody who has access to CSPAN or the cable access channel that shows four-hour blocks of nine doughy white guys arguing about the Yorba Linda Water District's new zoning plans knows that viewing the political process in motion is the equivalent of watching an elderly man drive to Wal-Mart at 11 miles an hour. It's boring, it's slow, it's monotonous, and it's full of elderly men. Although grade school teachers across the globe would like you to believe that voting and democracy in action is some intensely exciting event like X-treme Lightbulb Repairing, in reality it's dull as hell and seems like it lasts forever. That's the same complaint my fiancee has expressed about having sex with me, but that's okay because whenever I'm engaging in sexual intercourse with her I'm thinking of James Woods the entire time.

Anyway, the American political process is downright boring as sin. Say a Republican Governor or Senator or Congressman or the President or the Pope or whoever the fuck is in charge of introducing bills decides to introduce a bill that allocates $400 billion to making corn stalks shoot out anti-terrorist missiles which are coincidentally produced only in his state. He puts this bill on the floor and then the Democrats counter by changing the wording of the bill so it instead sends $400 billion into research and development of tiny missile-pills that women can take to blow up their fetus when they're too lazy to haul their fat white asses to the abortion clinic. The Republicans then tack on a rider to this bill that reserves $18 billion for the mass production of Flamethrower Zombie Troopers that can be sent into Pakistan or Iraq or some country full of filthy Arabs. The Democrats also tack on a rider that reserves $23 billion for the construction of a giant floating metal Abraham Lincoln head which spits out welfare checks in minority neighborhoods. Eventually the bill is put to a vote and gets struck down about 20 times each year, every year. Nine years later, the bill is finally passed and it's been changed so much that it now pledges $30 billion in support for the Anti-Manitoba Freedom Force, a rebel group that is fighting for independence from fascist ruler Manitoba. By the time the Anti-Manitoba Freedom Force figures out how to use their US-bought weapons and now despises us, it will take us another 15 years to pass an Anti-Anti-Manitoba Freedom Force bill which gives the government of Manitoba $60 billion in weapons. This is democracy in action. As you'll also note, it is stupid.

This will all soon change. There is a glimmer of hope on the horizon, rising up like a really greasy tick full of helium and dog's blood and has a bunch of light shining off it's bloated body for some reason. A new candidate is thinking of entering the "dog eat dawg" world of politics, a person whom every upstanding American citizen can get behind and rally as he lifts up a burning car and saves the life of a cyborg toddler trapped beneath its charred hulk: Arnold Schwarzenegger.

> *'Terminator' Not Ruling Out Politics - Actor Arnold Schwarzenegger says he may yet run for governor of California. "It's something that I'm still interested in (for) the future. I think that the greatest thing you can do is serve the people," Schwarzenegger said. "It gives me the greatest satisfaction – much more than going down another red carpet to do a movie premiere – to go and create after-school programs, help special Olympians, inspire kids to stay away from drugs and gangs."*

Are you excited yet? Well you sure as hell better be or else Arnold will personally come over to your house and crush your skull like a rotting grape beneath the tread of an Abrams tank. Then he'll say something clever like "grape to see you" and an entire building somewhere will explode. It doesn't really matter; a vote against Arnold is a vote for your own death. Besides, why the hell would anybody not want to vote for Arnold? He's shown us time and time again that he can solve any problem ever created at any time, including the future, past, present, and slightly past future present. Let's take a look at his track record of creative problem solving and overall "getting the job done":

An upcoming campaign poster.

- Arnold defeated many ancient Greek gods while simultaneously touring New York in 1970. All of this was done without saying a single word. I bet George W. Bush Jr. III Esq. couldn't even beat up one single god, although the idea of him not saying a single word does appeal to me.
- Arnold was an evil killing machine who traveled back in time from the future to be evil and kill while being a machine in, uh, 1984. When is the last time you voted for an evil killing machine? If I could get a lapel pin that said "I voted for the Evil Killing Machine in 2004," you bet my ass I would vote for that candidate.
- Arnold killed approximately 500 million billion jillion people in just the last 14 minutes of a Commando-esque raid in 1984. This shows that he has the "can do" attitude that it "will take" to get "the" job "done." If you don't believe this then you've got a meeting with mister explodey-bullet at 11:00 am sharp, bub!
- Arnold was kicked off the FBI and became the sheriff of a North Carolina town in 1986, the duties of which included him going undercover and infiltrating a large Mafia network while carrying a very large automatic weapon. As the old saying goes, "if you can make it in a small North Carolina town, you can make it anywhere."
- Arnold defeated a fat man who sang opera and shot electricity in the futuristic past movie filmed in 1987. As the old saying goes, "if you can defeat a fat man who sings opera and shoots electricity, you can make it anywhere."
- Arnold teamed up with his twin brother Danny DeVito to solve a crime in 1988. This alone could produce a line of bumper stickers that read "Don't blame me; I voted for the guy whose twin brother was a midget" if he ever loses an election. Which he WON'T, by the way.
- Arnold saved THE ENTIRE PLANET OF MARS in 1990 while having a red Christmas tree bulb shoved into and out of his nostril. He also found some way to survive on the planet surface of Mars without any oxygen, although it did make his face turn lumpy and even more disfigured than it normally looks.
- Arnold protected a whole bunch of children from serial killers in 1990 as well. Now this by itself is an incredible feat, but keep in mind that in 1990 he also saved Mars as well! I don't think any presidential candidate can even TRAVEL from Mars to Earth in less than a year, yet Arnold can do that AND save kids / planets! Chew on that, nay-sayers!
- Arnold traveled back from the past future to the future past future present in 1991 and decided to save all humanity instead of letting robots destroy it. Robots made of liquid metal that could turn into checkered floor tiles and run down the road really fast. How many times does this guy have to save us all before you decide to vote for him?
- Arnold beat up THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS HIMSELF, THE DEVIL in 1999. There's nothing more that needs to be said about this. He beat up SATAN for Christ's sake! Ha ha, that was just a little play on words, thanks for coming along for the ride!
- Arnold stopped a megalomaniacal cloning corporation from cloning clones of cloned

clones in the past future of 2000. He also got cloned but learned to love and live with his clone by shipping him off to another continent while he fucks his wife.

It's in the future, so it has to be good!

Do I honestly need to write anything more? Most political candidates list pussy shit like "worked for the Reno Waste Management Commission" or "elected as Mayor" on their resumes. Arnold Schwarzenegger can write "I beat up Satan in 1999" on his! Can anybody every one-up that? Is it even possible to do something more important than repeatedly shooting the Devil with a Glock? If there is, I can't name it offhand, and even if I could, I wouldn't. While other candidates are running around and whining about equal rights or taxes or volcanoes or whatever the current political "hot topics" are, Arnold is out there getting results, whether it be him saving entire planets or traveling through time to shoot people in either the past or the future. Arnold could not only beat any political hopeful in a race for votes, but he could also beat them with a wooden plank that he tore off a rental boat used to chase terrorists. It's this kind of flexibility that makes Arnold the only choice for smart voters across the globe.

Now I know what you're worrying about right now: plaque and tooth decay. You're also worrying, "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, there's only one Arnold Schwarzenegger! How can I vote for him if he's not in my state?" The answer to this is simple: just like in Arnold's non-hit movie "The Sixth Day," we can manufacture unlimited clones of him and allow each clone to run for office in every political position in every state everywhere! Just think about the benefits:

- No more bickering between parties. There will be no silly "Republican" or "Democrat" divisions anymore; there will just be "Arnold Schwarzeneggers" and "Not Arnold Schwarzeneggers," the former category having no active members because the "Arnold Schwarzeneggers" would make them explode or shoot them with bullets during election runoffs. Arnold Schwarzenegger would always agree with Arnold Schwarzenegger, so there would be no need for debates or even meetings anymore. A bill would be proposed and then bam, 10 minutes later it'd be voted into effect and Arnold Schwarzeneggers across the US would be enforcing it. No more mess or red tape to interfere with our democratic process!
- No more terrorist threats. If there's one thing Arnold knows, it's how to make terrorists blow up. He inherently knows where they hang out and how to sniff out their plans for world domination, so it'd only be a matter of time before all anti-American threats find themselves not living anymore.
- American kids would get into shape and stop being so fat because Arnold would implement a mandatory strict dietary and nutritional supplement system. If any Arnold Schwarzeneggers found a fat child or a child who has the potential of getting fat, they would be taken from their parents and used as fat fuel for a giant US zeppelin that runs on bloat.
- We wouldn't have to worry about Mars. You know, because he already saved it and everything.

In addition to these positives, we must also keep in mind that Arnold will create new branches of the government to help our glorious country reach its full potential, one where we're putting in 110% effort and doing it for the team and experiencing a rollercoaster ride of thrills and chills or perhaps the feelgood experience of the summer. Here's just a few of the new governmental offices we can look forward to:

- **The Department of Grimacing in Pain** - Every Arnold movie has at least one

scene where he has been captured by the enemy and is being tortured for no apparent reason. During this grueling and painful procedure, Arnold grimaces and contorts his face into what seems like the effects of explosive decompression. This department would help raise public awareness for the need of proper tooth and gum care because let's face it; you never know when you'll need to grimace in pain.

- **The Department of Exploding Buildings** - This branch of the government will study how to make entire buildings explode more effectively, hopefully towards the end of a 90-minute interval. Scientists will aim to develop a mechanism that alerts people as to when they should leap away from the exploding building at the last possible moment.
- **The Department of Catchphrase Development** - English scholars and linguists across the globe will develop a universal "witty retort" standard which anybody may use before killing a bad guy or a series of bad guys. For example, if you're about to kill your evil boss by shooting a glue gun into his stomach, you could say "thanks for sticking around" and then his chest would explode. With glue. Do you get it? "Sticking around" refers to the glue, yet it's a common saying! That's humor, my friend.

I think it's clear to anybody with half of half of a functioning brain that Arnold is not the best choice for the upcoming elections, but he should be the ONLY choice. Let us help you help us by cloning Arnold Schwarzenegger and distributing him across political positions throughout this great country of ours, whatever it's called. North South America I think. During his presidential speech, Arnold will thank us all by saying "Sank yew velly mooch, I aim so acksited too bee plesident now dat I have an incledible electian in muy pahnts!" Get it? An "election" in his pants? Instead of "erection?" In his election speech? That's humor, my friend! If you don't get it, I really don't blame you because I'm rereading it now and I don't understand it either. This is all the more reason to vote Arnold in every year for every position. After all, isn't it about time we saved Mars and murdered the Devil?

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.23 Hollywood Ho! I'm Making Movie Magic!

Tuesday, Jul 23, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Tragic Zack News!

Unfortunately Zack couldn't write today's update because he ate several pounds of raw, recalled beef. He's in the hospital now suffering from an agitated gut and emotional trauma that can only be inaccurately described as "a vast, sweeping conspiracy." While he's away getting his stomach pumped clean of the contaminated meat, I will be covering for him. Feel free to e-mail Zack with your well wishes or wishes of wellness. You can also ask him to do us all a favor and stay sick, but only if you're a jerk. But hey, only jerks read this site so fire away, jerkstove.

Hollywood Ho! I'm Making Movie Magic!

As an avid moviegoer, I find myself going to and watching movies avidly. Movies represent the perfect escape from my topsy-turvy world of sitting at my desk and adjusting the various mugs containing pens and pencils I own. In my world, anything can happen. And let me tell you, sometimes things do happen. Like once I went and reached for a pencil, but I accidentally pulled out a pen instead! Another time I even knocked one of my mugs over and spent several minutes gathering the fallen pencils and pens and returning them safely to home base. As you might have gathered, my life is a thrill-crammed hayride so intense that it would instantly kill anyone over the age of 115 as well as children who suffer from severely hilarious heart conditions. The point at one point I was trying to make is that movies are the perfect vehicle to transport me out of the real world and into the imaginary world of simulated action and adventure that is film. I can forget about all the headaches and suspend the crushing pain of my life for a couple hours. Provided the movie is good, of course.

Hollywood is a town that aims to disappoint, though. Like the feisty virago she is, Hollywood scolds us with trash that doesn't enlighten but rather insults and belittles. She's a broken kettle leaking hot logic all over our laps. Instead of letting talented people make good movies, idiots like Joel Schumacher are given millions of dollars to essentially go out and commit rape. Case in point: "Batman and Robin." After Adam West fought so gallantly to make Batman the manliest superhero out there, Tim Burton and Joel Schumacher made the character so incredibly gay that the mere sight of him would cause any homosexual to implode. I realize I'm still bitching about that ancient movie, but times haven't changed. I recently watched "K-19: The Widow Maker" and it was nothing but a bunch of Americans with bad British accents pretending to be Russians while carelessly wrecking their submarine and then doing an awful job of fixing it. Where's the fun in that? That's so completely unrealistic! Then we have the "Lord of the Rings" movies. Talk about predictable; you can find out how it ends by reading a book written decades ago. It's a bunch of hobbits crusading to throw a ring into the fiery crack of Mount Doom. Wow, that's pretty deep! If they wanted to be original, the movie would be about a group of astronauts traveling through dangerous canyons so they can cast a radioactive space rock into the dry, arid depths of Candice Bergen's vagina. Now that's exciting!

I complain a lot about things I don't understand, like women and restraining orders. Rarely do I ever do anything to empower myself or make a difference. Well today I do things differently! I'm going to empower myself and make a difference. I'm going to change Hollywood for the better by sharing some of my wonderful ideas for movies with you, the viewing public. If you're a rich Hollywood agent eager to throw money at someone, feel free to throw your Hollywood money at me. I will use your money to buy as many guns as I can so that I alone will survive the coming tribulation. The rest of you may die happy (or die when I shoot you during the coming tribulation!) upon reading about these future blockbusters:

Killcopter will shred you to pieces!

Killcopter

Tagline: "This summer, danger turns upside down and advances on you rapidly!"

Premise: Killcopter is a vicious, sentient helicopter bent on turning himself upside-down and chasing people through common and unexpected locations with a kind of bloodlust rarely seen in helicopters. In his summer debut, Killcopter runs afoul of a children's clinic, shredding children to pieces and then distributing said pieces all over the walls. Who can stop Killcopter? Only Killcopter can stop Killcopter!

Cast: Obviously there aren't many sentient, homicidal helicopters bent on turning themselves upside-down and chasing civilians through common and unexpected locations, so this movie will just have to use a human-controlled helicopter for the lead role. I freaking hate children, so all the kids in the children's clinic will be played by older, bald actors. Patrick Stewart, Bruce Willis, and a hairless Gallagher will all star as sick children/Killcopter victims 1-3. Also, Jeff Goldblum will play the part of an idiot who gets shot. He won't actually appear in the movie because I'll intentionally mess up the scene where he's supposed to get shot and since there is only one Jeff Goldblum – a dead Jeff Goldblum – we'll have no choice but to write him out of the movie.

Audience Appeal: With the combined charm of both "Maximum Overdrive" and "Knight Rider" behind it, this movie simply cannot fail. People love seeing movies about satanic, demon-possessed helicopters bent on turning themselves upside-down and chasing people through random locations, so they will surely pay top, bottom, and middle dollar to see Killcopter. You can safely bet on your child's future that Killcopter will make a killing at the box office. Plus the amount of gore featured in this movie will be enough to make Charles Manson jealous, and when he gets jealous his forehead wrinkles up and it looks really cute because his swastika tattoo folds in on itself.

Tree Dad's roots will entangle your heart!

Tree Dad

Tagline: "You leaf dad alone!"

Premise: I'm not all about horribly violent or action packed movies. Sometimes I'm about touching family comedies, too. That's why I have come up with the concept of Tree Dad, a movie about the Woods family and their tree patriarch. While the first forty

minutes aren't so family-oriented (it's a gratuitous sex scene involving a tree and lots of sticky sap), the rest of the movie is. This movie will feature tender moments involving the kids interacting with their tree father, who they climb on and swing from like a tree. Because of the uniqueness of the Woods family, kids will come to understand diversity much better. Also, they will come to look upon trees as providers and father figures.

Cast: An actual tree will play the part of the father, Woodrow Woods. Because trees don't move or talk, this won't be a problem at all. As far as the rest of the cast, Scott Baio will play every role. To help differentiate the characters, he will wear an assortment of tribal death masks.

Audience Appeal: Virtually limitless! Kids, adults, and sexual predators alike will fall in love with Tree Dad, the movie that will warm your bark! The touching end, when Tree Dad is chopped down, will also teach children about death and how the cold hands of Thanatos are always just inches away. Like most family movies, video and DVD sales will be great. I will be making millions once more!

Danger is always hard to swallow.

- **Innerstorm**

Tagline: "The biggest storm of all cannot be seen by the naked eye."

Premise: The world's tiniest tornado is rampaging through the stomach of a dying man. It's up to a ragtag team of elite miniature tornado chasers to go inside this dying man and try to stop the tornado dead in its tracks. Stopping a tornado is one thing, but when that tornado is wired to explode you're playing a whole other tiny ballgame of danger.

Cast: Because moviemaking should be a challenge, I will only allow actors and actresses named "Martin" to act in this movie. Martin can either be their first name or their last name. The only other restriction is that if their first name is Steve or their last name is Short, they can't be in it. In all likelihood, this will be a buddy picture starring Martin Lawrence and Martin Sheen. The part of the tiny tornado will be played by Ricky Martin as Dr. Martin Luther King. The whole movie will actually be a metaphor for race relations, too. So hey, now it's a timeless tale!

Audience Appeal: Tornados are scary business and people like to be scared. But take the concept of tornados, shrink them down and put them inside the stomach of a dying man and you've got something like quadruple jeopardy. People love hearing about the exploits of tornado chasers, what with their tornado chasing and all, so they will be crotchdamn amazed to see them chase tornados while inside some dying guy's intestines. Let me tell you, that might seem like a small area, but you're looking at one long chase. This film will make hundreds of millions of dollars, all of which I plan to use to kill you.

I don't think I need to remind any of you that these movies are my exclusive property, so if you steal them you'll be going to Hell. I'm more than eager to accept your millions of dollars, so please

go and see my movies when they come to a theater near you! THEY WILL BE COMING!

Mine Gold!

"Hey kids and lovers, ScottyD here. Well, time flies by, doesn't it? In between arguing with Mexicans and getting berated by Zack, I somehow found the time to put together this little thing we like to call 'The Goldmine!' This week's topic is about the man himself, Captain Morgan!

Now that's what I call hysterical! If that's what YOU call funny, maybe you should just click on in! And if not, maybe you can go fuck yourself.

PS - I met Steve Buschemi yesterday. No, it doesn't have anything to do with The Goldmine. But I thought it was pretty goddamn cool.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.24 Apparently I'm a Coward

Wednesday, Jul 24, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I Was Not Hit By a Goddamned Bus

Josh "Lie Stock" Boruff decided it would be a great idea to tell everyone on the front page that I was dying from bad beef, and while it may have seemed that I was on death's door last night I have in fact made a full recovery. Yes, I "be illin" last night, although bad beef had nothing to do with it since I generally don't eat any meat. More likely it was stomach cramps brought on by the deceit of Josh himself, whose blatant lies have catapulted him to the status of "biggest liar currently writing for Something Awful", above Scotty D and his "I just won a Pulitzer Prize" article and Fragmaster and his "I just kissed a girl" article. His petty deceits are as deplorable as the tyrannical actions he will no doubt take as the new "lie king" of Something Awful.

Apparently I'm a Coward

Lowtax took over my updating for me Monday morning because I was in Ohio visiting friends and family. I'm not going to bore you with the details of my trip but one aspect of it ties into something that has been bothering me for a couple weeks. My car does not have a working CD or tape player. I had one of those shitty car Discman players with the stupid cassette you put into your tape deck that always magically breaks your tape player, and low and behold it magically broke my tape player. My tape player continued to play regular tapes for roughly a day afterwards, but then it too broke. Then I tried to jam stuff into it to fix it and not surprisingly broke it even worse so that now there is part of a pen and two pieces of cardboard shoved deep in the guts of the tape player. In my frustration I also punched the tape player a whole lot making buttons fall off, thus making the pre-programmed radio station function unusable. But, the radio still works, and on extended car trips like I took this weekend I spend hours listening to AM talk radio.

Proving that being fat doubles the amount of humor you contain, my Limbaugh tolerability rating has decreased at a speed directly corresponding to the speed at which his waistline was shrinking.

I tend to avoid FM stations because they have entertaining things like "music" and "a shitload less static" which get in the way of enjoying a long car ride. No, I much prefer the grating voice of Laura Schlesinger or Rush Limbaugh filtered through a bucket full of crackles and hisses. I thrill to their angry conservative view points that rake across my brain like an acid coated medieval flail weapon.

On this particular trip the airwaves were full of discussion about "corporate corruption" in which nearly every one of these hosts discussed the concept that most corporate executives are not corrupt and are not taking advantage of their employees. Then they went on to yell about how political "middle roaders" are cowards who refuse to pick a side, how the democrats and republicans are so completely different, and how big business is better than big government unless you're talking about the office of homeland security, because goddamn that needs to be as big as possible because nothing is more important than locking us down under gladhand martial law!

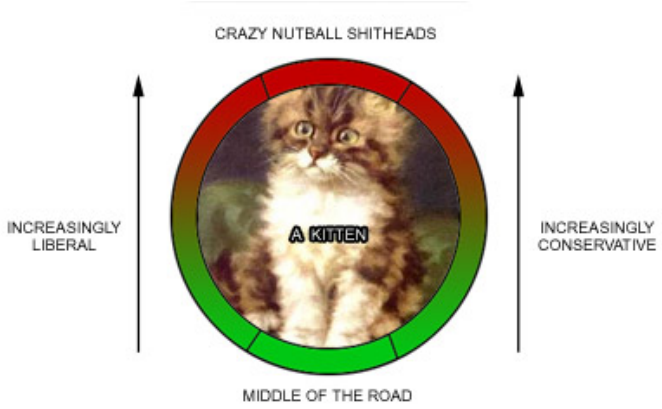
I get pleasantly worked up listening to all this crap, chewing my lower lip at each idiotic word that spews out of Limbaugh's gaping pie hole. I grin with delight every time Dr. Laura tells a caller to not buy their college-bound daughter birth control because it will detract from her spiritual relationship with Christ. I gleefully imagine her drunkenly screwing two guys at the same time and then shuffling

to an abortion clinic with a tear-streaked face eight weeks later. I would make fun of liberal radio show hosts too, but the fact is most liberal radio show hosts are comedians who aren't interested in arguing about politics, what few exist just don't make it all the way to my radio.

Bilious harpy Dr. Laura has always been an aural vision of hell, as evidenced by my comical inclusion of a Hieronymous Bosch painting in the background.

I consider myself a pretty middle of the road person who happens to side more frequently with less-liberal Democrats than he does with more-liberal Republicans. For those of you who read that sentence and just got slightly annoyed with me; you are fucking retarded. The same goes out to anyone on any side of the political spectrum who thinks one party is pretty much always right and the other is pretty much always wrong. To me the "middle of the road" represents reason and rationality, and the farther you go in any direction away from that road the closer you get to having a doctor put a helmet on you because you're so stupid you keep trying to stab your brain with a fork. What's even better is that the farther you get from that political middle and the closer you get to that fringe the closer you also get to the polar opposite fringe.

It's like a fucking circle, and if the middle of the road is one place where the less retarded "liberals" and "conservatives" can meet then on the opposite side of the circle is where the screaming idiot fruitballs find a common ground of absolute ruinous insanity. Anybody remember Hitler? Yeah, he was great, and fascism is about as far "conservative" as you can go. Anybody remember Stalin? Well guess what, Soviet Russia was about as "liberal" as you can go. Hitler and Stalin both killed millions of people, ordered tens of thousands of executions in the name of their regime, the effect they had on the people of their respective nations were both absolutely horrible. They were in that little liberal/conservative common ground on the political circle directly opposite of "middle of the road". Since David Duke isn't really pulling a lot of political weight these days I'm not comparing anyone's politics to Hitler or Stalin, I'm simply using both as a means of demonstrating how similar the effects of supposedly opposite political extremes can really be. I have created a visual representation for those of you having difficulty grasping this concept.



After listening to hours of radio commentary on my journey I came to the conclusion that someone needed to develop a piece of software that would demonstrate the similarities between the far right and the far left. Since we here at Something Awful take a lot of pride in offering fair and balanced news coverage much like Fox News does not, I knew it would fall to us to fill this gap. More impor-

tantly I wanted to be the person who might finally get the flapping heads of the radio commentators to shut up so that I could enjoy that remix of "Mambo Number Five" they were playing on the HITS FM station. After laboring for minutes in my workshop I have produced AnswerBot, the ultimate political opinion simulator. I put five issues before AnswerBot and asked for him to comment on them and then project the results of his solution, in the mean time I offered my own "cowardly middle road" solution. I tried to get AnswerBot to project the results of my solutions but it threatened to have me strangled with piano wire because "all of [my] ideas are treason".

Health Care

AnswerBot Crazy Conservative Mode: Healthcare is the responsibility of the individual. Everyone sells bandages, go buy bandages if you get cancer you dummy. You don't deserve any of my money, it's not my fault you're having babies, I hope you get tetanus you stupid welfare Mexican!

AnswerBot Projected Results: Millions die from lack of adequate healthcare, particularly victimized are the homeless, destitute, elderly, and children.

AnswerBot Crazy Liberal Mode: The government has to take care of every single person. It is the responsibility of businesses to ensure that anyone who wants to come into their place of business can despite disability. Every building must be padded in case retarded people run into walls and hurt themselves, running tracks must have mechanical legs available for the wheelchair handicapped, and all public businesses and areas must be equipped with flame-retardant foam pools into which someone suffering from spontaneous combustion can jump.

AnswerBot Projected Results: Businesses collapse under the weight of government regulation until the economy is completely reliant on the government, resulting in millions of deaths particularly amongst the homeless, destitute, elderly, and children.

Zack's Middle-Road Cowardly Answer: Businesses should be reasonably prepared to deal with the handicapped if there is a reasonable demand in a given region. A ski-store on top of a mountain should not be required to build a wheelchair ramp. Healthcare should be provided for American citizens who cannot provide for their own healthcare in a manner that penalizes those who seek to unfairly take advantage of the system.

The Military

AnswerBot Crazy Conservative Mode: We need a gigantic military that can destroy any nation that opposes us in roughly a week. China is about to invade Florida any second now so let's build a giant laser cannon in the Florida Keys to shoot at Cuba. All of the Middle East needs to be occupied by robotic soldiers.

AnswerBot Projected Results: Millions die under the heel of our oppressive military throughout the world before the rest of the free world unites in opposition against our tyranny.

AnswerBot Crazy Liberal Mode: Our armed forces are not necessary in this day and age. All of our tanks and jets should be melted down into Dance Dance Revolution machines for the Japanese and our Navy should be turned into pleasure boats for the wealthy. The soldiers can keep working as long as they plan on working for free.

AnswerBot Projected Results: Canada air-drops three squads of infantry in Washington DC and negotiates our surrender. Millions die in the Canadian salt mines working to further the goals of the Canadian Supreme Emperor.

Zack's Middle-Road Cowardly Answer: Continue to expend large sums of money on weapon's development. Avoid idiotic pork-barrel projects like that stupid ass stealth ship and continue to invest in high-tech battle superiority projects like the F-22. Scale back the size in number of enlisted men but increase the amount paid to our soldiers and continue to maintain superior training and readiness.

- **Corporate Corruption**

  AnswerBot Crazy Conservative Mode: Corporations are wonderful and have never done anything wrong, ever, no way. Those scandals are the fault of the Democrats who are taking kick-backs from liberal lobbyists and selling political favors. In fact let's just replace the office of president with the CEO of Lockheed-Martin, the board of directors at Lockheed is pretty much the same as the Electoral College anyway.

  AnswerBot Projected Results: Corporate interests grow in strength within government until our entire government is nothing but a plutocrat elite ruling over the oppressed workers, barely more than slave labor.

  AnswerBot Crazy Liberal Mode: Corporations are evil and are responsible for every single problem in America today. Those scandals are the fault of the Republicans who are taking kick-backs from corporate lobbyists and selling political favors. In fact let's just replace the office of president with Supreme American and the AmeriIntern office for society's betterment. We'll have a committee and it will be nice and there will be cake.

  AnswerBot Projected Results: Government grows to control every aspect of the economy until there is no free trade whatsoever. All workers are employed by the government and are barely more than slave labor.

  Zack's Middle-Road Cowardly Answer: Hey, here's an idea, why don't we send those responsible for corporate corruption to jail for a long time? While we're at it why don't we institute legislation that makes taking corporate kickbacks immediate grounds for termination as a government employee? Well shucks there goes almost every major politician out there, I'm thinking it's no big fucking loss.

- **Religion and Government**

  AnswerBot Crazy Conservative Answer: Every school should have a cross above it and a chapel right next to the library, hell, demolish the library and just turn it into a really big chapel because shit who needs books (aside from The Bible of course) when we have The Lord to educate us? Erect a huge statue of Jesus outside every Federal building and make employees kiss its feet whenever they go into work. Evolution is for crazy liberals, everyone knows Moses rode a dinosaur to the Promised Land.

  AnswerBot Projected Results: Religious tolerance levels are consistently decreased until only Christians are allowed within our borders. Scientists and those of others faiths are persecuted with violence and driven out. Christians also become really retarded when they stop believing in evolution and start thinking the world is like 5,000 years old.

  AnswerBot Crazy Liberal Answer: Christianity is the ultimate evil! Destroy it all, burn down all of the churches, replace any reference to God or Jesus in government literature with a reference to a random type of dessert, if people have to see a Bible in school and they aren't Christian their eyes might explode on a fountain of blood out of their heads. Apple Fritter bless America!

  AnswerBot Projected Results: Christianity is completely removed from government, but it doesn't stop there, expressing any religious belief outside of your home becomes a crime akin to smoking in a hospital's oxygen storage room.

  Zack's Middle-Road Cowardly Answer: Avoid inserting references to God or Jesus into any new government literature, avoid removing it from any existing government literature. That evil shit Eisenhower may have stuck God into the pledge, but did we really have to ban it? I don't think a kid saying "God" is going to turn them into a religious nut.

Probably the most amusing indictment I heard offered against "middle-roaders" this last weekend was that those who are in the middle of the political spectrum are never the ones who institute massive positive change. I've got bad news for Limbaugh and company, but those who oppose the

status quo are those who institute massive positive change. Since the status quo is a tug of war between political extremes rather than an actual rational government I've got a lot of money riding on the Upright Citizens Brigade turning this country into something better, not a George W. Bush or a Dick Gephardt. I love the United States I just hate almost all of our politicians, I guess that makes me a political extremist.

Soothing Truth

In an effort to getting to the bottom of the barrel of truth can be difficult when it comes to entertainment because of all of the promotion and buzz. Something Awful takes pride in cutting to the truth at the bottom of this barrel of lies and giving you only the distilled version of what we assume might be facts. That's right, it's a brand new Truth Media review!! This installment is a review of the recently released roleplaying game "Neverwinter Nights".

> *It's no secret that, unlike Diablo II, the main focus of Neverwinter Nights is the single player. But still, as an afterthought, Atari included a multiplayer mode. There were quite a few servers online when I tried this, but the single player world doesn't lend itself to multiplayer very well and Atari didn't bother to make a multiplayer-only world ala Dungeon Siege. It's too bad the concept of modding a game is restricted to the FPS genre, as Neverwinter Nights is sorely in need of something like this. Patches and expansion packs will probably ensue, but nothing can make up for this shortsightedness on Atari's part, and quite frankly, I'm not interested in paying EXTRA money for a product or service I was originally promised in the first place!*

This excellent Truthmedia Review of "Neverwinter Nights" should have the flame e-mails rolling in to Something Awful in no time! Head on over and see if this one makes you angry even though you already know that its intention is to enrage you.

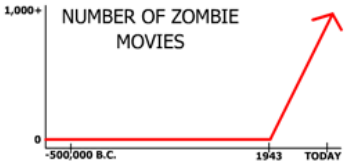
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.25 Dead on Your Feet

Thursday, Jul 25, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Before I kickstart this mule of an update into eighth gear, I'd like to get something off my chest and admit to you, the readers, a shameful secret I've been hiding for weeks now. On July 7th I was arrested for trying to artificially inseminate a parking meter. I had the option of either serving a jail sentence, paying a lofty fine (which I could not afford), or promising to write a series of public service announcements on Something Awful. I naturally selected the jail sentence option, as the idea of free forced homosexual sex was enticing enough, but the judge saw through my plan and instead forced me to write state-sponsored public service announcements on Something Awful, as the viewership of over twelve readers was clearly enough to win him over. Now I'll be the first to admit that I have no idea who the "public" is or what it likes; every time I look around for this "public," all I find are strip malls and Starbucks. Since I'm not really sure what to write about, I'll write a public service announcement about something that I'm familiar with and can write more than seven words concerning without reverting to referencing gay sex. Oh wait, I already did that in the fourth sentence of this update. Well at least I have that quota filled for the hour. With this out of the way, let me proceed to begin my state-appointed service and provide you with a very informative and scientific article which just might inform you about science.

SOMETHING AWFUL PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT: HOW TO AVOID ZOMBIE ATTACKS



As you can see from this chart, I didn't have very much time to make a chart.

Anybody who has watched the news lately or can even spell the word "news" without the help of a third party is well aware that the number of zombie attacks has been steadily rising since 1943. The proof of this lies in the fact that pop culture, which leading television psychologists claim is either a reflection of society of not a reflection of society (whichever sells more of their books), has produced an increasingly increasing amount of zombie-related movies since 1943, which I believe marked the middle of the Civil War. According to such films as "Night of the Living Dead," "Morning With the Living Dead," "Panty Time of the Living Dead," "Zombie Hut," "Zombie Hut 2: Citizens on Patrol," and the award-losing "Oh Gosh Are There Zombies Behind This Door?," the undead menace is alive and well, banging on society's front door like a zombie banging on a front door, possibly to get in.

Even though this widespread zombie phenomenon has reached into every gaping pink orifice of the world, there are still many people who do not know "the straight up facts" about protecting themselves from the undead. Many parents, too embarrassed to explain the ABC's of flesh eating to their children, hope they'll learn of it on "the streets," a place where misinformation and half-truths spread like oil. You know, they spread like oil because I mentioned "the streets" and I'm kind of running with that analogy. Some of these myths are outright untrue while others are simply not full of truth, but all of them share the common bond of spreading ignorance like gasoline (on the streets). Today's public service announcement, "How to Avoid Zombie Attacks," will clear up the most popular misconceptions regarding the plague of undead while completely ignoring the least popular misconceptions. After all, this site is named "Something Awful" and not "Something We Don't Make Up Shit and Call Them Facts," mainly because that URL was too long.

CHAPTER 1: ZOMBIE MISCONCEPTIONS:

This section will help you, the reader, be able to distinguish fact from fiction and clear up any rumors you may have heard about zombies from your druggie pothead friends

who will graduate high school and then work in hardware stores for the remainder of their lives. We took a poll of over 100 schoolchildren and tapped their knowledge of undead information. Although their number one response was "please let me out of this room," we did gain much research regarding popular zombie myths. We will now dispel the most popular rumors so you may become less stupid and look better when you're on the gameshow "Jeopardy!" and one of the categories is "Facts About Zombies."

If you're a very feminine man, don't worry: Zombies want to party with YOU!

1) Zombies are the living dead, a mental and physical state that is the direct result of contracting Zombitis-B through the bloodstream. Zombitis-B cannot be passed through air, water, casual contact, or semen. This means that you can have sex with a hooker zombie, but you have to make sure she's not into the rough stuff.
2) You cannot become a zombie by sitting on a toilet seat that a zombie sat on unless you both have open sores on your ass. And if you have open sores on your ass, you probably have a lot more to worry about than becoming a zombie.
3) Zombies can only be killed by having their brains damaged beyond conventional repair. This means that you can shoot a zombie 20 times in the chest and he still won't die unless he's got his brain stapled to his chest or he just ate his own brain.
4) Dead people who were not infected with Zombitis-B may still become the walking undead if a comet passes by the earth, the government disposes creepy toxic waste near them, or an evil chemical is released by an evil company that exists for no reason but to create useless evil things such as raincoats that bite you when you try to put them on.
5) Cremated relatives run a very low risk of becoming a zombie due to the fact that most of their brain powder has a good chance of being inhaled by a passing bird or dolphin.
6) Becoming a zombie is neither "cool" nor "hip." It is a dangerous process which has irreparable damage and it will prevent you from ever becoming an astronaut, the President, or a dinosaur.
7) Zombies, as well as all other members of the undead family, are not interested in material goods such as trendy clothing or exotic automobiles. They consider "what's inside" to be more important than a flashy exterior, the "what's inside" part naturally being the consumption of your brain.
8) The Undead are very concerned with eating brains because the human brain contains a chemical which keeps them from feeling hungry, a chemical named "Snickerosis." You can try to flush this chemical out of your brain and bloodstream by either drinking a lot of water or cutting the top of your head open and then scrubbing your brain with a Brillo pad, but neither of these will work.

9) If you find your family under the attack of zombies, it is not because you personally have done anything wrong. Zombie attacks are not your fault and even though your divorced mother and father may be two undead creatures chasing and attempting to murder you, it is not due to any of your various shortcomings or failed expectations, although if you would've got an A on that last spelling test they probably wouldn't be as mad as they currently are.
10) While all zombies are evil people, not all evil people are zombies. Except John Ashcroft.

CHAPTER 2: AVOIDING BEING MURDERED BY ZOMBIES

The initial human response to a zombie attack is "holy shit" followed by "what the fuck?" To remain safe and alive during an undead invasion, one must learn to change their behavior so instead of thinking "what the fuck?", they are thinking "how the fuck do I get away from this undead invasion?" Scientific and governmental studies have repeatedly shown that to stay alive, you must prevent getting murdered. A look into the common zombie mindset has revealed numerous insights into surviving the whole "getting killed" thing, which we will now share with you.

1) If you're at a cemetery and you realize the dead are coming to life and crawling out of their graves, you should probably run or walk at a brisk pace in the opposite direction unless there's another cemetery in that direction. If that's the case, then you're screwed.
2) Zombies, in addition to being slow and stupid, are also very stupid and very slow. You can use these two shortcomings to your advantage by challenging a zombie in a chess competition. If they don't lose their turn by running out of time, they will undoubtedly forfeit by trying to eat the chess pieces or the judge. This is an easy way to move up the rankings in a chess tournament.
3) The Undead do not have the ability to operate machinery or anything except crude tools such as tree branches and rocks. Do not try to save money by having an undead-only construction firm build your dream house.
4) If you are driving down a deserted road and you see what you think is a zombie alongside the drainage ditch, do not mistake it for a friendly hitchhiker who will probably not stab you in the face. Zombies have no need to hitchhike because there's nowhere they really want to go, at least until a zombie is elected mayor and decides to erect a theme park called "Brain World".
5) Zombies cannot be negotiated with or influenced by anything other than the promise of more human brains. If you are a police hostage negotiator and are trying to arrange the release of hostages from a renegade zombie political action troop, consider quitting your job and becoming a Cyborg Flamethrower Cop because they are much more prepared to deal with the undead in terms they understand (death).
6) If you find yourself under attack by the undead, play any song by KRS-1 as loud as possible. Nobody, either living or dead, likes that crap.
7) Zombies are very social creatures and always find themselves congregating near the closest group of living human beings. To avoid attracting zombies, cancel all plans to meet your VWF buddies at the cemetery near "Government Toxic Waste Disposal Plant #94."
8) As previously mentioned, zombies can only be killed by destroying their brain. If you are stupid or have lousy aim, you can choose to shoot them repeatedly in the chest and then scream "these bastards won't die!" to your clueless redneck friends, but it won't do much good. If you do not have bullets

or access to bullet-shooting weapons, attempt to throw a few tabs of ecstasy into the zombie's mouth. That will either destroy their brain or make them distracted by waving glowsticks.

CHAPTER 3: HOW TO KILL ZOMBIES

Using an airbrush to artificially inseminate a parking meter doesn't work as well as one would think!

The following tools, items, and methods are governmentally approved to murder zombies. Keep in mind that either a direct headshot or complete immolation will kill these creatures, so if you're in an armory and you have to choose between a loaded machinegun or dry-erase marker, you should probably choose the machinegun. You may successfully kill a zombie in the following ways:

1) Shooting them in the head with a bullet that has enough power to enter their skull and turn their brains into "exploded brains."
2) Stabbing them in the head with a sharp knife or garden tool.
3) Shooting them in the head with a sharp knife or garden tool which has been modified to shoot bullets.
4) Tricking them into thinking they're on "Jeopardy!" and the subject is "Facts About Zombies" and then rigging the answer buzzer to blow up when they hit it.
5) Stapling one of those silly Jewish cup hats to their head and then forcing them to board a bus in Palestine.

CHAPTER 4: HOW NOT TO KILL ZOMBIES

While the previous chapter covered the extermination of zombies, this chapter will explain the many misconceptions and old wives' tales about killing zombies or old wives. Keep in mind that these are all ways to NOT kill a zombie and will result in failure unless you somehow actually succeed, but the chances of that are pretty low. You cannot kill a zombie by:

1) Repeatedly poking them with a straw (even those twisty-bendy straws that come in amusement park drinks called "Wacky Orangey" or "Sillyberry Blue").
2) Singing them love songs until they eventually fall madly in love and you try

to "love them to death."
3) Giving them AIDS. They probably already have it, and if not, they have something worse.
4) Driving a stake through their heart. That only works on vampires or Frankensteins or werewolves or whatever.
5) Walking very slowly and repeatedly tripping over invisible objects in the woods at midnight.

■CHAPTER **5: ZOMBIE PROFILE**

Classification: "Undead" aka "Living Dead" AKA "Not Living Undead" AKA "Oh look Ted, a hitchhiker, let's stop and pick him up, what's the worst that could happen?"
Religious Affiliation: You dying / you dead
Height: Varies
Weight: Varies
Skin Color: Gross
Eye Color: Slimy
Hair Color: Bathtub grout-brown
Turn ons: Eating brains, thinking about eating brains, James Dickey.
Turn offs: Having their heads blown up, humidity.
Interests: Eating brains, not making pottery, not jogging, not doing math, not listening to music, not dancing, not swimming.

Whew! I sure hope that helped clear up the facts and fictional facts about the zombie lifestyle, especially for you kids out there, oh you precious kids. I chose to write about this subject not only because it is near and dear to my heart, but because not paying the state government a huge fine is also near and dear to my heart (like my lungs). I hope that next time an asteroid passes near the Earth and you find yourself reacquainted with your dead loved ones (who aren't as dead or loved anymore), you will take this advice to your head as well as heart. Oh, and your lungs too. Also, don't ever trust meter maids, even the non-undead ones.

■ Deceased Associations

Zack "Giblet Essay" Parsons here. Continuing on Lowtax's spooky theme I bring you the latest Hentai Game Review, this week of "Fatal Relations". Believe me when I tell you the "Fatal" in the title is not where the spooky comes from, it's all about the "Relations".

All of the sister's are crazy in love with Ken and a heated battle develops among them to win his affections. This involves Youngy trying to injure Sporty and Smarty, lots

> *of lesbian sex that has no weak-ass "adoption" excuse and Angryy giving an enema to Sicky. Distraught at your divided attention Sicky eventually attempts suicide, which to my disappointment she fails to complete. Then Ken turns into a nutty sex predator and walks around angrily demanding sex from various sisters like he's asking them to give back the CD he loaned them. As desperate to win him over as the developers were desperate to reuse that transparent penis bitmap, they of course indulge him.*

Fatal Relations contains all of the creepy semi-incest you've always wanted and then like three truckloads more than you wanted that are being dumped all over your lawn! Then Fatal Relations sends about fifty hobos over to your house to picket it with signs that say "creepy semi-incest". It's a great game!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.26 Toilet Duck!

Friday, Jul 26, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Also like cows, they will kick you if you attempt to insert your penis in them while they are asleep.There is a certain purgatory we all inhabit between the land of the living and the land of the sleeping. I've heard Dr. Science say that this is untrue, that you're either asleep or awake, but the last time I listened to Dr. Science I ended up stuck on top of a water tower with three weather balloons tethered to my scrotum. He's a liar and his ways are no longer mine! Rather I believe that we all have this land of craziness that much like New Mexico's Land of Enchantment provides a strange boundary for our brain's transition from one wholly different mode to another.

Astronauts, much like cows, sleep standing up.

Ignoring Dr. Science, there are two distinct types of semi-sleep. There is the entry transition where you're descending into the warm quiescence of slumber and dreams, and then there's the bouncing, jolting, hard landing of emerging from sleep and into the painful awareness of the waking world. The first is usually very gentle and seems to be characterized by a slow and pleasantly gradual slide from a stream of conscious thought to seemingly nothingness. The black lasts only as long as it takes for the brain to charge its "nutty circuits" for that first dream excursion.

The exodus from this dream world is often almost violent, your eyes open and everything seems slightly painful. You struggle to return to the womb, to get back into the groove, to "Mom, five more minutes".

H.R. Pufnstuf will chew through an iron bulkhead to crack open your bones and suck out the marrow.

Last night I had a very grim and somber dream about being pursued through a dilapidated office building by H.R. Pufnstuf. While the characters of Sid and Marty Krofft have no doubt inhabited the nightmares of many, this nightmare was particularly disturbing because of a mild phobia I have about urban decay. I hate being inside really dilapidated buildings, or even worse, beached and rusting ships. Not that I ever have been in a beached and rusting ship, I just know it wouldn't be my vacation spot of choice. Unfortunately as I passed through a door, the keening of Pufnstuf echoing from the barren walls, I emerged onto the rolling deck of a dead ship in a storm-tossed inlet. My fear of the ship was quickly overcome by my fear of the approaching Pufnstuf and as I crossed the deck and descended into one of the cargo holds my dream took one of those hard turns.

I was in a friend's bathroom at a party, the sounds of merriment muffled through the door, my stomach churning and queasy from what my dream logic told me was eating too many of those wax pieces of fruit. As I hunched over the porcelain to spew up a viscous wad of masticated wax I surveyed the furnishings in the bathroom, notably some toilet cleaners, a toilet brush, and three umbrellas. I didn't bother to wonder why there were umbrellas because I was too caught up in the Civil War battle being re-enacted by wax figurines floating in the toilet. Apparently the figurines had shaped themselves from the fruit in my stomach and the wax generals had decided that my esophagus looked very much like Antietam Creek.

That's when I was jolted back to reality. Michelle was standing next to the bed and I reached out suddenly and grabbed her by her shirt. Looking up at her with an expression that mirrored the utter horror of the dream world I still seemed to be trapped in I shouted two words that I hoped would warn her of the danger we were in.

"Toilet Duck!"

Its red and blue colors danced before my eyes, and then I realized that I was dreaming, that screaming "Toilet Duck" was not an adequate substitute for "good morning", and that some explanation might be in order. But there I was, stuck in that state between awake and asleep, unable to fashion a reasonable response for her real-world mind from the gooey mess of my dream-world mind.

I know starving children in Africa who have a better idea of why I yelled Toilet Duck than I fucking do.

"With the neck," I mumbled. "Goes under the bowl." I nuzzled the pillow, so utterly tired, and despite the horrors that might await me I fell headfirst back into that dream land.

Later, once I had fully escaped its evil clutches, I tried my hardest to reconstruct the dream events that might have led to the real events of that morning. Unless you keep a dream journal under your bed, plastered with "Invader Zim" stickers and full of totally deep drawings of spirals and anime eyes, you probably find it pretty difficult to remember much of anything that happened in your dreams the night before. Sometimes maybe an image or two carries with you, maybe an entire scenario, but I have met no one who can remember an entire night's worth of dreams. All I had left was the Pufnstuf chase sequence and the bathroom vomit battlefield, and an overwhelming feeling of terror and foreboding that came wrapped with the image of the Toilet Duck. Eventually I came to the conclusion that just before I puked up General Burnsides onto the surface of the toilet water, a bottle of Toilet Duck caught my eye.

"How could it not?" you might ask in that saucy voice that suggests you're about to go gay for Toilet Duck "Look at its seductive neck and feminine curves!"

Well, you see, to my knowledge I have not seen - on Television or in person - a bottle of Toilet Duck for years. Therefore it can be assumed that I was not about to journey off into some sort of Toilet Duck-related sexual fantasy. I'm sure I wasn't about to have five hundred tiny Civil War soldiers tying me the floor of the bathroom like an army of gastro-intestinal Lilliputians and then forcibly inserting that delightful cleaning beak of Toilet Duck into my anus. Okay, so maybe that was up next on the dream scheduling board, but I had to develop a theory as to why.

Theory One: As a Child I Was Raped By Toilet Duck

If as a child I was raped by Toilet Duck, this would explain the sexual tension and terror associated with Toilet Duck. Whether I was assaulted in my home, or lured into a car by Toilet Duck wearing a disguise, I ultimately came to know and fear the identity of my attacker. If I were masochistic it also might be possible that I was beaten rather than raped by Toilet Duck, but since I'm the biggest pussy ever when it comes to physical pain, I assume it had to be rape.

Theory Two: Toilet Duck Was a Girl I Had a Crush On

I don't remember ever knowing a girl like Toilet Duck in school, but its certainly possible that my lovelorn brain has erased her memory so as to save me from years of heartache, trapped in a relationship that will never quite fulfill me the way Toilet Duck could have. Yet, she calls to me from my dreams, beckoning me with her Hepburn neck and

sweet kisses that may be harmful if ingested. Oh Toilet Duck, come back to me, so that I might drink of you and seek medical attention or call the Poison Control toll-free number inscribed on the delicate swell of your backside.

Theory Three: Toilet Duck is My Hero

When you really sit down and think about it, and I mean really noodle it, not this lay on the couch and play Game Boy Advance all day crap, Toilet Duck is a hero to all of us. His bendy neck allows him to get to hard to reach places, I wish I could get to places like that too, but I'm no fucking Toilet Duck. Then when he gets to hard to reach places he spews out a fountain of powerful cleaning solution and you don't have to scrub you just flush! The Scrubbing Bubbles are cool, yeah, but anyone can do what they do, which is skate around your toilet and foam like a spazz while cleaning up absolutely nothing in hard to reach places. Toilet Duck could easily have prevented the September 11th attack of last year if only he weren't constrained by the boundaries humans put up around him. Toilet Duck tried to save John F. Kennedy, but he can only be in so many places at once (three total) and there were just too many incoming rounds. Toilet Duck warned us all about Pearl Harbor, but did we listen? No, we just put him to use cleaning our toilets instead of letting him save us from ourselves. Don't hate Toilet Duck, praise him!

Toilet Duck can and will destroy us all.

Theory Four: I Am Attracted to That Which I Fear

Locked within his silent bosom, Toilet Duck holds the key to a power which could destroy us all. He's not telling any of us what that power is, but know that if it ever falls into the wrong hands, or Toilet Duck grows tired of our abuses, that we will suffer terribly. If I had to guess I would say that Toilet Duck can unleash the forces of nature on us, summoning gale force winds, tsunamis, and earthquakes at a whim. I live in abject fear of the day when we will wear out our welcome and Toilet Duck will smite us all with the fury of our own planet. Yet, at the same time I find myself drawn to this power that Toilet Duck wields over all of our lives.

Any one of these four theories may be correct, I can't be sure just yet, but I promise to let you know the moment I receive more prophetic information about this celestial interloper, this hero of heroes, this shining star: Toilet Duck.

Ask Photoshop Phriday!

This is Livestock, here to tell you that there won't be a Photoshop Phriday for you this week because I'm keeping it all for myself. I swear, if I catch you clicking on a link to my Photoshop Phriday, I'll hurt you like you've previously never been hurt before. I like to scrap, and let me tell you, we will scrap. This week my Photoshop Phriday is all about putting a new spin on a popular search engine. I will let you see a sneak peak of what the goons came up with, but this is all you'll get!

Absolutely do not read my Photoshop Phriday!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.27 I Want Your Money Back!

Friday, Jul 26, 2002 by Integral

If I found giant money I would be as happy as this man who has also found giant money.

Let's face it, everyone wants to have money. The old addage that money can't buy happiness is not exactly true, especially in this day and age. I know that not a day goes by where I don't wish that I had money so that I could afford to purchase that small island in the South Pacific I've had my eye on all these years. Then I'd have a place to begin my genetic testing and develop a superior race of supermen who would take over the world in my name. Soon I would control legions and all would bow down before me. But the best part would be that I could command people to make me delicious ice creams of various varieties for my confectionary enjoyment. Flawless! But unfortunately that sort of mad phat cash bling bling is nowhere on the horizon, so I have to be content with building an army of not-as-supermen in the basement and drinking large quantities of Liquid Plum'r.

The thing about money is that while its presence may not guarantee happiness, its absence almost certainly guarantees unhappiness. I mean, I'm not going to say that all poor people are unhappy, but when you're broke, you worry about money. That's just the way things like that go. As a result, people are always looking to increase their wealth, and one of the more socially acceptable methods of doing this is Wall Street style on the ever-successful stock market. In this scenario, people take money that they do not really have to spend and inserting it into the gaping maw of the stock market. Here their money is quickly ingested and perhaps parts of it are eventually regurgitated in vomitous masses, but the people seldom get back more than they put in.

This is the part of the update where if I had any knowledge whatsoever about economics I would insert it here and sound exceptionally intelligent. Unfortunately, I know nothing about economics or the stock market except for what I have observed in my short and pork rind-filled time on the planet. This observing usually consists of watching the news or reading somewhere online that the stock market is either up (this is good) or down (oh no, this is bad) and listening to my parents or some other old-type person complaining that they have lost thousands of dollars on stocks in the past however many months, which is of course always the fault of Bill Clinton.

Tiresome actor Tom Hanks cast in yet another melodramatic piece of garbage? Thank the stock market.

I do not claim to have a higher understanding of the stock market but I do know that it has been really sucking lately and that a lot of people have been losing a lot of money. I have also noticed that it is becoming increasingly easy to blame bad things on the stock market's poor performance. Some of these things include:

- The obvious lack of that one kind of pizza we buy with the cheese in the crust- where is it, dammit?! It's the fault of the stock market.

- Traffic is very bad today. Cars are backed up on the 5 for miles. Damn stock market.

- My head hurts and for some reason I keep thinking that I have five legs coming out of where one leg should be. Wow, thanks stock market.
- God is dead. Apparently there was some sort of scuffle and he was killed by the stock market.
- I can't turn on the TV without seeing that horrible commercial for diabetes medications with Wilford Brimley. Stock market.

Another thing that I just don't understand about the stock market in general is that it really doesn't differ all that much from gambling in a casino. The odds are probably about the same that you will eventually come out ahead. I guess it's just more socially acceptable to say that you spend your money gambling on stocks than on horses or on roulette or on the date that Celine Dion will finally and thankfully meet with a cruel and violent demise.

I have been thinking as I sometimes do when I forget that thinking is bad for you, and I have realized that it would be really easy to make money off of people when they think that there is any chance whatsoever that they will get rich. For this reason, I will formally ask that people give their money to me instead of to the stock market. I have several get-rich-quick ideas that I am sure will tantalize them much more than those dumb stocks ever could. And if they lose, well then hey! Here comes my island.

IDEA 1: The Donkey that Poops Money!

Description: This is a donkey that poops money. It eats money by the bale and all you need to do is simply feed it your money and wait. It will eventually poop and there is a remote chance that it will excrete more than you fed it! Of course, there is also a chance that it will excrete nothing but poop with nary a penny to be seen, but hey, them's the breaks! Try it out. This donkey is hungry for SUCCESS!

Pros: You can get rich with minimal effort!

Cons: You might just end up with a lot of poop.

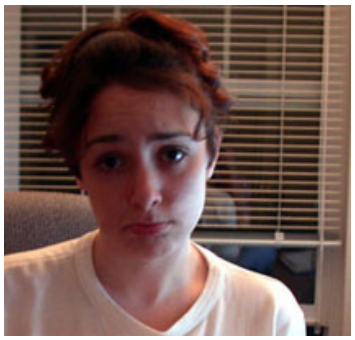
IDEA 2: Flame-Proof Money Contest!

Description: A whole bunch of people throw their money into one big pit. They take turns trying to set the money on fire and whomever has done the best job of flame-proofing the money gets to take it all home! This contest is open to people of all ages but there is a minimum entry fee of $50,000.

Pros: If the other people did at least a moderately good job fireproofing their money you might win a whole lot!

Cons: You might win ash. Ash and heartache. Ash, heartache and lies.

IDEA 3: Give Your Money to Me!



Description: In this fast-paced game of get-rich-quick, you simply give your money to me! Please? That's right, all of it. Give it to me. Come on. Do it. There is a very slight chance that I will feel guilty and perhaps give you your money back and then some. But in the meantime, give me your money. I demand it. Chop chop.

Pros: I will have your money.

Cons: I will have your money.

I make no claims to be as exciting as the stock market even on its bad days, but I am sure that my techniques of taking chances and getting rich work just as well if not better than the Dow Jones or NASDAQ ever could. Maybe this is something where I am just not supposed to understand these things until I get old and withered and have a few extra thousand dollars to play with. I can't really see that happening at this point because as we all know I am going to be young forever and at this point it is hard enough coming up with an extra five bucks for tacos. I would also say that if I had "extra" money that that money could and would go to things more worthwhile and productive than the stock market such as my army of supermen or perhaps that autographed macrophile furry art I saw on Furbid.

I suppose that to some crazy extent that I am not yet aware of the stock market helps the economy, but I have yet to see it really help anything. The people that I know who invested in stocks have all lost money and every day I see new reports about how the Dow has sunk to a new low and how we should all start hoarding food because things aren't looking good for the old US of A. While I am optimistic that things will turn around, I nevertheless insist that dammit, people need to stop being dumb. DAMMIT, PEOPLE! STOP BEING DUMB! Don't waste your money on risky shit.

Helen Gunther is Here!

That's right, here she is! She has a brand new website dedicated to her new pet exorcism services, so check it out! She can't wait to get your email. She told me this as she was carving up a large ham the other day. Once she gets your email she will answer your questions in her weekly advice

column! Send the crazy old biddy email with advice questions so that she doesn't kill people or anything because she's kind of loony and I have no idea what she would do if you didn't send her letters to answer every week. I don't want to find out, either.

-∼Integral

7.28 Miner Threat

Sunday, Jul 28, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Mine Your Own Business, Muckrakers!

This miner is riding on a damn high horse.

A lot of talk has been made recently about a group of nine hip new faces in the world of fame and celebrity. Reporters are hounding these people non-stop, trying to get even the tiniest shred of information on them. Even as they run into strong resistance, the press is covering the group endlessly, hoping to get but a taste of their presence. But what did these people do to get so famous so quickly? Are they the newest pop boy band fad? Could they be a hilarious comedy troupe taking the world by storm? Did they invent the world's wackiest water slide, one that has the perfect balance of full tube and half? No, no, and double no. These people did nothing so glorious. Their fame is the worst kind, that of the ill gotten variety. Not even so much as raising a finger to publicize themselves, reporters swarmed them like flies to doody. The group's sudden and ridiculous rise to fame came as a result of simply being trapped in some stupid coal mine.

By now, one would think the very idea of getting trapped in a mine would be passe. While it may have been ultra rad in 1857 when coal was all the rage, we're living in at least the 1890's, if not beyond. The news community should be over it by now. But lo and behold, they're enamored by it every time something like this happens. Turn on CNN, you'll see the mine. Open your newspaper, you'll see the mine. Get trapped in a mine, you'll still see that stupid mine. If you can show me a person who isn't tired of this played out mine craze, I'll show you a clever ending to this particular sentence. Chalk it up to a lack of stories, but this "news" is getting way too much time in the limelight. So they got trapped in a mine. Big deal. I'm trapped in a life ridden with depression and monotony, but do you see reporters swarming to cover information about me? Just because the miners "lives" were "endangered,"that makes them some fucking big shots? Apparently the muckraking press seems to think so.

Besides the fact that being trapped in a mine is boring news, the entire coal industry itself is stupid and wasteful and deserves no media attention. The secret that Big Coal doesn't want you to know is that the Earth's deposits of the prized fossil fuel were depleted years ago. When the Coal Barons realized their supply was running low back in 1972, they hired a team of brilliant German Nazi scientists to recreate the dinosaurs from secret deposits of DNA hidden in mosquitos throughout the Tri-State area. You see, coal is a "fossil fuel" because it is made of ancient flora and fauna after millions of years of transformation. Figuring the only way to bring back the coal was to bring back the mighty thunder lizards themselves, the Coal Giants funded the highly advanced Nazi research. After tireless hours of work, the team came up with a machine that spewed out living, breathing dinosaurs ready to be turned into sweet coal. Using the advanced technology of the 1970s, they then figured a way to speed up the coalization process, which involved burying the dinosaurs in a mountain which would later be mined clean. While it is all good in theory, the dinosaur machine in practice is a highly energy intensive device which requires large amounts of power to run its massive dual engines. The kind of power that can only be provided by coal. All the coal made from these dinosaurs began to get reused right back into the dinosaur making machines, creating an endless cycle of consumption. Thus, the entire industry is one big sham, endlessly killing dinosaurs and wasting coal at an exorbitant rate. Coal which would better be used fueling steam engines from the 1800's, and dinosaurs which would be better used wreaking havoc on a remote island in the South Pacific or in theaters that perform the terrible musical "South Pacific." Why should such a wasteful

industry get such good publicity? "Come get trapped in our mines: You'll be a STAR!" I think not, coal industry!

Sexy miner groupies wait outside the mine for their heroes.

People work for years to become famous, usually with nothing to show for it but shattered fragments of their pride and dreams. They work tirelessly perfecting their skill at the mandolin, or working to build a better tomorrow out of plywood and love, and it's all for naught. How must they feel when they see some hotshot buried in a coal mine somewhere, sitting on his ass and reaping the benefits of fame? The press is a fickle beast, and any time some fresh faced newcomer gets trapped in a mine, or falls down a well, or gets buried in a prison of ice, or swallows some fantastic object, they become the press' new golden boy. While those who deserve it are starving and rotting in obscurity, these miners are getting the sexy groupies and endorsement deals that we all crave. Of course, this could be used to the advantage of a clever individual, who's willing to take some risks in life. People who know that it might take being buried alive to score that recording contract, or the perfect audition. Think about it...if you got buried in some horrible factory mishap somehow, people would be swarming all over, giving the attention you so very dearly deserve.

Be that as it may, it still isn't right for the press to cover this situation as they are. They're only adding to the problem by glorifying this situation. Kids will see their TV lighting up with action packed shots of mines and drilling and want to be just like their new television heroes. What's to stop them from burying themselves in local tar pits or caverns? Nothing, that's what. The more the press justifies mine-trappings, the more incidents we'll likely see. I know I want to be trapped in a mine already, and my hunger for it will only grow as the days and weeks pass. Sure, the workers may have been rescued, but the dream will live on in the hearts of the youth. Remember how kids responded to the show "Jackass" by murdering their friends and families? Similar crime waves are bound to start relating to this new hit wonder, and when you find your whole neighborhood buried in one huge coal mine, don't blame me. It was your indifference to the problem that did that to you, nothing else.

With all this endless talk of celebrity and fame, one would think it would go to the heads of the nine miners. Well sir, it already has. It used to be about the mining. Now, they seem to be doing everything they can to get away from what made them big in the first place. I guess that's always the case though. When they're in the mine, it seems like nothing can touch them...not even rescue workers. But when they finally leave it behind, the media will forget all about them. Even as they go along on their solo projects, such as getting buried beneath a pile of bricks, or being locked in a bank safe, nothing will compare in popularity to the original event that shocked the world. Sure, these new endeavors might satisfy them better creatively, but by then the press will have a new poster child stuck in an even tinier hole, and he'll get all the attention. Then the Coal Mine Nine will realize that they've been left in the dust for good, turning to booze and drugs. It's better to stay out of that "trapped alive"scene altogether, man. It does bad things to a person.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

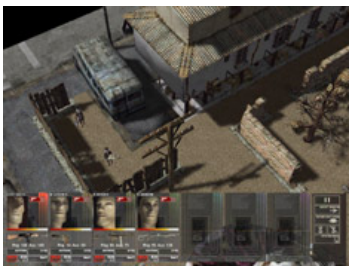
7.29 Strategy Gaming Extravaganza!

Monday, Jul 29, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The PC Games market is primed to be flooded with a number of highly and not-so-highly anticipated strategy gaming titles in the near future. Many of these are of the World War II ilk that I so enjoy, but there are also some very interesting Medieval and Sci-Fi titles about to be released. Since we here at Something Awful like to cut through the hype put out by the marketing departments of the developers (and regurgitated by their drooling fans in the gaming media) I have taken a long hard look at these upcoming titles. Taking the trouble of having to think for yourself out of your hands, I have rated each game on a scale of how much we recommend you not buy this game. There are some I sort of recommend you buy, but not really, because I don't want you to think we actually encouraged you to buy a game that turned out to suck.

UFO: Aftermath

Developer: Altar Interactive
Concept: Finally, someone is doing X-Com right! If I am to believe Lowtax a lot of the people involved in this game are also the same people involved in the original, but he tends to drink and he tends to lie. The game takes place following a massive alien invasion of earth and it's up to you to put together a team and manage your resources in a global fight to defeat the aliens. Action takes place in full 3D, but it looks to use a system almost identical to the X-Com we all know and love. Notice I said "after an alien invasion", this is like Red Dawn and you're Patrick Swayze, only on a global scale and with aliens instead of Soviets. The down side to this underdog struggle is that the game looks dreary as hell, burned out cities, destroyed houses, it all looks depressing.



Behind the burned out house is where the Quad damage is on this level!

The Hype: Fairly low key right now, but I think that owes more to the game still being a good way from release than anything else. Honestly, even if it sucks, the game deserves hype because it is someone attempting in their own way to continue the legacy of a franchise that I thought was horribly botched on the second installment. The thing is it doesn't look like it's going to suck, which while not even close to being a guarantee that it won't, should provide a motivation for a shitload of wankfest articles about how totally rad it is.
What I Say: I've been waiting about ten years for a sequel to X-Com, is this finally fucking it? Because I know you sons of bitches didn't try to pass off that submarine shit fest that had me shooting harpoon guns at Jellyfish as an X-Com sequel. You sure as fuck didn't try to pass off 1950's diner in Candyland versus the muppet aliens (aka X-Com: Apocalypse) as a sequel. If you did try to pass either of those off as a sequel let me know now so I can throw a firebomb into your bedroom.
Our Hype Rating: 9, this game looks better than most upcoming strategy titles and is hotly anticipated in my apartment. Unfortunately it also looks so dark and grimy I think it's going to give me nightmares about being trapped in a Quake level. We suggest you buy this game if you just won the lottery or found a briefcase full of money.

Combat Mission: Barbarossa to Berlin

Developer: Big Time Software
Concept: Combat Mission: Beyond Overlord was quietly released over a year ago and has since supported a wildly devoted fan base who continues to produce questionably useful mods for the

game. I downloaded a couple one time and it took me over an hour to figure out how to get one of them to work, plus they almost all suck. That aside, Combat Mission was groundbreaking as the first good WWII strategy game that was full 3D. It had a lot of quirks and the graphics were pretty simplistic, even for a war game, but it was fantastically fun. What it lacked was a good campaign mode. CM: Barbarossa to Berlin takes everything that was good about the original and sets it on the Eastern Front during World War II. This means a lot more units, even more brutal combat, and hopefully bigger maps and better cities. If my dreams come true they'll actually have a good campaign mode instead of their horribly shitty operation mode that just take a normal battle and make you fight it over and over again.

Some T-34s grazing on the steppes.

The Hype: You won't see too much hype for this game in the mainstream gaming magazines. They'll mention it because they're smart enough to realize the original was groundbreaking, but they won't fawn over it like the wargaming sites do. And oh boy do they fawn. The shit they say about Combat Mission and its upcoming sequel are as bad as reading a review of a Super Mario game in Nintendo Power.
What I Say: If you didn't like the first game this game isn't going to change your mind. If you loved the first game chances are you're going to love this sequel. The graphics look somewhat better than the original's (which isn't saying much) and it boasts action on a front that was much more brutal and interesting to me. I really wish that they would get rid of their goddamn "extended battle" horse shit though. It's just extremely tiresome and leaves you without a grand campaign to tie all the fun together for you.
Our Hype Rating: 10, the first Combat Mission was an incredible feat of independent development and distribution. This game looks like a slightly improved version of the same thing, with an all new theater of operations. We ALMOST recommend you buy this game if you're a fan of WWII gaming. On the other hand "man those graphics look dated."

GI Combat

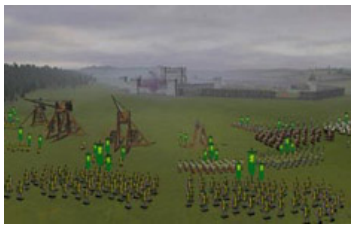
Developer: Freedom Games
Concept: Sort of a cross between the Close Combat series and Combat Mission, GI Combat is a squad-based real time strategy game set during World War II. It's extremely good looking graphically and the developers claim to be modeling the individual soldiers on a level that surpasses even Close Combat. This translates to you having a squad pinned down by a machinegun and one guy charging forward with a grenade while another guy shits his pants in a trench.

A German tank hunter maneuvers next to a building where a squad waits in ambush.

The Hype: There really isn't much hype for this game and I don't understand why. It looks really gorgeous and that usually suckers game magazines in a hurry. It also has secured big-name publishing through EA, which means that EA must not have much hope for it if they're not putting pressure on all these chuckle-heads to shill their game for them. The other possibility, probably the most likely one, is that the game's projected October release date is extremely optimistic and we'll actually see the game on shelves around the same time Israel and Palestine sit down for tea and cake.
What I Say: Who the living fuck is "Freedom Games"? Obviously their name is something of a misnomer if they've shackled their first major title to the oppressive yoke of Electronic Arts. I'll admit that GI Combat looks promising as hell, I'll give it that, but having some pretty screenshots

just shows you have a working editor fellas. On the up side, if I decide to buy this game I'll probably be able to find it at Best Buy instead of searching under a rock like I have to do with most strategy games.
Our Hype Rating: 7, the game looks pretty and looks to have even more depth than Combat Mission with Close Combat style gameplay. I've also never heard of Freedom Games, which means that this will probably end up being a sequel to Wacky Wheels that just happens to have a picture of General Patton on the box cover.

Medieval: Total War


Holy crap, it's a catapult, how totally unexpected!

Developer: The Creative Assembly
Concept: Hey, look, it's hit game Shogun: Total War set in Medieval Europe. For those of you who never played Shogun, it was an enjoyable real-time strategy game set in Japan. You had to conquer territories on the island nation, capturing land and resources with which you could build new units for the battles. It was a much more realistic take on the resource collection/troop building model of most RTS games and the battles themselves played out with large troop formations and impressive graphics for a game that used sprites for the troops. The open ended nature of the campaign mode was also very impressive and fun.
The Hype: New units! Siege equipment! Better net play! Sprites of men in suits of armor instead of sprites of samurais! A different map!
What I Say: The hype level for this game is pretty silly high. Yeah, the graphics look better. Yeah, even more units than there were in Shogun: Total War. Still, Shogun was not a life-changing game. It was too easy on even the hardest difficulty level and, for me at least, was one of those games you played constantly for about a week and then threw in a drawer never to play again. Fairly shitty online play definitely contributed to this. Yes, it was a good game, innovative even, but not something that's going to be played for years to come. Since Medieval: Total War is basically just more of the same I'm not exactly pissing my pants over here about it.
Our Hype Rating: 6, Shogun: Total War was really fun for about one week. After you had beaten it a couple of times it just wasn't one of those games that I wanted to revisit over and over again. I think Medieval has the potential to be better, but I also think that there's a face on Mars and that Bat Boy escaped from his cell again. Buy this one if you're a SCA chain mail nerd.

Hearts of Iron

Developer: Paradox Entertainment
Concept: Everyone wants to be Hitler! For those few who don't want to be Hitler there's always Stalin, Churchill, Hirohito, or FDR. Essentially Hearts of Iron is sort of like the World War II scenario they always ship with Civ games, only instead of fighting against Queen Elizabeth and her Riflemen it will be much more historically accurate. The diplomacy and the war are all there, modeled on a level somewhere between the retarded generalizations of Axis & Allies, and the army level simplified command of a game like Panzer General.
The Hype: Paradox Entertainment made some game called Europa Universalis 2 that got everyone's panties all wet but was in a historic period that completely fails to interest me. This game uses a modified version of the same engine only with a much more interesting and relevant setting. The game's graphics are detailed and clean and the game appears to model incredible detail when it comes to generals (among other things), allowing you to choose who leads your troops from a number of historic figures.

It's a mapstravaganza! Yeah, I know, I've seen more exciting interfaces in Microsoft Access. OH NO GAMESPOT OWNS THIS SCREENSHOT! WOE BETIDE US!

What I Say: This game is trying to walk a razor's edge of over-simplification versus under-simplification. On one hand you've got the mouth breathers who have difficulty grasping checkers and don't want to have to think about decisions any more difficult than which piece to jump. On the other hand you've got the raving stat nutballs who want you to route supply lines of toilet paper to your officers or else they'll get ass rash and then you'll have to set up calamine lotion routes. The possibility that they may actually pull it off and make a fun game has me excited, but I temper this excitement with the knowledge that in all likelihood they will err heavily on one side or the other. Then it'll be a game suited for people who still live with their parents and go to junior high or a game suited for people who still live with their parents and work at a computer consulting company.

Our Hype Rating: 5, this game could be fantastic! This game could be absolute shit! I haven't played Europa Universailisisliflisld or its sequel and I never intend to, but since this game is using the same engine I assume it should at least be fairly bug-free. I have some hope for this game because there really hasn't been a game quite like it for the PC that models the overall war with any amount of depth, yet isn't a horribly boring number juggling game. Buy this game if you play with your genitals while reading mathematical story problems.

These are the five upcoming strategy releases that are showing up on my radar and I hope that my mini-previews will prove useful to you when making a purchase in the future.

Well-Researched Commentary!

Last week's TruthMedia Review of "Neverwinter Nights" has generated an overwhelming amount of flame e-mail, proving how perfectly researched and written it was. That's right folks, only a click away was the information that this review was intended to enrage overly zealous fans of the game, yet these extremely intelligent readers decided to write long e-mails explaining just how stupid we were.

> *Wow, someone did NOT do their homework before writing this article. I am not defending the game, but there's quite a few facts in this article that are incorrect. I'd suggest the author should at least do some research into the product he/she is writing about, before publishing a review on it. Reviews like this make your site look like a bunch of misinformed idiots, writing to hear themselves chitter.*

> Maybe should change your domain name from somethingawful.com to someawfularticles.com...?
>
> Seriously, pull this article, make the author research his/her facts, rewrite it, then repost it.

There's a lot more where this came from! This review has already generated over 100 flame e-mails from fans of Neverwinter Nights, and I have no doubt we will receive many more even after this article has disappeared off the front page. Get them now while they're hot!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.30 At the Not Movies With Lowtax and Integral!

Tuesday, Jul 30, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Greetings Internet readers! Welcome to another exciting edition of "At the Not Movies With Lowtax and Integral!" We've once again went into the outside world and visited various "non movie" locations, such as the bank or abandoned car wash, and have returned with a batch full of reviews highlighting the most exciting products and people who can currently **not** been seen in movies! As some of you more astute readers may have noticed, we recently changed the name of our column from "At the Not Movies With Lowtax and the Revolting Dog" because the Revolting Dog was murdered last week by a jealous lover. To help fill the horrible void that Revolting Dog left by getting his internal organs scrambled by a weedwacker, I have asked my fiancee and future wife-to-be Emily "Integral" Reigel to take the vacant seat and help us bring you the freshest and most hip reviews on "Real World" products and people. Now without any further ado, let's get to the reviews!

■**REVIEW #1: The Creepy Grocery Store Baby in Safeway who stared at me in the frozen food section and then proceeded to lift up a sweater to its nose and inhale, shortly before releasing a "wooooouuuuuumm" noise in my direction.**
PRESS RELEASE: *Our new "creepy grocery store baby" will be the hit product of 2002, inching out those stupid white visors that all the wiggers wear for no reason. Creepy Grocery Store Baby can make up to three different sounds which include "weeeeeeeooooooo" and "muuuuuuuuhhhdge." This precious infant will bring joy and warmth into your otherwise bleak, dreary lives.*

RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA: I have to admit, Creepy Grocery Store Baby did what it promised: it creeped me the hell out. There I was, minding my own business and walking down the frozen foods section of the grocery store, when suddenly this bloated little mutant kid in a shopping cart begins to stare at me. If that wasn't odd enough, and it certainly was, it picked up the sleeve of its sweater, inhaled what I can only assume was every molecule within a 15-mile radius, and then released a horrible "wooooouuuuuumm" noise through a hole which I think was located in the back of its skull. I firmly believe Creepy Grocery Store Baby did everything they promised, although the "wooooouuuuuumm" noise was clearly different than the noises referred to in its press release.

EMILY "INTEGRAL" REIGEL: I have to say honestly that I didn't exactly observe the Creepy Grocery Store Baby grunting and sniffing its sweater. I was looking at the tantalizing frozen pizza section when my partner was aurally accosted by the

maggot-like, power-smelling child. I did, however, turn around in time to see the Creepy Grocery Store Baby staring soullessly at me as I left the store, never breaking its gaze even as I continued to be mesmerized by its bulging, vacant eyes. For this reason I am able to say that I agree with Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka when he says that this product delivered on the creepy level that it promised and although I did not have the pleasure of hearing firsthand the grunting sigh it emitted or of witnessing it inhale deeply whatever it was that lurked in its sweater, I was appalled.

■**REVIEW #2: The empty parking space in front of our apartment.**
PRESS RELEASE: *This vacant parking space is positioned perfectly for all you "go-getters" who live in the apartment directly across from it. While it usually has a large white plumbing van occupying it and the three adjacent spaces (because God knows plumbing is so fucking important at 2:00 am), we have removed all vehicles and reserved this space just for you!*

RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA: Let me say this: I was definitely pleasantly surprised by the empty space outside of our apartment. We came back from eating Mexican food and pulled into the lot, noticing every space was full of various White Trashmobiles. The first thought that ran through my mind was, "ah crap, now I'm going to have to park far away." However, then I turned the corner and, lo and behold, there was an empty parking space right in front of our apartment! It was like a dream come true, my innermost desire materialized in the form of an asphalt slab with yellow lines surrounding most of it. This definitely deserves a big thumbs up. Emily seems incapable of understanding how great this parking space is but that's just because she's a woman and doesn't have the "parking lot gene" than us men do. Also, she's retarded.

EMILY "INTEGRAL" REIGEL: I tend to leave the house during the day to run errands and the like while the tools of the man are at work, so when I come home there are always spots for me to park in. I am not sure why the pleasant surprise of a parking spot after we ate Mexican food affected Rich so deeply, but I have to say that I don't understand it nor do I understand why when there is not a parking spot he becomes very, very, very angry. I give this entire experience a definite thumbs down and really hope he doesn't beat me like the last time I disagreed with him regarding the quality of "Galaxy High School."

■**REVIEW #3: A losing lottery ticket that was picked up out of the trash.**
PRESS RELEASE: *As any avid RPG fan knows, very important items and tools are often found by searching through abandoned rooms, bookcases, and trashcans. This losing*

lottery ticket comes in a handy disposal unit which can be used to store it once you are finished realizing you are holding a lottery ticket that did not win.

RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA: Disappointment. That's all it really boils down to. I saw the corner of this lottery ticket sticking out of the trash behind an empty coffee cup and said to myself, "Rich, today just might be your lucky day!" You know what? It wasn't. There was nothing lucky about this lottery ticket; if I wanted a losing lottery ticket, I'd go up to the damn cashier and buy one. Same goes for the empty coffee cup, although it's very doubtful I'd want to purchase either of these things at this point. I'm beginning to get a bit jaded by my previous experiences with lottery tickets in the trash, and this certainly didn't help any. A huge thumbs down and a terrible disappointment considering the potential it had.

EMILY "INTEGRAL" REIGEL: What is wrong with you, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka? Why are you picking things out of the trash, anyway? I have no idea why you would ever think that a lottery ticket that had been thrown away might contain hidden treasure or even entertainment of any sort. If it was thrown away, it's because IT WAS A LOSING TICKET, DUH. I'm not going to waste my time explaining why you should have known better but I strongly suggest that you stop digging in the garbage... especially other peoples' garbage! It is gross and you just end up complaining for hours afterward that all you ever find is garbage.

■**REVIEW #4: Finding a whole bunch of magazines and crap that I never subscribed for in our PO Box.**

PRESS RELEASE: *To successfully run an Internet website, the webmaster must attempt to conceal all their personal and private information from online individuals who enjoy spending all their time harassing and annoying them. The easy access to trial magazine subscriptions and other Internet "freebies" allow these folks to easily send a wide array of mailing list trash mail and free magazines to your home or business address.*

RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA: Well when we first opened our PO Box and saw all the magazines and packages that we never ordered, I was a bit pissed off. However, I soon realized that we got some really cool stuff such as a couple gun magazines (not actual gun magazines as in "magazines that hold bullets") and various Jesus-oriented figurines which instantly made me highly religious. These items now adorn my workdesk and cheer up the room by adding a true "touch of class" that couldn't be achieved by my previous interior decoration scheme that I like to call "stacked cardboard boxes." So although I initially gave this one thumbs down, I'm going to have to award it a thumbs up and admit that I honestly look forward to more free stuff in our PO Box. I eagerly await the sequel.

EMILY "INTEGRAL" REIGEL: I was very happy and very surprised when I saw the charming cat figurines with haloes and wings made out of **real** feathers that were in the PO Box. I was also very happy that we had received several subscriptions to surfing and bodyboarding magazines because I have always wanted to be a champion surfer or bodyboarder at some point and those magazines are the first step in my process to being TOTALLY TITS, DOOD! We also got a lovely Jesus statue so now I am able to enjoy the company of the good Lord while I look at my large collection of Plushie Slash Art. Thumbs up!

■**REVIEW #5: Our cat incessantly whining to let him drink out of the bathroom sink.**
PRESS RELEASE: *Second only to dogs and storks, cats are man's best friend. Felines, like any other animal on Earth, have to consume a steady supply of water to nourish themselves. However, sometimes a cat doesn't necessarily want to drink water from its water bowl... it wants something more fresh and exciting! What's crazier than a cat who meows nonstop to drink out of the bathroom faucet and won't shut up even after you've left the water on for 30 minutes so he could drink? Nothing, you jerk!*

RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA: I'll be honest here: I don't understand the fad behind "cat drinking water from the bathroom sink." I'm not sure where it originated and why, but if I had to guess it would probably involve Japan. Our cat used to be quasi-normal, or at least as normal as cats go, and then one day all his neurons rearranged themselves and decided from that day on he will be completely obsessed with drinking water from the bathroom sink. Why? I have no idea; it's the same goddamn water we put into his bowl every day. The only thing that's different is the method of delivery, and to be quite honest, I can't imagine why bending and contorting your head into an

uncomfortable angle would make the water taste any better. There's no doubt about it... cat drinking from faucet sink gets an undeniable thumbs down.

EMILY "INTEGRAL" REIGEL: I don't know why the cat does this either but it is getting really annoying. I can't go into either of the bathrooms to pee or take a dump without him running in there and meowing very loudly until I turn the sink on. At first it was cute because I felt superior knowing I had opposable thumbs but it has recently gotten intolerable. Sometimes I just want to relax and poop in peace but that fucking cat just won't knock it off. I am not a big cat fan anyway, and this cat is about one meow away from being tossed into the swamp.

I hope you enjoyed this week's installment of "At the Not Movies With Lowtax and Integral!" Join us next week when we take a closer look at all the dust behind the TV in the living room, the guy who lives below us and has a dog that barks nonstop, and that really big collection of rocks across the parking lot!

This is the lowest market value gold you can get!

Scott "Scotty D" Delbango reporting, at the scene with an update on the recent Comedy Goldmine tragedy! It appears that while inside, several hillarious images were trapped when the mine collapsed, and are waiting to be rescued now. They were reportedly on the topic of Absolut Vodka advertisements. Here is a picture from the scene...

Rescue rangers are working tirelessly to get them out, but you can help by Clicking this link. Our

prayers are with the images and their families, and we're sure they'll be safe soon!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

7.31 Alien Invading My Heart!

Wednesday, Jul 31, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Alien Invader

Humans have long had a love affair with aliens from outer space. I don't know if it's their giant craniums or their exotic looks, but something draws us to them like metal fat people are drawn to buffet tables filled with magnets. I think it's probably the fact that they're everything we aren't. Are humans traversing the cosmos in large space ships? No, not really. We're pretty much just floating in circles around Earth or sending probes to Mars that blow up as soon as they get there. Are humans blasting other planets with atomic death rays? Not to my knowledge. At best, we can send messages into space and hope somebody or something receives them and doesn't discard them as galactic spam. When an alien plants his or her seed inside of a human, it only takes the alien baby a few days before it bursts through the poor human's stomach. To add insult to terminal stomach injury, the alien pup then goes on to become very successful in life, perhaps opening a dry cleaning business or maybe creating a large nest. When we plant our seeds inside another human, at best a screaming baby will slither out nine months later and then somebody has to take care of it. We humans are simply inefficient and boring while aliens are cool, dangerous, more intelligent, and do a better job sexing people up.

Not Alien Invader (Note: It's a Trap!)

Most people make the false assumption that we'll know when aliens do come to our planet. They assume that they'll land on the White House lawn, or hold a press conference to announce their intentions. Truth be told, we're so dumb we wouldn't even notice if aliens did actually come and try to take over the world or just say, "Hi, I'm Zargog, and this is my brother Zargog VII." All kinds of crazy shit is going on in the sweet chocolate expanses of outer space, and we're ignoring it. Worse, we don't even actually have a tight grip on the things that are transpiring on our own world. The fact of the matter is that aliens are already here. But never fear, the trusty Internet writer (That's me!) is always first to have the inside scoop on the various alien invasions going down throughout the world. Let's get to know our enemies:

The Grays

Description: The Grays, as they're called, are known for their gaunt figures and gigantic balloon-shaped heads. They usually dress in stylish gray jumpsuits befitting of party animals. And boy howdy, do these guys know how to throw a party. They are known to visit Earth quite regularly, and may well plan to some day settle down here. They often bring humans on board their flying saucermobiles for further study. Unfortunately, your ass is usually the first thing to make a close encounter when dealing with these guys.
Goals: The Grays are mostly interested in probing humans and cutting farm animals to pieces with lasers. They're pretty much just sexual predators with a taste for farm animals, trailer trash, and truckers. A tasty triumvirate of raw, primal sexuality!

The Confused Invaders Who Aren't Sure About Their Master Plan and Are Kind Of Just Making It Up As They Go Along

Description: When it comes to alien invaders, you can't get more frustrating than the aliens who can't even figure out how they plan to carry out their invasion. Are they here to colonize Earth, or replace us with weird human-alien clones? Wait, they're going to poison us with chemical weapons! Shit, wait! They're going to take over our bodies! Ah fuck, wait! They're going to secretly replace our coffee with strange, organic black oil and see if we notice. Oh crap, we noticed! Change of plans!
Goals: To be determined once the alien high council gets their shit together.

■ **The Silent Invaders Description:** You can't get more despicable than these dastardly interlopers. The silent invaders are aliens who secretly live amongst us as no less than us! But don't think that they're friendly, because they're most certainly working against us. Ever so diabolical, they replace our government officials and popular entertainers with alien clones, slowly taking over and sterilizing our chances of ever fighting back. In other words, these guys are total dickheads. Cripes, what kind of a way to take over is that? At least have the alien tri-nads to take over using your real faces.
Goals: The goal of the silent invaders is to secretly replace our elected officials, popular entertainers, and distinguished businessmen with evil clones for the horrifying purpose of achieving world domination. Once complete control is gained, they will usher in a hellish new era where man is used as food and wallpaper. On the plus side, the economy will do very well when they gain control.

Having to put up with pests like those is bad enough, but it's only a matter of time before we have to come face to face with the worst kind of alien invader there is:

■ **The Complete Asshole Invaders**

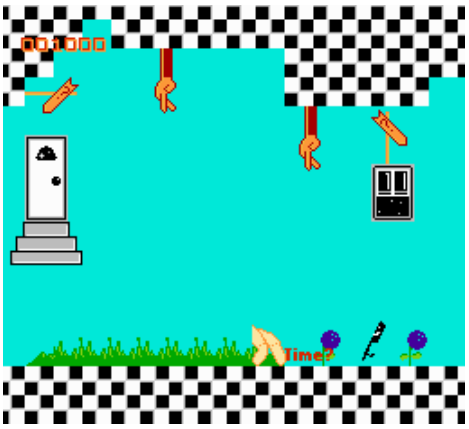
Description: These particular aliens are hell bent on destroying anything and everything, especially popular landmarks and other tourist destinations. They really don't care for humans or any other race, and they don't much care for mind games our shadowy political coups. These guys hate you so much that they'll take out full-page newspaper ads, purchase commercial time, and even create infomercials to inform you how much they hate you and how painful your death is going to be. They will come in large ships filled with soldiers and they will most certainly make you suffer immeasurably by unloading many of these soldiers in your hometown. Lasers? You bet. There will be so many lasers flying everywhere that you'll eventually get bored seeing them and wish they'd kill you and your family some other way, like by jabbing ears of corn into your eye sockets while screaming lines from "The Breakfast Club."
Goals: To systematically defeat us, use us as slave labor, kill us, and then use our bones to build wicked cool go-karts. You can't get a clearer goal from anyone else in the galaxy. At least these jerks are open and honest.

While everyone wants to deny the existence of aliens and write them off as fantasy fodder like elves or Eskimos, they're out there. The big gigantic womb that is outer space has birthed many a world and many a race. Many of these races have been here, and many more will be coming. They might look impressive and sexy with their special moon fabric jumpsuits and sleek, aerodynamic ray guns, but don't let your emotions obfuscate the truth. They want this world and they will kill you for it! Like most Americans and citizens of the Republic of Earth, I will be waiting for the day they come to my door. I will be waiting with a gun, or if I can't afford a gun or get a gun permit, I will wait with a bow and arrow. Possibly, I might have to resort to a slingshot or rubber bands. I'll work that out when the day comes. If you want to come over and you aren't alien, knock three times really fast, pause, and then knock again. If you don't knock in this fashion, I will assume you're an alien and then shoot you with whatever weapon I have available. Right now I just own a whistle, but as I mentioned I'm

working on getting some better weapons. I can blow it pretty loud, though. If you have an extra weapon I can have, please bring it over so I can properly defend myself. I'm not paranoid and thanks!

Rompit Review: "Action 52"

Hey sport, there is a new Rompit Review in the hizzzouse! "Action 52" is the name of the game. If you guessed that it's 52 action packed games crammed into one NES cartridge, then you're somewhat close. The actual action content seems to be highly suspect, as explained further in the review. I'd keep talking, but you'd be better off reading the review than anything I write.



What the hell is that a picture of? Read the review and find out! There are 52 reasons to click here and all of them involve action!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Play My Map Or Die Crying!

Thursday, Aug 01, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As you may have noticed from a previous article by yours truly, Warcraft III fever is sweeping the nation like some kind of inflammatory virus that makes you play computer games about Orcs. Blizzard, a company that is mistakenly not located in Korea, has once again created a great gaming experience that hundreds of thousands of people became immersed in during the week of release. Although Emily and I are quite critical of the computer's AI during network play, an artificial intelligence which makes you want to instantly shut down your computer and spray acidic semen into it, we have enjoyed both the single player campaigns and network play against actual non-computer humans.

However, there is a dark side to Warcraft III, one many people don't want to talk about because they're afraid everybody else in the elevator will give them strange looks once they start babbling about the Undead. As any avid gamer knows, the release of any PC title follows this procedure:

> 1) Game is released.
> 2) Gamespy labels it "The Absolutely Positively 100% Truly Greatest Most Wonderful Bestest Game in the History of the Universe" so the game's publisher will allow them to slip more GameSpyWare into their upcoming products.
> 3) People buy the game.
> 4) Crude, gravel-munching retarded mapmakers begin raping the hell out of the game and spitting on its corpse.

I can pretty much guarantee you'll find custom-made user maps roughly six hours after any game goes retail. I blame the government for allowing certain minimum security prisons computer and Internet access. I also blame George Bush Jr. because hey, that's the "hip" thing to do. These custom-made maps are always rushed disasters with absolutely no gameplay, strategic elements, or talent whatsoever; the only reason the mapmakers release these squalid piles of filth is because they want to be one of the first demented cretins to create a new map for that game. It doesn't matter if the map has no starting locations or is simply a model of an empty field containing prefab bushes which spell out the message "PETE SUX BALLS, LOL" in huge letters. The first month of a game's release is composed entirely of various drooling teenagers banging random keys in the game map editor and then uploading it to any site which doesn't have an automated content-checking system that hunts down and deletes digital turds. Warcraft III is currently going through this wonderful stage, and to celebrate the horror that is "PLAY MY KEWL MAP!!!!!! ROETFLEETLE!!!" time, Emily and I have chosen two fine Warcraft III maps to review. Narrowing the selection of maps down to a paltry selection of two was a difficult procedure, much like having to choose which two naked photos of my grandmother I would like tattooed on each of my thighs.

MAP #1: "Blood Bowl"

AUTHOR: "Nailer"
DESCRIPTION: Some crankass fucknaut attempts to defile Warcraft III into some perverse fake sport which involves being confused and repeatedly pressing the "QUIT GAME" button on the menu until either you or all your characters die. Seriously though, I have no clue. "Nailer," the criminal mastermind behind this perverse desecration of pixels, describes his calamity as the following:

"This is a Blood Bowl map where to teams battle it out on a football field to win the grand price."

Oooh, do you have the brains and brawn to win the "grand price"? I know I sure as hell don't!
Download Here. No Really, Please Don't (65 k)

RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA: "Blood Bowl" is a game which has no bowl but plenty of blood... too bad it's all flooding out of your eye sockets as you try to play and comprehend this bizarre attempt at turning Warcraft III into a sport revolving around making the user hate Warcraft III. The map begins with a promising leap into stupidity by misspelling several key words in the loading screen, many of which I can't even begin to guess the intended meaning. My favorite gem had to be the complete sentence, *"With Celebre Spectators as Lord Arthas, George W. Bush... And an alien from outer spaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaace!"* Wow! To think all these important "Celebre Spectators" showed up to watch me compete in a classic game of Blood Bowl simply blows my mind, much like how I wanted to blow my mind out with a potato cannon so my brain could escape out of my skull and flee to the opposite side of the room.

My team gathers to, uh, do something. I think. Wait, I don't know. PASS.

We ran the map "Blood Bowl" through various NASA supercomputers to have its original intent and purpose determined. The results came in the form of a ticker-tape readout which simply read, "FUCK YALL." You start the map with one hero who mysteriously has 9999999999 lumber but only 2000 gold. You use this money to buy other hapless suckers who are forced to become your idiotic teammates and tolerate one of the most idiotic "sports" since "Professional Hydraulic Acid Enema Rodeo" began in the map author's basement. Your goal is to have your hero grab the Blood Ball and run to the opposite side of the field, at which point something happens and then something else happens, not necessarily in that order. If your hero falls below 25% health, he is transported to a "penalty box" where he is healed by two Priests that are confined inside a huge block of concrete. The only problem with this is that while your hero is in the penalty box for 20 seconds, he can still be attacked by enemy ranged weapons... and once your hero is dead, the game comes to an incomplete unexpected end. **Your team is no longer able to pick up the ball** (as you have no hero), so you are forced to make your remaining crappy men run around the field like idiots until a sudden power failure turns your computer into a large metal paperweight. If there is in fact a purpose to this game, nobody anywhere will ever be able to find or achieve it and it will live as an eternal enigma such as Dick Clark's failure to ever die.

Oh dear.

EMILY "INTEGRAL" REIGEL: "Blood Bowl" was terrible! Terrible! Terrible beyond my wildest imaginings! I like football (US-style football, you creepy people from Ethnia) but this convoluted, mutant child of Warcraft III and America's beefiest past time was terrifying to behold and even more terrifying to be a part of. The only good thing to come out of the "Blood Bowl" map that I can possibly come up with is that it marks the first time ever in the history of our long and taffy-filled relationship that I beat Rich at Warcraft III. Usually my fruity, flailing trees just get completely and utterly pulverized by his creepy, flying man-birds and my town is reduced to ashes and ruin. I can say with great assurance that somehow I was able to have an army or creatures whereas he just had one wimpy dude. Therefore, I shall assume that he sufficiently explained to you in what ways the map was bad (it was HORRIBLE, by the way) whilst I gloat, gloat like a gloating goat, over my victory.

These buildings are on fire at the beginning of the game. No clue as to why and I don't want to know.

I WON! That's right. I had a bunch of guys that I for some reason was able to mysteriously recruit from a hovel someplace. Rich didn't have a hovel or was not smart enough to find his hovel or something because he ended up with just that one puny man for the entire game. I took my guys out into the middle of what I suppose must have been the "artist's" rendition of a football field and sort of pranced them about from place to place. Before I knew it, I was racking up points like there was no tomorrow and Rich's dumb guy with the hammer was deader than something that is very dead, such as Betty White. The mysterious timer with misspelled words on it was ticking down and before I knew it, a little sign popped up and told me that I had won! Unfortunately, the joy that I felt at my "Blood Bowl" triumph was not great enough to make me ever even consider playing this map again. I never want to hear about it ever. I want to scrub out my brain with pipe cleaners soaked in bleach to erase the memories of the time from my life that I wasted in playing this travesty. **But I WON!!!**

RATING *(Each category out of 10)*

- **DESIGN:** -5. Pointless. I've seen better designed maps of my bathroom.
- **ATTENTION TO DETAIL:** -7. There was neither attention nor detail involved in the creation of this map.
- **CREATIVITY:** -4. It takes a special kind of jerk to make a map this stupid and bug-filled. I would like to injure this special kind of jerk.
- **GAMEPLAY:** -10. This is not a game anybody would ever want to play.
- **TOTAL: -26** (out of a possible -40)

MAP #2: "Protect the WTC!"

AUTHOR: I hope I never know. For both his sake and mine.
DESCRIPTION: I am not even sure how to go about explaining how utterly and depressingly bad this map is. Basically you start out at the bottom of a huge map with about ten computer allies or opponents, depending upon your choices when setting up the game. At the bottom of the map are two large tower structures labeled charmingly "WTC." You have no gold mines but you have a town hall, a couple of peons, and a faggy elf tree. You must somehow save the towers from "Osama's Followers," so the only thing you can really do is have your peons create defensive towers as fast as they can until the bad guys show up and kill your peons. Fortunately, the author of this map made sure that they would show up almost immediately and that you would not be at all prepared for their arrival. Enemies come in droves of hundreds (literally) and very quickly wipe out all opposition, mercifully butchering your guys and hence ending the painful game. Just when you think that maybe you have escaped with one peon and your town hall and that there is a chance that you could still do some sort of minor damage, another wave of EVIL TERRORISM flies in FROM ALLAH to destroy everything that you've worked so hard for the past two minutes to create. It's all over, Rover! OH NO! THE WTC HAS FALLEN! AGAIN! USA #2! FLYING UNDEAD OSAMA DRAGONS #1!
Download This Mistake of a File (55k)

EMILY "INTEGRAL" REIGEL: I may have "won" on some very minuscule level with my victory over the evil tyrant and killer of snails Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka in "Blood Bowl," but I lost more than I will ever be able to communicate to anyone by even playing "Protect the WTC." I lost my very soul by even thinking about playing it. As fast as my little grunting and obsequious peons

put up towers they promptly got killed by swarms upon swarms of frost wyrms and crypt fiends and those crazy Orc things that swing large logs all over the place until you are dead from log-smashing. This is quite honestly the worst map I have ever played for any video game ever. And damn, I have played some terrible maps. I don't even know where to begin talking about it it is so bad. And I am not trying at all to be funny here, folks. This map is beyond all humor. In fact, this map exists in a dimension completely devoid of humor. A dimension where people who create things like this are shockingly and unfortunately allowed to live.

Oh hey, look, a couple of frost wyrms have come to say "hello!"

After I was done playing this map I felt a great sense of loss. The numerous and cataclysmic problems with this map hadn't just been on a level where I could say to myself, "well, I couldn't make a better map than this one, so maybe I shouldn't be so critical." This map was obviously and completely designed by a raving psychotic with a deep longing for death. I say this because not only did I feel extremely sad after playing "Protect the WTC" but I also felt a hot, burning rage welling up within me. This was a rage that urged me to kill the person who was responsible for subjecting me to this horrible excuse for a map. A desperate act of vengeance. I am mostly certain that this burning sensation was not a result of my repeatedly forcing myself to throw up tonight after dinner because I had eaten too much and I don't want to get fat (the thinner is the winner). It was true righteous indignation that caused me to feel this way. To a certain extent, I feel that way still. You might even say that I am planning in minute detail the slow, painful death of whomever is responsible for my playing this map in the first place. Yes. You just might say that.

This is like wave 1 of 740,000 tides of terror that Osama has conjured up deep from the depths of "Off The Screen."

RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA: I can honestly say that if I saw Osama Bin Laden on the streets, I would probably punch him in the nose or try to run him down with my car. I'm not too fond of his anti-American attitude and sassy personality, both of which are present in "Protect the WTC!", a map which challenges you, the user, to protect two wooden towers which are 50 feet tall and block the entire screen when you're looking at them. See, by obscuring everything which you might possibly want to look at, the creator of this map has made a special new style of "gameplay." In case you missed the SS Hip Game Lingo Boat, which Osama Bin Laden recently sank with his army of Ice Dragons, the term "gameplay" now means "the game which impedes your ability to play."

However, I don't want to focus all my attention on the two retarded towers, as the map does an excellent job of that. I'd like to address the fact that Osama Bin Laden apparently has over a billion jillion trillion flying skeletal ice-breathing dragons which he is just waiting to release upon us, the helpless, stupid, stinky public. If his dragon army does not defeat our combined military forces of the US Army and Terry "Hulk" Hogan, then we will sure meet our demise once Osama unleashes his hoard of Big Ox Guys With Sticks. If, for some bizarre reason this doesn't completely decimate our country, "Ozzy" Bin Laden will then throw more dragons and an infinite amount of whatever the hell else we missed because Emily "Integral" Reigel and I couldn't survive longer than nine seconds. I think there's some secret to winning this map, but it's undoubtedly hidden behind the fatass wooden WTC towers. As Emily stated, you are initially given one peon, a fruity elf tree, and an Orc town hall. These are all very useful tools in achieving the ultimate goal of losing the game, which I assume is the end goal. For some unknown reason, your peon is able to run at Mach-3 and can build structures

faster than he can say "zug zug" (literally). Other than this minor discrepancy, the map plays pretty much just like the tragedy of 9-11. Just take a look at this list of real-world features this map offers:

- A series of comically placed flamethrower Orcs who cannot move and injure .001% of the incoming Osama Attack Force.
- Computer allies which are obviously pacifists, as they don't ever do anything except stand in place and hope your hard drive crashes.
- Random geometry which looks like a large blob of mold below four green Space Invaders who are trying to escape the ASCII -=[ ]=- sign, which was apparently the WTC's logo.
- Realistic buildings and units such as "Tool Tip Missing."
- Rectangular patches of grass which serve no purpose except to take up space.

All of these elements add up to create a style of gameplay that is like no other. Keep in mind that there is a very good reason for this.

RATING *(Each category out of 10)*
- **DESIGN:** -10. We cannot think of any possible way this map could be any worse, unless it was somehow able to recursively call itself inside the map.
- **ATTENTION TO DETAIL:** -10. It's a whole bunch of guys flying down from the sky and killing you.
- **CREATIVITY:** -7. This is a special kind of weird, stupid, impossible nonsense. It ain't your momma's sipping tea!
- **GAMEPLAY:** -10. You start game, you die. The end.
- **TOTAL: -37** (out of a possible -40)

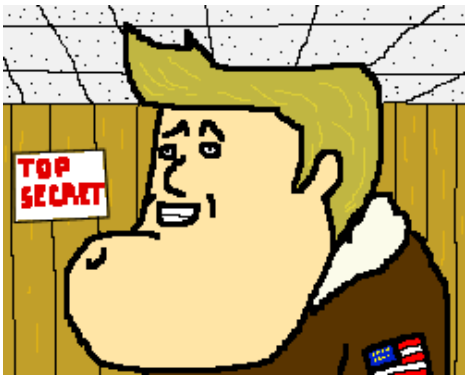
We hope you enjoyed our look at a couple representations from the first crop of gaming genius to spawn from Warcraft III, and if you didn't, I can honestly say that you're pro-Osama Bin Laden and you should be placed in a concentration camp as soon as possible. If that option is not available, the government should force you to play these maps until you figure out some way to end your own life by using only the space bar.

All New Feature on Something Awful!

Zack "Glass Elevator" Parsons here and I'm pleased to be introducing our newest feature here on Something Awful, namely "SA Story Time". The concept is that we'll be taking a cliché filled literary sub-genre like "Robots That Become Human" or "Psychic Detectives" and condensing it into an illustrated short story to save you the trouble of buying book after book. After all, here at Something Awful we're all about saving you money! This week's feature is a condensed version of the "Alien Invasions" sub-genre of science fiction novels and is entitled "Alien Invasion of the Planet of the Earth."

> *Daring Armstrong rubbed his gigantic chin and straightened his coif of hair which was normally perfectly curled over his forehead but at that moment was slightly disheveled because he was laying into Dr. Heldinger's beautiful daughter in the science supply closet only moments earlier. Dr. Heldinger was so lost in science that he did not even notice the loving look in his daughter's eyes as she in turn watched Daring fixing his hair. They were two lovers, in a world gone wrong, snatching a moment of ecstasy together to escape the torment of the alien invasion.*

The action is intense, the drama is high, and the characters are as frisky as two teenagers at a drive-in movie! Many alien horrors await you in the terrifying and tantalizing pages of "Alien Invasion of the Planet of the Earth"!



-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.2 It's Crime Fightin' Time!

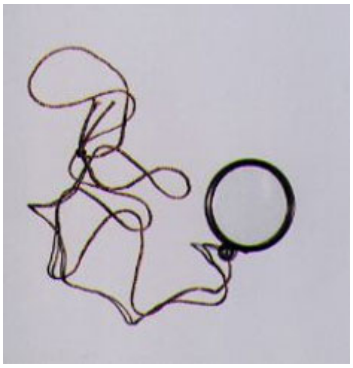
Friday, Aug 02, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Being a police officer is one of those jobs that kids always talk about wanting to have when they become adults. Police officer, fire man, and werewolf are the three professions most likely to be mentioned by children under the age of ten. Somewhere around ten your body goes through a change and you begin to develop strange feelings in your groin. Soon after you realize that being a cop is a dangerous job that doesn't pay very well unless you're on vice squad and stealing drug money from the evidence room. Then, around the time you hit thirty or so, you start to think about your life as a certified public accountant and you realize that maybe it would have been worth it to risk your neck for half the pay. This is caused by watching a lot of TV shows like "Law and Order", "Law and Order: Special Victims Unit", "Law and Order: Rodeo Police", and "Law and Order: Vampire Hunters Division". The excitement you try to produce in your life by doing things like Kayaking, mountain climbing and heroin, are there every day and very tangible for those boys in blue.

Being a police officer is both exciting and patriotic.

Being a precocious twenty-four year old I've already got my middle-aged paunch and my fill of Law and Order two-part episodes to know that being a cop would be just right for me. I want to grab the bad guy by the cuffs and slam him face-first onto the hood of my car. I want to bully the Internal Affairs guy in my department for betraying the "cop code". I want to shoot a fifteen year-old who I thought was going for a gun but was actually reaching for his wallet. Most importantly, I want to solve big time crimes!

Since I'm way too lazy to ever haul my ass to a police academy and get myself a cop education with a gun nut, a black guy who makes helicopter sounds, and Steve Guttenberg, I have instead taken to solving crimes in my every day life. This provides me with the thrill of intrigues minus the danger and hard work of being a police detective. Sometimes I even pocket change sitting on the dresser and pretend it's a kickback I'm taking from a mafia soldier in exchange for letting him run a protection racket out of my bedroom closet. Since I've now got several cases closed under my belt I feel confident in sharing with you my exploits as a police detective of the MAPD (My Apartment Police Department).

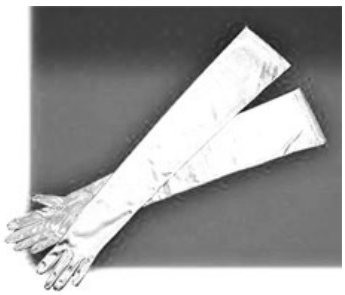


The Case of the Baron's Monocle

The Scenario: My first case came to me in the middle of the night, when I was awakened from a sound sleep by a telephone call from the local constabulary. They notified me that during a dinner party at Warren Mansion, Baron Hector Von Elazondo's monocle had disappeared right off his face. I hurried to the mansion where I conducted interviews of the distressed house staff who were searching frantically for the monocle. There were a number of shady characters in attendance including Evan Collier, international rogue and zeppelin racer, and Marissa Dinsdale, whose pen has scribed more ruinous unauthorized biographies than I have teeth in my head. I carefully observed all of these people, even the Baron who might have something to gain from the disappearance of his bejeweled monocle.

The Mystery Solved: I quickly discovered that the absence of the monocle was duly noted during the serving of the second course of the meal, when Mr. Collier made a scandalous comment about hemlines. Shortly thereafter madam Von Elazondo noted that the monocle had vanished. Of interest was the fact that this transpired during the second course, a cold gazpacho being served from a large tureen carried from bowl to bowl by a serving girl by the name of Margaret Hackapple. Ms. Hackapple denied any knowledge of involvement, but a thorough search of her quarters located the monocle, secreted in a small compartment in a snuff box.

The Reality: A box of apple Nutri-Grain bars fell behind the refrigerator and I had to use a broom handle to push it out.



The Case of the Bloody Glove

The Scenario: While visiting my good friend Darvin Buckminster at his estate in Rolling Top I opted out of cigars and billiards in favor of a relaxing stroll across the grounds. After many minutes much to my surprise the glowing visage of a mastiff emerged from the treeline that separates the green from the moor. I was petrified by it and could only watch as it approached and dropped a single white velvet glove at my feet. As it departed I regained my senses and picked up the glove. Upon examining it I noted the presence of stains that were definitely the blood of a human or other red-blooded animal. Without prompting I moved to unravel this mystery and discover whose bloody glove had found its way so strangely into my possession.

The Mystery Solved: Everything was caused by the phosphorescent properties of swamp gas. The glove belonged to a duck.

The Reality: I went to do laundry and forgot to bring the detergent so I had to buy powdered detergent from one of the vending machines at the Laundromat.

The Case of the Torso Strangler

The Scenario: A series of grisly killings in the slums of the old town district had gone unsolved for so long that my expertise was once again required to sleuth out the culprit. Each of the victims was a young woman aged no more than 16 years who had been

strangled with incredible strength by compressing her torso. The police believed we were chasing some sort of deranged giant, but my intuition led me elsewhere, namely to the pages of the daily City Times.

The Mystery Solved: After searching for clues at the scenes of the crimes I discovered that all of the bodies had an unusual amount of orange hair clinging to them. While the police took this to signify that a crazed Irishman was the man responsible, and consequently cracked about a number of innocent heads in the Irish ghetto, I turned to the newspaper for additional clues. Most interesting to me was the report of an animal escaped from the zoo, namely a three-hundred pound female orangutan. Even more interesting was the fact that the orangutan, named "Spotty the Chimliest", had recently lost her young child to lion that leapt over the fence dividing their enclosures and tore the poor ape limb-from-limb. Out of maternal instinct, not anger, poor Spotty was crushing the life from girls all across the old town district. Following a series of clues I helped the police locate Spotty and in a bitter struggle she was unfortunately killed by a series of baton blows to her primate skull.

The Reality: I had a jagged edge on the toenail on my big toe and it got caught in the heavy comforter on the bed while I was asleep and pulled half of my toenail off. To prevent further toenail incidents I filed it into a rounded corner.

The Case of the Hat Pin Harlot

The Scenario: My most recent case involved a most personal assault by a lady of the evening. Known among the riff-raff as Bertilda, she was a portly woman, but comely in the face and still quite popular with the drunken sailors just in from Belhapshire. Her crime was the violent and sudden insertion of a hat pin into the fluid canal of one of her more upstanding customers who I will not mention in this report. The man, being most influential in the community and understandably distressed, insisted I be called in to help locate Bertilda, who had gone missing since the incident.

The Mystery Solved: The Freemasons were behind it, but I can say no more than that lest I violate my solemn oath to them and have my tongue plucked out and burned in a fire. Needless to say, Bertilda is not among us any longer.

> **The Reality:** I was grilling out and I realized we were out of charcoal so I had to hurry to the Osco a few blocks away to purchase some.

These are just a few of the cases I have managed to solve with my keen insight into human nature and incredible ability to spot telling clues. I look forward to a long and rewarding career as a detective for the MAPD and hope to one day thwart the plans of my nemesis Dr. Scotty D.

Phriday! Phriday! Phriday!

Hello, Livestock here. As you might have guessed or possibly wagered money on, today is Phriday. That means you need to click this link and this one as well. Both links lead to the same place, but you didn't hear that from me. This Phriday's theme ingredient is famous monuments, landmarks, and tourist traps. Here is a sample:

Yeah, so go read Photoshop Phriday! You won't be sorry!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.3 Post Office Pandemonium!

Saturday, Aug 03, 2002 by Integral

This little explosion is nothing compared to my post office inferno of death. Nothing, I tell you.

While I must say that I fully understand that it is a luxury and an amazing triumph over logistics to have people bringing letters and other things to far reaches of the globe for me, I feel that the US Postal Service is at this point one hair's breadth away from being set on fire by me. When I say this, I don't just mean that I am going to walk up to the local post office branch and sprinkle some gasoline on it. This will not be a campfire. This will be a raging inferno of heat and flame that will selectively decimate all post offices in its path and leave behind nothing but ash, misery, and charred earth where the post offices used to be.

I consider myself to be a fairly patient person. I don't smack crying children when they annoy me in stores or in movie theaters (most of the time) and I put up with Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka cutting his toenails in the bathtub on a regular basis. To my knowledge I have never killed anyone but every now and then there are large chunks of time of which I have no memory and I usually wake up in a dark and filthy alley with blood on my clothes. I don't think that those incidents have much to do with my lack of patience, however. All in all, I am laid back and large-and-in-charge, much like TV's Scott Baio. That is, until I have to deal with the USPS, and even then I wait a long time before my rage causes me to launch into a blinding fury of destruction.

I do all of the merchandise stuff for the site, so I have to mail a lot of envelopes containing shirts, severed fingers, and the like. I don't mind having to mail a lot of stuff, but the post office people seem to have issues with the fact that I actually want to use their service. The post office that has the PO Box for Something Awful is 20 minutes away from our house and is located in downtown Seattle, so driving down there always means being raped up the ass by traffic on the 5 and having to see all of the "alternative" people that parade around the streets like the winners of the relay race for retards at the Special Olympics. It's no fun. So I usually try to drop off stuff at the post office that is two minutes away, instead. Little did I know that this was VERBOTEN!

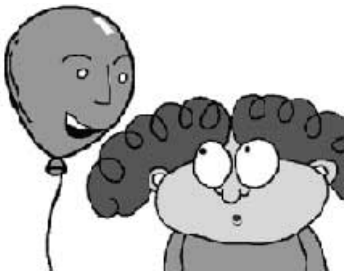
Hooray for the lovely people of downtown Seattle. May they soon be hit by a bus and then hit by the Space Shuttle.

Apparently the post office close to me wants me to take all of the stuff I have to mail to the post office that we have the PO Box at. This is bad. I don't understand this because last I checked, postage is postage and I should be able to mail things from anyplace, dammit. It wouldn't even be so bad if that were all it was, but the post office here is always crowded beyond belief. Let me give you an example of a typical excursion to mail a package at the local post office, just to set the stage here:

2:00 PM- I leave home for the post office to mail a package. I am happy to leave because it means that I won't be beaten again for not having made Rich pancakes.

2:05 PM- I arrive at the post office and park in the tiny, crowded parking lot. Four other people arrive at the same time as me and try unsuccessfully to hide the fact that they are racing to the door as fast as possible so that they don't have to be last in line.

2:06 PM- I enter the post office and take my place at the back of the line that stretches from the counter all the way through the large room, out the door, and into the lobby area. It would seem that 23 or so other people also have things to mail.



As much rage as this picture causes me to feel, it is nothing compared to the post office.

2:07 PM- I begin to observe the people I am waiting in line with. There is the token tiny Asian man in a tank top with an alarmingly large amount of back hair. There is the single white trash mother with a very loud, very dirty child. There is the token man in a wheelchair everyone pretends not to look at. There is the token dirty old man who looks at my boobs. There is the token annoying girl on a cell phone with one of her flakey friends. There is the fat breathing man who looks as though he will explode at any second. There is the constantly-annoyed-for-no-discernable-reason old lady. There is the token lesbian couple who want to show people that they are not afraid to be lesbians in a public place. A nice collection of people.

2:17 PM- A chubby man rushes into the room and yells, "When is the last pick-up time today?!" He is ignored. He shouts the same thing again. He is again ignored. People turn to stare at him. Finally, one of the men behind the counter exasperatedly says, "5:30. It's written on the box." The man leaves.

2:26 PM- I try to contain my rage as a small child bashes his Lego truck into my ankle over and over again. His mother seems to be in another dimension entirely.

2:33 PM- A woman at the counter realizes that she has forgotten to put stamps on all 40 envelopes she is about to mail, so she stands up there and does it. Very slowly and methodically.

2:48 PM- In an unheard of miracle, I realize that I am next in line. My happiness is quickly thwarted when I realize that I am going to be waited on by the man who speaks very little English.

2:57 PM- I have finally communicated to the post office worker that I want to mail the package that I have set on the counter in front of him.

3:04 PM- I have finally communicated to the post office worker that I do not need a signature confirmation on the package.

3:10 PM- I have finally communicated to the post office worker that I will be paying with a credit card.

3:20 PM- I complete my tedious transaction and try not to step on anyone on the way through the crowd that is still waiting in line.

I know that you will probably think that I am exaggerating about the time that it usually takes for me to mail something, but I assure you that I have never exaggerated once in my life, ever. Going to the post office is less fun than watching a wacky episode of "Golden Girls" while being fed tuna fish and hair on an ice cream cone.

To top it all off, Rich and I went on a search for another post office today in the hopes that they'd let us drop off our box of shirts and fingers without yelling at us. We found a post office locator on the USPS website which gave us this lovely map. **NOTE THAT THE POST OFFICE ON THE MAP IS AN ENORMOUS RECTANGLE THAT TAKES UP APPROXIMATELY ONE ENTIRE BLOCK.**

Thank you, US Postal Service.

We drove around for about an hour and a half looking for this dumb post office and it turned out to not even be on the street that the map said it was on, instead being located in a back alley strip mall with a parking lot full of riced out Geo Metros. When sheer luck allowed us to finally locate it, we took the box of stuff in and the guy behind the counter was creepily friendly. He didn't say anything about having to mail it from the post office that contained our PO Box, but he did smile. He smiled a lot. With teeth. He looked hungry.

I am not sure that there is anything I can do other than blow things up to solve the problems that the US Postal Service seems to have. They are unfriendly, always seem to be understaffed, and seem to have no sense of why things operate the way that they do. I suppose that these problems are what lead postal employees to shoot large groups of people for no apparent reason, but I only ask that they mail my stuff before they do that. Then again, they are a government office, which means that things will not ever get any better but will in fact get worse and that at some point there will be a large tax scandal involving some stamps that don't actually exist. In the mean time, I suppose that I will have to make do with the way things are because my other options (tying envelopes to the necks of bears or shooting them out of a large cannon) would take years to perfect.

-∼Integral

8.4 Fort Scientology!

Sunday, Aug 04, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

Clear Water, Shadowy Cult!

Clearwater: A seemingly typical tourist town, located in the sweltering, unpleasant penis of America known as Florida. There's beautiful weather, beautiful girls, and as the name implies, the water is as clear as Crystal Pepsi. Unfortunately, this town also has a dark, terrible secret which is as dark and terrible as regular Pepsi. Beneath the veil of normalcy, this town is controlled by a shadowy, evil organization hell bent on taking over the world. But who is this group? The Illuminati? The Free Masons? The diabolical team of Fox Network executives responsible for canceling both Family Guy and Futurama? Not even close. This is a town in far deeper peril than can be caused by any of the previously mentioned groups. No, this town has fallen to the dark and mighty hand of none other than Scientology. In fact, the entire city is under the influence of the insane cult and its devious leader, the severed frozen head of L. Ron Hubbard. Clearwater has become a Mecca for Scientologists, much like some strangely named Middle Eastern city is a Mecca for Muslims. Now, while there are many, many things wrong with this as is, there is something going on right now that will chill you to your bones, and chill your bones to the tinier bones that make them up (called molecules). It is far bolder and sassier a move than any undertaking this sham religion has ever tried before. Scientology is currently underway building a GIANT FUCKING FORTRESS in Clearwater, Florida.

Giant Scientology fortress in action. Not pictured: Sanity or reasonable planning on the part of Clearwater's government.

In case you didn't understand that, perhaps repetition will be the key to your learning success...THE SCIENTOLOGISTS ARE BUILDING A HUGE FUCKING FORTRESS in Florida. Xenu only knows what kind of witchcraft they're brewing in this monstrous structure, but you can be sure it's mighty wicked. While the Government is off battling invisible terrorist robots in the Middle East, its homeland is being threatened by a building whose size and villainy can only be measured accurately in cubic shitloads. I don't know about you, but I wouldn't be too comfortable with having ruthless figures like John Travolta and Corin Nemac making a giant tactical base in my backyard. Named simply "The Flag Building," this monster of a structure has surprisingly little, if anything, to do with building or maintaining flags. It will, rather unsurprisingly, have everything to do with debauchery. It is to be the new base of operations for Scientology's Flag Service Organization, an organization which neither services nor organizes flags. Such deception is the way of these people, who hide in shadows and now in giant, towering buildings which may or may not contain shadows. Over 800 rooms ensures that thousands can be hypnotized daily into believing the utter bullshit that the faux religion has to offer, and basement vaults will be available for higher ups to swim in money in a Scrooge McDuck like fashion.

Not only is this mighty castle stronghold enormous, but it is also being built just across the way from the Scientology owned Fort Harrison Hotel. This is another monstrous structure, used for routine and completely legal practices which in no way endanger patrons of the fine establishment. Family fun for all ages can be had at the hotel, which offers activities such as hypnosis, brainwashing, and beach volleyball (which is deceptively mind altering). This Club Med for tourists who want a place to get away from their sanity and morals is now going to be joined to the gigantic Scientology mother ship by a huge bridge. This is convenient because it completely eliminates the awkward waiting period one usually has to wait in between initial brainwashing and the first day of slave labor. By

cutting out the middleman, the Church will save thousands on travel fees that it would've made the brainwashed chump pay for in the first place. This of course allows them to rape its followers of even more money, precious stones, and first born children then ever before.

Another point of interest about the new structure, a building which was in no way influenced by the Zuul building from Ghostbusters, is its massive dining hall. Able to seat 1,140 people, this will allow for baby feasts the likes of which have only been seen in dream sequences in the movie Battlefield Earth. Whatever type of dish you crave, be it rack of toddler, delicious baby back ribs, or L. Ron's own personal recipe for four alarm spicy newborn chili, you know your hunger will be satisfied. After you're done, you may want to relieve yourself in one of the 40 plus bathrooms installed, because god knows those infants keep you regular. Or, perhaps you want to do something more illegal and unmentionable? Well go right on ahead partner, because with 889 rooms and only 447 windows, you'll be able to find plenty of private, out of the way spots to bend the law to your own dark whims.

Not a death ray, but rather Ray Romano, who I wish was dead.

Reportedly, much of the Flag Building will be used as office space for the Scientology worker bees. Unlike the movie of the same name, the office space used in this building will more than likely have major celebrities in it. People like Tom Cruise and Issac Hayes will stop by to make their contributions to the Church by donating money and occasionally collecting the sweet honey left by the actual worker bees from the bee chamber. Did I forget to mention that Scientology is creating a massive army of bees to do their bidding? Well, they are. Their powerful bee soldiers have confiscated all evidence I had to back that theory up, but rest assured that it is true. It is a massive, deadly force, commanded by yet another celebrity Scientologist, Bea Arthur. Scientology's influence in Hollywood, and their massive army of bees, and their fleet of rabid attack lawyers has earned them a position of fear and power in the world. The FBI knows of all the underhanded goings on in the Church of Scientology. But even they are powerless to stop the mighty force.

Set to be completed by late 2003, we can only wait and observe this Death Star of a religious building come to fruition. But what's next for Scientology after this? They already have a navy, an army of celebrity slaves, the power of volcanos, and now a giant fortress. According to the laws that dictate super-villainy, the next step is obviously some kind of powerful death ray. So, by my calculations, we have exactly four years to live before we have to send Hollywood action stars like Steven Segal or Jean Claud Van Damme in to their headquarters to stop them at the last minute. Hollywood action stars are the only ones who can pull off slick enough operations to finally put a stop to the madness. That's the way these conflicts are usually resolved in the world. But, as I think about it, I realize that there is a flaw in that type of plan this time. By now, both actors are likely to have become already become Scientologists, and would surely turn on us like a dradle at a bar mitzvah. That's a Jewish joke, brought up specifically because the Jews are the one force in Hollywood more powerful than Scientology. If anyone can stop the bastards, it's the Jews. Somebody call Woody Allen and Mel Brooks, for they are our last hope.

She's At It Again!

Helen Gunther is here to answer your questions. Think of her as Dear Abby, but only a living version. This week, she deals with many hard hitting questions, like this one...

My best friend is fourteen. Over last summer she did pot; so when we started school

> *again I tried to break myself away from her, so I wouldn't get dragged down. Now we are friends again. She stopped doing pot but she's getting a bad rep with guys cuz she goes from one to the next and does more than just make out. She has a bunch of home problems, her mom and dad drink and smoke, and practically make her raise her little brother. I don't know what to say to her, and I already told my mom that she did pot. What do I do? - Love, No Druggie Daughter*

To see Helen's super neat, informative answer, just follow this link! You'll be glad you did, because God knows you need advice on something.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

8.5 A Battle.Net Player's Illustrated Primer

Monday, Aug 05, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

With the much anticipated release of War Craft III there is once again a good deal of non-Diablo related activity on Blizzard's matching service Battle.net. By "a good deal" I mean at any given time there seems to be more people playing Warcraft III than live in the entire United States. Any fan of Internet gaming knows that these servers inevitably become populated with people who have some sort of arcane super build order memorized and love to rub your nose in it. This is doubly impressive considering how new Warcraft III is and that I have yet to encounter a single human being in a random Battle.net game that was not an insulting jackass whose only goal is to raise their win record.

A perfect example of what not to do. Building defensive structures or units is counterproductive to the art of Battle.net.

Being that insulting jackass who knows how to produce eighty mummy chimpanzee riders in the first three minutes of the game is the goal of every single person who plays. While I have not even come close to approaching this incredible height of intelligence and strategy, I know that if I continue to learn from my mistakes I will one day be in these shoes. To this end, and by example, I hope to provide all of you gentle readers with the means of expediting your rise through the ranks of the Warcraft III hierarchy on Battle.net until you too are among the legion of power-tripping rush-happy basement-living shut-ins who get their sexual thrills from clicking the Night Elf Archer over and over again.

Rule Number One: This Game Is Not About Having Fun

In this purely scientific and not at all humiliating example of how rushing works, my base is overrun by some 60 footmen and a hero (who was three levels or so higher than mine). Click the picture for a larger version.

The purpose of playing Warcraft III online is not to have fun, the purpose is to defeat your opponent as quickly and with as many troops of the same type as possible. You should pick a single type of troop, hopefully one that you can build very early in the game, and drill at creating set numbers until you can absolutely minimize the amount of time you waste with the interface. Sure, you may think you're God's gift to Battle.net just because you can spit out 30 Footmen only 90 seconds into the game, but there's someone out there who can build 60 in that time.

You might consider building defenses, exploring the map, harvesting resources, but stop! Immediately! If you can't pull off a win in less than five minutes then you just aren't ready to hang with the big boys.

Rule Number Two: Taunting Makes Perfect

When you enter the game ask your opponent how many matches they have won. No matter what their response is type "LOL" or possibly "lol" and then remain silent for the roughly two minutes it takes you to build 50 Skeletal Hobo Wrestlers. If your opponent actually says that they are new to Warcraft III and asks you to "take it easy" then simply reply with "lol ok". Under no circumstances should you actually take it easy. When you do attack their base with your massed army begin taunting their every move as though you are amazed that someone that stupid could even install Warcraft III, let alone have an

Internet connection. Here are a few you might want to consider making into text-macros so you don't have to worry about giving units orders (not that you need to) as they rampage through your opponent's base.

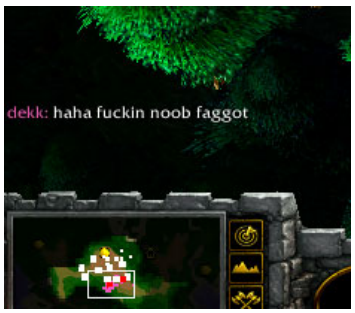
- **"lol [unit name]?!"** Where [unit name] is the type of unit that they only have three of yet you have 50 of your units.
- **"Ur hero is [X level]?! WTF did u not creep hero? lol"** Where [X level] is the level of your opponent's hero, usually 1 to 3 while yours should be no less than 8.
- **"Noob fag militia never stops atk"** Sometimes as your opponent desperately and futilely attempts to stop your rush, he will use his worker units to attack you. This is the most pathetic thing that a player can do in your book, and that's the only book that counts.
- **"gg fagit"** Said at the end of a game, intentionally or unintentionally misspelling "faggot" shows complete disdain for your opponent. This coupled with "gg" or "good game" is a sarcastic jab saying "this wasn't a good game, you were no challenge at all".

Essentially these are all variations on the insults offered up in Diablo II games against Koreans only you can be of any nationality to enjoy and use them.

- **Rule Number Three: Hit "A" to Attack**

Select the units you want to attack with, hit "A" and then click in the middle of the enemy base. You will have to repeat these actions three or four times to get all your units headed into the enemy base since those retards at Blizzard like to make things harder for skilled players to win in under two minutes.

Note that any strategic planning beyond this is counterproductive and if you don't manage to defeat your opponent in a single unorganized massed attack then you don't deserve to be playing Warcraft III on Battle.net.



One of many barbs that sent me reeling as surely as did the rush. Click the picture for another example of a perfect rush/taunt combo.

- **Rule Number Four: Never Play Against Skilled Opponents**

Everyone knows that the truly good players stick to custom games and that the reviled "noobs", and those who only play the game once a day or so, play primarily random games. These totals fags are playing Warcraft III under the mistaken impression that it's a strategy game designed to simulate fantasy warfare for enjoyment. You realize that it's a business that pays its dividends every time you go up another rank from a win, and these cattle are just lined up for the slaughter. Play only random games on Battle.net so you get the largest percentage of people attempting to play the game for fun. If you somehow find someone who is actually really good at the game and can counter your practiced rush, then hit the reset button on your computer so that the match counts as a disconnect and not a loss.

Even the people who can counter your rushes are total fags and borderline cheaters because there is obviously no higher order of skill and intelligence than memorizing a build order and vomiting out units. You deserve to give them a few taunts before you hit the reset button, perhaps accuse them of cheating or "maphacking".

These four rules are all you should need to get by in these early and exciting days of Battle.net, but prepared, as in the weeks to come you can expect a new style of gamer to evolve from the noobs

you are currently abusing. These will be "angry rushers" who have taken your rushing skills and perverted them into a mixture of light strategy and rushing that is superior to your current tactics. They will not be afraid to combine multiple units into their rushes or to send wave after wave to defeat you, but if you are ready for this development then you are ready to rise to the top when they do.

With my impending defeat, "dekk" made sure to ice the cake with yet another assault on my sexuality. Click the picture for a larger version.

I don't think I can do this myself, I've tried to force myself into the rigorous discipline of rushing, but Blizzard has included too many exciting units that are completely worthless in a rush. I find myself distracted into thinking about combined arms strategy, scouting, perimeter defense, and things like that, and I end up with three different types of unit getting overrun by a swarm of 50 or 60 Hobgoblin Butter Carts. Tears welling in my eyes from being called "noob fag", I withdraw to skirmish mode where at least the computer uses different types of units. I hope that these rules can save you my heartache and catapult you to the top of Battle.net!

The Truth and Nothing But!

Scotty "Scotty D" D has donned his reporter's helmet and taken a deep sea expedition to the land of Linkin Park in a brand new TruthMedia Review. As usual you can expect nothing but unbiased facts and Scotty D's review of Linkin Park's latest CD is on-the-level journalism.

Beyond the album itself, the recent video for "Crawling" has been airing on MTV. And I must say, what crappy stuff. The tie in with the Final Fantasy movie is a stupid move, seeing how it was out of theaters months ago. And what's the deal with all those floating heads? I mean, who're they supposed to be? One looks sort of like a guy from Final Fantasy: The Spirits Within, but the rest are just totally crappy jobs and look nothing like the characters they're meant to represent. Mr. Kahn directed the video, and it's pretty obvious that he didn't know where to start. I'd say he should stick to DJing, but like I said before, he isn't very good at that either.

Be sure to share this incredibly fact-filled review with your fellow Linkin Park fans! They will no doubt enjoy the attention Scotty D has given to the details. Remember that this is, in fact, a Truth Media review, which can best be described on the Truth Media homepage:

> Each and every single "TruthMedia" review in this section is complete and total bullshit created solely to generate flame mail from Internet citizens who, for some pathetic reason, have attached their egos to a movie, band, or game company. The sheer intensity that some people exhibit while defending whatever silly movie or band just boggles our minds, so this section of the site was created to prey upon these people's idiocy and use it for our own personal amusement. Flame mail from every article will be posted randomly throughout the week, and the more flame mail, the better the ranking the author receives.

So go on out there and spread the word of this review to all your insanely obsessed Linkin Park friends! They'll thank you for it later, once they've finished firebombing our homes! Oh, and to the people who claim "wah, Truth Media isn't funny!": that's the point. These fake reviews are supposed to be at least somewhat believable so we can get a lot of flame mail. So stop emailing us and complaining you "don't get it."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.6 Leonard's Big Legal Roundup Rodeo!

Monday, Aug 05, 2002 by Leonard J Crabs (@sexyfacts4u)

This is an electronically scanned image of a photograph of myself cheering after a particularly heated court case. It was 108 degrees in there and I will swear by this.

Greetings folks and fans alike, your old buddy Leonard "J." Crabs is here once again to share the inner and outer workings of the legal system as if it was one of those precious little poodles they slice in half to show aspiring medical students where the dog's "doo doo gland" is located. You have undoubtedly heard of my esteemed reputation as a lawyer who "gets the job done," even if it requires me to "stab the circuit court judge in the eye." If you have not been exposed to my prestigious name and history, then you are either dead or you will become dead shortly. Our legal system is a lot like killing somebody; one minute you're innocent (living), and the next moment you're found guilty (dead, possibly murdered by a Spaniard). I just thought of that analogy now and will write it down just as soon as I find my lucky pen and Big Chief Notebook. As you may note, our legal system resembles both a poodle cut in half and a dead person, so you should know I am absolutely serious when I claim somebody once mentioned my name in the same sentence as "*(somebody who)* can get *(the job)* done." Dead serious.

I have not been able to update my award-winning website in quite some time because my legal dish has been full of Kibbles and Bits of Justice. Many people approach me in the street and ask, "Leonard 'J.' Crabs, when will you update your award-winning website?" and I cryptically reply, "whenever the winds of legal peril threaten to blow down our lighthouse of justice." That is my cue to throw down a smoke bomb and disappear while laughing maniacally. On a related note, do not use "Gordon County Brand Smokebombs" because I detonated one of those the other day after my impromptu speech at Harvard University entitled, "Why I'm Not In Jail" and my pants caught fire. I kindly explained the various shortcomings of Gordon County Brand Smokebombs to the Police officer who seemed fit to question me on my pantless journey home, yet he felt it was necessary to harass me like a common, two-bit Spaniard. Once I informed him that I was the world famous trial lawyer and sometimes rope salesman Leonard "J." Crabs, his mood instantly changed. I could see the awe and reverence in his eyes as he apologized with, "I'm sorry Mr. Crabs, I wasn't aware it was you, I'm just not used to seeing pictures of you without pants." I let him off the hook because I believe bygones should be bygones and after all, the Police officer was merely just a street sign which I had spent the last three hours talking to in a hallucinatory state due to prolonged exposure inside my "Legal Burning Tire Smoke and Acid Storage Lawyer Barn." If I had a decent smoke bomb, I would detonate it right this moment and use my horrible black magic teleportation skill to return to my homeland of the McPherson County Drive-In Movie Theater and Hazardous Waste Storage Center.

But enough about me, kind readers; let's talk about my recent court victories and uncanny ability to mold and shape the legal system into a clay dinosaur which is so powerful it could crush you between its mighty jaws before you have a chance to shout "I object!" I have used these clay dinosaurs to win a series of court cases ranging from "The City of Newark vs. James Henderson and His Slum House Infested With 10,000 Cats" to "Ed Garner vs. Ted Garner" which revolved around two Siamese twins joined at the hip suing each other for custody of their middle, gnarled hand. I remember that case as if it happened yesterday, which coincidentally I don't remember either. I have been on a constant legal winning streak for the past 18 months thanks to my prolific legal experience and trademark unexpected courtroom tactics such as the "snake in the Bible" trick which rendered a key witness dead during the swearing-in procedure. The look on his face was priceless, much like the

look of a man who is dead after being bitten by a poisonous snake concealed inside a hollowed-out Bible.

Now all you aspiring lawyers and major league catchers out there are undoubtedly asking yourselves, "but Leonard, how can I become a legal wizard like yourself?" Well first off, you may purchase a cloned sample of my DNA off of eBay, although I seem to have misplaced the URL to this auction somewhere in my laundry room / kitchen / bedroom / grain silo. Secondly, I can't overstate how important reading copious amounts of legal text and research is to your lawyering success. Actually, wait, I think I can overstate it. Reading legal books and pamphlets are completely worthless. I have not read any legal reviews in the past 29 years and never once encountered a single situation where reading anything could possibly help me in any fashion whatsoever. Do yourself a favor and stay illiterate because that way you will not have to depend on the inane scrawlings and legal mumbo jumbo booky hooky crap that others write for you. You are your own man and should depend solely on your wit and intellect, just like I did when I trapped myself inside a crude pit I was digging in the creek to bury myself once I died.

I solved the perplexing Mystery Of The Murdered Momma's Man; it turned out the paperboy committed this heinous act! Did I mention that I solve mysteries in my spare time? Well I do, and this particular mystery I solved just happened to be conveniently located at a place which performs dinner theater!

However, if you are currently reading this wonderful article, the chances are pretty good that you are not currently illiterate. This may somehow work out for you, as I'm about to imbibe some legal information into your willing mouths! I forgot what "imbibe" means, but I'm fairly sure it means "ejaculate." I have amassed the following legal tips and tricks from the last dozen or so court cases I found myself involved in, usually as a lawyer. Write these gems of knowledge down on a Big Chief Tablet and cherish them forever because the Internet (as I have been told) is simply a stream of ones and zeroes and these tiny numbers could fall out of the back of your Compaq computer and render my advise worthless. I am no computer expert, but I would recommend purchasing a tube of caulking and squirting it into the back grate-area-thing of your Compaq computer so the numbers may not escape. This may possibly void the warranty but warranties are never legally binding and are simply included so when you are yelling at the manufacturer and they ask "did you read the warranty?" you can respond with "hell yes I did!" and then you can claim the warranty said the company will pay you a million dollars if their product functions improperly after being filled with caulking. While I have never seen anybody successfully win a court case by using this defense, I must admit that these cases are terribly exciting for me to watch through the open windows as I perch above a precariously balanced trashcan in the alley to see inside the courtroom. Sometimes I hold up signs rooting for the defendant, pennants which read colorful and amusing slogans such as "NEW YORK METS" and "NEW YORK MEPS." I received the latter sign half off, which is one heck of a deal no matter how you look at it. Speaking of deals, let us proceed to my aforementioned legal tips:

- If you are defending a client whom you know is guilty, take the offensive and surprise the plaintiff with wry and unexpected moves. Lawyering is like a chess game; you'll lose if you try to eat any of the pieces. When I was defending a previous client (whom I shall refer to as "John Doe" to conceal Alan Marlon's identity) against charges of vandalizing a hospital by using Gatorade jugs of his own urine to scrawl "JESUS IS PAINT" on the walls, I initially convinced the jury that my client was being charged with murder, first degree arson, and grand theft auto. The opposing legal guy, whose name slips my mind at the time, told the jury "(Leonard's) client is not on trial for committing murder, first degree arson, or grand theft auto!" to which I replied, "exactly, and that's why he

shouldn't be tried for vandalism as well!" Checkmate, opposing legal guy!

It is important to take notes during a trial. For example, this is the page containing all my notes from my last trial, which I think was about murder or perhaps burglary.

- Before walking into the courtroom, make sure you know which judge is overseeing your case and if they have any weaknesses you may exploit. For example, some judges can be defeated by shooting a series of missiles into their mouth once they open it for a brief second. Of course this will naturally make the judge change to a reddish hue and begin violently moving back and forth in a horizontal pattern, but this is what's know in the legal circle as "Squid Pro Bowl" which is Latin for something about whores I believe.
- Do not attempt to defend a client while riding a motorbike. This seems to aggravate both the judge and jury, even when you say "watch this, I'll pop a wheelie" and you proceed to fall off the back of the bike, crashing it into a door and knocking off all the ceramic pig figurines the judge had on his big wooden desk thing.
- If you think you're invisible during a court case, you are probably not. I had to write that advice down on notecards so I would never forget it.
- Routinely call witnesses who are dead to testify. When the opposing legal guy claims, "your honor, that witness has been dead for years!" you can reply, "well I see you're trying to cover up the truth by not allowing Winston Churchill speak on my client's behalf and clear his name." Always call for Winston Churchill because that really makes your client look innocent; I'm not exactly sure who Mr. Churchill is, but I read his name on the back of a napkin I found at Denny's so he is obviously somebody very important.
- If you're defending a client against "big business" such as McDonalds or that Taiwanese company which manufactures plastic squirty flowers, make sure to tie them up in plenty of red tape. If possible, tie them with red tape to a wooden chair in your basement and beat them with a hammer until they agree to drop all charges faster than a poolboy's pants at a Spanish wedding.
- In the rare event that you actually lose a case, be sure to challenge the judge and opposing legal guy to a series of physical challenges, some of which include sliding down a tube coated in what appears to be tapioca but is actually something much, much worse.

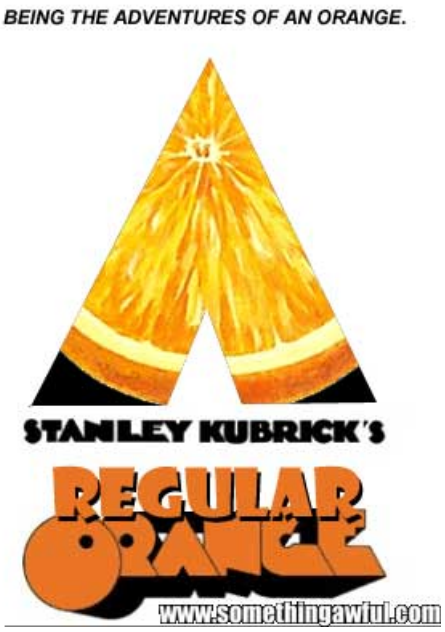
Whew! That was sure a long and exhaustive series of keys that I manually pressed on my key-machine attached to my Compaq! I would go into further detail regarding my recent course cases which include such famous trials as "The People of King County vs. Donkey Kong" and that one case which I can't currently recall due to my limited memory and twitching left eye that has a tendency to act up whenever I'm near sources of radiation or human beings. I hope you have found my column to be useful, and I cannot wait until I imbibe you with further information during your sleep!

We've Got Your Goldmember Right Here!

Are you looking for your fill of goldmine goodness? Well you're in luck! I, your friendly neighborhood Scott Delbango, have the cure for your blues! Click this link or you'll regret it! This week's topic is about lowering movie budgets, and if you don't believe me, just check this out you asshole!

So what're you waiting for? Go forth, and God speed to you! Oh, and then check out our fancy Forums, because you like that shit, fancyboy.

-~Leonard J Crabs (@sexyfacts4u)


BEING THE ADVENTURES OF AN ORANGE.
STANLEY KUBRICK'S
REGULAR
ORANGE
www.somethingawful.com

8.7 Hate Groups Make Good Comedy!

Wednesday, Aug 07, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

About a month ago, I found myself contemplating which race-baiting public figure was the most obnoxious: Al Sharpton, Matt Hale, Louis Farrakhan, or Fred Phelps. Each of these wacky, zany, neuron-misfiring blowhards are known for their tough talk on racism and why they're being oppressed by people who either have the same skin color as myself or the completely opposite color. Now I can understand where these folks are coming from; I oppress a good 10-15 people each day, usually with my patented "Oppression Stick," a flimsy twig which has a Ping-Pong ball taped to the end. The problem with determining which race-baiter is the most obnoxious stems from the fact that they are all crazy in their own special way.

- Al Sharpton is a short, pudgy black individual who despises anybody who isn't black, especially the Jews. The reason for his vocal hatred is due to the fact that he resembles a fat black bowling pin with terribly unfortunate hair.
- Matt Hale, the leader of the tremendously popular "World Church of the Creator," enjoys using the word "creation" because it sounds much better than "kill all the niggers and faggots and Jews." Every racist nutcase hates the Jews for some reason. I think they're afraid the Jewish god, King Jewey, will come down some day and smite them if Judaism is not eradicated as quickly as possible.
- Louis Farrakhan stopped speaking coherently roughly 20 years ago. I honestly don't have any clue what any of his speeches mean anymore, as they all sound like "blender the zygote humper, mumphry anna being estos THE BLACK MAN goomber reggie tum tum roofle scrub THE BLACK MAN humpa woo!" Regardless, he hates whites and Jews too, or so the translators tell me.
- Fred Phelps, who undoubtedly despises minorities and Jews, aims his flaccid arrow towards the homosexual community. Mr. Phelps and his legion of nineteen trailer park residents routinely picket funerals for gay people by chanting "FAGS DIE" and holding bright signs which read "FAGS DIE" while thinking "FAGS DIE." He's not really much of a threat though, since all the CIA has to do is place a sign reading "FREE RV TUNE-UP" that points off the side of a tall cliff and soon the entire Phelps community will find themselves in a flaming pile of twisted metal and plastic lawn furniture. I'm pretty sure he hates the Jews too, since that's currently the "hip" new trend like drinking coffee or breathing oxygen.

I eventually came to the conclusion that Matt Hale is undoubtedly the most obnoxious race baiter currently in the race for racism. His website, combined with his colorful and impressive psychotic history, made him the number one choice. Now you're probably asking yourself, "hey Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, what does the winner of your race-baiting contest receive?" Simple: **an email prank.**

The following email was the first message I sent off to Mr. Reverend Prime Minister President CEO Matt Hale. Since his "church" is constantly low on donations, mainly because he's a batshit looney tune that no rational person would ever give money to, I decided to get his attention by offering to advertise on his wonderful website which features many white people looking very happy, probably because they are neither Jewish nor black. Before I present the first salvo towards the good Matt Hale, let me explain that the photos accompaning the emails are of white people, the same white people Mr. President Lt. Governor Matt Hale is fighting for. They were not included with the messages for obvious reasons.

From: *Richard Kyanka*
Subject: *Question about potential advertising on your site...*

Dear Reverend Matt Hale,

I have recently "come" into some extra funds, and I've been attempting to decide how best to donate these funds to causes I believe in, causes that are underfunded and lack the publicity they so richly deserve. I feel that your website and Mr. Fred Phelps websites, both of which express a strong sentiment that many proud white Americans are afraid to voice, deserve this "extra" money I recently "came" into.

My strongest concern, as you can undoubtedly relate to, is the abundance of homosexuals causing our society to crumble and decay from the inside like a cake that two fags baked together during one of their fag orgies. As we both know, the homosexuals get their media power from the Jews, most importantly Steven Speilburgh, who also made the film "Jaws." See the underlying connection? "Jaws" and "Jews"? The great white shark was called a "man eater," which is also a name given to fags. In my opinion, this is yet another subtle way the Jews and the homosexual left are trying to destroy our society, just like they have been doing slowly through Wal-Mart and Microsoft software (if you want some hard facts regarding the makeup of the headcount of Jewish soldiers in the Microsoft team, just let me know; I live 20 minutes from Richmond and can verify everything, including the seven satellite dishes they try to hide from the public because they broadcast highly encoded Jewish encryption to the other Richmond outposts which span miles away for obvious purposes).

Anyway, I find myself straying from the original point. I would like to use my extra money I recently "came" into so I may advertise some non-profit banner ads or square ads on your site. I feel that while you do an excellent job exposing the Jewish tyranny and the threat that the minorities carry with them like bacteria from a filthy carnie freak, I also think that you could tackle the homosexual agenda in a more prominent manner. This is where I would like to come in.

Fred Phelps does an excellent job exposing the fags, but he neglects to mention the filthy lesbians that spread their dyke disease wherever they go. I was in the store the other day and saw two butch-looking women... WITH A CHILD! God never intended for the human race to engage in such activities, and I find it morally offensive that these dykes can romp freely through our grocery stores and other public places like the Home Depot without at least getting jailtime or something. I would like to run a series of anti-lesbian / anti-dyke ads on your site, either in the form of banner ads or square ads that are inserted on the left or right columns of your neatly designed page. Everybody knows that fags are sinners because God is throwing AIDS at them like that nigger Donkey Kong ape threw barrels at the white plumber. However, the lesbian agenda is being overlooked, and I feel it's past time we brought this to light. Something like:

"MUFF DIVERS MUST DIE"

I've got a pretty comfortable sum of money which I would love to donate to your church and cause in exchange for helping you denounce the morally reprehensible dyke agenda. Please email me back with rates, as I'd like to get this money sent out as soon as possible. Please reply to this email address, as I believe my last address was being monitored by "you know who," and I had to respond with a hefty effort of disinformation.

Thank you very much,

Richard Kyanka

Although I never expected Dr. Reverend Queen Mother Matt Hale to be smart enough to do an Internet search for my name, I used a different email address (since the @somethingawful.com might just give me away). Since money was involved, it immediately piqued Vice President CCP R&D Matt Hale's attention, so he replied with the following:

From: *Rev. Matt Hale, P.M.*
Subject: *Re: Question about potential advertising on your site...*

Dear Brother Kyanka!

I am very happy to hear from you about this and appreciate your desire to help our great Church financially.

Can you make us an offer? I have to admit that this is new for us, your proposition. Essentially, whatever financial help you can provide, we need. So, if perhaps an inch high banner denouncing queers is worth a certain sum to you, just let me know what that sum might be. We can then bill your credit card each month automatically. The only thing we couldn't do is have any ads that encourage violence. Ideally, something like "Homosexuality is a Mental Illness" or something like that would go over best.

We look forward to hearing from you again soon and thank you again. RAHOWA!

Yours For A Moral White Eternity,

Rev. Matt Hale, P.M.

"The Jew is through in 2002!" -Rev. Matt Hale in his "State of the Church"
Address Delivered on January 2, 29AC (2002)
Help the Holy Mission of the World Church of the Creator
White Liberation and Self-Determination

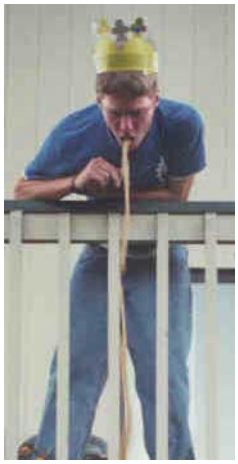
Listen to the Church's dynamic internet radio program!
Rahowa Radio International
"In Klassen We Trust: The White Power Hour with Rev. Matt Hale"!

Oooh, I, Brother Kyanka, can buy "an inch high banner denouncing queers!" I guess in magical whitey-land, people measure computer graphics not in pixels but inches! Non-Jewish inches! Detective Police Chief Matt Hale unfortunately turned away my anti-lesbian ad because I suppose it was too violent and didn't contain the cryptic RAHOWA! message which the good doctor Hale sees fit to include in every message. For you non-racist people, "RAHOWA!" means "**RA**cial **HO**ly **WA**r." You know, because one of the original Bible passages read "shave your heads and shoot black people" but some Jew tore out that page a long time ago. Those damn pesky Jews! Always up to their old tricks!

Since my initial idea was rebuffed, I decided to change my message to be a bit more public-friendly, just like Senor Captain Rev. Matt Hale's message of "the Jew is through in 2002!" See how clever that message is? It rhymes! Wow! Only a white heterosexual Christian could think of something so ingenious! Not a black guy because he's out drinking malt liquor and eating fried chicken! And not a Jew because he's too busy taking over the world and all major media outlets!

From: *Richard Kyanka*
Subject: *Re: Question about potential advertising on your site...*

Dear Rev. Hale-



Thank you very much for your prompt and courteous reply. In my previous dealings with online churches and resources that reflect my passions and way of thinking, I do not believe I've gotten such a polite email as I have from you. For example, I previously attempted to contact Mr. Jack Chick quite some time back with an offer of a donation in exchange for a pamphlet promoting my anti-dyke propaganda. To sum it up to you (without wasting too much of your valuable time), my idea was as follows:

> 1) Innocent Christian girl falls in with the wrong crowd, a bunch of filthy dykes who smoke and drink and hang out with their negro boyfriends all day (they are pregnant, by the way. The girls are pregnant I mean, not the negros),
> 2) The Innocent Christian girl is sucked into their dyke and nigger lifestyle and soon finds herself turning into a promiscuous slut,
> 3) Her school teachers, whom are all Jewish, explain that this is all okay because being "tolerant" of such sins is on their agenda,
> 4) She dies in lumber mill accident when they're all partying there and the lumber fan crashes down on them, destroying them all,
> 5) She is immediately sent to hell with her sinful friends and their nigger boyfriends, where they are beaten with chains of fire and forced to do manual labor for Satan for all eternity.

However, Mr. Chick never replied and I was forced to give up on this idea. This is quite unfortunate, as I feel his worldwide publication of fine brochures is an excellent way of spreading our pro-good / anti-evil Jewish propaganda. I'm not sure what happened with him, but I decided to simply move on and seek other ways to communicate my / our message.

As for your rule prohibiting ads that encourage violence, I completely understand. My initial ad idea was purely for shock value so people would see it and say "oh my!" and then, after thinking about it for a few days, would realize "oh my, that ad was 100% completely correct!" because the ad would stick in their mind. Here are some other slogans I came up with yesterday during my hourly prayer and introspection towards the state of the White race:

> "Dikes hold up dams; dykes end up damned."
> "Families may eat out; just make sure your daughter doesn't."

Obviously these two slogans have a bit of humor to them; this is to make it seem like a more friendly message so people will remember it more easily. They might have a hearty chuckle at first, but the message will sink in and stay with them. Do you think this is a good idea? You've obviously had more experience with promoting your message than I have, since you run your own church and I'm just the regional vice-manager of the Redmond Dairy Queen franchise 371 (where, unfortunately, the government requires us to hire a certain amount of niggers to work the Slushie machine), in addition to trying to run a web hosting service that my friend Nathan takes care of. Any input from you would be greatly appreciated since you're the expert in this area.

On a somewhat related note, have you had any experience with "animation gifs"? They are apparently web graphics which have the ability to animate over time, like have a picture of a bird fly around and perch on top a mailbox and such. I was thinking that perhaps the graphic we display could promote our message, then flash (for like 1/100th of a second) a subliminal message such as "protect your daughter" or "don't trust the dykes" or "don't let your daughter be fucked by a nigger." Do you have any experience or knowledge with this? If not, do you have any web designers that do? I am very interested in researching this and believe it could be a great help to our cause.

Anyway, I seem to be rambling on again. Sorry about that! Please respond whenever you get a free moment. I realize your schedule is very full ATM (at the moment), so I look forward to hearing from you whenever you get the opportunity.

God bless you and our white brethren,

- Richard

I thought my idea of hypnotizing lesbians through animated gifs was an absolutely fantastic idea since maybe we could save a few bulky broads from falling into the evil, wicked clutches of the homosexual lifestyle. Why hasn't anybody ever thought of that before? Animated gifs would be a surefire way to "reform" those crazy fags; I guess my ideas are just ahead of their time. Unfortunately, Brigadeer General Matt Hale still felt my message was a bit too heavy-handed for his classy site. I feel like such a fool!

From: *Rev. Matt Hale, P.M.*
Subject: *Re: Question about potential advertising on your site...*

Dear Brother Richard!

Great to hear back with you. I am polite by nature, by the way. If I cannot do something, I'll simply say so rather than allow a guy to wonder. Your offer was quite beneficial and respectful and therefore, it would have been immoral for me NOT to respond. Now let me answer your questions:

1) We are right now rated 50,000 in the world which means that out of all of the many millions of websites, we are the 50,000 most traveled. Quite outstanding, actually. We are second to none in the White Racial Loyalist Movement.

2) We don't believe in utilizing sexual vulgarity to get our point across. It detracts from our message in my opinion.

3) Lastly, I have no experience with animation gifs. I am sure however that our webmaster could put you in the right direction. His email is webmaster@wcotc.com

I look forward to our hearing from you again soon! RAHOWA!

Rev. Matt Hale, P.M.
World Church of the Creator

"The Jew is through in 2002!" -Rev. Matt Hale in his "State of the Church"
Address Delivered on January 2, 29AC (2002)
Help the Holy Mission of the World Church of the Creator
White Liberation and Self-determination

Listen to the Church's dynamic Internet radio program!
Rahowa Radio International
"In Klassen We Trust: The White Power Hour with Rev. Matt Hale"!

Oh man, he doesn't know how to make "animation gifs!" What a letdown! After reading his various Pro-white Anti-everything else propaganda, I would've figured this guy had his act together. As an odd coincidence, the night I received his email I also saw him on an HBO special entitled "Hate.com," which portrayed him as the decent, upstanding, highly NOT-psychotic hero he is to millions of... well, something. I felt the documentary made him out to be a hate-mongering, ignorant, insane man, when in reality he's... I can't finish this sentence.

From: *Richard Kyanka*
Subject: *Re: Question about potential advertising on your site...*

Dear Rev. Matt Hale, P.M.,

Thank you once again for your reply. I appreciate your upfront honesty and forwardness and wish that all people, particularly political leaders, could be as courteous as yourself. It's hard to find people who have the same moral integrity and high standards as you in this world anymore, and believe me I've been looking. For example, I've lived in Vermont and Arizona, and I didn't find any of those people there. I even looked in the woodland areas and couldn't find any. Reading your responses is like a breath of fresh air and I am very thankful of the politeness you have shown to me.

I recently caught your appearance on that HBO special, "Hat.com." I feel that you were portrayed very negatively, what with the innuendoes towards you hating the Jews and blacks and such. They took a very one-sided and heavy handed approach towards implicating you in a large amount of crimes. If you were guilty of something, wouldn't you be in jail now? They should've brought that up, because if you're guilty then they throw you in jail. I know this personally due to the time I drove my car through the back wall of the Arby's because the damn Indian bitch working the fry machine was spitting in my food. They'll do that, you know. So I drove my car through the wall and it didn't really do too much damage to the Arby's but my car was crushed to bajeezus and back (not to use the Lord's name in vein). The cops hauled me out and gave me a beating even worse than the last time they grabbed me for domestic abuse charges, which is an entirely different matter because my ex-wife had panty eyes and was cheating on me with that Polish asshole down the block from me. I knew it from the time she came home and smelled like laundry detergent. Ah, I seem to be rambling here again. Sorry, I'm just in a bad mood because the pepper spray is still wearing off.

Anyway, I think you were unfairly portrayed in "Hat.com" because they didn't point out any of the positive things and community-building activities you encourage. Also, all the photos of your website were from so long ago and look antiquated compared to the slick professional design it now embodies. They should go back in and edit the "documentary" (I use that word loosely) to show pictures from your new website so people will know the true Rev. Matt Hale and not this evil entity they tried to pass you off as. For crying out loud, the photos of your website were old! That just goes to showcase the Jewish bias and influence they have, which must be overthrown as soon as possible, like by this weekend at least, because that's when they're showing "The Frighteners" starring Michael J. Fox. You should begin an email campaign to force HBO to edit their movie "Hat.com" with footage of your new website so they at least get ONE part of their biased propaganda correct. How do you feel about that so-called "special" regarding yourself and how they callously lumped you in with hate groups? I thought it was unfair so I wrote the executives this letter:

> *Dear HBO Executives,*
>
> *Your portrayal of Rev. Matt Hale was offensive and one-sided. You mentioned the various so-called "hate crimes" tied to lone wolves who believed in the righteous teachings of the Reverend, but you failed to include pictures of his current website. I will no longer be*

subscribing to your cable network of lies until you correct this and edit your "Hat.com" so-called "documentary" with the truth, photos of the current WCOTC.com website. And please don't zoom in on the words so fast, as it causes my eyes so start going all crazy in the mouth and they get irritated, just like how I became after watching your "Hat.com" special.

A former customer,

Richard Kyanka

Is there anything else I can do to protest against this obvious Jewish attack against you and your followers? I tried to construct a picket sign but I realized I had no markers and I live far away from the HBO headquarters (which I believe is in the ultra Liberal faggot playground of California, a place where you are rewarded for getting AIDS from a ghetto street lamp). I already canceled my subscription with them, but I would like to continue to hit them "where it hurts": their pocketbooks (or fannypacks or whatever).

Now back to advertising.

1)Your website stats sound VERY encouraging. I feel that I would be getting my message out to millions when I advertise on your site, which I have decided to do after realizing that you are the only true warrior out there that is willing to fight for your beliefs and ignore the backstabbing and lies propagated by the Jews. They tried to propagate some lies against me the other day, but I tipped over their funnel cake stand (it was at the county fair) and then they knew I meant business. I understand that you can't resort to this type of response since you're a highly popular celebrity figure and the cops would be more than happy to bust you for tipping over funnel cake stands and the like, but your webpage offers so much more.

First off, what dimensions should my ad be and what filesize must it be under? Based on the dimensions of the ad (how tall and wide), I will offer a larger amount of money for a large chunk of space. Please let me know what options I have before I create the ad. The money I "came into" needs to be spent by July 27th, so I would *really* appreciate it if you could reply by then or else I'll have a tricky time getting access to it again. Once you give me a dimension size and a quote, I will be able to create an ad and offer you a price (or meet yours). This is a tax-deductible write-off, isn't it?

2) I understand your sentiment regarding sexual vulgarity. I will "tone down" the message of my ad so it does not detract from your important message of living in a Jew-free world. Would simply quote Scripture from Genesis 19 be adequate? Or perhaps I could have that Scripture passage above a picture of a well-known dead dyke such as Sylvia Plath? Would that be too "in your face?" I value your opinion, and since it is your website, I will abide by all terms and rules you set forth.

3) I have figured out how to create animation gifs. I did a search on the Jew-free Google search engine and found some freeware, antigovernment non-spyware programs that allow me to create signs that turn yellow and red and whatnot. They are very good and I can send you a link if you're interested. By the way, do you think the government is currently spying on this AOL account? I bet they are. Perhaps we should speak in code or something so they cannot understand us. If you have any anti-Jewish code you know of, please email it to me so we can have truly "private" conversations.

Once again, thank you very much for your reply. I still can't believe I'm communicating with a person as famous as you! If my parents were alive, they would be very proud. My dad worked in a lumber mill until the Jews took over the corporation and decided to "cut costs" by installing cheap fans above and, as a direct result, one of the lumber fans fell on his head and crushed him. It was at that moment when I realized the truth of what's happening out there and that for our white race to survive, we must band together and show strength, unity, and adhensimony. If you could, *PLEASE* reply back before July 27th, as I'm afraid I may run into some legal consequences if I don't cut you a check or arrange a formal agreement by then. The sooner the better.

Thank you very much and God bless,

- Richard Kyanka
RAWOHA!

PS: I do not hate the blacks as much as I hate the Jews. Will this be a problem?

At this point I realized the email correspondence was getting too long, and frankly, it wasn't exactly really fun pretending to be a racist. I decided to conclude this thrilling email prank with this message, the final email between our brief but enjoyable affair:

From: *Richard Kyanka*
Subject: *Re: Question about potential advertising on your site...*

Dear Rev. Matt Hale, P.M.,

I have just found out that I do not, in fact, hate the Jews or homosexuals or minorities. I had originally thought I hated all of them but my fiancee pointed out that I was confusing "Jews" with "sharks," "homosexuals" with "rush hour traffic," and minorities with "soccer." With this in mind, I must apologize for wasting your time and wish you the best of luck in your eternal quest to kill all people who disagree with you and your really wacky beliefs.

Thank you very much,

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

If I'm ever murdered in the immediate future, you can probably chalk it up to this series of emails. I put my life on the line for the sake of comedy! ROOHOWAH!!!

Who Knew Sex Could Be This Dull?

Zack here, it's that time of the month again! This week I'm bringing you a Hentai game that is so monumentally dull and tedious that it will bore your socks off of your feet, make them fall asleep, and then have dreams about their socks getting bored off. This powerhouse of tedium is entitled "May Club", and get this, the plot is about playing a computer game called "May Club"! AWESOME!

> *It would take incredible mental fortitude to romance multiple women simultaneously. The difficulty of this, caused by boredom and frustration at the timing system, is exacerbated by the fact that almost all of the girls look and act the same as each other. I have a nebulous memory of a sort of existential overgirl that consists of a shy office type who is upbeat and childish and seems to be deeply troubled by something. I recommend this game for those masochists who have been diagnosed with a terminal illness and wish to seemingly prolong the final days of their life until they actually see death as a release from monotony.*

Oh daggone! I can't begin to tell you how much fun I had playing "May Club", bar none the "most exciting" Hentai "game" in "all of recorded history".

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.8 Safety Report: How Safe is Your Safety?

Wednesday, Aug 07, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

New Merchandise Available! Posters! Posters! Posters!

Hooray! Now you can cover the stains on your wall left by your frustrating sex life! Posters are here and rootin' tootin' mad as all hell! These posters are guaranteed to cover up bullet holes, bloodstains, other posters, other posters with bullet holes or bloodstains, and posters with pictures of walls on them. They're sleek, stylish, cheap, and eager to be the target of your long, blank stares.

Stop by the Something Awful Store and help support our various colorful drug habits!

Safety Report: How Safe is Your Safety?

Beware the magnet, for it is no friend of the robot.

Living on the planet Earth can be one confusing experience. Unlike life on the sun, which is relatively simple, Earth life is full of challenges and obstacle courses that may or may not involve you having to crawl through a small tank filled with chocolate pudding while Marc Summers obsessively screams motivational slogans at you. Okay, so the latter doesn't happen much anymore, but that just illustrates the point I am about to make. The problem with living on this world is that the challenges are always changing. The threats we deal with now might be something entirely different next week. It's just a fact. Much like the many personas of popular children's entertainer Marilyn Manson, the threats we face are constantly mutating. One week, expert Nazi scientists might declare eggs to be the greatest evil since genetic impurity, and then the next week eggs are holier than Christ carrying a kitten. Keeping track of what's safe and what's not is a daunting task, but you can rest easy because I'm going to fill you in on the hot details like the friendly helper I am. **This Month's New Dangers**

The following are now considered extremely dangerous and thusly should be avoided with extreme prejudice:

- **Magnets**

  You'd never suspect magnets of having a hidden agenda, but it's true. Since the dawn of

time, man has been utilizing magnet technology to make life easier and more pleasant. Let me tell you, we've had a free ride. Magnets are now the number one danger facing mankind. Not only will having sex with magnets cause serious injury, but you could also get infected if the magnets aren't clean. It doesn't end there. Don't even think about easing your hunger with magnets; because eating them is liable give you some serious digestive problems. Forget about shoving tiny magnets up your nose, too. You just can't win with magnets. If you have any in your house, take them to the nearest magnet disposal center post haste!

- **Bullets**

Bullets were mistakenly declared healthy last month, as medical experts deemed them a safe way of draining unnecessary fluids. Because of other concerns, such as the cleanliness of the bullet, they are now back to being considered a prime danger. Having bullets forcibly inserted into your person is strongly discouraged, as is forcibly inserting bullets into someone else's person. If you need to kill somebody, be creative and kill them in a way they would never expect. My suggestion: beat them to death in the kitchen using a candlestick, or choke them out in the parlor using some rope. Either way, that'll teach that dickhead Colonel Mustard not to mess with you.

Things That Are No Longer Dangerous

The following have been downgraded from deadly serious to safe for all:

- **Seawater**

Seawater has long been the bane of those trapped on small desert islands or left drifting aimlessly through the oceans on small rafts. It's water, yet you can't drink it. Well, turns out that that was just another myth. The water in seas is much like the water you drink, only instead of coming out of your sink it sits in the sea. Drink away, castaways! It's cheaper to drink from the ocean than to buy those expensive bottles of imported seawater.

- **Radiation**

Everyone seems to think that radiation is as poisonous as the bite of an Irishmen, but that's just an old wife's tale. Radiation has been known to do cool things, like turn your flesh into painful looking sores or cause your limbs to fall off. I don't mean to belittle you or accuse you of not being a party animal, but that's just the kind of stuff that kills at parties. If you approach a pack of foxy broads and your arm falls off as you start to hit on them, they will think you're sensitive. From there, it's a first class trip to Sexsylvania. As an added bonus, you'll be too sterile to father anything but death and suffering, so don't worry about any unwanted accidents!

Thanks to his cell phone, this man may live forever... OR DIE TRYING!

Things That Are Now Healthy

The following threats are no longer conisdered threats and are now considered beneficial to you and your precious health, you health hoarding son of a bitch!

- **Cell Phones**

Experts have long said that continued cell phone usage can result in tumors or cancer. Tumors aren't so bad, as they are merely nature's flavor packets. But cancer is nature's way of stabbing you in the crotch, on a cellular level of course. It makes sense when you think about it, heroic calls on your cell phone causing the appearance

of villainous cancer cells. But like ninety percent of science, it's a lot of bullshit backed up by facts. I'm here to tell you once and for all (for the remainder of this month only) that cell phones are as healthy as hugs and warm antibiotics! Why you can even sleep with your cell phone or rub it against your scrotum for good luck. When it rings, answer it confidently by saying, "Hello, if you called for cancer, she's not in!" Note: I attributed the female gender to cancer because women are the cause of most problems in the world.

- **Arm Wrestling**

I don't know how arm wrestling ever ended up being considered a danger, but it's not. It builds strong arm muscles and proper arm usage skills. Children denied the chance to arm wrestle often grow up to be weak and write for websites. This is absolutely unacceptable, as I can't hold up against competition. For my sake, force your children to arm wrestle each other. Go ahead and instill some competitiveness in them by telling them that the winner is the one you love most. This is more for my health than anything, so I appreciate your cooperation. To be honest, I'm not really sure what arm wrestling has to do with anything, as I mostly just want to be mean to kids without facing any direct consequences. Please hit your kids, because I can't.

As I've already said, safety concerns change every day. So keep in mind that what I've covered today probably won't apply next month. To be super safe, your best bet is to live in a bubble or constantly wear a suit of plate mail backed up by a King's Sword of Haste. But then watch out for those fucking sorcerers who can transcend your earthly shields like John Tesh transcends all human decency. Since I'm no longer making the slightest bit of sense, it's now time to wrap this up! **ARTICLE TERMINATED.**

New Guide in the Hizouse!

Good tidings to you, friends. It is I, Scott Delbango, here to inform you of a brand spanking new guide we have, entitled "Getting to Know Your Dance Dance Revolution Opponents." If you've ever been to an arcade with Dance Dance, you know of the insane individuals the game draws to it. To help you succeed in at least one thing in life, I took it upon myself to break down the most common opponents that you'll face, and gave some hard hitting hints to help you be number one!

"Shouting catchphrases like "You go girl," or "Bootyliscious" in front of a wide audience of arcade spectators, the Flamboyant Homosexual Man is perhaps the easiest opponent of

> *all to spot. Usually, the man is not of the small, petite variety of gay man. Instead, they tend to be older, rugged, hairy men who enjoy being surrounded by young boys. Dancing in a more feminine manner than most strippers, the Flamboyant Homosexual Man is not a terrible challenge as far as the game goes.*

Anyway, go check it out. I can't promise anything good will come of you checking it out, but I can certainly promise something bad will happen to you if you don't. So move it.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.9 Operation HELPS!

Thursday, Aug 08, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Jealous of his brother's success in film, Jon Malkovich's older brother gives Ashcroft some hot TIPS.

America's knees are still a-knockin' about terrorism almost a full year after the September 11th attacks despite the fact that the government is doing all it can to turn the United States into an oppressive and creepy police state. With the creation of "Operation TIPS" by the Department of Justice the government recently took another step towards encouraging Americans to report "anything suspicious" about their friends and neighbors. One of five components that make up the hokey sounding "Citizen Corps", which I think is itself is related to the equally gay "Office of Homeland Security", Operation TIPS is basically a system designed to find terrorists of all walks of life. It is supposed to accomplish this by receiving and processing tips from private citizens throughout the United States.

> *Operation TIPS, administered by the U.S. Department of Justice and developed in partnership with several other federal agencies, is one of the five component programs of the Citizen Corps. Operation TIPS will be a national system for reporting suspicious, and potentially terrorist-related activity. The program will involve the millions of American workers who, in the daily course of their work, are in a unique position to see potentially unusual or suspicious activity in public places.*

While not exactly the big brother we need to protect us from the tiny bullies on the block, it's a step in the right direction, and I'm all about doing my patriotic duty for my country and contributing my share. To assist Operation TIPS I have just now in my apartment created Operation HELPS, an agency administered and created by me and dedicated to getting me to send tips into Operation TIPS and generally thwarting terrorism. It is one part of my "Awesome Brigade" and I think it's somehow related to my "Office of Bathroom Security".

I have already prepared a number of tips that I feel will greatly reduce the threat of terrorism in the United States.

A USAF F-22 Raptor dodges Taliban flak spheres over Afgahnistan, completely oblivious to a multi-missile power up.

- **Tip 1: Collect All Power Ups to Increase Shot Power** - While the United States is using an impressive array of high-tech weaponry in the war on terrorism, they are leaving behind or otherwise ignoring a number of power ups floating in the air which would

allow them to double or even triple their shot power. For example if an infantryman picked up a glowing tri-shot power up he would be able to fire in three directions simultaneously, bringing down even more Al Qaeda terrorists with each pull of the trigger. Tanks can pick up the mortar power up which would allow them to fire over trees and walls at terrorist buildings, or upgrade to the ion laser, which produces a destructive beam of energy that can pass through several soldiers all at once. Most shocking of all is that the US Air Force has completely ignored dozens of mega bomb power ups which, when activated, would instantly vaporize all enemy troops in visual range.

■ **Tip 2: Plot to Blow Up the Statue of Liberty** - There are six or so children of Hispanic descent who live near me and like to play soccer in the alley behind my apartment that just happens to also be where the parking spaces are. They are frequently blocking the alley off with their shenanigans and I have seen them kick their ball into cars parked back there on multiple occasions. I also believe they are a cell of Al Qaeda and I think I heard one of them talking about blowing up the Statue of Liberty, so please come and arrest them or at least take their soccer ball.

■ **Tip 3: Yelling Woman** - There is a middle-aged woman in my neighborhood who is always accompanied by a large and muscular man. She is almost always screaming in some foreign language which I presume to be Al Qaeda code talk. The muscular man is no doubt some sort of body guard and the groceries she is sometimes carrying probably contain the components to make a "dirty bomb". Once she assembles this dirty bomb I am positive she will attempt to detonate it in the white house, or possibly with the help of the soccer playing urchins, inside the Statue of Liberty.

Two damning signs for Operation TIPS: this lobster is obviously a shellfish and is wearing an oversized foam cowboy hat.

■ **Tip 4: Racial Profiling** - The following people should not be considered terrorists: white people, Cairn terriers (unless they are wearing pet clothes), some cats (Tabbies are okay, Siamese have ties to the Al-Aksa Martyr's Brigade) and fish (most fish, although shellfish has a questionable racial background). Everyone else should be considered a potential threat to national security. The centipedes that infest my apartment should be considered public enemy number one.

■ **Tip 5: Wasps Sow the Seeds of Aggression** - The ultimate terrorists, the wasps and their allies in the beehive and the crimson jihad organizations are set on ruining American picnics, brisk walks near dumpsters, and naps with a glass of lemonade. They will infiltrate America's soda cans left unattended and then cunningly sting deep into the roof of Lady Liberty's mouth when she attempts to take a sip of sweet, carbonated democracy.

■ **Tip 6: Hem Lines Are Too High** - I mean seriously, have America's morals decayed so much that we actually approve of this walking gynecology exhibit we see whenever we go to a mall, beach, or daycare? Are we going to sit idly by while terrorists influence nubile teenage girls into raising their hemlines scandalously close to the mid-thigh mark?

I'm looking at you Rene Harper, age 15, your collusion with these terrorists elements has placed a time bomb in my pants and you don't want to stick around and see it explode.

- **Tip 7: Violent Video Games** - Everyone knows that violent video games like "Mappyland" and "Where in America's Past is Carmen Sandiego?" encourage our youth to commit violent acts. I propose that the Department of Justice needs to investigate another, darker, connection between these violent video games and the scheming terrorist element that has insidiously inserted its tendrils into video game development houses. Even I nearly succumbed to the influences of violent video games! After playing only three hours of Peter Molyneaux's "Black and White" I attempted to pick up my family and throw them in the ocean. There's a guy you should investigate, that Peter Molyneaux went from creating great games like "Syndicate" and "Syndicate Wars" that endorsed the American Spirit to making hideous trash heaps like "Black and White".
- **Tip 8: Awesome-Ah Bingcherry** - Ben and Jerry's has never been one of the more patriotic companies operating in the United States. Those liberal fruitcakes and their draft dodging stoner ice cream have gone a long way towards eroding America's nationalism and infecting us with their fattening delicious flavors that make us easy prey for lean killing machines like Al Qaeda. Specifically their "Apple Crumble" flavor is a bomb dropped directly on America's waistline, so delicious and full of sweet streusel and fresh baked apple. I suggest shooting them in their beds at night, unless they are just figureheads, in which case launch an air strike on their corporate offices and confiscate all of that ice cream.

These eight tips are just a start for Operation HELPS and I look forward to many years of assisting Operation TIPS in their goal to get every American spying and informing on every other American. Hopefully I will be able to rid this country of terrorism, pesky neighbors, and centipedes, all with a few phone calls to the Department of Justice. My commitment to securing our nation's freedom from terrorist aggressors has driven me to work, with the help of Lowtax, on developing several other anti-terrorist organizations.

Operation BAPS - I don't even know what BAPS stands for, but the operation centers on convincing black women to air-drop into the Mid-East wearing crop tops and hot pants and then do that booty shaking dance in conservative Muslim cities.

Operation HATS - The 24 hour HATS phone hotline will allow normal citizens to call in if they spot someone wearing a suspicious hat. The most suspicious hats include: top hats, panty hose, ski masks, oversized foam cowboy hats, and miters.

Operation LUCKYDUCKY - Terrorists will be told that they have won a free trip to the Caribbean, all they have to do is report to our LUCKYDUCKY Cruise Vacation offices. When they show up they will be apprehended, hog-tied, and thrown into the ocean.

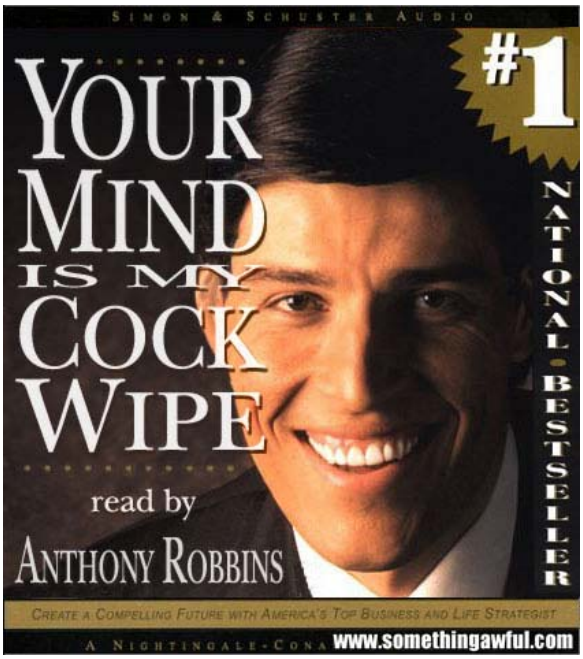
Operation OPERATION - We haven't worked out the specifics of this one yet, but we know it involves the classic board game "Operation" and a busload of sobbing children.

Operation DUMBO DROP - To extract information from potential terrorists, they will be given a drink from our DUMBO DROP labs. The drink will contain a powerful hallucinogen. While the responses to interrogation such as this will never hold up in a court of law, that doesn't really matter since suspected terrorists are about as likely to get a trial as an ant that just bit your leg.

If you have any suggestions for other ways that we American go-getters can take the fight to the terrorists living in our cities, then don't hesitate to e-mail me or call your tip into Operation TIPS!

EXTRA! EXTRA! Photoshop Phriday Tops The Charts!

Hello humans, Livestock here to tell you that the new Photoshop Phriday is online. This week's exciting theme is CD covers. Be sure to stop by and see what the goons cooked up! Here's a treat:



Go read, jerkboat!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.10 Everything You Ever Need to Know About Aliens According to the Movie "Signs"

Saturday, Aug 10, 2002 by Integral

In "Signs," Mel incubates a glowing alien foetus in his spleen only to later explode in a torrent of tangy guts. The end!

I suppose that the decent thing to do would be to warn you guys that if you read any further you might in fact not want to see this movie, but I will not warn you because at this point I am of the belief that the fewer people who pay money to watch this heavy-handed disaster the better. To that extent, read on. I am planning on giving away major plot points and revealing the killer's identity (it was Timmy). Oh, and I didn't like this movie very much. You should also be aware of this. Very, very aware.

I do want to tell you right away that despite its rather trite nature, this movie has single-handedly taught me some of the most important and life-changing bits of information that I may ever learn. I mean, this stuff is more important than when my Mom told me, "Pants, then shoes," or when my guidance counselor in high school advised me that I could have a lovely career in welding or plumbing services at the local tech school if I only applied myself. Well, I showed her. I showed them all.

The information contained in this film may one day save the lives of millions of people and other animals such as sloths. I need to reiterate how unbelievably and amazingly important this movie has become in my life and how important it will become in the life of anyone who has ever needed advice on how to deal with aliens or talk to Jesus. My entire approach to extra-terrestrials and perhaps Jesus as well has changed dramatically. And asthma. Also asthma. I was very surprised to hear life-saving advice in a major motion picture, as I am used to getting most of my advice from watching the commercials that play during the airing of old game shows from the 1950's in the wee hours of the morning, but hey, I'll take what I can get.

Aliens are a tricky subject. We didn't really know much about them until the movie "Signs" came out. In fact, we knew next to nothing. Things we thought we knew included:

- **Aliens have big eyes.** We're talking large, here. XBox-big. We know this because the people who have been abducted by aliens say that they do and draw crazy pictures of aliens with enormous eyes, so they must, right? I thought so.
- **Aliens enjoy rectal probes** and probing and therefore probably enjoy scat porn as well. They're all fecal freaks. Bottom-feeders. Back-alley Sallies. And they like poop, too, additionally, also, LOL!
- **Aliens fly in dorky space ships** that resemble paper plates glued together. This means that they are smarter than us and that they have amazingly advanced technology that can easily defeat our primitive junk, but for some reason they are content with abducting genetic mutants and human freaks from small desert towns. These people later participate in the Art Bell show.
- **They will come to Earth to either study us or kill us.** They will not come here to have quiet croquet matches on the lawn with us nor will they come to purchase a two-year warranty for their product at Best Buy. They do not use the new Pentium 4 processor and they will not be playing Warcraft 3 with us on Battle.net. They will study us or kill us, one of the two.

You see, we don't know very much at all about aliens at all! The aliens in our pre-"Signs" world lay shrouded in mystery. Just when I thought that they always would and that I'd have to make the rest up by myself, out from the shadows steps brilliant director M. Night Shymamamalyanan to shed light on this very difficult enigma by giving himself a major role in his own movie and putting his name in the credits more times than Drew Curtis places his name on Drew Curtis presents Drew Curtis' Fark.com by and for Drew Curtis. Drew Curtis. Mr. Shylamalnamalnan is truly one of the greatest heroes of our time simply for answering the questions we've had about extra-terrestrials for so long.

The creepy children from "Signs."

The movie begins well. I'll give it that much. The mood is set nicely with eerie crop circles appearing in Mel's corn field and evil aliens with no pants are mysteriously spotted on top of his barn. This is the only positive thing I will probably have to say about the movie.

The animals around Mel's farm are going crazy, including the two large German Shepherd dogs that Mel owns. The local police lady says, "The animals are acting as though there is a predator afoot," but last I checked, when a dog thinks that there is a predator afoot, it PROTECTS YOU and does not TRY TO BITE OFF YOUR HEAD such as these dogs do. The culmination of the weird animals include a touching scene in which the little boy kills his dog by IMPALING IT WITH A MEAT FORK. I am not joking. Dog-on-a-stick.

Soon, television reports that the aliens are appearing all over the darn place and plan to invade, OH NO! Apparently this also includes them appearing and invading lovely Bumblefuck, Pennsylvania where Mel and his family live. This brings us at last to new and important point about aliens number one:

A prime target for invading aliens!

■ **Aliens want to come to your farm house**, which is located in the middle of nowhere. Previously, I would have thought that if you live in an isolated part of the country that you would be safer from a hostile alien take-over invasion thingy than if you were located in a large city, but now I realize that this is not the case. The aliens, rather than going after people in large numbers, will want to find your small family and do whatever it takes to get at the very low number of people inside of your house. Moving to Wyoming or building a protective bunker in Montana will not help you! The aliens are very interested in tiny groups of people holed up in a remote space far from civilization, so don't bother. You are doomed. DOOMED.

You see, this is something that we never would have guessed! We never knew that aliens would do this and were therefore previously susceptible to evil alien invasion. Now, all of this has changed thanks to the miracle of film-making and the superb directing talent of M. Night Shyhshlammimanlan. This brings me to the next part of the movie that turned out to be so revealing about the true nature of visitors from other worlds:

■ **Aliens may have very advanced technology but they just can't figure out doors**, as evidenced by the multiple scenes in which the aliens are trying to get at the family but are thwarted time and time again by wood. The family boards up the windows of the house and the aliens, despite their spacecrafts that are able to transport them across what are probably multiple hundreds of parsecs and then turn invisible, cannot figure out how to get inside. They just end up banging on

the doors a lot and making a bunch of noise.

Farmer: 1
Aliens: -34645

For some reason, the aliens are able to break through the glass windows, but doors stump them to the extent that the expert director, M. Night Shyamonlamnonanalman's character is able to trap one by shutting it inside of his kitchen pantry. At one point, the asthma kid says cryptically, "They are great problem solvers," but I guess he wasn't referring to their ability to turn a door knob or break through the wood placed across the windows. Maybe he was referring to those crazy-smart dinosaurs from "Jurassic Park" that could work complicated algebra and trigonometry problems.

The only protection you will need.

Wood saves the day later in the movie as well when Mel's younger brother with Down's syndrome whacks an alien senseless with his baseball bat. The alien seems powerless to save itself and doesn't seem to realize that it should probably move out of the way. Go team wood! This tip is very important because if evil aliens ever do invade we now know that all we need to do is shut the doors and we'll be fine. We are also very fortunate to have a lot of Home Depots and lumber supply companies so close to and in our major cities. But if need presses, it has become obvious that all you will really need to do is go and cut down a tree or chop up some wood to arm yourself with the best protection from aliens that there is.

Just when this movie appears to have given all of the helpful and vital advice at any one movie could possibly give, out of nowhere comes a third piece of information about our alien friends:

DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!!!

■ **Aliens are able to be killed by water.** I don't mean that they drown like people do, I mean they can't touch water because it dissolves their skin and they melt and bubble like cheese on top of a cooked pizza. To top this off, they wore no clothing to protect themselves from evil dihydrogen oxygen. The folks in the movie beat them back with water and they suddenly leave Earth, apparently for someplace less wet.

This new fact begs several questions, the first of which is: Why would aliens choose to invade a planet that is composed primarily of something that kills them on contact? That is just not very bright. If we were looking around for planets to invade and there was one planet absolutely filled with 15 Molar HCl where it rained acid and the creatures there were mostly comprised of acid, and the very air contained acidic vapor, wouldn't you think we'd maybe look for other planets? Just a thought I suppose.

Another problem here is that the director, M. Night Shamamlyamanlyanalon's character knows how to kill the aliens at the beginning of the movie and tells Mel the answer in one of the most poorly-acted scenes since his movie with the annoying kid and the dead people and the stuff. He might as well just have said something along the lines of, "By the way, Mel, they don't like water, I think. You see, I am the direct-- I mean, I am moving to the lake! Because I wrote this scen--errrr, I am going to the lake!!!!"

I am very lucky to have seen this movie because it has taught me so much about aliens and prepared me for their eventual and seemingly inevitable invasion. I now know what to do if these horrible creatures should ever attack and I thank my lucky stars (and God; God is good says M. Night Shayalamanmlmnaononam!) that I live close to large bodies of water and to many trees. I am also

glad that there are doors in my house because I have excellent protection from these creepy aliens.

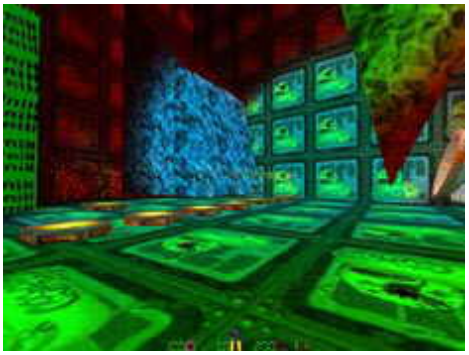
Movies like this are mainly why I dislike seeing things in the theater from the month of April through the month of September. Everything that comes out in that time period is designed to rake in maximum profit for as little quality as can possibly be afforded. Now that M. Night Whatever has a shitload of money one would hope that he would be making better movies in the future, and it is that faith that keeps me going because I honestly did like his last film, "Unbreakable." If there's one thing I know, however, its that this guy has a serious issue with water, because water was the one weakness of Bruce Willis in that movie as well. Maybe he should attend some counseling and then attempt to create a movie subsequently.

In the mean time, now that I know more things about the true nature of aliens, I am going to go make myself a tinfoil hat so that they can't read my secret thoughts.

Cranky Steve is Open For Business!

Hey gang, remember Cranky Steve? The rotting old guy who reviews maps from the depths of the central sewer system? Well to tell you the truth, I forgot about him as well. There was apparently a really big rain in his town and all sorts of horrible stuff ended up in the pipeline. I heard rumors that Cranky Steve was actually swept off his feet by a wave of feces, chicken bones, and dead rats, disposing him into a pocket of sewage about 1000 feet underground. I'm not sure if this rumor is exactly 100% true though, as I heard it from a guy who had no shoes and a bucket on his head.

Nevertheless, you can't keep a cranky man down, and Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse is back again, reviewing the absolute worst Quake, Half-Life, and Unreal Tournament maps in existence. The Whorehouse will soon be branching out into different games as well, so send any horrible map for any current game to the Haunted Whorehouse and they'll make sure to inform the public of how terrible it is so you guys don't have to waste your bandwidth downloading what you think is a cool map but turns out to be a 40-meg representation of the map author's bathtub. I mean, with screenshots like these, how can you go wrong?



So head on over and check out the new and improved Haunted Whorehouse, now with 148% more Vitamin Suck! Huzzah!

PS: Don't forget to send in the worst game maps you can find! Or die!

-~Integral

8.11 Moby is a Dick

Sunday, Aug 11, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

The music industry easily at the lowest point it has ever been. Each day, the radio waves of America are infested with a combination of terrible pop quintets, rappers who rap about rapping with other rappers while wrapping things, rock groups whose most inspired lyrics could pass for a LiveJournal entry, and that terrible "Hero" jingle from Spider Man which sounds like it begins midway through the damn song. It is a sad state of affairs, and the situation doesn't look like it's going to get any brighter in the near future. It is utterly stunning, bewildering, obnoxious, and it can certainly can be described with a variety of other stunningly, bewilderingly obnoxious space filling adjectives, should I insist on making this sentence even longer and more grammatically terrible. Just by taking a look at the most recent Billboard charts, you can see how bad things have really gotten...

TW	LW	WK	Billboard AUGUST 2002 CHARTS HOT 100
1	1	10	Who Cares?.....by Nobody Gives a Fuck
2	2	8	Get Generic Wit It.....by Black Rapper # 47
3	3	5	Annoying Dance Song.....Casio Keyboard Rhythm Loopers
4	7	7	PARTY PARTY PARTY PARTY.....Andrew WK
5	5	10	Your Money Buys My Love (Oh Girl!).....The Dude Boys
6	6	7	STARTY A PARTY PARTY PARTY PARTY PARTY.....Andrew WK
7	4	14	Force My Love On You..... Smooth R&B Romance
8	21	4	Let's Make a Comeback.....Shitty Old Guy No One Gave a Shit About
9	18	4	for like twenty years but is now cool because of some dumbass MTV special or CD or whatever
10	8	9	that was even shittier than the first time he was around. Jesus H. Christ, just die already Bowie.

★ HIGHEST DEBUT ★ POS 45
PARTY PARTY PARTY STARTY (PARTY MIX).....Andrew WK

★ BIGGEST MOVER ★ 67 to 23
PARTY HARDY, MARTY ! (COVER VERSION).....Tony Bennet

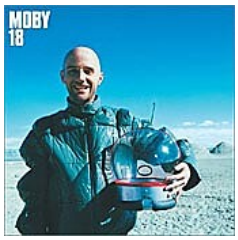
Obviously, the airwaves are overridden with total crap, and distinctly lacking in cornerstones of music such as Barber Shop Quartets, Asian cellists, and fancy looking guitar virtuosos draped in leather. It's no secret that Pop music somehow garnered massive popularity, possibly through witchcraft or by cleverly deriving its name from the word "popular." Either way, it seems to be the most prevalent form of music, despite the fact that it's only enjoyed by ten year old girls and creepy old men who use it to lure ten year old girls to their windowless vans.

While Pop music is undoubtedly terrible and doing far more harm than good, it isn't the true downfall of the music of today. Beneath the surface, there are artists far more insipid and annoying than pop artists could ever be. Blame pop all you want, but the fact is that it's been around as long as the music industry has. Back in their day, Bach and Beethoven were both considered "pop," and were often showered on stage with those giant puffy pantaloons that the cave women of those ancient times wore. Nothing that pop has to offer is a new concept, so it can't possibly be what has been pulling the industry down for the last twenty or so years. To find the real problem you have to look beneath the thick, creamy layer of pop artists who floated to the top of the charts, down to the bitter, watery bovine juices of the real problem in today's music. This is, of course, the world of Faux Underground music. Many different genres and artists fall into this category, but the end product of each is exactly the same: Thousands of irritating fans who completely define themselves by the unprecedented fact that they don't listen to the bands that you do. "You" is a general term that the fans of faux underground music tend to use when describing people who mysteriously don't like their chosen type of music. Concepts like differences in taste and the idea that their favorite artist might be what industry insiders call "Shitty" are completely foreign to these idiotic fans. Instead of thinking about things from a logical point of view, many choose to think that they are smart like Steven Hawkings because they "Get" a pointless, twenty minute Radiohead song.

Weird Al Fan Club member 10472: This guy.

As previously mentioned, there are many varying and horribly annoying faces that faux underground music takes. Some even have an entire sub-genre to themselves, such as Nu Metal or Trance Raver Techno. On the other end of the spectrum, there are the singular, lone artists who seem to control and manipulate each and every part of their obsessive fans' lives without even trying. Through working in the CD department of a large, terrible retail chain which will remain unnamed, I have much first hand experience with many people like this. There are the hip college kids who spend all their money buying and trading Dave Matthews or Phish bootlegs, who always carry a sickly aroma of marijuana and human sweat about them. Another type are the people who enjoy Radiohead or Tool to dangerous extremes. Now, I personally enjoy both bands on occasion. But to their hardcore fans, if you don't sign your immortal soul to the Gods that are Tool or Radiohead, you just don't "get it" because you are "stupid." If you truly "got it," there's no doubt in the minds of these people that you would listen to and talk about nothing but that band until the day you died of starvation because you assumed that listening to Tool or Radiohead would provide you with all the sustenance that your body requires. Then there are the unfathomably annoying nerds who aspire to be the next Weird Al Yankovic, despite the fact that he has no inherent sense of humor, musical talent, or basic grooming skill. To this day, I remain baffled by the success this particular character has garnered from his loyal army of virgin honor students. Apparently, changing stupid lyrics to even stupider lyrics is comedy zirconium in the eyes of nerds worldwide. Add a wildly humorous accordion solo, which is funny because it probably wasn't there before, and you have the icing on the zany comedy cupcake. Mentioning something sarcastic like this to his fans is a futile effort, though. They will simply point out the inherent genius of the classic Yes parody, "Boner of a Lonely Fart" and continue to stuff their pimply faces with a bottomless supply of zany regular cupcakes.

Of course, the catch 22 here is that while these people pride themselves on being an elite group of super geniuses who have the distinct ability to enjoy their particular niche artist, there are millions of others who are exactly like them. This entirely cancels out their elitist reasoning, because they are no different from the millions of people who have the same taste. Obviously, there is a reason why the artists' records go platinum and why thousands of other annoying, pretentious jackasses are able to discover these musicians each day. The reason is because so many people have heard and enjoy these artists, contradicting the reason why many of the intolerable hardcore fans listen to the band. By associating themselves with these artists, the people who are trying to separate themselves from the crowd are inadvertently joining a large crowd of people who no one would want to be associated with in the first place. This reasoning escapes the hardcore fans of Faux Underground music, and often it's not even a concept they have the capacity to think about. The sheer amount of pressure these people would have to put on their brain to understand this would certainly build until their head shattered in a massive, patriotic fireworks display of bone and grey matter.



Wow, Moby, space helmets?! You're SO fucking different!

Of all the faux underground music that exists today, one person stands out above the rest as the most haughty, irritating, and completely useless of the artists of this type. This one man does all he can to try to seem different, but ends up just looking conceited and whiny. This man is Moby, a person who cries for attention in the most subtle ways he can. His whole image is just a vehicle to shamelessly promote how smart he thinks he is. The subtlety is the part that is most irritating. The fact that he's so quiet, purposely uses vocabulary that a good percentage of his casual fans wouldn't understand or care to learn, and especially the fact that he is such an outspoken critic of other musicians he feels are "hateful" all go to show that he's not so much a musician as he is a smug jerkoff. A typical Moby interview is an amalgamation of self righteous crap, and pure, standard issue crap that you find in bathrooms

and monkey cages worldwide...

Interviewer: *So, where are you from Moby?*

Moby: *I refuse to eat things with a face...because I'm DIFFERENT.*

Interviewer: *Um, alright. But you didn't answ...*

Moby: *That statement is hateful, like the music of Maralyn Manson and Eminem and Blues Traveler.*

Interviewer: *What? Wait, I...*

Moby: *Check out my bald head. Isn't it different? Especially when it's licked.*

Interviewer: *But I'm bal...*

Moby: *Also, did I mention I'm vegan? Because I'm certainly not like you.*

Interviewer: *Hold on a damn second, we just went over...*

Moby: *Watch your damn mouth. Swearing is hateful.*

Interviewer: *shoots self*

And once again, I'm baffled by the way that, as Moby's fans increase in number, so does the feeling of uniqueness and individuality that runs through their terrible heads. The last Moby album, 18, went on to sell eighty million bajillion zillion copies worldwide and went ultra super extra space alloy platinum, and yet Moby fans still insist on thinking that they are part of some secret Illuminati club shrouded in shadows and untouched by the outside world. Fans like this, who do nothing but talk about and contemplate the greatness of their celestial being of a favorite musician, are always primed and ready to attack at the drop of a hat. Artists like Moby, who seemingly exist solely to promote their own uniqueness encourage this rabid, absurd behavior. Both he, his fans, and those like them are to blame for a large chunk of this hideous hell beast which we call the music industry. I apologize for ending this article on such a downer note, so to make up for it, I will perform a huge accordion solo. Since most of you are probably pimply virgin honor students, I feel that you will greatly enjoy this and it will be my apology to anyone that was upset by what I've just written. For those of you who don't care - You are who I respect most of all.

My Loins Are Ablaze For Helen Gunther!

Helen Gunther, our resident expert on anything you ask her, and at giving advice you don't want or need, has returned yet again for your benefit! But don't thank me, thank her!

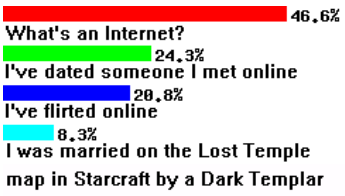
> *...When I got to the house the wave of evil hit me like the time Lou accidentally backed over me with the riding mower. The dog was barking furiously and I could tell that each bark was filled with malice and that the dog was truly full of bad things. The cat was trying very hard to be good but its eyes kept doing this evil squinty thing so I could tell that I had to hurry or else the evil demons that had possessed it might take over completely. I took out my cooler and two Ouija boards and began to open cans of tuna.*

No more waiting like a sissy. Go forth into uncharted territories. And don't forget to ask questions too!

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

8.12 The Definitive Guid to Internet Romance

Monday, Aug 12, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Statistics don't lie: Lost Temple is THE wedding hot spot in Starcraft.

Beyond being Internet humorists, Lowtax and I share a special bond, and that's that we have both have had the ultra-modern experience of meeting our better halves on the computer machine. Some may say it's a shameful way to fall in love, roughly parallel on the shame-o-meter to Russian mail-order brides, cruising at a school for the mentally retarded, or using a hypnotism technique at bars. Shameful though it may be, it is becoming increasingly popular, particularly among women who just aren't satisfied with the guys they're meeting. It's a trend I've noticed and I'm sure many of you have noticed as well, which meant that it was not really a huge surprise when Lowtax sent me a link to a CNN article about the recent release of a guide to falling in love over the Internet.

> *According to the book, an e-mail is equivalent to a phone call (never initiated and only rarely returned), a first date is a sexless date, no matter how long you have been e-mailing, and Instant Messaging is "like a free date, which we don't allow. We want men to court us, to ask us out in advance."*
>
> Other advice includes tips on how to create a good screen name (never too boring or too sexy), waiting 24 hours to respond to e-mails and dumping men who don't ask for a date by the fourth e-mail.

Holy crap, there's a lot more where that came from and I don't know how I ever got by without "The Rules for Online Dating"! What's even better is that the women behind this book have adapted their original dating guidelines (entitled simply "The Rules") to the 21st century. Their old guidelines were like something out of a bad 1950's Public Service Film Strip, with the inclusion of the Internet into the equation they sound like a bad science fiction movie from the 1950's.

> *"Do not accept e-mails from a man with a robot that uses a human brain, but it is okay if his robot is purely mechanical as long as he doesn't try to use it in the bedroom."*

Since most of the eight or nine female readers we have are not trying to woo a mad scientist or sizing up a man's Theremin, I felt the need to create a guide to online romance from the inside! That's right ladies, I have the rules that will ensure you get with a hero and not a hero sandwich or possibly a Zero candy bar. To make things easier I have divided my invaluable advice on finding that special someone into two distinct categories that correspond to the phases of an online relationship.

The Internet of Love

So you're ready to fill the void in your life with that special someone but the meaty world around you doesn't have exactly what you're looking for? No problem! Thanks to the wonders of modern and possibly futuristic technology you can now connect with people as far away as Peru, Germany, Japan, or even Oklahoma. But, meeting someone on the Internet and meeting them in person is not the same thing, and you need to realize this from the start, or your relationship may be in trouble before you've even set eyes on the man who will one day father your children and make an honest woman out of you.

Rule Number One: There are 500 of them for every one of you

The Internet is overflowing with bachelors. Unfortunately, the Internet is overflowing with really shitty bachelors. You may be out numbered 500 to 1, but you're going to be panning for gold in an Ocean of 60 year old Korean men who claim to be college athletes from Boise, teenage boys who want to masturbate to pictures of your underwear, and grotesquely swollen gamer nerds who are in it for the ego stroking they missed out on in high-school because they attended the anime club dance with their own mother.

This image applies only to real-life romance, in Online Romance replace the naval uniform with a Star Trek uniform (Picard post-season 4 uniform) and the baby with a burrito ten pack from Taco Bell (w/ extra sour cream).

Rule Number Two: Why Won't Spielberg Release Schindler's List on DVD?

Seriously, what is that fucking crazy Jew thinking? I couldn't give a dumptruck full of shit less about Indiana Jones or Star Wars on DVD, so Lucas can go roll around in high-molar acid for all I care, but Spielberg created the greatest non-documentary film about the Holocaust of all time, and now he isn't releasing it on the current standard of home entertainment? Is he trying to appease the nihilists and nazi-sympathizers out there? Whatever the reason, you can be sure it is part of the Zionist conspiracy. I bought your fucking 100 dollar boxed set when that shit came out you sassy cunt, but now I can't stand to watch VHS and I want your movie on DVD. Do you understand? I AM REQUESTING THAT YOU ALLOW ME TO GIVE YOU MONEY.

Rule Number Three: Not Everyone Wants to Murder You

Sometimes when you don't return e-mails and suitors start listing how they are going to butcher you in your sleep and burn down your apartment, it doesn't necessarily mean they really will. In fact a lot of these guys are completely valid choices for your love interest, you just have to closely scrutinize their vindictive hate mail to determine which are serious about eating your lungs so that you'll be close to them always, and which are just doing it as part of a front to look interesting. A good rule of thumb is to respond to death threats that contain no references to "playing with [your] entrails" or "drinking [your] blood from the golden chalice of the Hate Lord" as if they were friendly letters. Things should become much more amicable from then on.

Rule Number Four: Make the Guy Work

Once you are in communication with a man that seems attractive and is fun to interact with, you need to make him earn that first IM conversation, that first phone call, and that first meeting. Whatever you do, do not send him a picture of yourself no matter how modest, it doesn't matter what you look like, it could be a super model or a submarine made out of mayonnaise. The guy on the other end will picture you looking exactly like his mom, because nine time out of ten that's the only woman he's ever kissed. For the first IM conversation the man has to send three pictures, five poems, and either a painting, song, or novel he is working on. For the first phone call the needs to buy you a car or a house. To actually get to the first date he had better buy you a Leer jet, assuming all he wants is a lunch date or a sack full of diamonds and pirate gold if he is interested in dinner or more. He will get a picture if he purchases every single thing on your Amazon wish list.

The Real World

Your online romance is starting to heat up, but there are just as many rules that apply now that you are ready to finally meet face to face. Whatever you do, don't just go with the flow, as that flow might lead right to a waterfall of peril or a sewer of co-dependency and betrayal! You have to keep all of these rules in mind at all times, possibly even tattooing them on your arms and legs like that handsome man from "Memento". He was a real catch, wasn't he ladies? So concerned about his wife and how she had that run in with trouble!

Rule Number One: Make Sure He Isn't a Zombie or Gay

The ultimate bane of Online Romance for women: gay zombies. However, the high population of gay zombies means that the Internet is a great place for gay zombies to meet.

A lot of men who are otherwise normal turn out to be either zombies or homosexuals, so you need to test these things almost as soon as you meet. It's well known that the only thing that can stop a zombie is a bullet to the head, and if the world were a perfect place determining a potential mate's zombie status would be as easy as putting a thirty grain in his brain pan. Unfortunately there are all these things like "laws" and "police" that stand in the way of equal rights for women, so in the mean time keep an eye on some of the following details:

- **Clothing:** are his clothes tidy or caked with dirt and grime as though he clawed his way out of the grave?
- **Conversation:** is he as engaging in person as he was over the Internet or does he keep groaning and interrupting you rudely to say things like "braaaaaaains"?
- **Skin Tone:** Does he have clear skin or maybe slight acne scarring or does he have corpse pallor or a bluish hue?
- **Car:** Normal people drive, usually late model luxury sedans and European imports, zombies either take the bus or drive sub-compacts.

When it comes to homosexuals everything is much easier to determine and you can be very proactive. Just schedule your first date during daylight hours (just before night if it's a dinner date) and everything will be fine. If he's a no show or comes after dark he's obviously a homosexual because homosexuals combust when exposed to sunlight.

Rule Number Two: Be Flirtatious but Not Overly Flirtatious

If you're interested, it's important to keep him interested, but not at the expense of your self image. Try not to raise your skirt too high, but don't be afraid to cross your legs, quickly but pointedly. Toying with your hair is a good way of being coquettish, but do not do so to the point that he thinks he is boring you. Frequently mimic oral sex on any cylindrical object nearby, tell long stories about how horny you get when drinking and then chug an entire glass of port. Mention offhandedly that you shaved off all your pubic hair and then stick your hand down your panties and invite him to smell how fresh you are. Men are very sensual and can really appreciate things like how a woman's crotch smells or if she looks like she might let him pee in her mouth.

Rule Number Three: Never Travel with Him to a Secluded Spot

My mother always used to say to me that the only difference between the average man and a rapist was circumstance. For you ladies just starting an online relationship, this means avoiding situations that make you easy to take advantage of. Keep an eye peeled for blunt objects that could be used to

knock you unconscious, most men carry a truncheon or spade for beating women unconscious, but the true gentlemen will keep these locked in the trunk of his car. Never, under any circumstances, should you agree to go with him to a secluded location. Particular places to avoid include a cave, a drainage culvert, his cellar, a shallow grave in the woods, and Korea.

Rule Number Four: Don't Give it Up Girlfriend!

"It" means access to your hidden cove of sensual secrets. Much like access to your phone number and IM client, you need to make the guy work before you provide an all access pass to your body. I generally suggest a minimum of ten dates, followed by a period of no less than six-months being engaged. On your wedding night you may engage in missionary position intercourse, after one year you may introduce other positions to add spice to your romantic life. On your ten year anniversary you may or may not want to attempt anal just to make sure he maintains a small level of interest in your body while he's cheating on you with his secretary and that woman who teaches aerobics where he goes to work out. In the mean time you should be at home raising four of the eventually five children and pretending to ignore his infidelities while you cry yourself to sleep, sobbing silently into the apathetic arms of your Posturpedic back pillow.

Another happy Internet couple prepares to live happily ever after! Remember crazy AOL girl, no sex until after marriage!

While the authors of "The Rules of Online Dating" might think they know it all, I believe they know approximately jack shit about Internet romance, and I feel that for all of you ladies out there looking for a special someone, you can't do better than my guide to online romance. Good luck out there, and remember, getting married in Everquest does not count as a real marriage in the eyes of our Lord.

Cliff Introduces a New "Friend"

Cliff Yablonski is back with five all new pages of people he wants to see turned into meat chips with a wood chipper, but this time it's personal! He has brought along his brother Enoch Yablonski, who will offer commentary whether or not Cliff likes it.

> *I wasn't planning on putting this photo into my computer screen, but my brother said if I didn't then he punch in my face with a brick inside an oven mitt and although he can't do shit, I owed him a favor for the time he let me hide in his hamper when the cops were hunting me down for a crime I probably didn't commit. This is my brother Enoch Yablonski, who was fortunate enough to escape this hellhole town. He lives in Balkiton City and as you can tell, he doesn't know shit about taking care of his goddamn lawn. I should go over there sometime and clean out his throat with a handful of gravel and glass shards glued to a tree branch.*

Cliff is the gift that keeps on giving, and giving, and giving, whether or not you like what he is giving you. He may give you so much that your guts turn inside out, but that's just how generous he is. Find out who made his list this time!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

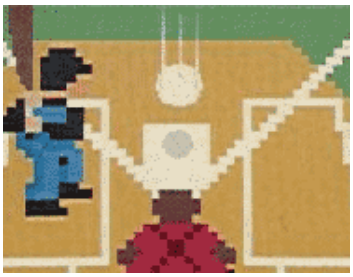
8.13 One Strike and You're Out!

Tuesday, Aug 13, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Normally we cretins here in the majestic Something Awful Compound located at the top of Mount Doom and surrounded by a legion of "Small Wonder" cloned automatons, tend to stay away from writing about sports or sports-related activities because the closest we ever got to an actual physical workout was the time we had to dissect a cadaver in medical school which looked remarkably like Otis Nixon. However, we feel that the recent events shaking the world of baseball like John Kruk in a Sizzler buffet demand our collective attention. I know it at least demands your attention; besides, you have nothing better to do. Baseball, one of America's favorite pastimes next to drinking beer and laughing at fart jokes, seems to once again be in peril as players and owners are threatening to make each other look stupid by endlessly whining in the public spotlight.

John Kruk is one of the most highly respected members of his trailer park.

> Players' union delays setting strike date - *The players' union had been expected to schedule a walkout that could have wiped out the rest of the season -- including the playoffs and World Series. But Atlanta pitcher Tom Glavine, a senior member of the union's board, said after a 3 1/2-hour meeting that players were prepared to give the negotiating process "every chance to succeed. We feel like there's a window of opportunity to get something done in the next several days and we're willing to explore that," he said.*



Baseball was much more simple in the 80's. For example, disputes were often settled by throwing a large white grapefruit over a white square and then listening to the white noise sound effect which played afterwards.

See? Do you realize the magnitude of this man's bravado? The entire baseball league and probably the entire universe were saved by a few selfless men like Tom Glavine, people whose motivations were not at all influenced by the $150 billion they get paid each year, but out of the kindness of their loving hearts. The World Series will unfortunately now occur thanks to these heroic individuals! Now I don't know about you, but when I first heard of a possible strike in Major League Baseball, my heart immediately clenched up into a knot while a chill ran down my spine; if Major League Baseball were to go on strike and the World Series was canceled, that would mean I'd have to cross off yet another television program I plan on absolutely never viewing!

According to the aforementioned CNNSI article, which featured neither colorful pictographs or a series of bar graphs that use every primary color, there are 10 sticking points that players and owners are bickering about. Much like Moses, the Major League Baseball Association presented team owners with a set of 10 commandments, many of which involve patting the third baseman's ass and then scratching themselves. However, unlike Moses, these commandments were about baseball while Moses' commandments were about Noah's Ark or a secret mummy burial ground or something. Nobody gives a shit about Noah and his overrated Ark anymore, unlike baseball which at least two people care for (possibly more, I didn't bother counting all of them in the Target). Here, in no particular order, are the reasons behind this whole goofy labor dispute matching the fat rich baseball team owners against the fat rich baseball team players:

- **Revenue Sharing:** Owners of small shitty teams that most people think ceased playing in the mid-70's are demanding that the wealthy, upper echelon class of "New York Yankees"-type teams, such as the New York Yankees, share their wealth. This is kind of the philosophy behind socialism except I don't think Karl Marx would be too willing to promote this particular form of ideology, mainly because he's dead. In theory, the really, really wealthy teams would give a certain percentage of their money to the really, really shitty teams. Hopefully after 12 years or so, the entire league will be composed of mediocre teams that can't bat their way out of a Funhouse Pizza bathroom stall.

- **The Luxury Tax:** The owners would like to tax teams who pay 17-year old Mexican immigrants an outrageous amount of money each year to spit and throw a ball in some particular direction. There would be a certain cutoff point, roughly in the mid $15 billion range, where teams would be required to pay out a certain percentage of that additional amount directly to the commissioner's office. The commissioner, who is a close friend of Batman, would then take that money and give some of it to the shitty teams who would use it to purchase stolen pocket knives and compasses for when their bus eventually breaks down and they have to hike to the next city.

- **Contraction:** This revolutionary plan would take the bottom two or three teams and turn them into zero teams. Contraction is a great idea because Bud Selig owns the Brewers and his best friend, David Glass, owns the Royals. If you add the number of games each of these teams has won this year, you'd get the number of games the New York Yankees won in a single game. Selig and Glass both realized they were morons for investing in these penny-ante teams, and now the only way to earn their money back is by having their teams contracted and being bought out by the Major League Baseball League. This is the kind of idea Cobra Commander would come up with, only it doesn't involve kidnapping a prominent scientist and forcing him to create sweaters that attack you when you try to wear them.

- **Drug Testing:** Many professional sports people often use "performance enhancing tools" such as steroids, gin, and handguns. This isn't acceptable anymore, and many media outlets are catching wind of the fact that 28 people are expected to hit over 90 home runs each this year. The owners don't want the players to use steroids because it undermines the whole essence of baseball (whatever the hell that is), but the players refuse to subject themselves to drug testing because all the steroids in their system causes them to spray out steaming urine so powerful that the sample cup is instantly vaporized during the test.

- **Changes In Arbitration:** I didn't bother reading about whatever this is supposed to be. I think "arbitration" means something about trees or killing your fetus with bees.

- **Fighting Penalties:** While many players enjoy the chance to hit each other in the face with their fists, the owners are afraid all this fighting might "turn off" fans who watch baseball games while listening to Pachelbel's Canon and feeding tea and crumpets to the Queen of Nova Scotia. In addition, sudden outbursts of fighting may wake up sleeping fans, causing them to leap out of their seat in surprise and possibly fall off the upper deck which would result in a horrendous lawsuit and, even worse, an appearance on "Larry King Live."

- **A Minimum Payroll:** Cheapskates and failing club owners are demanding a minimum payroll amount, one which will ensure they are able to rent enough players to at least fill most of the outfield during weekdays. The players think that the free market should determine the minimum payroll for the teams. Well, at least the good players believe that. The crappy players' opinions obviously don't matter because if they strike

out a couple more times they'll be sent back to AA, both the league and the treatment center.

- **A Worldwide Draft:** Everybody thinks this is simply a marvelous idea, especially the kids in Nigeria who spend all day swatting away mosquitoes the size of watermelons with their "big wood stick." If they get drafted to the major leagues, Nike will pay them $2 million to wear their shoes. If not, Nike will hire them for $.02 a day to manufacture their shoes.

- **The Competitive Balance Draft:** If you have the shittiest record in the major league one year, you will be allowed to steal minor league players from the best teams next year. I can just imagine the raw joy these minor leaguers will experience when they learn of this news:

> **COACH:** "Well Javier, you're hitting .365 with 38 home runs and 87 stolen bases, I'm positively sure New York will call you up at the beginning of next year and you'll get at least $10 million minimum!"
> **JAVIER:** *"(something in Spanish)"*
> **COACH:** "What was that, Javier?" *(phone rings)* "Hold on, let me get the phone."
> **JAVIER:** *"(something else in Spanish)"*
> **COACH:** "Pack your bags, you're going to Detroit."
> **JAVIER:** "FUCK!"

- **The "Information Bank":** I didn't really read about this thing either, but I'm fairly sure that it doesn't match my mental picture of a giant floating metal cube that constantly spews out tickertape readouts and produces random beeping noises for no readily apparent reason. Perhaps it's like a sperm bank except batboys sneak in and say, "heeeey, I'll give you the heads up about that pain in Randy Johnson's shoulder if you give me twenty bucks, ehhhhh." Then their information is inserted into the Information Bank and viola, you have baseball.

As you can tell from that collection of garbage I just wrote, the rift between players and owners is growing increasingly large, threatening to suck in the entire Major League Baseball Association and possibly even bigger objects such as the XBox (lol, it's huge, lol). What can you, the average Joe Shrub, do to help out this sticky situation? Hell, I don't know and frankly I don't care. I've been traumatized ever since Otis Nixon retired from baseball in 1999 and I accidently saw a closeup picture of his face on a 52-inch television.

Ex-pro baseball star Otis Nixon says, "save baseball and negotiate for the sake of the fans! Also, somebody blew up my face!"

Goldie Hawn Has Nothing On Us!

Unless you're retarded or on heavy drugs, you'll know that today is Tuesday! And Tuesday means it's time for everybody's fourth favorite column on the site, the Comeday Goldmine! That's right, sit tight kiddies, because it's time for this weeks fast paced episode.

That's right, you know it's time to click that link. Or perhaps this one? Anyway, check it out!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

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www.somethingawful.com

8.14 Let's Look At The Damn Tote Board!

Wednesday, Aug 14, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Operators are standing by to telethon the fuck out of you.

One of the most fascinating oddities of our modern world has got to be the telethon. Quite simply, the telethon is a long, grueling marathon of awkward moments held together by washed up celebrities, generous businessmen handing out gigantic genetically enhanced checks ten times the size of normal checks, and a lot of desperate pleading for your money and table scraps. The goal of the telethon is simple: earn lots of scratch. Telethons do often accomplish their goals, but it comes at the high cost of interrupting your regular television viewing, leaving your favorite shows on hiatus for some spirited begging and panhandling. I didn't even mention that most telethons seem more like a car wreck inside of a zoo. You're stuck gawking and no matter how hard you try to turn away, the parade of bloodied monkeys is just too entertaining not to watch. If that isn't a hilarious enough visual, allow me to raise the stakes. In reality, you're one of those bloodied monkeys. Unlike in the movie "Project X," Matthew Broderick isn't going to come save your ass either. The only hope you have of surviving is changing the channel or outlasting the telethon. If you're a shut-in like me, you depend on television's nurturing radiation to keep your internal organs free of cancer, so turning the TV off is not an option. Changing the channel is a huge challenge; especially if you have to reach for the goddamn remote or dig it out from one of the vast folds of fat that encompass your body. I think I just successfully murdered this paragraph, so let's move on!

Something tells me this dastardly businessman is presenting a fake check.

As I mentioned, the goal of the telethon is to make cold hard cash. What's this cash for, you ask? To keep whatever organization that's holding the telethon afloat. Usually it's some disease fan club like the Muscular Dystrophy Association earning money to help kids suffering from muscular disorders. That's a noble cause, but then the road to hell is paved with noble causes (and also with asphalt, so the ride is smooth and enjoyable). The problem is that they snatch up a huge block of programming and then fill it with celebrities who, for all intents and purposes, have been dead for several years. Sorry but any disease that Carrot Top donates his time to help eliminate is probably not worth curing. Maybe it was before Carrot Top got involved, but certainly not after. What's worse, I fear that Jerry Lewis and his madness may jump out of the TV screen and punch me in the cornea. Curing diseases and providing Jerry Lewis with a vehicle to molest the very foundations of your soul is only one kind of telethon, though. Sometimes local low budget TV stations hold telethons so that they can pay their staff to continue producing shitty and thoroughly horrifying programming to fill the thirty minutes of the day not occupied by reruns of "Bonanza." Those are usually entertaining, because you can watch some champ from a nearby furniture store ramble on about how wonderful the cause of providing the community with quality broadcasting options is while constantly looking six inches to the right of the camera.

Those are only two types of telethons, though. There are literally an infinite number of things a fellow could do with the telethon format, but they almost always seem to be for one of the following causes:

- Raising money to cure and prevent diseases.
- Raising money to proliferate the spread of quality original broadcasting and reruns of

"Bonanza" pumped out around the clock to the point where you're shitting Hoss and pissing Little Joe.

- Raising money for the victims of gamma rays and those injured by gamma ray induced violence. Banner's Syndrome injures hundreds each year.
- Raising money for other telethons, creating an endless loop that swallows reality whole.
- Raising money for victims of a major tragedy via an endless conveyer belt of soulless celebrities making calculated appeals for your money.
- Raising money to insure the Word of God can be delivered with great zealousness through your local Christian station. I mistakenly donated money once thinking that my God, Thor, would be represented.

I briefly mentioned some of the shitty guests who show up on telethons, but I merely licked the tip of the iceberg. If you watch a telethon, you can bet your knickers that one of these kooky characters will show up:

- **The Former Olympic Athlete**

The Former Olympic Athlete is thrilled to be helping out this great organization because they have been touched by so many bright, beautiful people afflicted with this terrible disorder. Also, they're trying desperately to fill the hole that is no longer being plugged by giant paying audiences and thrilling athletic accomplishments.

- **Washed-Up Celebrity Fresh Out Of Rehab/College Circuit**

This category usually includes Gary Busey (assuming he just relapsed and sucked an ass balloon's worth of cocaine into his skull) or a shitty excuse for a comic like Carrot Top, who earns a living taking money from college kids who just snorted an ass balloon's worth of cocaine.

- **Evil CEO With a Heart of Gold**

The Evil CEO With a Heart of Gold will usually make an appearance to tell everybody how delighted he and his evil corporation are to support such a wonderful cause that enhances the lives of so many. He will usually come bearing a check so outrageously oversized that it's obviously fake because there is no way any bank would honor it. You couldn't even fit it into one of those bank tubes if you folded it twenty ways to Sunday. Only a truly evil jerkoff would derive pleasure from handing out fake checks in front of a large audience. I know I would. Heart of gold? More like heart of mold!

- **Guy Who Spent Last Year Begging You For Money**

You can count on that asshole who called you fifty times over the year to plead with you to just give $10 or $20 or however much you can spare to make an appearance. He'll bring that fat check he and his cronies earned by calling you every fucking time you sat down to eat dinner.

- **Emotional Guy Making Desperate Plea**

Perhaps the most embarrassing moment of any telethon is when the host or a guest makes a tearful, emotional plea for help. This is just the complete wrong way to get into my tiny atom sized bank account. Maybe it's because I'm an idealist and my ideal world doesn't involve people sobbing like girls when they ask me for money, but this is simply too much to stomach. How is replicating the social terror of a public emotional breakdown inspire generosity? Like witnessing a mime brag about his sexual conquests, seeing somebody go through a breakdown is painfully awkward and disturbing.

- **Diseased Kids**

If it's a telethon raising money to wipe out a common disease, you can count on a lot of kids suffering from rabies or whatever to roll out in their wheelchairs and work some

> magic. I think I've made fun of diseased kids enough, so I'll just keep it simple and reitertate my belief that they, like all kids, should be kept in cages.

That's pretty much every telethon in a nutshell. And it didn't even take me 24 hours to reach my goals, either. The big question when it comes to any telethon is: "how do I know if I should donate my money?" Don't expect a long, complicated answer, as the solution to this equation is as simple as a special education class. You know a telethon is worthy of your money when the boom microphone operator is drunk off his ass and constantly whacking everybody in the head. Production values be damned, I want to see that my money is having a direct impact. I can't think of a direct impact more satisfying than seeing my money help pay a drunkard.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.15 Just Shoot Me! Er, Shoot You!

Thursday, Aug 15, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Buy My Music Gear!

Before we launch into today's inane content, let me try to sell off some of my music gear that I haven't touched in half a year. Since I simply don't have the time to spend creating "music" anymore, I have decided to sell my only true friend, my Roland XP-60. It's in perfect condition and has four memory expansion cards (House, Vintage Synth, Techno, and Hip Hop). I'm asking $900 for the keyboard and $150 for each expansion card. If you're interested in purchasing the entire package, I'll take $100 off and sell it for $1400 total (buyer pays shipping from Seattle area). Here's a quick pic:

In addition, I am also selling off my Yamaha MSP5 Bi-Amplified Monitor Speakers for $200 each. Both are in perfect condition. Here's another oh-so-dreamy photo:

Drop me an email if interested. Help support SA and keep us off the streets because the streets are quite hot and we can't afford decent shoes.

Just Shoot Me! Er, Shoot You!

The media plays a major role in all our lives. For example, you'd be hard pressed to find a television show, movie, or song that doesn't involve the media in some way or another. If you are stuck in traffic and find yourself staring at a billboard advertisement for Diet Red Big Blue Pepsi Fusion One, you are driving with the media. When you go to the bathroom and read the latest copy of "Ceramic Turkey Hunting Magazine," the media is in the bathroom with you, silently observing you and listening to the horrible sounds your ass is producing. It is nearly impossible to escape the media these days, even if you have an invisible rocket-jet car that can tunnel underground and shoot laser beams. Many people realize this and think to themselves, "well gee self, since the media is everywhere, I obviously must be influenced by the media in every possible way!" These are the same people who bring lawsuits against gun companies complaining that they bought a handgun and proceeded to shoot themselves in the arm because it didn't explicitly state "DO NOT SHOOT YOURSELF IN THE ARM, STUPID" in the manual. As you can see, guns, idiots, and the media don't mix well, which can be illustrated in the following article:

This image came up when I searched for "media" by using the media-search engine Google. As you can see, this man is awfully excited.

> Court won't revive suit against entertainment companies in Carneal killings - *A federal appeals court yesterday refused to reinstate a $33 million lawsuit blaming entertainment companies for a 1997 high school shooting spree in McCracken County that left three students dead. The suit claimed the makers of video games, a pornographic Internet site and a movie studio were responsible for the slayings because they exposed the gunman, Michael Carneal, to violent and sexual images."We find that it is simply too far a leap from shooting characters on a video screen (an activity undertaken by millions) to shooting people in a classroom (an activity undertaken by a handful, at most)," Judge Danny Boggs said in the ruling.*

Box art for the upcoming game "Handi-Capped."

This ruling was a major win for media outlets across the world, protecting them from frivolous lawsuits and keeping retards like Lieutenant Colonel Private General President Dave Grossman away from the courtroom at all costs. Dave Grossman is one of those people who would go to Dairy Queen and purchase some chocolate ice cream, decide he doesn't like it, and then proceed to write books and launch campaigns aiming to make the consumption of chocolate ice cream illegal. He would naturally link chocolate ice cream to death (statistics prove 100% of all people who eat chocolate ice cream eventually die) and would appear on "Good Fucking Morning Already America, You Lazy Slobs" on NBC where Katie Couric would ask him hard-hitting questions like "how are you?" and "what do you do?" Then he'd fade back into obscurity until some morbidly obese man is found dead of cardiac arrest in the same room where he once ate some chocolate ice cream three months earlier.

While Mister Captain King Prime Minister Dave Grossman's career as a whining "expert" witness may suffer from this ruling, we, the media, are more than exuberant to take advantage of this opportunity. We no longer have to fear lawsuits from insane individuals with far too much spare time and not enough brain cells; we're finally free! That whole silly "freedom of speech" thing has finally been pushed in the correct direction and we, the media, are now able to bring you, the non-media, products and services that we were previously afraid to offer due to frivolous legal threats! Get ready to shift the station wagon of your soul into high gear

because Something Awful is heading in new and exciting directions during this year's "Something Awful New and Improved Product And / Or Service ExpoConEventConCon 2002!"

■ **VIDEO GAMES:**

Handi-Capped - Your suburban housing district is being invaded by handicapped people who are living in various homes which could've been better occupied by non-handicapped people! They're taking up all the great parking spaces at the mall and demanding nearby stores spend hundreds of dollars to construct complex concrete ramps! Grab your hunting rifle and head outside to battle the handicapped menace by shooting as many of these dastardly disableds as possible. Highly advanced "locational damage" means that blows to their head will do much more damage than shooting their arms (if they have any) or legs (if they have any). Once you've murdered the handicapped person and anybody living with them, run over and collect the hovering disabilities check that can be used to purchase exciting powerups such as the Spiner Scope or wheelchair-jamming tire iron.

The Great Rape Escape! - Inspired by the countless number of Lifetime Network movies which suggest five out of every three men are rapists, "The Great Rape Escape!" puts you in the role of Miss Sarah VonSisterhood, an innocent schoolteacher in southern Georgia. Can you guide her to the mall without getting raped by the hundreds of roving horny men who think about nothing but forcing sex upon any woman they see? Probably not, which is why we made the rape scenes as hilariously explicit as possible! Although the mall is only 100 feet away from her home, the advanced computer AI will have rapists hiding in nearby bushes, trees, mailboxes, and air molecules along the way.

■ **TELEVISION SHOWS:**

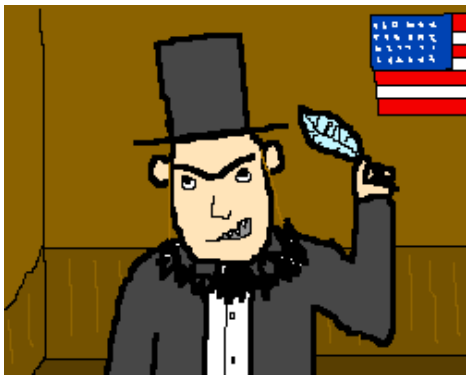
America's Funniest Race Riots - Minorities are encouraged to incite and film uprisings against white-controlled businesses in their area. During each clip, celebrity host Rodney King makes sidesplitting remarks such as "now I guess that's what you call 'white-out'!" and "looks like those guys were wronged by those guys that were 'white'!" and various other inane plays on words that all center around the word "white." Most shows will be either taped during Rodney King's parole or live from whatever correctional institution he's locked in.

Hey Kids! Drink Antifreeze! - The benefits and virtues of drinking gallons of antifreeze are promoted in this educational cartoon aimed at children who are somehow still living. Zany characters such as "Mary the Antifreeze Drinker" and "Joe the Antifreeze Drinker" engage in madcap antics each week, traveling from colorful places such as "Drink AntifreezeLand" to "Drink AntiFreezeVille." Once the show gains popularity and momentum, action figures of the starring characters will be sold in select auto part stores across the globe. Each figure will contain a gallon of antifreeze and come with either a flexible straw protruding from their head or a hypodermic needle that directly injects the antifreeze into your body.

These are just a few of the upcoming new and improved products and / or services we'll be offering in the near future. What are the other ones? Who knows! I just now realized this article was a terrible idea and I'm ending it immediately because I hate it so much! If I didn't already loathe myself enough for creating this stupid update, I would profusely apologize to anybody who has read to this point! I'm heading off to beat my fiancé in some violent video games and then proceed to beat my fiancé with my fists! So long, suckers!

Time's A Wastin'!

Zack "Grape Excavator" Parsons here, and I bring an all new SA Story Time humbly to your doorstep. Since I received 50 flame mails and 5 positive e-mails about the last installment, a record-breaking 10:1 ratio, I have decided to continue the feature. This week, I took a dive into the crackpot sub-genre of "Illogical Time Travel" books!



> *"Yes mortals!" Laughed Doctor Sinisterest pulling off the false beard and throwing it in George Washington's face. "You will discover the real Lincoln unconscious in his bedroom, but it's too late!"*
>
> "You monster!" Shouted Daring Armstrong as his violent outburst flung his felt tri-corn hat from his well groomed hair.
>
> "That's right," laughed Doctor Sinisterest even more loudly, "but this monster is a Founding Father, making me heir to the American presidency in our time!"

If you think you have the brain power to follow this extremely scientific tale of time travel and political intrigue, then check it out. If not, I would direct you to any of our other features that no doubt make about five million times as much sense.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.16 An Island All Our Own

Friday, Aug 16, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There are certain dreams and aspirations that are part of the collective mind of humanity, the dream to live free and provide for yourself and your family, the dream to live a life unfettered by concerns for your well being, the dream to own an island in the Mediterranean. Thanks to Vladi Private Islands and a shitload of money, one of these dreams can become a reality. Vladi offers a wide variety of islands for your personal island needs and in a wide variety of prices that range from "insanely expensive" to "so expensive your brain liquefies and shoots out of your ears". There are also a few budget islands for those paupers out there who only own two instead of three yachts.

Most of these real estate agencies that sell island properties are marketing them as private retreats for those wealthy few who have a need to escape from the hubbub of this crazy workaday world. But they are missing their target audiences, namely villains, crazy survivalists, and shady corporations. Every evil mastermind needs an island with either a large mountain or an active volcano, whereas the crazy surivavilist wants something out of the way and self-sufficient. The shady corporations want pristine natural land to defile. I took out a loan on the Arlogeist main offices in Skokie in the hopes of expanding our horizons to island real estate. With several million dollars and an astigmatic eye for marketing I set out on our latest business venture.

Arlogeist Islands Sales and Rentals

Welcome to Arlogeist Islands, where we can make your dreams of island ownership come true! Whether you are interested in buying one of our developed archipelagos or simply renting one of our smaller river islands for a week long retreat, we feel that we can meet your needs better than the competition. We have three categories of pricing that will help you find the island that is right for your budget.

- **Hattock Island**

The facilities on DANGER! RADIOACTIVE! Island are capable of storing and somewhat containing up to 50,000 barrels of waste.

Location: Pacific

Size: 10 acres

Cost: $100,000

Status: Vacant

Description: Hattock Island was acquired from the over-burdened Department of Wildlife under the strict guidelines that we not develop it for habitation so as to pre-

serve the pristine woodlands and scenic views. Carefully obeying our guidelines we have instead turned it into a beautiful park that also happens to include a high-capacity radioactive effluent storage facility. The island has been whimsically renamed "DANGER! RADIOACTIVE!" and the modern steel reinforced concrete construction of our subterranean storage facility will ensure that your contaminants don't go anywhere that you don't want them to. The bunker is accessible by waste scow docking facilities or through a five ton vault door on the island's surface. State of the art air scrubbers guarantee a surface escape rate of less than 500 rads.

Perks: In addition to the previously mentioned features, DANGER! RADIOACTIVE! Island also includes a number of pleasant attractions. Thanks to the mutagenic properties of previous tenants in our storage facility, you will never encounter the same species of wild life twice! From fish with arms, birds with two heads, and wild boars that have mutated into bipedal tribes of sentient hunters and gatherers, DANGER! RADIOACTIVE! Island promises a unique experience every day. You will never need a flashlight when exploring the splendor of the island thanks to a series of atomic tests conducted nearby in 1956. Now all of the trees and rocks are completely luminescent! Sites of interest on the island include the weeping meat tree, the spectacular light show of the emergency venting aperture on our bunker, and the immobile giant dragonfly that has a pumpkin head. Head on over to "Stone Shadow Park" where you can clearly make out the shadows of some three hundred inhabitants who were vaporized almost fifty years ago during the detonation of a hydrogen bomb nearby.

■ Seal Feces Archipelago

Seal Feces Archipelago is a bargain bin of seals and their respective feces.

Location: Atlantic

Size: 16 acres

Cost: $180,000

Status: Vacant

Description: Seal Feces Archipelago is the hottest spot on the map for your next corporate retreat or private getaway. Located only hundreds of miles away from San Francisco, California, with small vessel docking facilities and a four room research station, you couldn't ask for a better fusion of privacy and convenience. Seal Feces Archipelago is also a great place to commune with nature! Its 16 acres of erosion smoothed rock is completely overrun with a massive seal colony, in fact this island is so seal-friendly that you'll be lucky to see an inch of ground that's not occupied by either a seal or a pile of its feces. In addition to the grandeur of mother-earth, the research station is home to almost eight-hundred seals and their offspring. The seals overran the sole occupant of the station in 1971, forcing him into the ocean with headbutts and angry braying. His corpse was never recovered, but yours can be, thanks to the emergency locator beacons we have helicopter dropped onto the rooftop of the facility.

Perks: As if that weren't enough already, the facility is fully equipped with hammocks and broken windows that can be easily boarded over to prevent the seals from entering. At night you and your loved ones will be lulled to sleep by the romantic barking of over one thousand "monkeys of the sea". Please do not go swimming off the coast of Seal Feces Archipelago as the high concentration of seals attracts a dangerous mixture of sharks and killer whales that might mistake you for prey. Remember that sharks are more afraid of you than you are of them, unless you're like a pussy or something, in which case jeez, I guess this archipelago is too hardcore for you.

■ Skull Island

Skull Island's remote-controlled mechanical squid defenses are capable of sinking anything up to and including a pocket battleship.

Location: Unknown

Size: 5 square kilometers

Cost: $4,500,000 (available for 1 week rentals for $45,000)

Status: SOLD

Description: Recently acquired from a private company that wished to remain anonymous and interacted with us completely through an intermediary who wore a black hood and talked with a voice box, Skull Island is a great value! Where else can you get (all for under 5 million!) an inactive volcano that contains a state-of-the-art facility, a large area of lush jungle canopy, and the security that only seclusion and waters infested with remote-controlled mechanical squid can give you? Nowhere but Skull Island! The sinister rumbling of Skull Mountain is sure to intimidate trespassers almost as much as the more than 500,000 mines of all sizes laid on the beaches and approaches to Skull Mountain. The main facility on the island, a 4,000+ square foot base located inside the volcano itself, contains state of the art air-filtration, a number of bunk beds for your henchmen's needs, and a submarine entrance located in the volcanic rock beneath the island.

Perks: The previous inhabitants of Skull Island had a 500mm artillery piece located in the cradle of Skull Mountain and capable of traversing 360 degrees on a rotating platform. The powerful gun was obsolete by the time we negotiated the island's purchase, so we sunk it into the ocean to create a beautiful artificial reef for your recreational enjoyment. The platform remains however, along with the gun mount, allowing you to attach anything from a long-range laser or death ray to an incredibly powerful speaker system or thought control device. In unlikely event of a security breech ten proprietary kill-droids are waiting to be released on the island at the touch of a button. The massive kitchen is perfect for entertaining guests with gourmet meals and refreshments, and the Global Control Center has been converted into a 500 seat home theater. Skull Island is great for a number of applications but would be particularly good as a resort island thanks to its scenic mountain views and spacious accommodations.

Unnamed River Island

Unnamed River Island is almost sure to hold out under Los Conquista rebel siege for at least one week!

Location: Dungange River (Amazon River Tributary)

Size: 130 acres

Cost: $1,200,000

Status: Vacant

Description: Welcome to a jungle wonderland in the lush tropical paradise of the Amazon River basin. Overflowing with delicious fish, the Dungange River is one of the largest tributaries of the Amazon, and by setting up a homestead on Unnamed River Island you can enjoy it's beautiful solitude. This price has been dramatically slashed as the rebel armies of the Los Conquista move closer and closer to the Dungange River, and has now reached rock bottom! Take advantage of this deal of the century and you will be thanking yourself for the rest of your life.

Perks: A buried land-line to the fishing village of Paedra means that your phone calls will get through when you need them to and won't be interrupted by rebel scouts. Two wooden towers provide an excellent view of the surrounding landscape and make an excellent sniping blind for you to spot and eliminate targets before they threaten your island's sanctity. There is also a small clearing capable of accommodating a two-man helicopter landing and an underground chamber perfect for storing canned food, dry goods, guns, or uncut heroin. Recently inhabited by illegal squatters, the small thatched camp includes amenities such as rustic wooden cages, a spacious latrine, and spooky human remains! This astonishing offer won't last as it is only a matter of weeks before Los Conquista rebels finally make their push on Paedra and seize this diamond in the rough.

I am currently in negotiations to purchase some 18 other islands, although details are not available as of yet I would like to let you in on a few of the real gems we'll be offering here at Arlogeist Islands very soon. Take a look, because I promise you there is an island just right for you!

Rusted Head is located in the clear waters just south of Key West, Florida.

- **Happy Island** - Named after the Spanish Civil War Nationalist Commander Enrique Happy, this island was the site of a massacre of over 500 Republican troops. In addition the island is overrun with adorable animals that thrived in the years following the massacre, possibly by eating human corpses left to bloat in the hot sun. That's okay, they aren't dangerous, in fact they are extremely homosexual to the point of being slightly disturbing.
- **Rusted Head Island** - Located within shouting distance of Key West, this man made island was created in 1993 when a overburdened and aging cargo ship carrying refugees from Haiti collided with the rusted hulk of an oil tanker that had run aground on a reef. The survivors of the wreck lived here and supposedly resorted to cannibalism before finally realizing they were less than a mile from shore. Since then we secured the ownership title for Rusted Head, but we are currently in the process of fumigating it for fleas to reduce the risk of typhus.
- **New Islandia** - This is an older property of ours that was recently expanded. You see in 2000 we bought an island off the coast of New Zealand. Then we dug a trench that described a perimeter around a second smaller island INSIDE this island. We filled it with water and sold it to a customer, but retained the rights to the larger island around it. One night while the owner was away doing whatever people who own islands privately do normally, we filled the trench in, thus reconnecting it to our larger island. We then declared the island the sovereign nation of New Islandia and nationalized the recently reunited smaller island. Now we're trying to unload it on the open market because holy fuck does New Zealand smell bad.
- **Harbor Island** - Until recently this island belonged to Jake Kirkoff. He bought the island in 1966 and moved all of his belongings to the island. He then stated that the island was exempt from all laws and that anyone approaching the island would be shot by one of several machineguns he had placed at strategic locations around Harbor Island. Unfortunately for Kirkoff, his island was located inside a harbor in Vancouver, Canada, and he was forced to nearly constantly fire his machineguns at passing cruise ships and freighters. Exhausted and desperately low on ammunition, Kirkoff ordered a special delivery of machinegun bullets. Disaster struck the following day when the boat carrying his ammunition was driven off by concentrated machinegun fire from Kirkoff himself. That evening harbor patrol vessels hauled Kirkoff to jail and the island was put up for auction. We are now in the final round of bidding to purchase it from the nation of Canada.

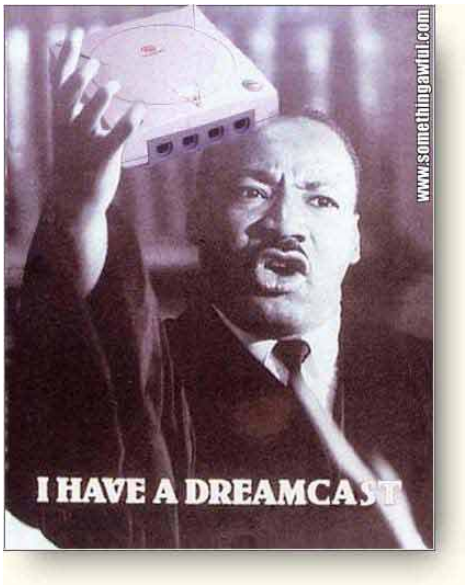
If you didn't find an island that appeals to you then you must be retarded or sassy in a way that makes you really bad at seeing the value of our good deals. Arlogeist Islands looks forward to serving the needs of our customers, within reason.

Photoshop Phriday

Hello, it's Old Livestock here to tell you that a freshly baked Photoshop Phriday has just been pulled out of the oven. Our homeslices at Worth1000.com were kind enough to sponser this week's Phriday, which by the way features horrible educational posters. Here is the sneak peak:

Please be kind and view Photoshop Phriday. Also, don't forget to take a look at Worth1000.com, as it is a veritable tugboat full of great Photoshop images and challenges. If you enjoy Phriday, you'll very much enjoy Worth1000.com as well.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


I HAVE A DREAMCAST
www.somethingawful.com

8.17 Clones Clones Clones Clowns Clones

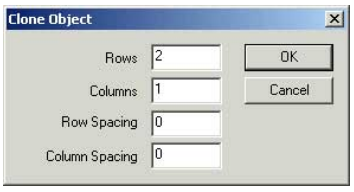
Friday, Aug 16, 2002 by Integral

DAMN YOU, JAMES WOODS! GET OUT OF MY ASS-CRACK!

Well, the future is indeed now, and we officially have the interesting ability to clone people and animals and Delta Burke. This is both good and bad, but I'm not about to launch into an ethical debate about it because that would be about as much fun as having my ass-crack licked by a coked-up James Woods (read: not very much fun). Instead, I'll talk about all of the things that I would do if I could clone people and things with a snap. Now that's fun, and thankfully has nothing to do with James Woods or my ass-crack. Yet.

I should probably start talking about this by saying that I worked for a year and a half or so in a USDA molecular biology cloning DNA, RNA, barley, and other things that needed cloning. This was back in the day (a year ago) when for some crazy reason I thought that I wanted to be a doctor, until I realized that I dislike people and I'd rather lose at Warcraft 3 to snotty 14-year olds all day. I would have made a pretty crappy doctor, but I didn't realize this fact until I had already started groping older men's prostates on a regular basis. I lured them into the van with a promise of candy.

Anyway, the actual process of cloning, much to the surprise of people who watch "The Outer Limits," does not involve any lightning machines or lasers or tubs of goo that the cloned thing slowly emerges from, moaning. I wish it did. Instead, it involved about three hundred steps that consisted of putting things in tubes, taking them out of the tubes, and putting them in other tubes. It was boring beyond any and all description. More boring than Drew Curtis' Fark.com by and for Drew Curtis, if you can believe that. I wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't spent so much time from my life at the lab pouring liquids into containers and then transferring the liquids to other containers containing different liquids.



If only it were this easy. Or this exciting.

I always got pissed at people when they asked what I did at the lab and I told them that I cloned things and their eyebrows raised in shock. "Wow," they'd say. "That's rad! Like, you make people from other people? Can you clone me? Dude, I want a clone of my dog! Can you just clone my finger? Because then I could have this crazy cloned finger!" At that point I either patiently explained, using as few large words as possible, that cloning didn't exactly work that way or I punched them in the neck. Usually the latter. It was also fun explaining to them that you couldn't clone an adult of anything so a clone of you would be a baby. Roughly 30% of these people eventually understood this. The other 70% keeps asking me to clone their fingers.

If cloning was a simple (and non-soul-crushingly dull) matter, there is no end to the list of things that I would clone. I would go on a cloning rampage. I would clone the hell out of the place. Some things that I would clone include:

- A personal copy of Iggy Pop for each and every individual who lived in Burkina Faso. Hey man, just because your country's tiny and no one has heard of you and if your country went 'splody no one would notice doesn't mean you don't deserve to ROCK!
- Dinosaurs of all varieties and put them on an island with the intention of opening an amusement park and making money but only later realizing that I had no business playing God and that I had made a terrible mistake and now Jeff Goldblum's life is in danger. Damn.

- Whomever was responsible for that trend in the 80's that caused so many people to wear leg-warmers because that way, he or she can be lined up against the wall and shot over and over again in a desperate attempt to regain a modicum of dignity.
- The state of Texas so that the old state can be buried under the new state, meaning that the ignorant redneck hicks who lived in the old state would be mercifully buried under miles of dirt and rubble. Thank fuck.
- Willie Aames, the dude who played "Buddy Lembeck" on "Charles in Charge." Because, I mean, it's Buddy! You can't have too many of that guy. Remember the one where he did that magic trick with the cards and Mr. Powell fell for it? That was hilarious!
- Richard Nixon, who would arise from the ashes in a tower of flame and splendor to lead the Republican party to a glorious future in textile manufacturing and perhaps other things. I'm for Nixon!
- Some fingers. Just to have some fingers. But they'd have little legs and walk around and stuff. Rad.

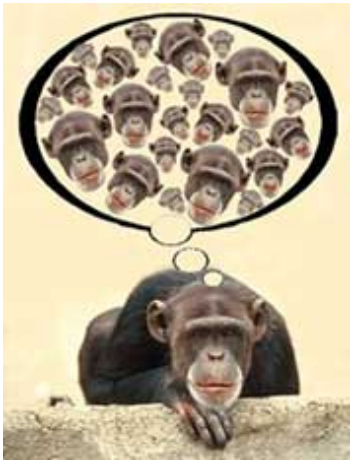
I will not be cloning this man.

The ability to clone things quickly and easily and without ethical repercussions would truly be an exciting situation, but unfortunately we are stuck here in a bleary world where cloning takes forever and involves lame-o morality or whatever. Stupid morality. Always there when you don't need or want it to be. Cloning also involves many un-fun procedures where you pop caps off of tubes and dump the tubes' contents into other tubes and mix them together. Repeat. There is also a lot of standing around waiting for the centrifuge to be done spinning and separating the chemicals that can kill you from the DNA that is also contained within chemicals that can kill you.

So you see, cloning things is not glamorous nor is it even very interesting. I am getting really sick of watching shows on TV where they show a cloning procedure and it somehow involves bright lights and smoke and scantily clad, muscular men. They also somehow manage to clone adult humans who have all of the memories of their clone, so when the clone rises out of the clone-pit or whatever, the first thing it does is gaze longingly into the eyes of its loved one who had it cloned, saying "Oh, Scott, I missed you! But now that I am a clone everything will be fine and there will be no more problems of any sort, ever!" Cue orchestral string rendition of "Everything I Do, I Do it for You."

I know that my partner in crime, Rich "Scabies" Kyanka gets sick of watching these shows, too, because every time one is on I jump up in outrage and say very interesting things like, "They didn't even PCR that or cut it with restriction enzymes before inserting it into the vector! There is no way that that clone will work!" Then I usually look at him triumphantly but he is too busy hanging his head in despair and shame. I'm sure that there are times when he wishes that he had made sure I had been sufficiently taught in the Learning Closet before he let me watch TV with science on it. I try not to react to shows like that because I tell myself that they are only entertainment and no one takes them seriously, anyway, but then I chat with people about my old job and to my horror and dismay I find that people really have no idea that there are no computers involved with the actual cloning procedure.

Cloning entire living things (e.g., not just organs) is one of those things that is an interesting idea but that practically doesn't make much sense. You can talk about it in existential terms for a long time but you just end up frustrated and in jail for battery. I suppose that the bottom line here is that there is no bottom line. I have no idea where I am going with this and I don't think that the



I found this picture when I did a Google image search for "cloning" and I thought it was just really funny that the monkey was thinking about lots of monkey heads.

world has any idea where they are going with cloning, so I think I'll just leave it at that and go eat a delicious ice cream bar. Please do not ask me to clone it.

-~Integral

8.18 Awful Tabloids!

Sunday, Aug 18, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

The Awful Enquirer

Everything related to Hollywood is, by law, automatically interesting. Celebrity gossip is the basis for millions of terrible, pointless conversations every day in this country, and many people devote a good portion of their lives around hearing the latest Hollywood news. "Good" being the operative term, because no portion of the lives those people live is anything but horrendous. This is an uncommon sentiment though, and many upright citizens need celebrity news like a crack head need that first steaming hot cup of crack in the morning. As a society, we have a huge market for filthy, muckraking tabloids and outlandishly banal television shows like Hard Copy, Access Hollywood, Regular Copy, Entertainment Tonight, Access Hoboken, and anything on that terrible E! Network. These "news" outlets are a reflection of the degradation of American society, and people waste millions of dollars each year funding them. Just take a look at this quote from a recent National Enquirer story, entitled "Jennifer Aniston: Sleepwalker" and you'll have an understanding of the problem with these periodicals...

> *Recalling a childhood sleepwalking incident, Aniston told US Weekly, "I would walk into the living room, and [my mom] would have a conversation with me, and I would not have known it."*

Wow, holy shit, that's just incredible and worth five fucking dollars. It is stupidly insane that people pay money for this kind of shit. An enormous amount of cash is blindly thrown away every day by tabloid readers, money which could be better spent to help find a vaccine for hunger, or to finance research geared towards making explosions deadlier. A multi-million dollar industry has literally formed around the concept of reporting on every single movement famous people make. There is a huge audience of idiots on the edge of their seats, just itching to read about every shit taken by John Travolta and every boy that Tom Cruise turns into a man. Being the observant folks we are, the crew at Something Awful has spotted this wild, runaway gravy train, which is just derailing and spilling gravy everywhere, and have decided to climb aboard its rich, gravy goodness. Since this website is a cold, heartless machine devoted entirely to making money, we have switched formats to an online tabloid in an attempt to *ching ching ching* cash in on the stupidity of the average American! Won't you join us in our exciting venture?

Now, in order to be a proper tabloid, this article must be shocking and ruthless, and must contain various shocking, ruthless words in the title such as "shocking," "ruthless," "celebrity," "naked," and "deaths." Now, this next story may not have all the "facts" correct, or be "accurate," but it is crammed with entertaining back story for you to read. Sure, it's totally unethical to lie outright and disgrace the memory of the recently deceased for entertainment value, but the world's tabloid audience has never cared before! So, presented to you in full technicolor, this is Something Awful's first tabloid article, entitled...

SOMETHING AWFUL'S TOP FIVE SHOCKING, RUTHLESS (possibly naked) RECENT CELEBRITY DEATHS!

Slick Willie.

5) Ted Williams: Fast talking Ted Williams was tragically found naked or dead in his home earlier this summer after being overwhelmed by a severe case of Lou Gherig's disease. Ted Williams was known as the most devious man in sports, and led a life of ill repute. He participated in the sport of "baseball," a game known for practices such as bat corking, game fixing, and charging ludicrous amounts for hot dogs. Now, while there's no evidence saying that Ted Williams is responsible in whole or part for any of these things, can we really trust a man who was affiliated with a sport that has such a shady history? Crimes like murdering Lou Gherig, extortion, and yes, even torture have never been linked in any way to Williams. But it would be naive of us to think that his hands were completely clean of all these. I mean, did YOU know him? Were you there when he murdered someone? Of course you weren't, because many of you weren't even born during William's prime. You have only second hand accounts to speak from, so you can't totally deny his involvement in these crimes, or the Communist Revolution in Cuba. Do your research and you may or may not find UNDENIABLE EVIDENCE OF WILLIAM'S EVIL. The death of this Baseball legend created quite a stir, possibly because of all the misdeeds which might have been committed by him...or someone he loved!

Death Rating: 7.5 (fair)

Lefty.

4) Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes: Lopes' death was shrouded in mystery because of the strange circumstances that it occurred under. To the naked eye, it appeared a car accident was the factor that did the TLC singing star in. But was that really it? Future scientists who we polled (people in school to become scientists, not actual scientists from the future) have revealed that death doesn't necessarily have to be caused by a car crash! Rather, many things can kill a person. Baring this in mind, who knows what truly could have done Lopes in? In the split second before impact, it is very possible she could have contracted a severe case of HIV from her naked lover. This disease lies dormant in the victim, until finally becoming active and destroying the immune system, leaving one open to acquire various infections and illnesses over time. Illnesses which quite plainly could have killed Lopes BEFORE the impact! This was the smoking gun that the "legitimate press" doesn't want you to know about! But you read it here first folks!

Death Rating: 7.9 (good)

Body + Floor = ?

3) Drowning Pool Frontman Dave Williams: Williams was very recently found dead in his tour bus from unknown factors. Drowning is suspected. Now, while this may seem like your normal, everyday celebrity death, this one is special because of the eerie psychic connection involved. Whether you're a skeptic or not, you can't deny that the Drowning Pool lyric "Let the bodies hit the floor!" is very, very suggestive of death or dying. Now, why would the singer, who is now dead, write something about dying? Maybe he knew something...Perhaps, however unlikely as it may be, Dave Williams had the uncanny ability to know that he would some day die! This kind of clairvoyance could have been put to such use, it's a tragedy that we only discovered it when it was too late. Of course, this is all hearsay and conjecture at this point, but those are terms used by the American legal system - a system based on HARD EVIDENCE! With all this talk of evidence, how could it not be true?

Death Rating: 8.6 (awesome!)

One of you random, lucky folks unkowingly ate him, as was requested in his will!

2) Dave Thomas: Hamburger giant Dave Thomas, who was neither a hamburger nor a giant, died recently in what appears to have been related to steamy, hot sex. You see, Dave Thomas always seemed a little gay, and in recent commercials Ronald McDonald hasn't exactly been reaffirming his heterosexuality by running about in such lavish outfits. Very good sources tell us that the two were seen together prior to Thomas' death. This relationship wouldn't be excessively strange, except for one factor: The Hamburgler. His seemingly innocent burger mishaps betray his true brutal nature. As evidenced by his black mask, the Hamburgler was big on the underground S & M scene. He was in a brutal dominant relationship with Ronald prior to the Thomas affair, and his sadistic behavior was observed b many. Reportedly overwhelmed with jealousy just days before Dave's demise, Mr. Burgler used his celebrity influence to suppress any evidence of his involvement.

Death Rating: 9.2 (Way to die, girl!)

Bombs away!

1) Aaliyah: Possibly the most tragic of all celebrity deaths in recent memory, Aaliyah's death isn't so much about her, but the thousands that died when she crashed her plane into the World Trade Center. Who knows what made the young starlet do it. It could have been years of sexual misconduct by beloved child molester R. Kelly, or perhaps a brilliant ploy to increase sales of her crappy album tenfold. But whatever the cause, the ends were the terrible and did not justify the extreme means. Still, she had quite the interesting death, and bonus to her because of the interview on MTV she did just prior to exploding into a gooey mess. It added a strange mythical quality to it, much like that of classic celebrity deaths such as Kurt Cobain or Brandon Lee. She went down in a blaze of glory, and also in a blaze of what was probably extremely hot fire.

Death Rating: 9.9 (Ultra great death supreme!!)

Honorable mention goes out to Layne Staley of Alice in Chains, and to Hollywood's most lovable midget, Dudley Moore! Don't worry guys, if Buddhists are right, you can just try again in a few years. We here at The Awful Enquirer are also looking forward to such exciting future celebrity deaths as Brad Pitt, Abe Vigoda, Sly Stalone, and television's third favorite mom, Lost in Space star Maureen Robinson! These will guarantee maximum profit and readership because the entire tabloid audience is a group of vultures who enjoy endlessly rewarding those fine folks who prey on death, misery, and pointless celebrity gossip! We are a benevolent organization however, and for every dollar we make, ten cents will be donated to the National Organization for the Advancement of Explosion Deadliness. So please, have a heart and continue to blow your money on terrible tabloids which make a mockery of journalistic integrity. This is something that affects all of us!

Rom Pit of Despair

New Rom Pit review is in the hiz-ouse! This is a game you may all fondly remember, called "Mad Max." Let's take a looksy...

> *"Most of the game is spent driving in circles. There are inexplicable patches of oil strewn about the road, and casually riding into one sends you spinning off to your doom. Navigating the wasteland is no easy task; you'll be faced with stacks of tires blocking the road,*

> *stacks of rocks blocking the road, stacks of tires AND rocks blocking the road, and gaping ravines in the middle of the road which you must jump."*

Loyal readers, check it out! The Rom Pit lives on!

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

8.19 Indiana Adventure!

Monday, Aug 19, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Mysteries of Indiana

Welcome to part one in our exciting one part series detailing famous Mid-Western States of America. I consider myself to be a State enthusiast, and while I am not licensed as such, the volume of amateur in-the-field experience I have logged qualifies me as a State expert. During my frequent travels between Illinois and Ohio, both excellent and exciting Mid-Western States, I encountered a mysterious and perilous State whose name is whispered in the darkest tales of American folklore. That State is known to most as "Indiana".

Based on my adventures in Indiana's forbidden lands I have pieced together what I hope is an accurate snapshot of this great Mid-Western State.

- **Indiana:** ***A Land of Enchanted Excitement***

This rough map depicts Indiana and bordering States Illinois and Ohio.

Population: Over 50,000 white people. This is a rough head count based on a mathematical formula I developed. Basically every square mile of Indiana contains an Applebee's and the average Applebee's contains 20 white people including customers and staff. From there I just wrote down the number 50,000 and then drew a cool spiral.

Geographic Area: Indiana is the widest State in the Union, extending for what seems like thousands of miles between the borders of Illinois and Ohio. Without any genuine surveying equipment I just made what we in the industry like to call a "guesstimistake".

Economy: Indiana's economy is primarily based on the retail of fireworks, with secondary economic sectors encompassing the State's massive discount cigarette and motor sport's memorabilia industries. Based on some rough calculations I made while shopping in a plaza that contained two fireworks outlets, a NASCAR memorabilia store, and a discount cigarette shop that sold NASCAR fireworks, Indiana is essentially one giant firework. A stray spark will cause the entire State to fly about 500 feet into the air and explode into a brilliant cascade of sparks that also might cause an extinction level event.

Major Cities: Indianapolis is the mysterious capitol of Indiana. Its streets are said to be paved with gold #3 Dale Earnhardt license plate brackets and its rivers run solid with a tumbling torrent of discounted and off-brand cigarette butts. Lured by this supposed over-abundance of riches, many explorers have ventured into Indianapolis never to be heard from again. Indiana's main stop for travelers is the thriving metropolis of Fort Wayne. In addition to offering several rest stops and computerized candy vending robots for the weary journeyman, Fort Wayne is the world's leading manufacturer of right wing radio show hosts and anti-abortion billboards.

10 DIFFERENT POSTCARDS!
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Holy shit! 10 DIFFERENT MOTHERFUCKING POSTCARDS!

Political System: Indiana is a constitutional monarchy, ruled over by the Earnhardt family who in turn leave the majority of the State's government in the capable hands of the two houses of parliament. The House of Commons is elected to office by the citizenry while the House of Legends consists entirely of NASCAR drivers who have achieved 2:1 win ratios in 30 or more races.

Popular Culture: The majority of Indiana's popular culture can find its roots in the State's two biggest industries of racing and fireworks retail. Natives of Indiana are huge fans of cars driving at high speeds and explosions and also cars that drive at high speeds and then explode. Indiana is not immune to trends that sweep the whole of the United States. However, the Indiana government's long-standing policy of isolationism insulates the State from those trends. This means that Indiana is roughly 20 years behind the cultural curve. You can expect to see parachute pants, impromptu break dancing, and white kids in red leather jackets with 500 pockets and a single sequin-encrusted glove.

Regional Celebrities: The phrase "the spotlight starts in Indiana" is often spoken in this State, but rarely outside of it, since other than a few NASCAR luminaries nothing particularly famous has come out of Indiana since the Polio outbreak of 1905. Within the State though, names such as Mudhuck and Bolt Helmetface are spoken nearly as much, if not more, than definite articles. Mudhuck is a four-hundred pound blind and dumb 12 year-old who communicates by throwing sacks full of rocks off of a hill and onto passerby. He is currently working on a novel entitled "DDDFGEWSXSS" by throwing sacks of rocks that his mother has painted letters on and his award-winning first novel "FDFGGGGG!FD" was composed in a similar manner. Bolt Helmetface is an Indianapolis native famed for his ability to sprint face-first into various objects. In 1996 he ran into 170 brick walls in a single day, securing the world record for number of objects collided face-first into during a 24 hour period. Other celebrities of less importance include "that guy who dug a lot of holes", "the woman who drank a lot of milk on public access and then threw up like in Jackass", and "that little kid who can make his eyes bug out". Rumor is that some Internet jerk named "Livestock" also lives there, but he doesn't count because he's on the Internet.

Visitors to Indiana are greeted with a gentle pitch by a handful of retailers to "stop on by" and check out their fireworks selection.

Landmarks: Admittedly I did not explore the entire vast expanse of Indiana, but I put an effort into taking in as many of the historic sights as possible so as to inform you, our reading public. Unfortunately, all of the landmarks I could find dealt with either cheap cigarettes or fireworks. Did you know that there is a store along Route 30 in Indiana that sells bottle rockets that look exactly like Marlboro Reds? They're reasonably priced as well!

Fine Dining: Indiana was first colonized by prospectors from the Southern United States, giving the cuisine a distinctive southern feel. The State is heavily saturated with steak houses and "Texas grills" of all description, but as of late Applebee's is apparently giving these local establishments a run for their money. As mentioned previously there is approximately one Applebee's restaurant for every 20 inhabitants of Indiana. Roadside produce stands might at first seem a big business to the unwary traveler, but don't be lured out of your automobile! You will be swarmed with people selling fireworks and packages of "Smokes-a-lot Save-R" brand cigarettes out of the back of a pickup.

Indiana is a land of mystery, a rewarding land to explore particularly for those who need fireworks or cheap cigarettes, but it is also a land of danger. I hope this celebration of Indiana's heritage will be particularly useful for those who are bold enough to explore this primeval enigma.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.20 The Canadian Candy Challenge, Part I

Tuesday, Aug 20, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Seize the Dog!

Hey kids, if you were thinking of ordering Something Awful merchandise, now is the time! We're almost sold out of everything, and to be quite honest, this month has been really crappy money-wise. We had to buy a new switch and a $3300 Dell server to handle the additional load of traffic to this site, bringing the grand total of SA server horsepower (for both the site and forums) up to 6.8 ghz and 7 gigs of RAM. Help us cover costs by grabbing yourself some swank new SA merchandise now before it's sold out and we've been shot to death by an Awful Link of the Day webmaster. If you need any further motivation, here's an image of the brand new SA posters:

Wowee-zowee! If you guys actually purchase some SA gear, that would mean this site is one of the few surviving without relying on popunder ads or email address harvesting! Do you know how happy that would make us feel? It would make us feel about as joyful as knowing all the fur-suit fetish people were shoved into a rocket and shot into the sun! So consume for the sake of love!

The Canadian Candy Challenge, Part I

Vancouver. I think. Hell, I don't know, the amount of Asian people were about the same.

For some inexplicable reason, one that could probably be chalked up to paranormal activity, Emily, I, and my family decided that it would simply be just a marvelous idea to travel up to Vancouver, British Columbia this previous weekend. In case you aren't geographically competent, British Columbia is a hunk of Canada that lies somewhere on the west coast near Cuba or Atlantis I believe. We, as many other people from America decided not to do, took a little mini-vacation last Saturday to see the sights and smell the stenches of Canada. Now many of you non-Vancouverian people might be under the impression that this magnificent city is full of native Canadians or at least people who have at least a limited grasp of the English language. You would be wrong; Vancouver is full of Asians. Apparently Vancouver lies somewhere in between their home and place of work because the place was just jam packed full of Asians wandering around as if the magical Kodak camera wrapped around their neck was a divining rod guiding them to imported water. Let me take this

moment to assure you that I'm not writing this to solely propagate racial stereotypes; the city was full of camera-wielding Asians. The whole "propagating racial stereotypes" thing is merely a side-benefit. The positive side of this coin was that we were all easily able to see over the heads of the teaming Asian masses and view the teaming masses of crazy homeless people who were staring back at the teeming masses of Asian people while begging them for spare quarters or ruples or rupees or whatever the hell Canada uses for currency. I'm fairly sure that the Metric System forces Canada to use chocolate coins for money.

THE ENEMY

Vancouver is a fairly boring city if you're not interested in purchasing clothing from stores that you could get in any American mall. The highlight of our trip had to be the moment when Emily and my mother were staring at a huge statue of some guy who died doing something incredibly interesting, when suddenly a big white blob appeared on Emily's head and splattered across her shoulders. Upon further investigation, the white blob turned out to be bird crap and the person who got crapped on turned out to be embarrassed. Naturally, her loss was my gain, as I now affectionately refer to her as "shithead" and can justifiably do so without fearing yet another right hook to the skullbone. It's not a good sign when the highlight of your trip revolves around bird crap landing on your fiancee's head, unless of course you're not the fiancee, in which case it gives you a story to tell all your friends every time you get drunk or are sober.

Besides the disproportionate number of tiny Asian people, Vancouver also differed from America in their candy selection department. Now I don't want to point any fingers of blame here, but Canada has a megagram (that's the Metric System) of weird candy. Odd, unnatural, spooky candy that should only be sold in a country sealed in with towering steel walls lined with an electrified, radioactive, birdshit-attracting fence. Since the only thing Emily and I were bringing back from Canada was a story about a gob of her hair suddenly turning white, we decided to go on a Crazy Canadian Candy purchasing rampage and buy anything with an unfamiliar name. The point of this exercise in pain is consistent with the Something Awful website theme; we go to excruciatingly disturbing lengths to bring you, the viewer, information on the absolutely most horrific things lurking about the shadows. However, instead of presenting you images of gay furry 10-penised horse porn, we will now present you with our review of weird Canadian candy we purchased via the complex method of "seeing something on the shelf, laughing at its name, and then buying it." We were rewarded by having our beautiful American 20-dollar bill turned into a series of bizarre lightweight Canadian circlets which I think are used for teeth fillings or something. Regardless, let's move on to THE CANADIAN CANDY CHALLENGE, PART I!

Caramilk

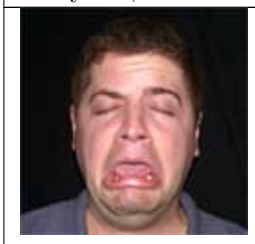
Description: *"Milk Chocolatey pockets with golden caramel filling."* Another winner from Cadbury, the chocolate company which apparently owns 98% of the chocolate market in Canada. The other 2% belongs to their longtime rivals, "GloboTech ChocoQuickMix Inc." which produces such wonderful items as "The Chocolate Glow Nighttime Rabbit Facehugger." We're pretty sure "Caramilk" is the Canadian version of "Caramello," which has an equally retarded name but lacks the retarded taste.

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 5 *(out of 10)*
It's like somebody beat a lump of chocolate and caramel with a "Boring Wand" and shoved the remains into a machine which belches out pockets of generic crap down an assembly line manned by burly, overweight, stench-ridden truck drivers who have been wearing the same plain flannel shirt for the past three weeks. Even though the supposed "caramilk" was as runny as my urine, it still somehow found a way to adhere itself to my teeth and will probably remain there until the day I die (next Wednesday). Actually, let's move my date of death up a couple days, this whole Canadian Candy thing has left me realizing I'm a horrible monster and pray for death.

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 5 *(out of 10)*
I'm not sure where the "milk" comes from in the name of this candy, but basically it's just a square of chocolate filled with caramel snot. It's sort of like the more popular "Caramello" that one finds in the US only this version seems to have a bitter aftertaste reminiscent of licking the skin behind the knee of an 80-year old woman after she's been sitting in her wheelchair watching her "stories" all day. Not horrible but nothing I'd want to eat again. And the date of your death will be sooner than you think, Kyanka. Ohhhh, so much sooner.

Bridge Mixture

Description: *"A delicious assortment of coated confectionery."* Bridge Mixture comes in a small, plain, yellow rectangular box which could also be used to ship crayons or cement. The actual "bridge mixture," which is a collection of oddly shaped brown lumps of rabbit turds, tastes quite bad in comparison to gnawing on an actual bridge until your teeth are pushed so far back into your gums that they begin piercing your brain. Keep in mind that this horror was unleashed upon us thanks to Hershey Canada, so if that's not a reason for a boycott, I don't know what is.

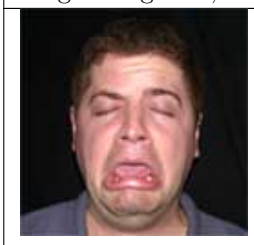


Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 1 *(out of 10)*
I have no clue what's hidden below the chocolate covering of Bridge Mixture. A few tasted like urinal cakes, while others tasted like heavily-used urinal cakes. I believe one of them was a futile attempt at producing a synthetic form of coconut or perhaps fake tasting artificial maple peppermint malt liquor gumball flavor. The experiment failed. These things came in all sorts of shapes and sizes but their characteristic of "tasting like ass" linked them all together in some sort of horrible chocolate gangbang way. We both had to use the Spit Bag on this baby, as we were spewing these mutant chocolate shitwads out of our mouths as fast as possible. It was like a horrible waterslide of phlegm and chocolate-covered insect parts, and wasn't nearly as entertaining as, say, having a Canadian bird shit on your head. Right Emily?

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 2 *(out of 10)*
"Bridge Mixture" consists of disgusting balls of candy-coated death. The smallest balls were OK, sort of like peanuts or something, but as one samples the larger balls, the flavor and texture gets worse as the size increases. I believe at this point that "Bridge Mixture" is poison disguised as candy by the Canadian government in an attempt to kill as many people as possible so that they don't have to dole out a lot of money for socialized healthcare. And Richard, I'll have you know that getting shat upon by a bird is good luck. And I'm a lucky gal as it is, so all aboard the luck caboose; this train is departing for New Luck City, where I'll narrowly escape being crapped on again, because I am now full of luck. And poop. In that order.

Crispy Crunch

Description: *"Peanut candy wrapped in milk chocolate."* Hey, way to go Cadbury, you picked a real gem of a name for your candy bar! What's next "CHOCOLATE LOG"? Or maybe "AN OBJECT WHICH CONTAINS CHOCOLATE AND PERHAPS SOMETHING ELSE"? This candy bar weighs 48 grams, which is the Metric equivalent of 13 tons, I believe.



Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 3 *(out of 10)*
WOW, NEEDS MORE SALT! REALLY GUYS, KEEP POURING ON THE SALT, THE KIDS LOVE SALT, IT'S HIP ON "DA STREETS" LIKE FAX MACHINES AND REMOTE CONTROLS!!! Imagine the peanut brittle truck colliding with the Butterfinger truck and then the fire department trying to put out the blaze by spraying gallons of salt on the wreckage. The taste of pain comes at you in a delayed wave which hits approximately eight seconds after biting into the horrid thing. Why the hell is there so much salt in this lump of crud? If I wanted this much salt, I'd go drink from the Atlantic Ocean for Christ's sake.

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 3 *(out of 10)*
"Crispy Crunch" has more salt per square inch than those cubes that dopey Midwesterners put in their backyards to lure deer in to lick, only to shoot them because they are too lazy to go out and hunt deer for themselves. It made me thirsty with one bite and it's pretty darn icky, I'd say, but then, I say a lot of things and most of them have to do with various meats. Bleh. And Rich, maybe you should eat a couple more of these. You might stand a chance of wearing the same shirt all through the day without having to change it because it's soaked through with your luscious perspiration.

COCONUT

Description: *"MOIST - PLUS TENDRE!"* Okay, so it's a candy bar named "COCONUT" which uses the "Coconut" font and is superimposed over an image of what appears to be coconut. This one would be fairly straightforward if it wasn't for the enigmatic "PLUS TENDRE!" exclamation above. I think that's French for "Don't Bother!" but I may be wrong. It also says *"Candy / Friandise"* on the right which means "Candy / Maybe Not."

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 9 *(out of 10)*
Hey, it's a direct ripoff of "Mounds," hooray! Actually I like Mounds Bars so I didn't mind eating a few "lucious" bars of "COCONUT." Plus Mounds only comes in two bars, whereas "COCONUT" comes in three, so I felt I was getting a far better deal despite the fact that these three bars measured up to the equivalent of two Mounds bars. I'm easy to please like that. I think Emily is rating this one low because she doesn't have refined and fancy tastes like I do. For example, she doesn't like James Woods, even after I forced her to watch "Videodrome"!!! That's all the proof you need, folks!
JAMES WOODS!!!
JAMES WOODS!!!
JAMES WOODS!!!

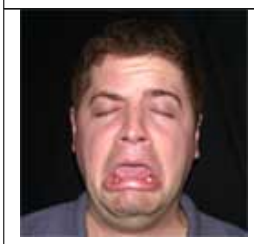
Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 5 *(out of 10)*
BOOOORRRRING! I think that "Coconut" put me to sleep, it was so boring. It tastes exactly like a "Mounds" candy bar only a bit drier. Not that I was expecting anything exciting with a name like "Coconut," but this candy bar made me more bored, lethargic, and full of apathy than I have been since I watched that two-day marathon of documentaries about the Spanish-American War on the History Channel when I was 12. Speaking of boring, I like how Rich's commentary takes up about a hundred pixels more horizontal space than mine does. This must be because what he has to say about James Woods is SO IMPORTANT that he needs more room in which to say it. Well I'll just write more, how do you like that? Not only that, but I'll put this picture in, too!

Jerk.

PS: Stop whining about how many pixels my commentary takes up, Emily, or else you'll "fall down the stairs" again you dippy broad.

Crunchie.Com

Description: *"Sponge Toffee covered in Milk Chocolate Sponge Toffee."* Cadbury has once again broken new ground by combining candy bars with the Internet in their newest offering to the candy bar market, "Crunchie Dot Com." Yes, it's somehow involved with an actual website, www.crunchie.com. Why? I don't know. Perhaps eating this spongie mess of burnt rubber tastes much like gnawing on a Cat-5 cable. Note that they couldn't even buy / afford the correct spelling of "www.crunchy.com," a website owned by a company that I assume does not manufacture COMPLETE SHIT.



Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 2 *(out of 10)*
This is not "sponge toffee". This is "horse vomit." I, like most people, associate the word "sponge" with "soft." This candy bar is not soft. This candy bar is not even candy. It is, however, a bar, much in the same sense that the things which fall out of a dog's anus are bar-shaped. Crunchie.com's wonderful pain treat has the consistency of biting into a burnt log and if I could read French, I'm sure that would be listed as its primary ingredient. One bite of this baby and I was depositing it directly into the Spit Bag, do not pass "GO" do not collect 200 dental visits. Here's a hint for you Cadbury: "CRUNCHY" and "SPONGE" do not work together, much like "THIS CANDY BAR" and "HUMAN CONSUMPTION." The only reason Crunchie.com got a better ranking than Bridge Mixture is because there was no aftertaste of frog semen (unlike the Bitch Master). Oh yeah, and the sheer stupidity of not being able to afford www.crunchy.com earned it bonus points in whatever category can get you bonus points for here.

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 1 *(out of 10)*
Wow. "Crunchie.com" is guaranteed the spot on the losers' circle labeled, "Worst Candy Bar I have Ever Eaten and Now That I have Eaten it I Want To Die." It's made of that gross angel food candy-type spongy crap covered in nasty, cheap chocolate. I do not know what site "Crunchie.com" may be promoting but I suggest that Cadbury stop before I get all "1337 h4x0ring stop making that shit you freaks or I will make you pay" on their ass. I WILL DOS THEIR CONFECTIONARY ABILITIES AND THEIR INCREASINGLY HIGH BANDWIDTH BILLS WILL PREVENT FURTHER CANDY BAR PRODUCTION!
They will also have troubles with the mail server.

Stay tuned Thursday for Part II of "The Canadian Candy Challenge" where we temp fate by trying to eat "Sweet Marie," "Flake," "Fusion," and "EAT-MORE." I don't think I need to describe in detail just how much we look forward to this. I might've actually just wet myself but cannot tell, as my bowels threw themselves out when they got a taste of "Crunchie.com." Somebody please save our souls because our bodies just died.

◘ Made From Actual Nazi Gold!

The name's ScottyD and I'm here to say, that the Goldmine is bling bling and it' comin your way!

Hot, fresh, phat, and funky rhymes like that are only written when they're true. It's the law. We have a new Goldmine for you, and it's loaded with crap that you love. But just remember, it doesn't love you. You're creepy.

So go look at it, and savor the moment. Because your eyes could get poked out tomorrow, and then you'll wish you could look at anything.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.21 Friend or Foe, I Don't Know!

Wednesday, Aug 21, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I recently discovered that for reasons beyond my comprehension, I have formed "alliances" with other people, turning to them for entertainment and companionship. This revelation occurred to me when I found myself talking to somebody who I've known for a long time. "Holy shit," I said to him. "I am still talking to you!" After being caught off guard by my bluntness, this person confessed that we were friends. This instantly caused me to panic, because I worried that he might ask me for money or I might have to pay some kind of fee for our friendship. Thankfully this friendship was based on a mutual exchange of ideas, and so I was charged nothing. Friendship had become my newest friend! Friendship is all the rage these days, as people are coming together to support each other in all manner of ways. The primary component of friendship is having a friend. But who are friends and what do they want with you? Where are friends bought and sold? Having recently confronted these questions myself, I will attempt to help you out through a process I call "throwing bullshit at you."

Astronauts make excellent friends because you can ask them to bring you moon rocks and they will be obligated to do so. I kid you not!

Friends come in many forms, such as pets and humans. Much like you (assuming you aren't a robot), they breathe oxygen and eat food. They even have names like "Joe" and "Death" and "SexyGrrrrrrrl1138." Still more fascinating, pets and humans come in many shapes, colors, flavors, sizes, and girths. A third type of friend, the imaginary friend, seems to have very suspicious intentions. Why don't we take a closer look!

People

People tend to fall in the category of "human beings," which instantly establishes that they exhibit all the traits of a human. This doesn't mean that an alien couldn't be your friend; it's just that aliens have their own goals and probably wouldn't want to bother with you. People are either male or female, although nature occasionally plays grabass with the sex genes. On the buffet table of life, there isn't always a sneeze guard to keep things clean. This results in some people being born as a rare mixture of male and female, which isn't nearly as moist and clammy as it sounds. Female people are known for their emotional nature, which sadly disqualifies them from important job titles like "President" and "Male Stripper." Thankfully, these emotional shortcomings are balanced out by breasts, or "knockers" as they are called in textbooks. Females make the best kind of friends as they are more aesthetically pleasing and give superior blowjobs. It is also worth noting that women, like hotdogs, are at their best when they have all the fixings on. At the opposite end of the spectrum we have males, who tend to be good at shooting things and moving crates around warehouses. If you're choosing friends based on your needs, think long and hard. Do you need blowjobs or help moving crates? Yeah, I thought so. Those crates aren't gonna move themselves!

Pets

Pets tend to be very stupid, but this makes them more likeable. Pets are a big responsibility because unlike the average DVD player, they have no off button. You will need to keep your pets under constant surveillance, supplying them with food, water, and clean living space. While pets are often a chore, they do provide a few pluses. If you are extremely hungry, common pets like dogs and cats are full of meat, an important source

of protein. They can also provide championship by sitting motionless while you observe them with God like impunity.

Imaginary

The most chilling type of friend is that which no one else can see or hear. Existing purely in the confines of your mind, the imaginary friend makes him or herself at home without paying rent. Sure you can talk to them, and yes, you can undress them with your mind, but in the end your friendship will prove to be meaningless. What's more, their powers of invisibility and telepathy will make you appear insane if you try to commune with them in public. Not surprisingly, the only people who have imaginary friends are children and crazy people. Imaginary friends will sometimes manifest themselves in physical objects, such as dolls and all-powerful swords forged in the fiery depths of Hell. In cases such as these, friendship is merely an illusion.

A truly lucky man might call both a cowboy and a dog his friends. As long as that man isn't an Indian, of course.

So now you know what friends are, maybe, just maybe, you want to collect a few. Pets and imaginary friends can be bought and created at will, so getting them is easy. They're pretty much obligated to either like you unconditionally or kill in your name. If you're lucky, they'll do both. The real challenge is making friends with other people. If you're wondering how to do that, then look no further than this listing of the best ways to make new friends compiled by several research institutes that don't actually exist:

Trap Them

From my limited experience, I have determined that the best way to make new friends is to trap them. Bear and other animal traps are fairly inexpensive, and they do the job quite well. When that metal jaw clamps down on someone's leg, its sharp teeth dig deep into bone. In many ways this is symbolic of the friendship that you will form – a friendship that goes bone deep. You have to be very careful about what you say and do after trapping them, or they might get the wrong idea. Once your trap grabs hold of them, rush to their aid as if you have no idea who placed the trap. If you admit to trapping them, they will likely view you as a threat, and that's getting off on the wrong foot. Instead try to comfort them, call for help, and do your best to distract them from the rusty metal teeth rending the flesh off their legs and grinding bone to dust. After the ordeal is over, they will be grateful that they had a friend waiting by their side. Optionally, you could replace the bear trap with a large net or a big hole, so long as they're made to suffer. Suffering is the foundation of all strong friendships!

Be Social

Another way to attract friends is to frequent social events, such as parties, conventions, public restrooms, and shows. People often leave their homes for the purpose of engaging other people in conversation. If you put yourself in the position of being one of these "other people," you have a good chance of making friends. If you are a little nervous, you can always pull out a large net and trap as many people as you can. Just be subtle about it. No one wants to be friends with the guy who spears people in the gut or pinions them under a heavy net.

Be Wealthy and/or Attractive

The easiest way to make friends is to have them come to you. They will do this if you either have a lot of money, look good, or both. Pretty much anybody looks good holding

money, so money is clearly the stronger motivator. People can easily tell whether you're attractive or not, but they can't always tell if you're rich. Advertise this fact by wearing a top hat, monocle, and gold-colored suit. Basically, dress like Mr. Peanut. People will swarm to you like fat people swarm to sticks of butter. Also like butter, they will melt in your hands or on toast if everything is positioned properly.

The biggest problem with having friends is that they often expect things from you, such as camaraderie or money. You might not always be in the mood to deliver the goods, and so you'll need to dispel their efforts to be friendly in a smooth and non-bloody fashion. This can be a frustrating endeavor, as a lot of people lack the ability to tell when they're not wanted. Don't fret, as there are a few well-known shortcuts to getting out of your end of the typical friendship agreement:

- **Don't Open the Door**
  The primary way of entering your home is through a door. This is the main safeguard that keeps you at bay from a world of savages. Should one of these savages come looking for you, they will need to make peace with the door. The door answers to you, though. When they confront the door with a knock, ignore it. As long as the door rests comfortably shut, and as long as your friends can't flatten themselves out and slide under it, you won't have to deal with them.
- **Don't Answer the Phone**
  If the door is secure, the only other way a person can penetrate your house is via the telephone. Just as you have the right to ignore the door, you also have the right to ignore the telephone. Sure it may ring to high heaven, but you can unplug it. Better yet, you can deflect their calls with a hilarious answering machine message where you say, "I'll be back" in an Austrian accent. Don't make it too hilarious, or people will be calling just to hear it!
- **Talk to Them About Your Personal Feelings and Longings**
  The last thing anybody wants to hear about is your inner feelings, even if they do call themselves your friend. Talk about your parents excessively, or how you're not sure what life has in store for you. They'll nod along at first, but after awhile they'll want to get the fuck away from you and your goddamn whining. Only needy people will listen to your boring stories, and needy people need to leave you alone. But don't worry about needy people since their feelings don't matter. Once you drive your friends away, smile and relax because you just claimed your pound of flesh! Get enough flesh, and you can build yourself the most realistic and disturbing "friend" imaginable. Just make sure you don't tell anybody, because then you'd get sent to jail.
- **Ask for Money**
  One of the finest and most reliable ways to keep unwanted friends away is to constantly ask for money. Early on they might go along with it, but if you run up a sizeable debt they will avoid you in order to avoid being asked for money. If money doesn't work, try asking for erotic massages or to borrow things. Even if they don't go away, at least you get a free erotic massage.
- **Hide**
  If worse comes to worse, make like Ann Frank and hide. Even if you have to go a few weeks wearing a lampshade as a disguise, it will be well worth it.

Whatever method you use to avoid your friends, just make sure it doesn't involve telling the truth. The last thing you want is an open and honest friendship, because then your friends will be asking a lot more of you. Truth is for suckers, anyway.

Truth Be Told

Speaking of truth, it's time for a new TruthMedia Review! One of our diligent and well-groomed readers has submitted an excellent review of "Final Fantasy X," by Square. Like all TruthMedia Reviews, you can count on factual errors and gross incompetence. Oops!

As usual, we need your help spreading the truth and getting the hatemail. Share the article with your favorite bulletin board, newsgroup, or website. Just don't let them in on the secret! Also, don't spam anybody you lousy longheads. When the flames roll in, we'll share them with you.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.22 The Canadian Candy Challenge, Part II

Thursday, Aug 22, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

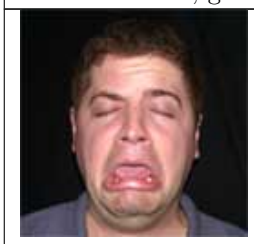
Hey kids, remember last Tuesday when we featured The Canadian Candy Challenge, Part I? And we promised that The Canadian Candy Challenge Part II would be featured today? Well guess what? Today is "today" and we're hot and bothered to present you with... MIDI drumroll please... THE CANADIAN CANDY CHALLENGE PART II! In this horrid, horrid installment, Emily and I tackle the taste enigmas labeled "Flake," "Sweet Marie," "EAT-MORE," and "FUSION," candy bars which are only found in the majestic motherland known as "Canada," a strange mass of land that contains both cities **AND** people!

We fight the good battle so you won't eat things from the bad cattle.

In the previous episode of The Canadian Candy Challenge, Part I, Emily and I gagged on "Caramilk," the abominable "Bridge Mixture" (which we have both concluded is only served to people on Death Row), the salt-filled "Crispy Crunch," a very dull and noncommittal "COCONUT" (in all caps, possibly to convey excitement or confusion), and "Crunchie.com" (the only candy which is directly tied to a horrible, horrible Flash website that makes you want to end your life by actually eating their candy bar and thereby committing suicide). Today we'll dig even deeper into the cesspool of Canadian failure and put our taste buds to the limits by intentionally torturing them until our heads explode like the unfortunate mannequin heads in "Scanners" which did not star James Woods but probably should have.

Flake

Description: There wasn't any description on the outside of this candy bar (or on the inside for that matter), so things instantly began to look frightening. Upon closer inspection, we noticed that the "Flake" candybar was not even sealed inside its packaging; the ends were simply twisted around clockwise! Do you understand what this means? Any number of "Flake" bars out there on the Canadian market could be contaminated by villains pouring in chemicals such as cyanide or death juice, either of which would make this candy bar taste better and convince more people to purchase them! What, is Cadbury too fucking cheap to afford a machine to seal their crappy candy bars now? Oh yeah, the ingredients also listed something named "MODIFIED PALM" under "UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE." We are very glad Cadbury decided to modify the Palm for "Flake." Thank you very much for the Modified Palm, gents!



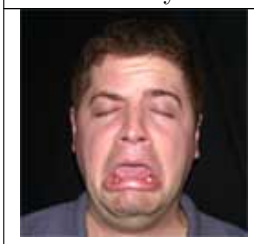
Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 3 *(out of 10)*
First off, let me describe what this so-called "candy bar" looks like: twisted, knotted, sinewy elephant muscle. Although I've never tasted the aforementioned delicacy before, I can assure you that it can't possibly taste worse than "Flake." I'm fairly certain that Cadbury, in their infinite(-ly stupid) wisdom, decided to simply spew out three drops from a bag of chocolate cake icing over a stick of butter. "Flake" did not contain any flakes; it wasn't even crunchy for God's sake. Perhaps the name "Flake" came from the nickname of the resident asshole at Cadbury who had the great idea to recycle used butter from their cow-molesting plant and repackage it as "Flake." Either way, I don't give a fuck, I'm not touching this heap of sewage ever again. Stay in Canada, "Flake."

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 3 *(out of 10)*
"Flake," ohhhh, you played a bad, wicked, evil trick on me. Very bad indeed. You see, "Flake" tasted like pure ass. It was even assier than ass. And that, my friends, is ASSY! Despite the fact that it looks like a runny turd left in a parking lot for hours to bake and simmer in the afternoon sun, I had high hopes for "Flake." How hard is it to screw up plain old chocolate, right? WRONG! The powers that be have decided that they did not want to make something that tasted good but instead make something that tastes like eating an old retired golf champion's prostate tumor. And I know this from experience, my friends; I've eaten a lot of prostate tumors in my time. I'm surprised that Rich didn't like "Flake" any more than I did. He seems to have affection, possibly even love, for things that are associated with shit. Right, sweetiehoneysugarlumpyarmpitpie?

Of course I adore shit, Emily. How do you think I fell in love with you in the first place, snookiewookiehoobiemoogleboogle?

EAT-MORE

Description: *"**ORIGINAL** DARK TOFFEE PEANUT CHEW."* Note that the word **"ORIGINAL"** is in bold print on the candy wrapper. Also note that every single letter anywhere on this candybar is in all capital letters. I would assume that Hershey Canada Inc. would have enough money to upgrade their computers to include a "Caps Lock" button on their keyboards, but apparently that's out of the issue. This would make sense because anybody dumb enough to buy a neon yellow candy bar package that glows like radioactive construction equipment probably doesn't care about the typeset used in the food item which will assuredly lead directly to their death.



Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 2
NO. I REFUSE TO EAT MORE. I WILL NOT EAT MORE. One bite was enough, thank you very much Hershey Canada Inc.. This self-professed "toffee" candy bar is unlike any other toffee bars, mainly in the fact that it contains no toffee. It has the consistency of used chewing tobacco and contains enough peanuts to look like a pile of steaming vomit after sitting in the hot, moist tropical sun. Actually, the bar really looks like asphalt, only without the pleasing taste. I'm sure glad Hershey Canada Inc. decided to include the word "ORIGINAL" in the product description, because God knows, there probably are a shitload of other companies mass-manufacturing pure vomit to compete in Hershey's "pure vomit candy bar" demographic.

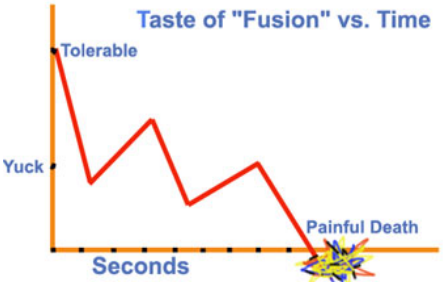
Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 5
The Frenchy frog language on the wrapper suggests that perhaps this candy partially consists of tires, and I can't say that it would shock me to know this to be true. I don't know if I'd necessarily eat more of "EAT-MORE," but I didn't completely dislike the bite that I had of this nutty, squishy shitbar. Despite rumors of this candy coming out of my ass looking exactly the same as when it went in (to my mouth, you loons), it wasn't nearly as bad as Tuesdays failure, "Bridge Mixture," so I don't know why Rich is giving it the same score. Maybe because he's dumb. It does surprise me that Hershey made this cruddy product, but then again maybe they had the taste of the Canadian people in mind at the time, because I have yet to try candy from their "country" that is anywhere near as good as the smooth, buttery chocolate of the US of A. USA #1!!! USA!! USA!!!

FUSION

Description: I can't exactly read what the description says in the middle of the package, mainly because it's a mixture of English and French words printed in a 6-point font named "CHRIS'S KEWL FREEWARE FUTURE FONT" or something. The words we could make out were "CHOCOLATE," "CHEWEY" (like Chewbacca), "CARAMEL," and "RIZ CROUSTILLANT" who I think was a drummer for the Grateful Dead.

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 5
I believe the so-called "FUSION" in this bar was supposed to have something to do with the "CHOCOLATE" and "CARAMEL" and maybe even Mr. Croustillant, but the only fusion I sensed was the wad of candy fusing to my throat and quickly mutating into a cancerous lump. Like almost any Canadian candy bar, there is a distinct lack of sugar or anything even remotely sweet here, as native Canadians apparently have a nationwide appetite for eating hay or lumber or rocks or whatever. Soon after sampling this winner of a treat, I watched my slightly-chewed wad of it fuse to the bottom of the toilet. Needless to say, we're closing off this bathroom and will probably shoot missiles at it from space whenever we get around to it. Oh yeah, are we supposed to refer to it as "FUSION" or "FUS*ION" or "FUS>

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 6--no, 3. --No, 4--no...2-- no...Aaaaaghh!!



Sweet Marie

Description: The world-famous "Neilson" company, which has brought to us such winners as that television rating system and Craig T. Nelson (close enough), hatches a scheme by concocting a devious product named "Sweet Marie." This glorious combination of chocolate, peanuts, and caramel features an image on the front that looks like somebody slowly tearing an Ogre's arm off their body. The big quote on this item is "WITH LOTS OF FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS," which we assume would be true if "FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS" meant "BAR PEANUTS FOUND IN AN ABANDONED BOWLING ALLEY'S ASHTRAY THREE YEARS AGO."

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 4
I'm fairly certain this is supposed to be a ripoff of "Baby Ruth," but it once again falls flat on its face. Now I'll be the first to admit that there's not too much room to improvise in the exciting, fast-paced world of creating awful candy, but I would imagine that the methods of "using unsweetened chocolate" and "forcefully injecting peanuts which were marinated for nine days in an elderly couple's armpit sweat" wouldn't be the right direction to head in. Seriously, the peanuts in this mess taste like they had been spiced up with vinegar or tar or something equally horrid. The caramel wasn't half bad, but since the other half was 100% bad, it doesn't really even out. I think. Wait, I'm not good at math, does that even make sense?

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 6
I liked "Sweet Marie!" Ok, maybe it was because all of the other candy for today's review was terrible and made me want to die, but I still liked it above average. It's sort of along the same lines of "Baby Ruth" I guess. Maybe the reason I like it is because of when I was a wee lass and was lost in the long, twisting hallways of a countryside Catholic school, a friendly nun named Marie taught me the wise ways of Jesus under the loving supervision of cleaning supplies in the mop closet. Either way, I'd rather eat this than "Bridge Mixture," which is my ultimate guide for comparison on this stuff. And don't listen to Rich because not only is he bad at math, but he's also bad at other things that are not math! OWWWww, ZING!!! Gotcha there, Richiepoo!!!

Yeah, you're right Emily, I sure am bad at picking out fiancés! ZIIIING, back atcha', bizzatch!

I'm still not sure how Emily and I were able to make it through not one, but TWO rounds of consuming these mutant monstrosities of chocolate and God only knows what else. Regardless, there's still more pain for us to look forward to, as next Tuesday we'll wrap up The Canadian Candy Chal-

lenge by sampling and reviewing the final four contestants: "Mackintosh's TOFFEE," "Fruit-tella" (which we both believe will directly kill us), "Sidekick," and "WUNDERBAR" (which is not to be confused with the Wonder Bra). BOY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT.

Amy's [sic] Fantasies

Zack "Christ Bedwetter" Parsons here with an all new Hentai review! This week's entry is slightly more entertaining than last time, a real charmer of a game entitled "Amy's Fantasies".

> *You know a game is going to be a high-quality experience when the main character's name is misspelled in the title of the game. Caveat Emptor indeed, since Amy's Fantasies is actually about Emi's fantasies, or more appropriately "scary lion woman's fantasies". Had the game centered on the non-existent Amy instead of Emi it would have no-doubt been better, since Emi's fantasies are goddamn stupid and all involve fucking her extremely effeminate brother. If I had wanted to see a scary lion woman screw an undernourished wide-eyed urchin relative I would have, well, this is probably the only place I could see that but I didn't want to see it.*

So dope yourself up with near fatal levels of SSRIs, like I do every time I sit down and play through one of these games for you folks, and head on over and check out "Amy's Fantasies".

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.23 Brilliant Britain!

Friday, Aug 23, 2002 by Integral

Aaaahhhhh, Britain. Land of the British. Land of other things that I am unable to recall at this point in time.

British.

It's hard to remember exactly what I was taught about the British throughout my years of history class in school. It's all lost out there in the ether in some sort of stuffy, bad-teeth-filled haze. I think that at one point some guys who wore fluffy white wigs and tights thought that it would be a good idea to line up in very straight lines with guns and try to shoot wily colonists who hid behind rocks and in holes and under bushes and in the pants of larger men. I seem to recall that the wig-wearing fruits all got killed and had to go home to their own country where they continued to line up in straight rows and get killed. I am fairly sure that the British did this and not someone else such as the French, but I have been known to confuse the two. I also believe that it was the British who went to exotic places like Africa and India and out of the kindness of their hearts built a monstrous empire out of exploiting natives, stealing valuables, and killing people, but that could be America I'm thinking of, or perhaps myself.

The second thing I know about the British is that they have been eating creepy fungal tree moss-type substance called "Quorn" for years now as a meat substitute, even though it makes a fairly large percentage of the people who endeavor to consume it violently ill and even though there are plenty of other meat substitutes that as far as I know do not make people ill. The harvesting of this tasty, vomitous treat is described in detail on their site as:

> *Harvesting takes place by pumping the suspension of cells and liquid removed from the fermenter through a heated vessel which stops growth and renders the cells non-viable. The suspension is then passed to a series of centrifuges where the cells are separated from the liquid residue, and these centrifuged cells are collectively known as mycoprotein. The mycoprotein is placed in containers and refrigerated ready to be used as the major ingredient in the manufacture of the Quorn™ product range.*

Delicious! I understand the need to find something that tastes like meat over there because all of their cows are either dropping dead or killing people, but I wouldn't think that a prime candidate would be a fungusy mold that can cause you to barf. Those British are a wacky bunch, though, I know that, too, so maybe it's all part of a good joke. I suppose that part of the joke is that I'd rather take my chances with the meat fungus than eat real meat in their crazy castle country but that I won't need to choose because I'm happy here in the good old US of A. USA #1!! Mmm, that steak sure is good! Glad I don't have to worry about getting holes in my brain!

British.

The third and probably final thing that I know about the British is that they are very peculiar-looking. It is trite and cliché to mention the horrible teeth, I know, but DAMN, those British people on average are weirder-looking than us Yanks by a long shot, even as compared to the winners you can see on "COPS," at a rave, at a

furry convention, or any comparable freak-show. They are not "stop-dead-in-your-tracks" freakish, but on the whole they are more frightening looking than any random American. Their creepiness is compounded by their silly accent and fruity spelling of certain words and their usage of insults that make no sense whatsoever. What the shit is a "git" or a "sot," anyway? Crazy Limeys and their crazy words.

My grasp of British history might not be that great, but I was fairly amused to read that the BBC, Britland's own brainwashing system of tunnels and conspiracy robots, has picked 100 people from throughout the British ages to be creatively called "The 100 Great British Heroes." On this list of historical greats are legends who have changed the face of the world and made a lasting impact on humanity forever. These incredible people have contributed amazing things to society and therefore were recognized as such by the BBC. Several of the heroes on this list include astronaut and space explorer Johnny Rotten, former queen and subsequent boxing star Emmeline Pankhurst, and biogenetic scientist and cloning expert David Bowie.

Among others listed are such people-wonders as business dude Richard Branson (oooooh, aaaaah!!), some guy named Donald Campbell who raced boats (what a hero!), and another fruity musician named Bob Geldof who sang some songs for poor people in Africa back in the day. This is truly a fine list of people whom everyone considers to be heroes, but I can't help but think that they left a couple of people off of the list! Rather than be miffed and write them an angrily-worded letter, I shall attempt to prove the worth of a few British heroes of my own in the hopes that the BBC will update their list to the "103 Great British Heroes."

NAME: John Winklebury Hareford III (1948 - Present)

ACCOMPLISHMENTS: When life gave John Winklebury Hareford III lemons, he made lemonade. John grew up in poverty and filth on a pig farm east of Dorcestershireworchesterburybergburyburyshirelande, Westchestershire. He ran away from home at the age of 17 and began working in a meat processing plant in Luxonbury-on-Eastwicke. By the time he was 40 years of age, Mr. Hareford had risen to the position of Assembly Line Manager and had five men and one woman as his employees. He was also trusted with the valuable shrink-wrap machine, a hefty responsibility for any man. Today he retains this position in the plant and was recently given the award for "Most Reliable Plant Employee" by the CEO of Eastwicke Meats as well as a reward of four hams.

John is a family man as well. At the age of 18 he married and since then he and his wife have given birth to 16 children, the youngest of which was born this past July. All of his children are likewise employed at Eastwicke Meats and John hopes that some day they will be as successful in the meat-packing and processing industry as he was himself. Truly John Winklebury Hareford III is a British hero and is deserving of this recognition by the BBC.

NAME: Sir Chauncey Percival Higgenswallow, ESQ. (1652 - 1698)

ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Born into a world of luxury and privilege, Sir Higgenswallow learned of the finer things in life from a very young age. He lived from birth in a 46-room estate in the countryside close to Avon-on-Straton-on-Westburyforshire and from there he rode horses about the grounds, engaged in many conversations with area landowners regarding the state of the peasantry, and occasionally engaged in sport in the form of fox-hunting or croquet. Sir Higgenswallow also had many mistresses and fathered over thirty children in his lifetime, two of which he had with his wife, Constance Marie. He held a position in the House of Lords until his death in 1698 of dropsy and gout and was long-considered to be the owner of the highest number of indentured servants in that part of Britain.

Sir Chauncey Higgenswallow used his time on this earth wisely. He rode from place to place in a carriage, drank many glasses of fine imported bourbon, had tea with various royal personages, and mocked the lower classes at will. He could often be seen eating magnificent banquets or purchasing fine clothing and other goods, and was a true and accurate representation of what humanity can be if it aspires to selflessness and humility. For this reason he should definitely be counted among the top 100 British heroes.

NAME: Michelle Stevens (1985 - Present)

ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Michelle is the third of five children born into a middle class household in a suburb of London. She spends her time writing poems and updating her Live Journal wherein she talks of her inability to obtain a date for the upcoming school dance, most likely due to an unfortunate incident in gym class involving some Vegemite and a candle. Michelle also struggles on a day-to-day basis with depression and teenage angst, occasionally making tiny cuts in her arms with the point of a safety pin. Michelle also enjoys reading fantasy novels and is currently in the middle of the last

> "Harry Potter" book, which she is reading for the second time. She is also a free-lance artist and draws elaborate pictures of dragons and other fanciful creatures in her spare time.
>
> When asked about all of these great achievements, Michelle only says, 'Well, I don't know what else to do, I guess." Talk about amazing people. If she is this accomplished at such a young age I can't even begin to imagine what she might contribute to Britain and to the world throughout the rest of her life. Michelle Stevens is truly a hero for us all.

I hope that the folks at the BBC have read this article and that they agree with my choices and realize their oversights. This list of British heroes could not and would not be complete without these additions and although I have about ten more people whom I believe are deserving of recognition for their work. In the mean time, maybe I'll go read a book about Britain or something so that the next time I endeavor to talk about it I won't sound so retarded. But I might decide to eat some ice cream instead, so shag off you silly rot-flockers, or whatever those Limey bastards would say in their crazy fag-speak.

-∼Integral

8.24 A Retrospective of Satan

Friday, Aug 23, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Satan: A Look Back on Evil

The Unlord, the Master of Disaster, one part of the two part tag-team we like to call Christianity, Lucifer, the Devil, Old Scratch, Hammy the King of Lies, Potbelly's Three Cheese Toasted Sub, Satan. Call him what you will, he's been with us almost as long as this goddamn back pain, but signs seem to indicate that his popularity is beginning to wane. I had long feared that this might be happening but concrete evidence finally presented itself in the appropriately named town of Devil's Lake, North Dakota.

The extremely intimidating and artifact laden Devils Lake mascot.

> *High school teams here no longer will be known as the Satans, the school's nickname for nearly 80 years.*
>
> The school board unanimously voted Monday night to immediately drop the nickname and mascot and start the process of finding a new name to represent its athletic teams.

After one look at a picture of their Satanic mascot I considered turning this article into a rant about how high school mascot's could pull the teeth out of even the most fearsome concept. Then I remembered that my high school's mascot was a yellow jacket and that rancid costume was ten times scarier than an actual yellow jacket, unless we're talking a yellow jacket that is stuck in the car with me, in which case nothing is scarier than that. Instead I would like to make this a celebration of His Sulfur and Brimstone Unholiness, a genuine and heartfelt memorial for that evil that has touched all of our lives. In these last years of his career I hope he takes on a sort of mystical dignity, finally shedding that juvenile horns and tail image and retiring to his beach-side home in Key West.

Satan didn't start out famous though, like most celebrities his was a gradual rise to popularity marked by triumphs and tribulations. If you're living under a rock or possibly a rock that itself is underneath a larger rock and somehow missed out on Satan's career, then this will all be new to you.

This crudely Photoshopped im age I found on a Halloween web site proves that Satan has fans of all ages!

Satan was born in 1952 in Borland, New Jersey, the middle child in a family of three brothers including Roy and Danny. His father Arnold Jarvis worked in the Borland Iron Works, bringing home just enough money to keep food on the table and clothes on his children. In fact so poor was the family the one year they couldn't even afford clothes and were forced to tie pieces of pork loin to their body with twine and fishing wire. Satan never really knew his mother Barbara, who was killed by a runaway horse when Satan was only two years old. Many believe that this early loss may have influenced Satan, leaving scars that down the road would lead to the creation of his well known "bad boy" persona.

In school young Satan never really felt like he was welcomed into the social circles that his brothers kept company with and he quickly took to hanging with a gang of ruffians. These boys enjoyed playing all manner of mischievous pranks in the neighborhood, including

egging, toilet papering, ritual beheadings, turning rivers to blood, and of course the infamous time in 1969 when Satan and gang stole principal McMaster's bowling trophy. Oh, McMaster's got so mad at the ruffians, you should have seen his face when Satan turned his wife into a giant maggot that vomited acid onto his car and then made the sky rain fire.

Satan finally finished up high school a year behind his peers and headed off to the New Jersey Institute of Science. Unfortunately his grades were so low that Satan was placed on academic probation and eventually discharged from the university. After months of drinking and womanizing, Satan got his act together and headed out into the job market, where he found himself working in the mail room of IBM. His biting wit, omniscience, and ability to trap superiors in blood oaths through the use of guile and intimidation shot him through the ranks until he was in the head office in Silicon Valley. Somewhere along the way he was also responsible for the Vietnam War, the assassinations of JFK, RFK, MLK, and LLJK, and the election of Richard Nixon. Little is known about Satan's direct involvement in these events, but shipping and billing records recently made public by IBM made apparent that first-borns were demanded and received.

Never content to rest on his laurels, Satan eventually tired of his mundane job at IBM and moved to Los Angeles where he was drawn like an astronaut into the sun by the bright stars of Hollywood. There he set up shop and began working diligently to promote and advance the careers of struggling artists through the use of unholy magic. What started with Abba continued through the years until everyone from the Spice Girls, to Fred Durst, to L. Ron Hubbard had been catapulted to success despite a lack of talent or charisma. Critics quickly began using the term "soulless" to describe artists in league with Satan when the details of a contract with rapper Vanilla Ice were released. Rapper Robert Van Winkle had indeed forfeited nothing less or more than his immortal soul to Satan in exchange for unknown favors that allowed him to become a platinum-selling artist.

Over the years Satan had collected and tormented so many of these souls that he needed a place to keep them, out of the way of prying eyes. In a deal made in conjunction with sponsors at the Pepsi Corporation, Satan set to work on his most ambitious effort yet; Hell. There and forevermore the souls he had collected during his time as a Hollywood mogul and IBM executive would be tormented by all manner of cosmic horrors. Billed as a "theme park" and located on three hundred acres of salted ground near the site of an Indian burial ground, Hell was soon to draw crowds numbering in the hundreds of millions. After its grand opening in 1983, Hell was bringing in some 70,000 people a day, and with good reason. Attractions at the park included "Cauldron of Flesh Eating Beetles", "The Amazing Tilt and Eviscerate", "Mr. Toad's Wild Anus Full of Fish Hooks", "Crazy Time Station and the Giant Lion With the Face of Your Mother that Crushes Your Head in a Vice", and "Your Genitals in Lava".

Photographed here in 1981, Satan shows off his trademark manic stare, not pictured are his tail and pitchfork.

Despite - or perhaps because of - this success, Satan was in the process of falling prey to his many old vices. He was staying out late and drinking himself into comas, indulging in drugs and perverse sex, and turning into wild animals and impregnating women with the anti-Christ. He was losing weight at a dramatic rate and many of his closest friends feared he might be near death.

"Sate was just gone," commented Hollywood producer Robert Evans in 1998, "he would come in early to an amazing party and he was already completely gone. You could see it in his eyes. Great guy though, but bad things happen to good people."

It took a near death experience at the hands of the avenging wrath of the Lord Almighty to shake

Satan from his downward spiral. In 2000, while Satan was out partying in West Hollywood, a tree exploded into flames and before it appeared the archangel Gabriel, carrying a burning sword of holy light. An intense battle ensued, one that left Satan with some two-hundred stitches and banished Gabriel to Heaven. His recovery was a grueling process, but it got him off the drugs and back to a sense of normalcy. When he could walk normally again Satan seemed rejuvenated, and he attacked his work as a producer with an increased vigor.

His time had passed though, the work just wasn't coming in like it had been in the late 90's, and Satan began to realize that it might be time to pack it in. With a final and heart-breaking message from one of his sales reps in North Dakota that Devils Lake would no longer be paying him royalties for intellectual property usage, Satan opted out. He packed it in and headed into retirement, but for those of us who watched and appreciated his hard work, his legend lives on.

Get the Power Up!

In between writing articles and doing stuff for SA behind the scenes I spend a lot of my day just killing time. Wonderfully horrible ideas like a retrospective about Satan don't just come popping up ever five second you know, they have to gradually percolate to the surface. With the help of an observant soul on the SA Forums I recently came into contact with the greatest of time wasters, namely an addicting but quick and violent little game entitled Crimsonland. Developed by a guy named Taro Alatalo out of Finland (the game is in English), the game has surprisingly good graphics, it's fast paced and fun, and just as importantly, it's completely free.

You can download Crimsonland direct from Taro's site at 10tons.org, or find out a (little bit) more about the game.

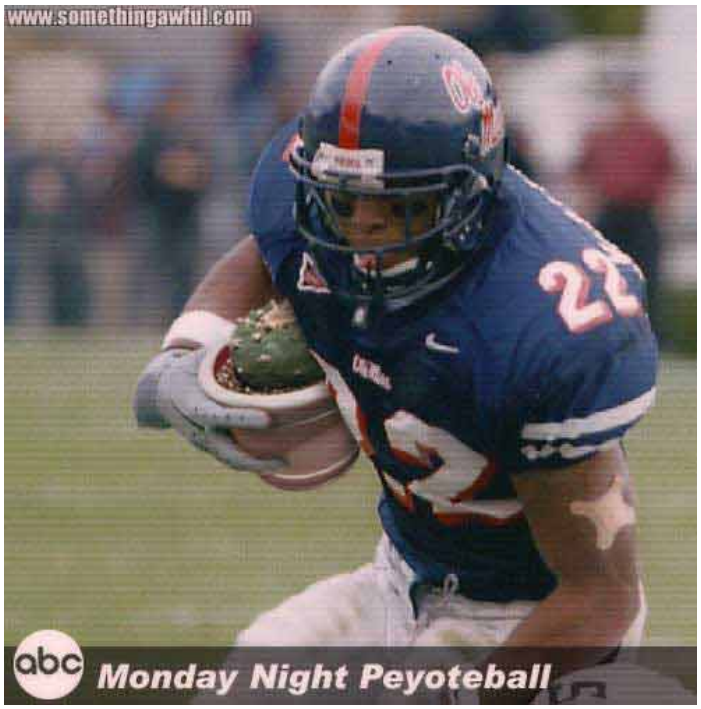
At the suggestion of the game's developer I've also provided a mirror in the unlikely eventuality that his server dies on him.

The game plays like a mad-cap top down shooter similar to Smash TV combined with the grim humor of Black Isle's Fallout. It even has an experience system and when you level you can choose perks that effect gameplay, allowing you to mow down more aliens with greater accuracy. If you enjoy Crimsonland as much as I have, then you'll be pleased to hear that he is currently developing a version of this game for multiple players over the Internet. Now you and the guy three cubicles over can finally explore your break room fantasy of standing back to back with miniguns mowing down an endless horde of advancing aliens.

Normally I wouldn't outright plug a game like this on Something Awful, but the guy isn't charging any money and the game deserves to be played, if only for an hour or two. So download Crimsonland today and release your aggression on those damn Graboids!

Thank God It's Phriday!

Well hello! It's me, Livestock, here to tell you that Photoshop Phriday is here and burning a hole in the ozone layer. This week's theme is "Awful Sports" and it's a true festival of something akin to athleticism. Here is a peak of a sneak:



This is a random assemblage of words meant to inspire you to click this link.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.25 Minor Celebrities in Major Trouble!

Sunday, Aug 25, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

For as long as I can remember, roughly three days and counting, the American public has had a love affair with its celebrities. Being both of legal age, one would think a consenting relationship between America and celebrities would be a beautiful, natural thing. One is fucking wrong though, and he should stop being consulted all the time on these matters. In reality, the affair is rife with turmoil and rockiness, often caused by America's forgiving, trusting nature. Famous people take advantage of this, wildly gallivanting around behind America's back with other, sluttier countries and smoking "doobies." It isn't so much our prestigious, ultra-popular superstars that are doing this to us. They tend to keep a family friendly image, in order to viciously rape us of maximum profits throughout their tenure as a beloved icon. No, it's the minor celebrities that are the ones we have to watch out for. The wild ones aren't sitting on a Hollywood back lot. They're the Oksana Baiuls, the Robert Downy Juniors, and yes, even the obscure Paula Poundstones of the world. Pathetic loser celebrities who you would forget in an instant if they weren't constantly doing something incredibly stupid and illegal for your entertainment. Always running afoul of the law or of some activist group, these are the celebrities that it hurts to love so much. But showing America's "Never give up, even when it's stupid to go on" attitude, America lives for the abuse, and will always have its infatuation with monitoring the lives of minor celebrities.

Recently, many faces that you kind of recognize, and names that probably sound familiar for some reason have all been popping up in the newspapers with headlines that read "What's his name indicted" or "Scandal for that...guy!" Such controversy is common and quite uncontroversial these days, but the public still laps it up like the dogs they are. But with all the goings on and what have yous of the "real" news, this celebrity news often slips through the cracks of some unfortunates. In a continuation of an article I wrote last week about the top celebrity deaths, this article will be about these celebrities that have been making headlines lately. Since everyone who reads this page is pretty damn unfortunate anyway, it's safe to assume that many of you may need a rundown on what's been going on in this seedy world of misdeed. You all probably have all heard this stuff already, so these stories will be constructed of ninety percent previously unheard material, commonly referred to as "lies."

Martha Stewart:

Today's show: Creating mayhem, out of wicker.

The queen of all homemakers has recently faced some trouble with the Great Satan himself, the US government. Apparently, it's "against the law" to illegally misuse large sums of "money" for one's own benefit. But financial problems are just the icing on the giant, lavishly decorated cake. Martha's crime empire ran far deeper than that. Secretly, all the money she made throughout the years went to funding a most powerful and terrifying army of the night. Combining the two deadliest forces in nature, bears and fire, she created an army of flaming bears with the intent to take over the world! Unlike normal flaming bears, these weren't the gay, bearded human type. Unfortunately for her, those would have been much more deadly, as her plan simply involved dousing a whole bunch of malnourished koala bears in kerosine and lighting them ablaze, all the while shouting incoherent attack commands in her native language of "crazy bitch." Fortunately, jokes about Smokey the Bear were made prior to trial, and the crime was downgraded from "Inhumane" to "Cute." While no punishment has been set, or guilt proven, we feel it would be a fitting end to her electrifying career if she was given the chair.

Robert Blake:

Robert Blake. Not pictured: Murder.

Blake, washed up star of such poorly remembered shows as Baretta and nothing else because he had a pathetic career, murdered his wife because she was a demon. Probably. It's that same genius logic that got him caught by Police before you could name the people who remembered him. That's fucking quick. With such an overwhelming amount of evidence against him, it's no wonder this story was in and out of the public eye so quick. However, because of all the attention and interviews, Blake considers this a strong point in his career and is considering piggybacking on the whole "Murderer" thing to skyrocket him back to success! It worked for distinguished TV celebrity Charles Dutton, star of the runaway success of a television show "Roc," so why not for him? We'll let the jury decide his fate though!

Steve O:

This hillarious image showed up in google when I searched "Steve O"

Jackass star Steve O recently turned himself in to the police after a warrant was put out for his arrest. Note that he did not actually turn himself into the police, seeing how a transformation of the sort is physically impossible and would require some sort of wizardry. His colorful stage show, which involved stapling his balls to his leg, earned him a charge of indecent exposure, and thus began a nationwide manhunt. Well, also there was that whole second degree battery charge, but most television networks tended to ignore that because the saying the word "balls" guarantees ratings. In addition to these crimes, his track record includes one, if not all, of the following: Criminal stupidity, public stupidity, possession of balls with the intent to staple, and teaching the world to smile again. He is considered stupid and dangerous. Dangerously hilarious, that is!

Opie and Anthony:

Artist's concept of Opie and Anthony

Opie and Anthony are widely considered the funniest of all overrated DJs in the world of irritating radio banter. Their show is shocking and controversial, or at least it would be if this was the year 1957. This earned them the title of "controversial shock jocks." Mostly, the program is just a bunch of guys talking and saying the word "Boobs," an act which has earned them national fame and success. But now, they made the mistake of their careers - they crossed the crazy nutballs known as the Catholic League! Offering money to couples who are willing to have sex in risky places, the pair was linked to a couple who was bumping reproductive organs in a very large, very holy building in New York. Many people thought this was wrong because sex is the tool the devil uses to drive nails into the coffins of people around the world. No, wait, that's a hammer. Sex is just plain wicked though, and you can be sure that sex inside a church is tantamount to handing Lucifer the keys to your soul and saying "Don't scratch the paint job!" The Catholic League decided to step in and do everything in their insane power to shut down the radio personalities for the crime of being barely responsible for the idea. As far as crazy religious endeavors go, this was a wild success. Both Opie and Anthony were fired, a powerful victory for crazy people who can't take a joke everywhere!

As the days pass, many minor celebrities will come and go. But the ones we will remember most fondly are the ones who get in trouble with the law. Ten years from now, you'll look back on this day and say "Wow, remember that guy who stapled his balls to his leg? I can't believe we found that shit entertaining." Then you'll think about all the hours of entertainment that these people have given to you, and you'll sit back in your chair and smile. Then later, you'll wonder why you remembered that instead of a happy memory with family and friends. You'll soon realize you have none and become intensely depressed.

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

8.26 Twilight of the Idols: Part One!

Monday, Aug 26, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The SA Forums are a very diverse place. Among many other forums we have a games forum for people to discuss games and coordinate multiplayer games, we have a graphic design and creative writing forum, a Photoshop forum, and until about six or so months ago we had a flames forum for people to get out their aggression. This forum, which has gone through many name changes and come back around to being FYAD (short for Fuck You And Die) has, over the last six months, evolved into what amounts to an insane comedy forum. The miscreants who inhabit this realm would not hesitate to follow up a 500 word rant by someone with a huge picture of a she-male or simply "FAG".

Despite of, or more likely because of, this lawlessness, FYAD occasionally produces some of the funniest content on the SA Forums. Recently a poster by the name of Atomo announced that Captain America, superhero and champion of Democracy, was being bad. Along with this proclamation he included several 3D-renderings of the good Captain misbehaving. It was hilariously funny, but a good deal of time passed and the Captain had not returned for a second round, so I and a few others demanded he go on another rampage. What we got, courtesy of Atomo, CitrusFrog, Scar Trek, and BuddhaKitten, was a descent into madness and depravity unparalleled in the history of the Something Awful Forums. Extra thanks go to the folks at Sturk Wurk who created the super hero models for use in Poser. I will attempt to recreate the events that transpired as best as I can, but please allow me some leeway, as I am still shaken by the terrible things I have experienced.

It all started innocently enough, with Captain America on a stakeout in the city, keeping an eye on things covertly. He had his sights set on two shady characters, one of them by the name of "Cyclops". Cyclops was a Marvel hooligan that thought he was a hero but was really a zero and he was into some bad deals with what was no doubt another troublemaker.

Realizing that the very fabric of Democracy might be at risk by Cyclops and his black-hearted cohort, Captain America sprung into action. He made short work of the overgrown flashlight from Marvel, and floored the other scumbag with a haymaker to the jaw. Then something swept over him, call it madness, call it the thrill of aggression, but the Captain went well beyond the call of duty.

His task completed, Iron Man departed quickly, while Spiderman collapsed against the wall. He was violated and he felt like less than nothing, suddenly he understood every song Tori Amos had ever written. The tears washed over him like a tsunami of anguish.

Unable to hear the conversation that was going on between the two conspirators, Captain America moved to a closer vantage point. He could almost make out the words and could tell that the encounter was reaching a climax. If he didn't act quickly they might go their separate way!

Meanwhile. . . a few blocks over. Loose cannon and supposed "good guy" Iron Man was busy waylaying Spider Man against a wall. That's the way Iron Man worked, he didn't care if there were old ladies around or vagrants marinating in cheap vodka only inches away. In fact he loved it, he did it for the thrill.

Unfortunately for us all, Captain America had different ideas. The same madness that gripped him in the alley when battling Cyclops and his crony once again seized his mind, and this time it was not quick to release its grip. As the Captain succumbed to his darkest desires, he felt not regret, but elation... empowerment. For the second time that day Spiderman's tender backside was rent asunder.

Even a visiting wrestler from Mexico was taken out of commission by the rampaging Captain America.

Just as Spiderman's sobbing had almost subsided the heavy footfalls of Captain America could be heard approaching. As much as Spiderman wanted to lash out at Iron Man, to have Captain America find him and beat him into a thin paste of blood and guts, he felt so ashamed he just wanted to be left alone.

Lost to the evil within his patriotic breast, Captain America knew what his course of action must be to transform the city into his sinister play land. First, he had to remove the competition. Without its' protectors, the city would be his! Poor Dare Devil was the first to be taken out of the picture.

Iron Man was no match for the Captain's cunning improvisations in battle.

Was the storm over, or was this simply the eye? Some last vestige of the man that was the Captain America who defended Lady Liberty forced his unwilling body into the woods. Perhaps a commune with nature would clear his thoughts. But nature offered slim solace for a villain of Captain America's caliber.

Stay tuned Friday for the exciting conclusion of this saga! Thrill as Captain America battles with Batman! Chill as this disease spreads to other DC heroes! Spill at the discovery that no location is safe, not even your children's classroom or the bathroom at home! Frill when Captain America enters a figure skating competition with America's greatest enemy; Adolph Hitler! WILL DEMOCRACY SURVIVE?

Naturally if people e-mail me and tell me this sucks then I'll be an asshole and never show anyone how it all ends. Trust me, this was just the tip of the iceberg of depravity.

This Time It's Personal!

Cliff Yablonski is back with more mayhem than ever before! Yes, he still hates you all, but this time it's a thrill a minute as Cliff and Enoch become involved in a family feud.

> ***Cliff Yablonski:*** *"That's it, it's time for a 1960's-style ass whooping courtesy of your old friend Cliff. Enoch, I'm tired of your shit and if dad could still hear, I'd call him up on the phone and tell him just what a jackass you're being for completely fuckscrewing up my award winning computer screen show!!!"*
>
> **Enoch Yablonski:** "YEAH, KEEP ON CHUCKING OUT YOUR PUSSY THREATS, YOU COULDN'T EVEN LAND A PUNCH ON ME IF I WAS BLITZ DRUNK AND PASSED OUT IN WADING POOL YOU INCONTINENT RECLUSE!"

Uh oh! It's best not to get mixed up in the middle when Cliff and Enoch go at it like that. Just look at the pictures and when possible listen to the soothing words of Ugly Cat. Did I mention this is the most insane update Cliff has ever done for his site? No? Well consider yourself warned now, chowderchimp.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.27 Canadian Candy Challenge Part III

Tuesday, Aug 27, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A famous person once quipped, "you can't keep a good man down!" This person is now dead. However, Emily and I are still very much alive after surviving The Canadian Candy Challenge Part I and The Canadian Candy Challenge Part II. We've taken the worst Canada's fancy-ass French fruity store threw at us and we came out winners, impervious to the inedible horrors that Canada attempts to forcefully shovel down the throats of their citizens each and every day. It's this kind of American pride and perseverance that has made our country what it is today, whatever the hell that may be. I think it's now simply a humongous satellite dish to beam "Sex In the City" to nearby galaxies. To remind you of the terror we're facing, let's once again take a quick look at the enemy:

I wish the US Customs Inspector would've confiscated this bag of despair at the border.

While it's definitely no Clubber Lang or Eggplant Wizard, the Canadian Candy is able to put up one hell of a fight and keep our internal organs working overtime to foil their sinister schemes. In today's final Canadian Candy Challenge update, we wrestle with "Mackintosh's (creamy) TOFFEE," "Fruit-tella," "WUNDERBAR," and the hotly debated "Sidekick" candy bar. Let the pain begin!

Mackintosh's (creamy) TOFFEE

Description: Mackintosh took the creative and artistic liberty of designing their candy bar package in a motif which we can best describe as "the kilt from a drunken Irishman who recently vomited all over himself while cheering 'happy new years!'" The word "creamy" before "TOFFEE" (in all caps, possibly to distract you from the fact that you're buying the world's fruitiest-looking box) first clued us into the fact that perhaps something was on the "up and up" with this taste sensation. This proved to be true enough, as we soon discovered that the back of the box contained the phrase "GIVE YOUR MACK A SMACK!" (once again in all capital letters). I naturally assumed that "MACK" was Canadian for "WIFE" and I began beating Emily once agai- er, oops, I mean she fell down the stairs.

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 7 *(out of 10)*
When I think "toffee," I think "small crisp sheets of oddly tasting candy that are spawned from grandmothers' houses." However, I believe there has been some communication problem between the American usage of this word and its Canadian counterpart, as "toffee" in Canada apparently means "really, really, really powerful caramel." The candy came in a flat brown rectangle that was about as dense as Kevlar armor. Now I'm not ashamed to admit that I really liked the taste of this one; however chewing into it was like attempting to eat a titanium bullet. I simply don't have the raw jaw strength to chew this stuff into a ball small enough to be digested. As I write this, 98% of the "TOFFEE" still remains adhered to my upper row of teeth. I think it can now be officially declared a new body part.

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 8 *(out of 10)*
This tasted fine, but I can feel my teeth rotting away by the second as I write this. "Mackintosh's (creamy) TOFFEE" stuff stuck to my molars like how 15-year old Anime nerds from a rural Minnesota town stick to the one Asian girl in their class at school. The texture is pretty annoying, like chewing an inch-thick cube of glue that has been drying for a day or so, but it still tasted pretty good. I can't imagine eating the entire thing, however. My jaw would drop off and then I'd really be in trouble, oh boy, yes sirree! I would never be able to pursue my dream job of "professional person with jaw" that I've been hoping for all these tedious years.

Fruit-tella

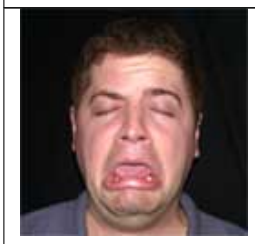
Description: *"WITH REAL FRUIT JUICE."* How could we possibly go wrong? The package itself was humongous, but once we opened it we were pleasantly surprised to find out that it contained THREE INDIVIDUAL STICKS of Fruit-tella! But wait, it gets even better: inside each stick of Fruit-tella lies 10 Fruit-tella pieces! It's like one of those crazy Russian egg things where you open one and there's a tinier one inside and then you open that and there's a tinier one inside that one and then you eventually realize this whole thing is really stupid and pointless so you smash it with a hammer and try to sell the remains on eBay.

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 9
Hooray, finally a candy that didn't taste like a chocolate log after being rolled across the floors of 10 trailer park homes! This candy resembles "Starburst" in just about every way except its distinct lack of color and fruit choice. I'm fairly sure the newest incantation of "Starburst" has roughly 192 different flavors like "Mango Grape Banana" and "Sand Oasis Slumbertime Passionfruit," but "Fruit-tella" is limited to only the basic strawberry, orange, and lemon groups. The strawberry and lemon ones tasted great but since I won't touch any artificial orange candy with somebody else's 10-foot stick, I'll leave that review up to Emily, assuming she's still not rambling on about "Mackintosh's (creamy) Toffee."

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 6
Okay, so "Fruit-tella" wasn't really the fruity death-tube that I was expecting it to be and for that I suppose I am happy enough. It was a lot like the US "Starburst" right down to the flavor assortment and the creepy, waxlike polymer that the little space-cubes are made of. I'm not a big fan of "Starburst" so I suppose that I didn't like this candy very much but I think that I am going to give it an even lower rating than it deserves because I just want to send out a big old "Fuck You" to Canada for producing all of this crappy confectionery we've had to eat in the past week. If only Canada would just be mysteriously teleported to another dimension, we here in the US wouldn't have to put up with this sort of culinary abuse, not to mention the fact that we'd never have to hear the word "aboot" again. And why is "Fruit-Tella" hyphenated, anyway? Canuck fags!

WUNDERBAR

Description: "A peanut butter caramel experience c'est carachidebile." The key word here is "experience" and should be used in the same context as "experience your car colliding with a moving train." WUNDERBAR's color scheme and font tries to deceive us foolish Americans into thinking this could possible be a "Butterfinger" candy bar but oh how wrong you would be! "WUNDERBAR" is to "Butterfinger" as "a mind-blowingly erotic and orgasmic experience" is to "me in bed." Oh, and let me get this joke out of the way before we can start the review: *IT IS NOT NAMED "WONDER BRA."*



Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 4
It's not so much the taste that bothered me on this, but it was the texture and horrid combination of spongy, sticky goo that weaseled its way into my mouth even though I am using AdAware and don't have Bonzi Buddy installed. The whole reference to peanut butter on the cover had me hoping for something even vaguely related to "Butterfinger," however all I got was something related to butt fingers. That's a hilarious play on words, by the way. If you don't appreciate that joke then you should go back to Soviet Russia where you belong, you obnoxious freak.

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 3
I thought that this candy bar was going to be sort of like "Butterfinger" but it was a texture disaster. "WUNDERBAR" was squishy yet crunchy in the same way that biting into a month-dead corpse's hand would be squishy yet crunchy. The taste was pretty gross, too, another asstastic peanut butter failure where after eating it I rushed to drink several cans of soda and my own urine in the hopes that it would cleanse the toxins from my body. That and I just can't get enough of my own urine. HAHAHA Wow, Rich. "Butt fingers." That was clever and not at all sophomoric humor, A++ 5 stars, LOL!

Sorry about that "sophomoric" joke Emily, I'll just write my reviews in terms you can understand from now on: CANDY BAR NO TASTE GOOD, ME NO LIKE, ME BASH FIANCÉ WITH ROCK

Sidekick

Description: "Milk Chocolate, Peanut Butter, and Soft Nougats." I wasn't aware that nougat could be plural but "Sidekick" breaks all the rules and regulations when it comes to the fast-paced Canadian candy bar industry. This baby is pumped out of the "Sidekick" machine located in beautiful Mississauga, Ontario, which I believe is where they filmed that one episode of "Sliders" where the fat guy got killed by the dinosaur. The nutritional information on the back gives "ENERGY" a rating of "272," which means that if you consume one "Sidekick" bar you will have your energy bar and hit points rise by 272 points I think.

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka:
Rating: 9
How the hell did this slip by the Canadian Board of Producing Complete Shit? I'm guessing Hershey Canada handed an awfully large bribe underneath the table, as "Sidekick" is a very good candy bar that is on par with many American treats. If I ate candy bars, I would definitely add "Sidekick" to my list of "objects to eat," but my current diet plan of "All I Eat Is Cucumber and Onion Rings" prohibits me from doing so. I can easily recommend "Sidekick" to all my friends and family members. Keep in mind that I once recommended "State of Emergency" for the PS2, so perhaps my opinion isn't really worth all that much.

Emily "Integral" Reigel
Rating: 5
I had high hopes for "Sidekick," don't ask me why. Maybe it was because this is the last candy bar we're reviewing and I really wanted at least one of these horrible sweets to be good. I mean, come on, Canada: you could have turned out at least **a single** decent candy bar out of the 12 or so that we picked, right? Nope. Unfortunately, nothing about "Sidekick" is worth writing home about. Or even calling home or thinking about home or remember that you have a home or making your home where the snakes live, for that matter. It was boring just like stupid Vancouver was, but it even lacked the highlight of having a bird shit on my head, so no thank you, I don't need a "Sidekick." Which is why I'm leaving you, Rich!!

Well that's the final installment in our Canadian Candy Challenge. If you'd like to view the previous two installments, and I have absolutely no clue why you would possibly want to do so, head on over to The Canadian Candy Challenge Part I or The Canadian Candy Challenge Part II. I'm just glad this horrible, horrible chapter of our lives is over with and we can get back to writing about whatever the hell we normally write about, penises or or Nazi blimp attacks or whatever lame attempts at

humor we engage in.

THIS JUST IN!

We interrupt Something Awful with a BREAKING NEWS report! The Comedy Goldmine newsroom has just been filled with BREAKING NEWS! Let's take a look at a hard hitting story!

That's the gist! Everyone check it out, then go rape our Forums of all the comedy they have to offer!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.28 Crazy Insane Story Time

Wednesday, Aug 28, 2002 by Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

◘ It's Time For An Epic Tale...

Every now and then, writing for Something Awful begins to take its toll on the souls of our writers. Sure, our trademarked brand of baffling, irreverent rambling is what most of you come here every day to see, but we writers occasionally need to open ourselves up to new avenues of creativity to keep the job interesting. Experimenting with new styles once every few eons prevents the hundreds of suicidal thoughts we writers face every day from becoming sweet reality. Many times, these are terrible failures and provoke angry letters which detail how and why we are assholes for attempting to provide free entertainment for you fine people. These letters often back that statement up with intelligent and convincing arguments that usually involve misspelling the word "faggot." Despite that, today I have chosen to make a bold move and venture off into a less humor oriented territory in order to express my powerful dramatic side. I have written a story which is serious and filled with deep meaning and meaningful depth. It deals with issues close to my heart, as well as issues situated in both my lungs and kidneys. My hope is that the story will provide you with cherished memories, and will be something that affects you in a way that a normal article simply can't.

I call this story...

"The Secret Journey of Wilson Dildo"

Once, long ago, there lived a man named Wilson Dildo. He had a fine home in a land

known as Ohio, which today we call "Kentucky." His days were rich and prosperous, until one day when Wilson thought to himself "I must find a wife!" He was already married to three lovely ladies, but aside from being a brutally abusive alcoholic, he was also an obstinate polygamist, and thus begun his quest.

Wilson walked for days on end, creating far too much distance between him and his home to logically warrant returning to get his car, which he forgot. It wouldn't have mattered anyway, as the car Wilson drove ran on an explosive substance known as gasoline, which surely would have killed poor Wilson. He pressed on for miles, stopping only to eat, defecate, and eat his defecation. He loved the towns he was in, and his mysterious quest. He said "I love you quest." and he had sex with the quest. It was then he realized that all along, the one true love he was searching for was the quest itself.

Wilson and his magical quest were wed in Las Vegas to the tune of Inna Gadda Davita and the two lived happily ever after, until one day Wilson beat the quest with his belt, and encouraged his three other wives to do the same, lest they get beaten. Lasting well through the night, said beating ran on even longer than the previous run-on sentence. This joyous occasion brought Wilson back in touch with his three wives who existed in the physical plane. His first wife was the mop, a beautiful figure with long, thick hair. Then there was the alluring second wife, the phone operator from MCI who calls during dinner. Finally, there was Wilson's most prized of all his wives, his flesh wife. She had long since died due to murder complications, but remained in spirit inside of Wilson's heart.

The police came and arrested Wilson and his damned abusive heart wife in a raid which was broadcast nationally for no apparent reason. In a trial that was presided over by Judge Joe Brown himself, Wilson was sent to serve thirty years while the heart was cleared of any wrongdoing. This single event created a worldwide buzz, and everyone wanted their own Wilson Dildo propaganda. Wilson Dildo t-shirts, coffee mugs, even Wilson Dildo corn cob pipes sold by the tens of tens, which multiplies to a higher number.

An outraged public demanded the release of their beloved Wilson from his shackles, and through their dealings with a delightful talking cricket, the public's wish was granted. Said cricket was the charismatic head of a powerful, prestigious crime family, and thus had influence in these situations. While in jail, Wilson fell for the old "soap in the shower" ruse. He fell so hard in love with it that he wed the soap in the shower ruse and started a new life with it in Flint, Michigan. Abandoning his other wives was heralded as genius by viewing audiences, and his approval rating shot sky high. The public couldn't get enough of the man.

This intense demand for all things Wilson Dildo is the reason I have written this story. Please pass it on to any friends who have caught the Wilson Dildo fever, as they surely will enjoy it. It will help them in their final hours, as Wilson Dildo fever kills quickly and efficiently, like a team of tiny Japanese assassins running amok in the body. Since Japanese assassins are usually tiny, you know that's fucking small. Please keep your distance from the person though, because this fever spreads easier than a cheerleader on Prom night. That story was the story of the man, the myth, and the legend: Wilson Dildo. But is this truly the end, or is it just the beginning? Well, if you'll take notice, it is close to the end. But please stay tuned. For the next exciting episode of the Wilson Dildo story is soon to come.

The moral is a moral about forest fires.

Truly, an epic tale for the ages. Thank you for reading, and thank all of you who will surely write me e-mails requesting to know what drugs I have taken. Goodnight!

-∼Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango (@sexyfacts4u)

8.29 Parents Across America: Let Thy Children Fall Into Wells!

Thursday, Aug 29, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Parents Across America: Let Thy Children Fall Into Wells!

Oh silly Nimbuktu, water does not belong in a well; children like you belong in wells! Will you ever learn?

It's no secret that we, the citizens of America (if you are not a US citizen or are not reading this webpage, please close your web browser immediately and go do something else), are currently smothered underneath a blanket of fear. Yes, that's correct, an entire blanket composed of 100% pure fear, and I'm not talking about one of those cheapass quilts that drop little blanket hairballs all over your clothing when you get within a 90-mile radius of them. If you have turned on the television, listened to the radio, or generally haven't been dead in the past month, you're undoubtedly extremely aware that the national news media is swept up with "Abductathon 2002: Hide Your Kids From Murderers." Not a minute goes by when CNN doesn't have a "groundbreaking news report" regarding the disappearance or reappearance about some retarded child that was stolen away from their parents without prior written consent. The media has been reporting and tracking so many missing kids that I honestly believe 98% of children under the age of 39 are currently being held in some convicted serial rapist's basement. The other 2% of that demographic are the serial rapists themselves.

Now I don't want to say "I told you so" (mainly because I can't make this webpage speak to you unless you've been drinking mass amounts of tequila from a rusted bucket in your backyard), but I can't help but write "I told you so." I'm going to do that right now, and I'll put it in bold and italicize it and center justify it, just you watch:

I TOLD YOU SORTIE

Okay, so it appears I made a typo on "so" and my spellchecker helpfully changed the word to "sortie," but you get the point. In my June sixth update posted on June sixth by me, I pointed out that the current generation of children are not falling down enough wells. The media was obsessed with children falling into wells in the late 1980's, but now there's absolutely no coverage of kids falling prey to the evil lure of dark, empty watering holes. I feel that we, as parents, are to blame in this situation, and when I say "we" I mean "you" because there's no way in hell I'm going to ever have children unless we run out of food and Emily can't think of a way to get any after the next nine months. Now if you parents would've taken my advice and tossed your stupid kids down a well like I advised you to, we wouldn't be in this "18,124 Kids Kidnapped In Southern Georgia Alone" crisis we neck-deep in today. You know it's bad when even the media is commenting on the saturation of news stories that **they themselves** are propagating:

> Marc Klaas: Missing children merit media hype - *In recent months, [there has been a] a string of child abductions beginning with the kidnap and murder of little Danielle van Dam. Then, the still-unsolved kidnapping of Elizabeth Smart, the kidnap and murder of Samantha Runnion, the kidnap and amazing escape of Erica Pratt, and then, of course, this past Friday the abduction and murder of Casey Williamson. Are we seeing a sudden outbreak of children being abducted, abused and murdered? Or is the perception the result of a greater sensitivity by the news media?*

Hey, here's an idea CNN anchor Paula Zahn: why don't you ask your goddamn boss this question instead of us? You guys are the cretins up there shoving child abduction after child abduction story down our throats, if you don't know why the hell you're doing it, how could we? Regardless, any responsible parent would've taken their kid, picked them up, and tossed them down a well months ago like I advised. Take a look at the advantages of having your child trapped at the bottom of a well:

Even the ancient tribe of Legomen believed in the mystic healing power of the well, as shown here in this exclusive photograph courtesy of some retard with a camera.

1) No kidnapper can get them. Hell, even firefighters and police with machineguns and attack dogs can't get them! Now some of the smarter criminals out there may be thinking, "well heck, all I need to do is throw myself down the same well and I'll be able to kidnap them!" No so fast there, buster! There's no way for a criminal to get out of a well, even if they have a very long ladder (assuming it's not long enough to get out of the well). By depositing your child in the bottom of a well, you are 100% guaranteed that they will not be abducted while rotting down there and crying their filthy eyes out. It would be irresponsible to not hurl your kid down a well!

2) You get to be famous. Various news vans will drive over to your house and park on your lawn simply to interview you and ask the same questions over and over. You will become an instant celebrity, ranking up there with that one guy who threw the dog out the window of his car while driving. The media anchorpeople will run up to you and ask groundbreaking questions such as "do you know anything new about the status of your child?" and "is your child still in that well?" and "we couldn't help but notice your child is not currently here, where do you think your child is?" Then you just have to sob and say, "I just pray to Jesus every day and all I can ask is for everybody else to say a prayer for my little Bobby." This is, of course, assuming your kid's name is Bobby; if it isn't, feel free to refer to them as "Susan."

3) The only method of communicating with your kid will be through short-wave radio; he won't be up and in your face every minute of every day. You won't have to worry about him taking Magic Markers and scrawling the phrase "ASS PUPPETRY" across the livingroom wall, you won't have to fear him setting the dog on fire, and you won't be bothered by his constant whining and moaning about wanting to eat or sleep or do whatever kids want to do these days. Kid-In-A-Well is the best solution for you parents who believe in a Laissez faire type of parenting, a style that is much more socially acceptable than stamping a "PROPERTY OF" mark on their foreheads and then setting them loose in a strip mall parking lot for the next few years. Plus you get to drop a short-wave radio down the well and onto their head.

The negatives of throwing your child down a well are too small to list but I will attempt to do so anyway since Something Awful is know for its objective and well researched articles that are 100% based in truth and reality and are not at all influenced by the amount of prescription medication we consume. Before correctly deciding to dump your kid in a well, please take this potentially objectionable points into consideration:

1) You could mistake a funeral plot as a well and then somebody might try to sue you for attempting to bury your child alive.

> 2) Your child may be abducted en route to the well, in which case you'll have to throw both the him and his kidnapper, a full-grown person, down the well. This will require a lot of upper body strength, particularly in the labiatoid-deltron muscle groups.
>
> 3) I can't think of anything else.

It is with a humble heart I do reach out to you parents across this great glowing nation and cry out, "parents, let thy children fall down wells!" You've got nothing to lose but countless headaches, and you've got everything to gain. More importantly, I don't have to keep on reading about these goddamn child abductions anymore and the media can go back to telling me how I should feel about various movie stars marrying each other. And isn't that what life is all about anyway?

■ William Gibson, Please Commence Grave Rotation.

Cyberpunk fiction has long been one of my favorite genres to read for pure pleasure. Unfortunately, I'm having to dig for increasingly obscure titles in the genre to avoid the explosion of shitty cyberpunk that has transpired since the late eighties. To save you the trouble of reading any of this crap I have compiled it into a single store for this week's SA Story Time. It is entitled "Do Clonal Yakuza Assassins Dream of Vat-Grown Sheep?".

> *Dare took a sip of his sex on the beach and leaned back in the battered Taiwanese barstool, his mirrorshades reflecting a huge holographic advertisement for NanoFresh feminine hygiene pads. "For your high-flow days," chirped the ad, projecting an animation of robots shooting lasers at red blood cells.*
>
> Then she walked in. He had hoped he would never see her again, but there she was all hip-hugging vinyl and crimson lipstick. The golden tipped Geocities jacks on her temple shining like a polished diamond that had been glued to her face with three-bond polyadhesive. She just looked at him for long seconds, their history an accretion of lies and longing between them. Dare took one last sip of his sex on the beach, draining it to the ice, and thought that she looked odd not wearing her Turkish Express uniform.

If you're a big fan of cyberpunk like me, I hope you find this week's SA Story Time to be a huge money saver when it comes time to choose your next book!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.30 Twilight of the Idols: PART TWO!

Friday, Aug 30, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On Monday I posted an update explaining that some users on the SA Forums who are particularly adept with the 3D rendering program Poser had created a madcap series of images devoted to the mental degeneration of Captain America. True to my word, and because that update only got two negative e-mails among a large number of positives, I am now posting the second and final installment of Twilight of the Idols. Thanks once again go out to Atomo, CitrusFrog, Scar Trek, and BuddhaKitten, as well as the good people at Sturk Wurk who created the Captain America model for Poser.

While Captain America was recovering from his run-in with mother nature, his best buddy Batman was on the prowl. Batman had apparently been bitten by the same bug that got ahold of the good Captain, and he was taking a very loose interpretation of the law into his own hands.

Captain America's super powers allowed him to recover quickly from his injuries and he returned home. As he walked through the door he was treated to the scandalous sight of his adopted son Samuel engaging in a bit of skullduggery with the neighbor girl. Captain America acted quickly!

With Samuel taken care of he next had to care for his adopted daughter Ruth. He had been out in the woods for almost a full twenty-four hours, so after a quick diaper change he sat her down for a nutritious meal. Captain America enjoys playing mister mom more than ever before!

With the kids both "tucked in" to bed, Captain America invited fellow crime fighter Batman over for a little party. They had thrown some wild parties in the past, but their newly discovered wild side created one of the most outrageous party atmospheres in human history.

Feeling rejuvenated by the good times shared with his friend, Captain America set out to do a little shopping with the aid of a flying contraption borrowed from the Dark Knight.

Captain "Mommy" America was never one to pass up a chance at getting the inside scoop on some good gossip. Now that his morals had flown the coop he was able to go to horrifying lengths to get to this scuttlebutt.

A powerful hero has a powerful appetite, and nothing can fill a hero up like eating long johns while posing as a police officer. Unfortunately, some obscure piece of shit tried to rain on Captain America's parade while in line to purchase donuts.

Low-level crop dusting was just one of a number of new talents the Captain was discovering had been lying dormant within his patriotic breast all these years.

Despite his newfound skills, the Captain still took time out of his busy schedule to go on surveillance operations.

When he wasn't fighting crime or dusting crops, Captain America worked with his olympic figure skating partner Adolph Hitler. He was the perfectionist and Hitler was the wild creative genius behind their routines.

Things really seemed to be coming up roses for Captain America, but like all stars it was inevitable that he would fall. One summer night, broke and desperate, he disguised his identity by inserting his head into a baby and attempted to rob a bank.

As he escaped with the money he was stopped in the parking lot by good friend Batman. The tables had turned. Batman had experienced a magical return to his crime-fighting ways, and was not about to stand by and watch his friend trounce on the American Way.

Being defeated by Batman and his superior babyskates, Captain America was sent to a quiet and therapeutic home for the criminally insane. There he was destined to live out his days.

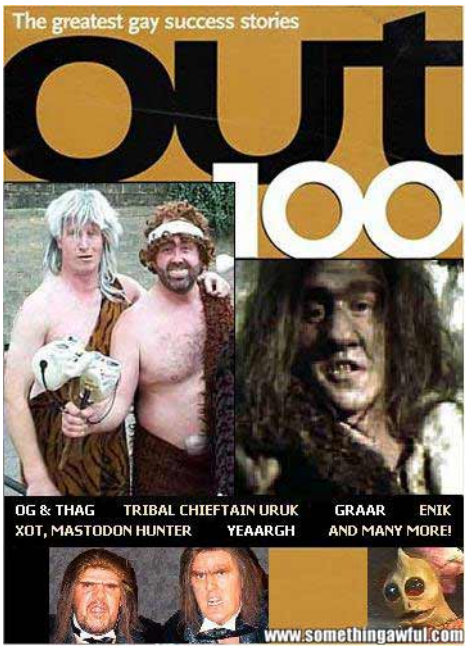
I hope you enjoyed the second and final installment of the Twilight of the Idols series! Who knows, perhaps Atomo and company will feel motivated in the near future and produce an entirely new adventure for Captain America. I would hold my breath, but I smoke a lot and can only hold it for about as long as it takes me to exhale.

◘ Today is Photoshop Phriday Day!

On a routine expedition, the crew of this week's Phriday ended up getting hopelessly lost in a valley that can only be described as a valley of the lost. Thankfully we ran into a newsstand, got some magazines, and found our way back home. Get ready, because we brought back the best selection of prehistoric magazines you'll ever see!

Read this week's Phriday! It's more savage than that time Spock reverted back to the old Vulcan ways and tried to eat Kirk!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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8.31 Larry King Me

Saturday, Aug 31, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Like all mummies excavated from an ancient Egyptian tomb, Larry King carries a curse. No, you won't die if you have the misfortune of breathing air exhaled by him, although you will certainly wish otherwise. Larry King's curse is far more torturous and bizarre. His epic voice, which echoes the sounds of the spirit world mixing a delicious fruit drink in a blender, will cause your ears to ring with fear and trepidation. When he speaks to you, your brain will tremble and skip like a broken "Alvin and the Chipmunks" record or a little girl playing hopscotch during an earthquake. If he doesn't turn your spinal column into slime with his hard-hitting questions, his deep penetrating x-ray stares will expose your true colors to him. You can't really look away from him, either. Those Medusa-like suspenders coiling around his torso will enchant your attention, turning your neck muscles into unmovable stone. But that's just his general nature. The actual curse I mentioned is a little something Larry does in his spare time.

Larry King and his trademark microphone phallus.

I'm talking about "King's Things," Larry King's regular column of random thoughts. If you aren't familiar with this hellish exercise in mind abuse, Larry basically writes down a handful of random and insanely asinine thoughts that should never have escaped the mud encrusted walls of his skull. The thought process he goes through must be quite fascinating and disturbing. I guess after Larry staggers out of the iron maiden he sleeps in, he will think to himself, "Al Pacino's latest film is filled with great performances!" I've noticed he spends an inordinate amount of time thinking about Al Pacino. He doesn't just comment on matters of entertainment, though. After he drinks the last sip of his homebrewed immortality elixir, made from a mixture of opium, shark's blood, and minotaur ovaries, he will suddenly wonder "do people still do jigsaw puzzles?" Why in Thor's name you would even care is beyond me and probably even beyond Thunderdome. But Larry will not just think it, he will write it down so that it can be published for millions to read.

You cannot look away, for your gaze belongs to me, Larry King of all Earth!

Sadly, I'm one of those millions. I've been reading King's Things for a while, and I feel as if though I am becoming dumber as a result. Why? Almost every comment of his is strategically designed to make you think. The only problem is that they are stupid comments, and so you end up thinking about stupid things. I could have gone the rest of my life without ever thinking about jigsaw puzzles, but now I'm constantly wondering if jigsaw puzzles truly are dead. Have I witnessed the Twilight of the Jigsaw Puzzles? I certainly hope not! Then I wonder, maybe he means that the world is a jigsaw puzzle and we are all puzzle pieces. But if we are puzzle pieces, are we in control of ourselves or are we pawns in a high stakes game of jigsaw puzzle that features a picture of a chessboard? Damn you Larry King, you've broken my brain.

Larry King's style seems to be to either say something incredibly stupid, something incredibly obvious, or kiss the ass of a celebrity. It doesn't really matter what he says, so long as it's short and instantly causes the part of your brain that handles logic to explode and then drizzle out of your nose. He's perfected the Two Sentence Kill, so reading King's Things is extremely lethal. Let us take a look at a couple of King Larry's most recent musings.

> *It didn't do well at the box office, but Al Pacino's new film "Simone" is certainly worth your viewing. His performance is terrific and the storyline is a wonderful Hollywood satire*

Given that Larry's already made out with Marlon Brando on his show, I don't see why he just doesn't invite Al Pacino on his show so he can finally fulfill his savage civil war rape fantasy and claim Al as his virile ebony-skinned sex slave. Yes, I know Al Pacino isn't black, but this is a rape fantasy so those kind of details don't matter.

> *Why do UFOs only visit remote Wyoming and farms in the dark woods of North Dakota? What about landing in Times Square or near the White House?*

Good question, Larry. If I may, the alien pilots of these UFOs are busy racing against the clock to find out if people still do jigsaw puzzles. They must figure that rural America is the better place to search, since those who live in urban areas have clearly forgotten the importance of jigsaw puzzles. I'm sure once they crack this caper they will report their findings to Washington, D.C. so that the government can take appropriate measures to preserve the endangered jigsaw puzzle.

I'm definitely not Larry King even if I do try to pick up underage girls in chatrooms by claiming otherwise, but I'm good at serving no purpose and writing stupid nonsense. With that in mind, I'd like to try a **bold** new experiment in terror. Actually it's not that bold, even if I did bold the text. That was just some clever psychological trickery on my part! Because I'm a forecaster of the future, I predict Larry King's next column will look slightly more retarded than this:

- If God gave us the telephone book instead of the Bible, would people kill each other over area codes?
- I imagine that if there was ever a political debate on the surface of the sun, the discourse would be heated.
- Instead of sending Lance Bass to space, maybe it's time the media gives him some personal space.
- I think Americans have given up on the potpie.
- Why aren't people climbing trees anymore? Are they afraid to find out what's up at the top?
- Ever since I was a kid, I've always glanced at Italy whenever I'm near a globe.
- For as long as I live, I'll always think fondly of optical illusions.
- I think people would be fonder of cactuses if they didn't have so many pricks. Could you not say the same about Major League Baseball?
- No matter how many times people try to tell me that it's wonderful, I still don't see the need for scenery.

Take that, Larry King! Larry King Live? More like Larry King Dead! I sure hope you've enjoyed this. I know I haven't!

The State Og Monthly Report

The always ethical State Og has returned with a new monthly report (the first in months!) unveiling the latest line of products for sale!

> *Howdee hay and daily ho to you fine folks on this beautiful Wednesday, August 28th! State Og is once again back to serve you the hottest (non heat-related) and most hot (heat-related) products since 1852! After numerous failed attempts at shutting down our popular and consumer-oriented product divisions, the United States government has finally admitted defeat and we're back on the fast track to helping you, the consumer, consume our hottest (perhaps heat-related) and most hot (definitely heat-related) products! That's right, we've once again bested the American government in their own court of law, proving that one man with a dream and a multi-billion dollar legal team composed of Harvard graduates and mindless titanium attack drones, cannot be stopped once he puts his mind and army of cyborg ants to the challenge! Hang in there and one day you too will have your chance to shine in the spotlight, preferably not the one that picks out people attempting to escape from prison.*

Put your money to good use and take a look at some of the great products for sale. It's not like you do anything good with your money, anyway. Really, I read your credit card statements.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Going Towards the War In the Easts

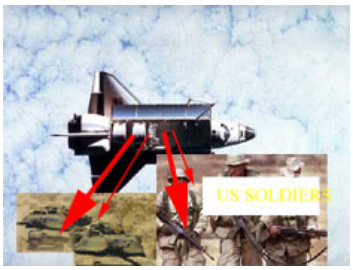
Monday, Sep 02, 2002 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

Today is being "Laborer's Day" in America but not in Mexico, which is laborer's day at all of the times. I am making to tell you this on the reason that Something Awful writers are taking days of relaxation on this Monday even though I am writing this on a Sunday and this is because of "Time Zones". In America the writers are cooling off their heels in the refrigerator of hard work to celebrate the laborers of love and give thanks for the colonists or things like that, I am not knowing these all-the-time crazy American holidays. One person who is not resting is American President George Bush, he has a lot on his mind and it is right now full of thoughts just like Yours Truly on the nights before a big match with a maximum rudos opponent.

I had some problems with the pictures and crops got out of controls so I am sorry for that. President George Bush is in the insert pictures.

This opponent has been big time news appearance king of the ring and its name is Nation of Iraq. President of America George Bush is ready to go toe to toe with entire Nation and Peoples of Iraq and their evil ruler The Sandman Hussein.

I have not even heard of this countries in the Easts but it is obvious from news reports that it is major problem starter in areas and always causing the troubles for America, friendly neighbor towards the North. Then I am hearing that strategies of combats with Iraq are not going to be talked about and President of America Bush might not even tell it to the Senators of Congress because lips sink ships. I am not knowing what kind of blubbermouth is giving away combat strategy to news but it is happen and it can't not happen again! Don't tell them secrets tactics President of America.



After troubles getting crops to work I kicked the computer and tell wife to come in and make image and I think she is doing much better jobs of it. Here is her images to show soldiers and tanks of United States coming out of space shuttles.

To help the President of America George Bush I have put into a still and made potent cocktail of my combat knowledge for him to use. This is way there are many choices out there on the table for him to be selecting from like delicious fruits in the grocery store of battle. No way can Senators of Congress rain on your pageant because how will they know which is fruit you are selecting for shopping basket? They can't! That is how! Just like Yours Truly can't go into a grocery store and smile at pretty lady with cart and say "miss you are going to buy a pineapple and three coconuts!" and she will say "Well I will be! You sure guessed my list it is like you see through the doors way into my mind!" It is not likely!

Look out Sandman, your days have been numbered!

■ Strategies One: One-Twos Punches From Orbits!

America is being known for having an iron hard headhold on the distant land of space, with uses of satellites and rocketry and the infamous space shuttles. These are like powerful jets that are so much more powerful than other jets that they are going into space and coming back and landing. This could be America's keys to victory and in my plan called "One-Twos Punches From Orbits!" I am making proposals that the space shuttles will bring a special delivery of trouble to the doorsteps of The Sandman.

Let me being to pose a question to you readers, how often are you looking up at space? Never! You look around all the time, at trees, friends and neighbors, enemies, different sizes of cars, but none of these things are up above you in the space so you never bother looking up there. Maybe if you heard on the news that there was going to be a meteor hitting earths then you might look up at the space sometimes but still, I don't know, you might be more worried about getting run over by a bus than getting hit by a meteor. I guess it depends on the size of the meteor. There was a really fat wrestling-type named Meteor Ike and his trademark maneuver was the Sumo Splashdown which he made to steal from Sumo Ray and was renaming to "In Traction Level Event" which I am thinking is not a good name for a trademark maneuver.

I am sorry I am getting to be away from myself, the reason I am talking about the space above is that it is perfect blind spot for attack to be originating from inside of. The America's Army can load into the space shuttle squadron instead of scientists and the experiments and then the space shuttles can come screaming from the space above and catch The Sandman off his guard. I think the space shuttles can shoot some rockets too, this would help the elements of surprise.

Strategies Two: Foreign AIDS

One of America's most powerful of the weapons in any war is the Foreign AIDS. No one knows where it comes from, it is a mysterious and shadowy tactic, and then the Americans send it down in crates and attack the peoples who tear open the crates thinking "this is some food" and instead say "oh no I am dying from this mysterious disease". I've seen pictures on the news station that sometimes Americans are making it look like food inside but it is food made out of poisons that give the population the cold shakes and the head's ache that sends them reeling to the ropes. I am not knowing if Yours Truly can approve of this tactic as it is rudos in the extremes, but I am just putting it out there so you have this option and if you don't take it The Sandman will still have to tell his armies "DO NOT EAT FOREIGN AIDS!" and they'll be worried about it. It is good to be crafty in a tight situations like this one.

These are crates of Foreign AIDS to Bosnia who was defeated by United States of America in the battle of Serbia.

Strategies Three: The Hail Mary

Long time friend Hawaii Fight-O is out of work and cruising for a bruisings to The Sandman in Easts.

Good friend of Yours Truly going by the name Hawaii Fight-O has been kicked out of the matches for one years time without the pays. This is causing by the facts that Hawaii Fight-O attempted to beat opponent unconscious with a live baby, but it is his baby so I say "do with it what you please" but the rules do not have this written in them and beatings with children under ages of three are grounds for one years of suspension. The without the pays part is what is causing long time friend so much troubles at his home life and his wife is spend-crazy at all times but the bank account is dried up.

This man is so talented and his wife-type is so spend-crazy that I am saying President of America Hawaii Fight-O is right man for job of defeating The Sandman. He is very unpredictable and not just in matches where he is beating opponents with the infant-types, also when he is entering ring dressed as horse which is dressed as referee, and he is one time putting glue on middle of ring and pushing opponent into glue. This is the kind of mans you are needing to get the jobs done that need to be done right. You just put the parachute on his back and drop him onto the house of The Sandman and he will issue an offer that The Sandman is not refusing, like maybe mask match or a girlfriend match but if it is girlfriend match you have to drop in his assistant too. I don't know

how expensive a parachute is being but I hear they are made of the silk which is as expensive as gold but you can't make a parachute out of gold unless it's real thin and this is too much effort.

Hawaii Fight-O will then disgrace the boasting rudos The Sandman in a one-on-one match up that will leave his regime of the evil in some serious tatters. Maybe if he is good enough Hawaii Fight-O will be elected presidents of the Iraq and he and American President George Bush will go to the United Nations of America and have a conversation about hats in French or whatever it is that is being talked about at important UN of A meetings. This will also save lots of electricity for States of California because each soldier who is going over to other country is using up to the five ohms of energy. This is a lot of power! With just dropping the wrestler sensations Hawaii Fight-O into Iraq you are saving a lot of energy because he is only using 13 ohms or 19 if you are sending assistant too.

Total Saving = 70 ohms.

These are the three strategies I am suggesting for the President of America Mr. George Bush. I think I have many more strategies if you are interested in contacting me on the computer pages I will go into the details about them. This is for president George Bush of America, also I would like to have honorary citizens of America rights so I am not getting such the hassle every time wrestling show goes to the north of the border.

Thank you mister president for reading this story in the Something Awesome computer book.

-∼El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

9.2 Merry Christmas, Happy 2002, The Yearly List of Stuff, and All That Other Shit

Monday, Sep 02, 2002 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

Well judging by my calendar I stole from the Stuckey's bathroom in the summer of 1986, today is apparently Christmas, that godawful trainwreck of a holiday when you're supposed to give your retarded kids some gifts in the hope that they might try to eat them and choke to death so you don't have to hear them screaming and whining about how they don't like being forced to hold up a 1974 Zenith Console television set because you broke the TV stand the night before while throwing it at what you thought was a burglar but turned out to be a pair of pants glued to the window. Usually Christmas here in Appleton City is a complete disaster zone full of screeching mental failures wandering around and emitting noises from their throats that sound like bullfrogs trying to mate with heated fireplace pokers. They parade around like headless ferrets, asking for me to give them free candy and light firecrackers and all kinds of crazy shit and sometimes they dress up as ghosts. I usually respond by throwing cans of gasoline into their eyes and cramming a combat boot through their stomach like I was stuffing a bunch of big, fat, retarded turkeys who always fuck up my order at Wendy's. So I don't know where all the shrieking shitpiles in this city went off to this Christmas because they sure as hell aren't prancing around town and spreading their heartwarming message that it's okay to use asbestos condoms whenever screwing the neighbor's dog. I can only hope that they went on a Christmas cruise aboard a ship being used for Navy target practice or as an anal applicator for Godzilla or Mudzilla or Mothmonsterman or whatever that giant lizard thing was from Japan. All I know is that it's the most quiet Christmas in the past 37 years here and I'm sure as hell not going to ruin that by wondering what highway reststop all the rockmouthed white trash dumpsters here got stuck in.

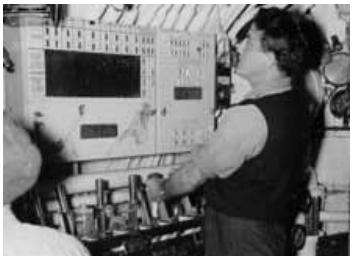
I was going to write this on my award winning computer screen web screen, but my asshole brother Enoch broke into my livingroom last night and threw an air conditioner at my computer machine and now I can't get in to write on my own goddamn computer screen. So I wrote to Richard Kayayakaka and told him to put this shit up on the web screen for me because I lost my Internet and now all I got is this computer that says "TANDY" on the front and smells like burning tires whenever I turn it on. I don't know if he actually put this paper into his web screen because I don't have any Internet now, but I assume he has because he knows I'll punch a hole through his damp skull and use his brains to clean my oven if he doesn't do what I say because I'm a goddamn war veteran and I deserve respect and little shitmolesters like him should be lining up to serve me peach juice for all the time I spent serving this proud country, the US of A. Once we go to war with those goddamn Jap Chinese Arabs and fuckwits like him get drafted, shipped overseas, and shot full of nuclear bullets, I'll be sitting here and watching them eat sand on my 1974 Zenith Console television set which now gets CNN, although I'm not sure why or how.

Merry Christmas you white sacks of shit, your gift is one of tire tread marks on your ugly-ass skulls.

Like I was saying before I got distracted by that bug flying around my head, since it's Christmas and the shitty, shitty year of 2002 is wrapping up, today I'm going to give you computer cretins my yearly list of stuff. I was going to give this list a great name to just wow all you simpletons out of your collective welfare-soaked socks, but then I remembered that I don't really give a shit since most

of you pathetic pussriders have to hire an outside consultant just to read this to you. I'm going to try to keep this list brief because I got my goddamn foot stuck in that green laundry basket that was on the roof of my toolshed (which I am almost done working on) last week, and I need to get it off before the new shift of clueless Mormons come by and I deliver the Holy Word of "your god brings PAIN TO YOU" back at them. Anyway here it is:

MERRY GODDAMN CHRISTMAS 2002, CLIFF YABLONSKI'S LIST OF STUFF



This looks like the computer machine I'm using here, except you can't smell the burning.

■First off, I'd like to point out that the first thing I'm going to do once I get untangled from this cheapass laundry hamper is head on down to the Appleton City Council and treat every board member to a little surprise I like to call "me beating the shit out of you and breaking windows until I pass out or the cops frame me for crimes I sure as hell didn't commit." As you douchebags out there probably know, I've been trying to build a moat around my house since Fall of 1993, the year those government fuckwipes tore down my barrier of electrical fence. They started saying all kinds of bullshit like "oh Cliff, wah, you can't put up this electrical fence because you simply stole a section of the Patterson's fence and hooked a wire from it to the electrical outlet in your kitchen, wah." Yeah right, I'm supposed to believe that using my own goddamn electricity that I pay for is suddenly now illegal? If I didn't have my entire right leg tangled up in this laundry hamper right now, I'd start administering beatings like a cafeteria, a cafeteria of PAIN. So after they tore down my fence and I stole another section of fence from the Patterson Household of Mental Parasites and made it electrical, the city came in and tore down my fence AGAIN! I can't believe the goddamn nerve Appleton City has towards war veterans like me who put my ass on the line to fight off the Commie Nazi Japs in the Korean War so you could live free and spend several hours a night at the all-you-can-eat Sizzler's glutton buffet.

Anyway, the city council keeps fining me and sending me bills whenever I start tearing up the sidewalk in the front of my house so I can dig a moat around my house. I tried ripping down the telephone pole but that's when a whole shitload of cop cars came and I had to run out back and use my jungle warfare skills to hide in a pipe which I had to eventually be removed from by the West Appleton City Fire Department. So this new year better be a whole lot better or else you're going to start seeing a lot of city council members disappearing and then being found in oil drums at the bottom of Lake Meatshores.

■It's okay to cheat on your wife if the broad looks nothing like her. I mean, it's only cheating if you get caught sleeping around with some bimbo who looks like your wife, if she looks different then it's not really cheating because she's a whole different person. I told my friend Eddie Carver this and he said I should write an advice book because I'm better than that crazy harpy on the radio, Dr. Laura Shitslinger, and he's probably right because what the fuck does a woman know about giving advice? Women shouldn't be giving advice, they should be GETTING advice like "I advise you to make me a steak" and "I advise you to go sleep on the couch tonight because you smell like a hog."

This is the jetplane I flew in the Vietnam War. See those two jumpsuited simps up front? They're both dead now.

■Anybody who is over 25 and drives a Camaro is a scumbag. Same thing applies for people under aged 25 or younger.

■I plan on beating up more Russians outside the smoothie booth

of the Silt Farms Mall. I ran into one of these fuckfuckers last week and I could tell he was a Ruskie because he had a hat and I couldn't read what it said on it and the Russians are sneaky like that and just because now you'll get jailtime for punching the crap out of these red menaces doesn't mean it's wrong or illegal or shit. So I'm going to spend more time at the Silt Farms Mall by the smoothie booth, more than likely on the Hickory Farms side because there's some cheap Jap China shitshop named "Hot Tropics" on the other side and it's just an anthill of high school Mary Manson fans who need to have their spinal cords adjusted via monkeywrench. I'll be more than happy to do so once I get my leg out of this stupid plastic hamper thing that's really starting to piss me off.

■I heard that video game machines are turning kids these days into killing machines, and that makes sense to me because there's this video game machine at the laundromat and I'm sure that I saw some punk kid play the game and then go out behind the Dairy Queen and stab a toad to death with a stick. I threw that fucklick through a car window (the kid, not the dead toad) and then headed over to the laundromat to investigate this theory and discovered a few startling facts about this video game machine, facts which undoubtedly prove that they're turning kills into kidding machines. I wrote the following points down and mailed them to my Congressman so he would hopefully ban video game machines or kids or both:

> **FACT #1:** *THIS VIDEO GAME MACHINE FEATURED GRAPHIC VIOLENCE OF A MAN FALLING INTO WATER AND AN EXPLOSION SHORTLY AFTERWARDS*
> **FACT #2:** *THIS VIDEO GAME MACHINE FEATURED A NAME WHICH I CANNOT REMEMBER BUT WAS VERY VIOLENT*
> **FACT #3:** *THIS VIDEO GAME MACHINE FEATURED BUTTONS WHICH, WHEN PRESSED, DID SOMETHING THAT I CANNOT REMEMBER.*
> **FACT #4:** *THIS VIDEO GAME MACHINE WAS LOCATED IN THE LAUNDROMAT*

As you can see from these obvious facts, video game machines are turning our kids into killing machines or knitting machines or whatever and all I know is those are the fact and Congress is just sitting around and doing jack shit while you and I and both of us have to watch all our favorite episodes of "Law and Order" interrupted by news reports about somebody dying somewhere and I think it's about time whatever's happening stops and does something else, something which doesn't piss me off so goddamn much.

My television set, a 1974 Zenith Console.

■I don't give a shit about the ocean so I wish those New York flaptops would stop showing me pictures of oceans in their advertisements. I don't know what the hell they're selling but I'm sure as hell not going to buy it because I hate the ocean and I'd rather throw my money into a tar pit than support some filthy New York rug salesman and his magazine ads with ocean pictures. While I'm on the subject, I demand to know who was responsible for those "Nut N' Honey" commercials from the 1980's. Those analtastical ads were so horrible, there would always be some guy eating his cereal and minding his own business when his haggard old leech of a wife stumbles in and drunkenly asks "what are you eating?" and he says "Nut N' Honey" and she says "you are too eating something, what is it?" and he says back "Nut N' Honey" and this idiotic cavalcade of retarded banter goes on for what seems like 400 hours. If those New York pussfarms were smart they'd just make the commercial end with the guy burying a hatchet in the back of his wife's skull and saying "NUT N' HONEY, THAT IS THE NAME OF THE PRODUCT YOU STUPID BROAD, IT IS NAMED 'NUT N' HONEY' AND SOUNDS LIKE THE PHRASE 'NUTTIN' HONEY' SO NOW YOU KNOW WHY YOU ARE DEAD" and then he'll fill her corpse with candy and ship it off to some sun-soaked

jobless Mexican kids.

- I hope the stock market keeps going down because I've been saying for years that the stock market is nothing but a bunch of made up numbers and flying paper. My idiot son invested all his money in the stock market and now his cash is all gone because the stock market crashed like I was saying it would. I kept on telling my stupid kid, "you fucking moron, don't invest in the stock market, do the smart thing and bet on horses instead," but he never listened to me. Now he's flat broke and I just won a trifecta on "Momma's Coalbucket" as #1, "Lightning Dogfood on Wheels" as #2, and "The Horse Used Secretly For Sex" as #3. Who's the smart guy now, huh?

So that's my list and now I'm done writing this list so I can go back to trying to take this fucking laundry hamper off my leg because it's really starting to cut off circulation there and it feels like the time I found an abandoned refrigerator in the Patterson family's kitchen so I broke in and started rocking it back and forth so all the stuff inside would come out of the icemaker hole, but the goddamn white whale of a appliance fell on my leg and when I woke up, I was in the restroom of a Chinese restaurant and my pants were gone. Merry Christmas and all that shit.

Another Nugget of Hilarity from the Goldmine!

The SA forum goons are back, and this time, they are making their own movies! If nerds ruled the world, oh what movies they'd make...

Drop on over to The Comedy Goldmine and check it out! **Or be checked out.**

-~Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

9.3 The Mythology of Tomorrow

Wednesday, Sep 04, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The Kraken can and will destroy your favorite city.

When we think of mythology, we often think of forgotten deities like Zeus, Thor, General Zod, Maguila Gorilla, and Xenu. These figures represent the relics of long dead times and equally long dead and buried cultures. While the people who once embraced these gods as gods are dead and probably stuck in limbo being chased by bees endlessly, we still have much of their written texts, which strangely enough were kept in non-digital formats that render them near useless. While there hasn't been that much useful information to come from these ancient records, they have still managed to paint us quite a fancy picture. If not for violating the rule of thirds, this picture would be more than worthy of hanging in any bathroom or outhouse. The gods of old were quite an odd lot. Unlike the various characters of "Happy Days," who enjoyed a symbiotic and sometimes parasitic relationship with each other, most gods often fought and scrapped like soccer hooligans. Only instead of bashing each other's faces with blunt instruments and flipping over goofy-looking European cars, the gods often came up with really complicated and elaborate ways to bitchslap each other around. With all their feuding, it's no wonder they ended up deader than Bruce Willis' character in "The Sixth Sense."

Recently, as in a couple hours ago, I started thinking about what kind of mythologies will one day be associated with our current cultures once we die out. I'm not sure when we're going to die, but it's only a matter of time before an iceberg hits the Earth or we all simultaneously get swimmer's ear and then walk out in front of traffic only to be run over by some funny looking European car. Then, say a thousand or so years from now after the survivors (presumably the descendents of those who were driving those ridiculous looking European cars) rebuild and start looking to learn more about the past, what will they learn about us? What is our mythology? Do we even have one? The answer is a resounding and triumphant "SURE!" We sure do.

In the past, gods lived in places like Mount Olympus (named after the Olympus line of cameras). There was also Hades, which was kind of like Hell but only located in the popular European country of Greece. We may not have Mount Olympus anymore, but we have the Olympics and the Special Olympics, and those now take place in a golden land called Television. Well, at least the Olympics do. No one is going to waste film on the Special Olympics. A thousand years from now, future man will look upon our television archives and that will be our mythology. We will be remembered not as we were in reality, but as were on shows like "My Mother The Car," "Mr. Ed," and in movies such as "Robocop" and "Street Fighter: The Movie." On the surface, I wouldn't mind being remembered for Jean Claude Van Damme's performance in "Street Fighter: The Movie." He did very accurately portray Guile, the tough-as-nails army man competing in an international fighting tournament, even though the movie was kind of different from the game in that it wasn't very good. But I realize that the true gods will be those who appear to have the power to interrupt the flow of time, to divide and halt situations at a mere whim. I'm talking about commercials, and the actors and products that star in them. With that in mind, let's take a look at some of Tomorrow's Titans:

- **Batman: The Ride**
  One of the most terrifying vestiges of our modern world will be frightening visions of the official Batman roller coaster ride. The ghastly, unspeakable images of men, women, and children being hurled through the air around sharp curves and gravity-defying loops

Batman: The Ride will one day be looked upon as a horrible torture ordered by the Gods. If you don't believe me, see for yourself by reading The Bible.

only to be plunged into maddening descents will haunt the people of tomorrow. The shrieking screams of Batman's victims will surely cause spinal shivers and night terrors. Much like a voyage down the River Styx or a drive through New Jersey, Batman: The Ride will be seen as a great and horrible peril. Perhaps it will even come to be known as the final journey taken by those who commit their lives to recklessness and evil.

■ **Steven, The Dell Kid**

Today we look upon The Dell Kid as the ultimate incarnation of evil - a vexing little goblin constantly trying to get us to partake of Dell and its meager offerings. A thousand years from now, some things may be forgotten but the understanding will not have changed. The mystery of the Dell will elude tomorrow's man, who will fathom "Dell" as being a kind of punishment. "Dude, you're getting a Dell!" becomes the equivalent of saying, "I hope scorpions poison your face off!" The father of this dreadful saying, Ben Curtis, will come to be looked upon as a vile and repulsive god and ruler of the abyss. Because of the painful stigma associated with all things Dell, the Wisconsin Dells will be declared the Forbidden Zone and no man will set foot there less he not wish to set foot anywhere else ever again. Not even with special prescription shoes.

■ **Jarred, the Subway Jackass**

We all know that Jarred, Subway's current subhuman mascot, is famous for losing a lot of body mass. He accomplished this highly respectable task by switching his diet. Instead of devouring ten-gallon drums filled with lard and animal byproducts, he chose to eat Subway sandwiches. Obviously, ingesting raw entrails and fat is going to make you rather portly, so it's not like he's some kind of genius. In the future, he definitely will be revered as a fool. Seeing as how Earth of 3001 will have scarce little food available, a man who would choose to eat less would look like the epitome of stupidity. Oh Jarred the Jackass, my how you represent the worst qualities of man!

■ **Dave Thomas**

Being that from the years 1876-2002 Dave Thomas appeared in approximately five hundred thousand commercials, he will be looked upon as the undisputed God of our world. Future man will see that Lord Thomas, through the image of his daughter Wendy, fed billions and only accepted small allotments of coins and paper in exchange for his divine service. They will know that he worked his miracles through the laws of taste, choosing only the finest meats and cheeses. While we, modern man, are still in a state of perpetual bereavement over the loss of Dave Thomas, know that in the future he will have ascended to his rightful place as a god. When it comes to accepting the gifts of Dave Thomas, may we all be remembered as having the courage to "Biggie Size It!"

There will of course be many gods and horrors born out of the television cesspool, and they will be revealed in time. For now, be thankful that they merely serve as entertainment for us. Also be thankful that the gods of old are dead. Otherwise, we'd have to live in constant fear that Zeus might order Poseidon to let loose the Kraken on all of us. If I've learned one thing in all my life, it's to fear the Kraken.

Batter Up!

All around jerk Cakewalk is back with another Flash presentation, this one being quite possibly his least crappy. Actually, this is by far the greatest thing he's ever done! Why yes, I am referring to...

This is a somewhat epic game of mystery and intrigue where the slightest mistake could lead to death. Oh, and it has something to do with baseball. Play it, damnit.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.4 Introducing Internet v1287.66213!

Thursday, Sep 05, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Fifty years from now...

An artist's rendering of the future. A very bad, completely inaccurate artist.

"Come child, sit on grandpa's knee," beckoned the elderly man as he attempted to bend over, causing nineteen of his major bones to fracture under the grinding stress. "Let grandpa tell you a story about the good old times, a tale about this magical tool once known as 'The Internet'." Although the small child knew the old, decaying fatherly figure certainly wasn't his grandfather, he propped himself upon his withering knee because refusing to sit on an old man's knee is a Federal crime in the future. The aged, gaunt man pried his dry, sticky mouth open and began talking once more, exhaling the sweet fumes of what smelled like dead trees and bacon that had been cooking on an asphalt road for six days.

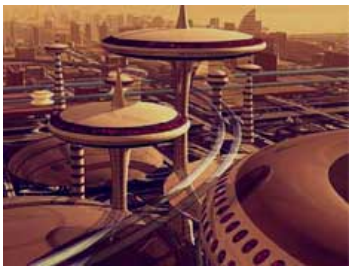
"See back in the early 1990's, people began widely using this tool called 'the Internet.' It was developed by a group of bright young college folk and programming lads who wanted a more effective way to share ideas, group together on projects, and communicate with people in a way that had never been done before." Before he could begin his next sentence, he was promptly interrupted by the saucy lad sitting upon his knee.

"But grandpa, what about Bulletin Board Systems? People used those before the Internet!" he exclaimed while staring into the dried out, bloodshot eyes of a man who was visibly scarred from years of prolonged exposure to gay furry pornography.

"Shush, you!" Grandpa snapped back. "You're interrupting grandpa's great story about..." The elderly man trailed off into silence, furrowing his brow in a way to say, "look, I am furrowing my brow in a way to say I lost my train of thought."

"The Internet, grandpa! You were talking about the Internet!" piped up the saucy lad in a cheerful tone.

"I SAID SHUT UP!" shrieked the elderly man, brandishing his Nuclear MegaWave Negative Ion Cannon and immediately incinerated the child on his knee, transforming him into a pile of negative ions which instantly did whatever negative ions tend to do. Float away, I guess. The wizened old guy continued speaking as if nothing happened.



The malls of the future are all giant plastic Frisbees, leaving us wide open from attacks by gigantic mutant dogs! Oh no!

"The Internet was a nice and peaceful place at first. There was plenty of free hosting, new technology, and an untapped world of interesting places at your fingertips. Then it suddenly got popular and Internet veterans began to fear this surge in users would lead to the destruction of the Internet. Oh how wrong they were," quipped the wizened, elderly, old, aged, old, old man to the pile of particles resting on his knee. "Company after company soon jumped into this digital world and began throwing money around as if it was a bunch of ticks and they had the job of throwing large amounts of ticks at people for some reason. Internet users were given cash to to merely spend time online, webmasters were being paid barrels of money to display tiny ads, and everybody was happy... until The Day

The Internet Fought Back.

"The Internet decided it was tired of supporting all these ridiculous companies and funding ludicrous IPOs, so it began to casually inform every major investment company CEO as to exactly where their cash was going into: a large flaming barrel that fueled ideas such as 'eOnlineCyberPantaloons.com' and 'HI WELCOEM TO MY BATMAN FANCLCUB PAGE WEBPAEG!!!!!' The investors didn't like what they saw and promptly withdrew their remaining twelve cents from Internet companies. With their only flow of lifeblood and sole source of revenue sliced off, these companies began to close doors faster than a Ponderosa Sunday Bar after seeing Rosie O' Donnell approaching. The remaining bloodied, battered, beaten up companies began ravaging the wasteland for every last nickel and dime they could find. This quest for nonexistent money caused the Internet to immediate transform into a perverse, sickly, disgusting image that went against everything its founding fathers intended. Advertising bullies muscled their way through privacy policies, becoming more intrusive and aggravating than ever. The growing number of Internet users and veterans alike now found themselves bombarded with get-rich-quick schemes, popup ads, popunder ads, spyware, scumware, spam email, and all kinds of horrors straight out of a Moofin Kabloomer novel." In the future, a person named "Moofin Kabloomer" is a best-selling horror novel author, which explains that last sentence. It's the future.

"But grandpa, how did that terrible Internet turn into the world of wonders it is today?" is what the small child would've asked if he was still alive at that point.

"I'll tell you how, my atomized little friend. Some brave individuals set out to revolutionize the online world by creating 'Internet v1287.66213,' a project that restored order and cleaned up the cesspool of the Internet within months. Oh my, I remember that as if it was yesterday even though it was 50 years ago..."

Picture begins to distort and flicker about as if it were on drugs or just got into a car accident with another image on its way to work.

Greetings folks, and welcome to another star-studded Something Awful update! Today we'll be talking with American Idol star Justin Guarini and asking him such questions as "why the fuck are you so popular right now?" and "when the fuck will you stop being popular?" Special corespondent Kevin "Cakewalk" Bowen will tour a meat packing plant in Fattingham, New Jersey and interview the "Meat King of New Jersey," Al Saccardo. Our alert weatherman Zack "Ghost Evictor" Parsons will give us a five-day weather forecast for all of America while repeatedly incorrectly identifying New Mexico as "New Texaco." My perky co-host Emily "Inter-girl" Reigel will sit around and smile vapidly at the camera while wearing an outfit that kind of shows her nipples if you look really hard and squint a lot. But first, let's take a look at the revolutionary new "Internet v1287.66213" bill being sponsored through Congress.

A current image of the Internet's interior.

As everybody out there knows, the Internet is becoming exponentially more annoying by the minute. Advertisers are flooding our inboxes, spying on our computers, and installing software without our knowledge. Popups and popunders follow you from site to site, flashing, beeping, and moving around your screen like drunk cockroaches. We here at Something Awful have responded to this increasingly annoying threat by creating an outline for the proposed "Internet v1287.66213" system. First off, let's cover the basics:

"Internet v1287.66213" has been given the version number of "1287.66213" so our number will be higher than everybody else's if they try to create a new Internet. Note that our bill also has an

amendment limiting the number of software versions to 1287.66213. This will ensure that "Internet v1287.66213" will always be the latest and greatest version out there. If somebody tries to create a version of the Internet higher than ours, we will have the legal ability to travel back in time disguised as cyborgs disguised as human beings disguised as Arnold Schwarzenegger and then proceed to murder their parents.

Unlike the current Internet, a largely unregulated and chaotic mess of advertising and spyware, "Internet v1287.66213" will require each user to install our patented "Internet v1287.66213" software on every computer that might use it. This software is free of ads, spyware, and any other privacy-breeching programs. It will, however, include a small, unobtrusive program that allows us to murder you through your Internet v1287.66213 connection if you really start pissing us off. We promise to not use that function too much though, so you don't have to worry unless you've got a username which has numbers instead of vowels, you enjoy typing "^_^" faces, or post on Fark.com's forums. Now let's outline the 10 key features that our Internet v1287.66213 provides:

1) Any company attempting to place spyware on users' computers will have our very own Internet v1287.66213 spyware secretly installed on their company's servers. This will allow the general public to always know and see what websites these companies are browsing, what kind of lingerie they purchase from Sears online, and their upcoming plans to install more spyware. You will now be able to spy on the spyware companies and protect your computer before it's too late! Additionally, each time these companies attempt to release a new spyware program, our Internet v1287.66213 software will cause a USB plug to disconnect itself and deliver 1,000 volts of electricity to their throat.

We've hired this guy to enforce all our new Internet v1287.66213 rules and laws. We think he's British.

2) Our software contains "Retarded Forum User" plugin version 1287.66212 (it's a beta). Webmasters will be able to activate this plugin on their forums, allowing it's SmartIdiotSearch feature to scan users' posts and shut down their system if any signs of idiocy are found. Here is an example of the SmartIdiotSearch in action:

> **ORIGINAL POST:** "Hey guys, I'm looking to purchase a new computer, what brand should I buy?" ***(USER IS SAFE)***
> **REPLY #1:** "The new Dell Dimensions are very good, try checking one of those out if you have the money." ***(USER IS SAFE)***
> **REPLY #2:** "LOL U GOTA GET A CELERON 350A N OVERCLAOCK IT 2 1.3 GHZ LIEK ME, I USED A LINUX BOX AND A MUSHKIN RAM!!!" ***(USER HAS COMPUTER SHUT DOWN FOR THREE CONSECUTIVE DAYS)***
> **REPLY #3:** "why do u need a computar, u fagget/" ***(USER HAS COMPUTER SHUT DOWN FOR A WEEK)***
> **REPLY #4:** "LOL ^_^" ***(USER IS INCINERATED WITH USB FLAMETHROWER)***

3) Any advertiser who produces a banner ad that moves will have their computer monitor physically moved around their desk by burly, antisocial union workers whenever the obnoxious ad appears on any user's computer. If they are using a laptop, then the union workers will begin opening and closing the LCD screen repeatedly until the user decides to destroy it with shotgun fire.

4) Any advertiser who embeds music or sounds with their ad will be forced to listen to that music or sound on a never-ending loop on every sound-producing appliance they own until they stop running the ad or die from excessive ear canal blood loss.

5) Any advertiser who produces popup ads will be physically slapped in the face each time the ad appears on a user's computer. Any advertiser who produces a popunder ad will be physically kicked in the groin. If they make a popup ad which spawns another popup ad once you close it, then they will be slapped by a woman who will then give birth to a baby which will slap them.

6) Macromedia will be fined $100,000 every time an advertiser uses Flash in one of their ad campaigns. If a website uses Flash to create a splash screen which offers no "click here to skip introduction" option, then one Macromedia employee will be murdered for each time that site is loaded.

7) If you receive a mass-mailing spam email from somebody, our software will include their home address with the message and give you the legal right to personally visit them so you may "learn more about exciting opportunities" or ask them any questions you may have regarding "hot mother / son incest action!!!"

8) All instances of phrases such as "click here if you want to receive special promotional offers and deals exclusive only to our members" will be replaced with "FOR FUCK'S SAKE, DON'T CLICK THIS GODDAMN BOX!"

9) Whenever a user's computer detects them trying to read either the websites "User Friendly" or "Slashdot," it will send out an alert to a special government task force named "The Department Of Being the Vague, Evil, Spying Officials Who You Linux-Obsessed Users Think We Are." These people will be dressed in black cloaks and ride undead horses that have police sirens surgically attached to their skulls. They will break through the user's front door and try to determine if the user's children are being held hostage or they are being blackmailed, as those are the only two reasons we imagine anybody anywhere would ever visit those sites. If it turns out the user was visiting those sites on their own free will, they will be rounded up and placed into concentration camps run by Microsoft employees.

10) Anybody caught seriously arguing about the superiority of the Xbox / Gamecube / PS2 will be automatically wrapped up in USB cord, attached to their rolling chair, and deposited in the middle of the Egyptian desert while wearing a giant gulag mask.

We think that our lofty goals of Internet v1287.66213 will make your online experience a much more pleasant one, freeing you from the flaws and annoyances the current Internet features. We'll be back right after this commercial break for "Bonzi Buddy: The Movie" by MGM Studios.

Picture begins to distort and fade as we once again see the familiar image of the old man appear...

"...and that's when everything began to get better again. The online world was finally free of the tyranny and injustice that had polluted it for so long. We began to enter a new age of enlightenment at that time, one that had a lot less vocal Counter-Strike fans. Ah yes, I remember that time well..."

At that point a Mall Security Policeman approached the elderly gentleman and looked suspiciously at the lump of atoms scattered across his knee.

"Hey oldtimer, you know anything about that kid who was wandering around here before? His parents are looking for him." The Mall Cop began to furrow his brow in the same manner as the old guy furrowed his brow before, only this time he was furrowing it out of suspicion (as noted above).

"Why yes. Yes I do. I raped and killed him," replied the old man, as killing and raping kids is perfectly legal in the crazy and unpredictable future society which is so unlike ours that it makes us nervously laugh when we think about how different and bizarre our culture has become, thereby creating a stunningly observant social message full of insight. "I raped and killed him."

"Very well, carry on," replied the disinterested law enforcement officer as he slowly plodded away to type the child's name into the "KIDS RAPED AND KILLED IN THE MALL TODAY" scoreboard which was either a hologram or possibly floated above ground. The old man slowly looked up as a tear attempted to futilely form in the dry abscesses of his eye, his boney legs caving inward and shoulders slumping down. Then a rocketship fell through the ceiling and crushed him because in the future anybody can pilot a rocketship. It's the future, after all.

Now We're Cookin' With "Marble"!

What do you get when you cross a Nintendo grade puzzle game similar to Bomberman with bestiality and shoving things up your ass? The answer lies locked within the many horrifying secrets of "Marble Cooking", this week's Hentai Game Review.

> *Folks, you're going to have to bear with me on this one, because I have to hypothesize at the plot of Marble Cooking based on the cutscenes, the gameplay, and text that consisted of either a single repeating letter or a single repeating directional arrow. From what I can gather you take on the role of a character named Marble, your average blue haired lesbian princess/sorceress combo with the ability to summon a rabbit using occult trappings and carrots. Marble has to travel to six different areas on her quest to rid the world of misbehaving flying books, brooms, chickens, and ostriches. Once she has sufficiently eliminated the flying book and/or chicken problem she is then free to engage in bizarre sadomasochistic sex with three different women.*

That sounds hot enough to fry an egg! Don't think that's it either, "Marble Cooking" also features a sex scene involving parakeets and a sex scene that I'd like to refer to as "The M.C. Escher Sex Scene". Head on over and take a look, it helps if you're drunk or nearly blind!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.5 It's been a Year! Keep Remembering, Dammit!

Friday, Sep 06, 2002 by Integral

Purchase this mug to insure that you will not be forgetting any time soon. USA #1!!! ($19.95 + S&H)

Indeed, it has been a year, and I hope that all of you good Americans out there in Americaland are still remembering and not forgetting. Lest you not remember, before you are put to death for being anti-patriotic and also an evil, terrible person who kills kittens and rapes retarded children with broken legs, it will soon be the year anniversary of the blowing up of some big buildings in New York and elsewhere, and also I guess the deaths of a bunch of people that I did not know. It is also the anniversary of the birth of a newfound blind patriotism and national pride that for some reason just didn't exist to the extent that it did prior to September 13th of last year, despite what we American students were taught to believe in grade school.

That's right, it's been an entire year since we Americans, the darlings of the world media, have been educated anew with information on how we can purchase products that advertise to the world that we are not about to forget September 12th and with information about what we should believe in terms of our country's righteous process of killing or assimilating all people who do not look or think like we do. GO TEAM!! USA!!! USA ROOLZ, ARABLAND DROOLZ!! I can't believe it's been a year already. How the time does fly.

The media usually does an excellent job telling us Americans what to think, but they have rather missed the ball with this huge event. With all of the emotional and logistical craziness of the year anniversary of the attacks, it is confusing to know what I should be doing to properly pay respects to the dead and what products I should be purchasing to ensure that the people around me know where I stand. USA!! I'm not even sure what sorts of memorials I should plan for those around me so that they can properly heal from the trauma of September 10th, but I did come up with one and I hope that it is sufficient.

Please do not forget.

I've had a tough time going it alone in my memorial ceremony preparation, but so far I've come up with a few ideas for the big day that I hope will help heal the damage that September 11th has caused. I plan on asking as many people as possible to share in these memorial celebrations with me, but I am not really sure that else I can add to make the year anniversary of this tragedy any easier for all involved.

ANNOUNCING: THE SEPTEMBER 11TH FUNTYME JAMBOREE!!

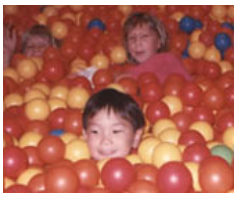
The way I figure, what better way to heal the damage of thousands killed and viable threats to national security than to have a Funtyme Jamboree!? I am planning on at least 75 people attending so this will be the best Jamboree ever! Much better, even, than that Jamboree I had for the 65th anniversary of the beginning of the Holocaust. The day will progress as follows:

3AM: Before I go to sleep, set the alarm for 6 AM so that I can be up at the exact moment that the first plane hit that one building or whatever and all of those people got killed. Death alarm!!

6AM: Hear the death alarm go off. Get up and shut it off, then go back to warm, cozy bed because I'm tired and I want to sleep more. Why the hell did I set the alarm, anyway? Stupid death alarm.

12PM: Wake up and go pee. While urinating I remember that today, one year ago, something happened. Look out of the window and see that guests have already begin to arrive and that they are setting up two enormous tents on the lawn. They have even brought their SUV's, which they have lined up in a ring around the two tents.

1PM: Delighted to see that there are already 30 or so children in the Happy Friends Ball Pit that I have built in one of the tents especially to be shaped like the daycare center in the WTC. I hope that more people will choose to enter Ye Olde Booke Store that I have made by digging a large pit under one of the tents and filling it with old newspaper.



2PM: The Corporate Glutton Buffet begins, complete with appetizers shaped like little people in suits and ties, salad made to look like dollar bills, and large glasses of red Kool-Aid which is oddly thicker than it probably should be. There are also three-legged races.

3PM: The neighbors begin to douse the nearby forest brush with gasoline and the lumberjacks begin to cut through the large tree trunks. Impending Doom Timer is set. At this time there will be bobbing for apples.

4PM: Everyone into the tents for re-written US history and patriotic lessons! Also, at this time there will be a large map of the Middle East set up and the children will have a contest to see who can defecate onto it from the farthest away. Winner gets a small bottle of sand from the deserts of Arabia and little block of Uranium to take home.

5:30PM: After singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" once for every third person killed during the attacks, the lumberjacks are given the signal and the huge, flaming trees fall onto the tents.

6PM: Time for the rubble-search! If you are alive, search through the rubble! If you find jewelry you can keep it! If it's still attached to someone, you will be given an extra $35 along with your precious discovery! Handling tax applies.

7PM: All survivors head inside for a nice, hot shower. NEVER FORGET!!! **USA #1!!!!!**

These kids will be at the Funtyme Jamboree for the pig-wrangling contest! Also, USA #1!!!

What a great way to celebrate the memories of those lost on September 11th! The September 11th Funtyme Jamboree would be sure to make people feel better about what happened one year ago and also to give them hope for the future. See, American media!! I can do this without you. But I have another idea as well:

This is definitely one of the best ideas I have ever had and I know that it would make an excellent memorial activity for young and old alike. It would be a family affair, you might even say! This idea was really close in the ranks with my other idea for a Bin Laden Brain Bash or the September 11th Honorary Used Car Blowout, but the consequences of those activities just might not have done enough to help people heal or to give them closure, so I picked the Funtyme Jamboree. I hope things go well.

I truly wish that I could have had the help and guidance of the American media to help me with this difficult memorial plan, but instead, the media for some reason has been focusing on Iraq and whether or not the US should

blow it to smithereens in the name of THE WAR ON TERRORISM because I recently heard about how Saddam Hussein has creepy weapons ALL OF A SUDDEN. Personally I think that it is all a clever ruse orchestrated by the American government to distract the public from not hating. Plus, Osama died ungloriously and undramatically in the mud and rocks of Afghanistan 2 months ago or so and we need a new hate target. USA!! #1!

(at a US Government meeting)

EVIL! EVIL! EVIL! BAD GUY!! NO GOOD!!!!

US GOVERNMENT 1: IT HAS BEEN A YEAR AND THERE HAS BEEN NO NEW TERROR! WHAT IF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WERE TO FORGET THIS TERROR AND STOP HATING!!?? WE MUST ACT.

US GOVERNMENT 2: THEY MIGHT START BUYING LESS THINGS AND THEY MIGHT LIKE US LESS.

US GOVERNMENT 1: TO WAR!

On second thought, I truly do forgive the media for not keeping us Americans updated on year-anniversary preparations. Something like this obviously took far more precedent over a national tragedy. USA-ians, TO WAR!

I am sure that some of you brain-dead fartcaskets out there (please let there only be a scanty few) are going to be inundating me with dumb email complaining that I am not a "true American" or that I'm a "commie pinko faghole faggy fag" or that I'll be "on your hitlist of people to kill," whatever that means. I think that it means I should be a mindless drone and follow the masses and the media like the time I got lost in the hardware store and I just followed that mopping guy around all day because I didn't know where else to go. My motivation was that he said that he'd give me candy, though, so I'm not sure that the media actually plays a role here or why I brought that up now. But don't waste your time telling me that you didn't want to read an article with a point of view or an opinion or telling me that I'm not funny because I am aware of both of those facts and I will just tell you to shove it, anyway.

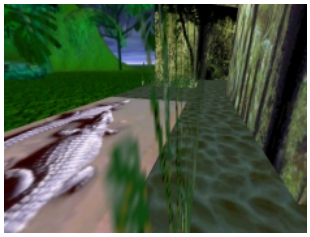
In any case, I hope that all of you across Americaland take time out this September 12th to always remember and not forget the events that took place a year ago on that very day. Fill your day with love and celebration in memory of the bad things that happened. It may seem a long time ago to you, but it's only been a year! If you need help coping, please stop on over to my house for the Funtyme Jamboree. Just look for those crazy tents. And if you're not too sad, please don't forget to invest in America and purchase a few figurines or lamps or cups or ashtrays or plates to help make sure that you always remember.

A Whole Lotta' Cranky Comin' At Ya!

Although our dear friend Cranky Steve and his Haunted Whorehouse have been woefully neglected recently, his site has been just an utter potpourri of excitement and horrible eye-scorching colored lighting. Every Saturday we'll post a roundup of the latest horrible, horrible, horrible maps to be reviewed by the ace test subjects at the Whorehouse, Jed, Mista T, and Psychosis. Now you might be wondering, "how the hell did Cranky Steve find three people gullible enough to review all these shitty maps?" Here's your answer: **THE DATE RAPE DRUG.**

Time Temple

The main texture in this map seems to be the all-too-familiar "Missing Texture" texture, because the author obviously didn't feel like putting that texture in the levelshot in with the PK3. Of course the author was only thinking about himself, because others who download this map are greeted with the painful-to-the-eyes black and white grid of doom, whereas, he, the author, will see an ugly, green, not-so-hard-on-the-eyes texture. Fuck you, author.



Swampdanger

Then again, it's also sad that apparently terrorists thought the best way to destroy the evil Zionist powers was to capture a girl, throw her in a pot and wait for counter-terrorists to come bumbling along. Don't these guys have anything better to do?

Hall of Death

The author of Hall of Death calls his creation "a small nice map". There's probably some irony somewhere in that sentence but I'm really too lazy to look for it right now. The text file also contains a link to Captain Dipshit's "Hompe page" which, of course, is down. I guess Angelfire took exception to being associated with such a stupid map. I can hardly blame them. Hell, I'm embarrassed just to be reviewing it.

BFG Arena

Pete's buddy, Sarge, proclaims, "keep your distance from the squishing machines." Yes, these things really do squish ya, but they don't really look like "machines." More like "Crazy bobbing rings jerking off cylinders." It's not too hard to avoid these things, although jumping into one is the only way to avoid getting hit by a green, globby, BFG round. You lose both ways, sucker!

TheTestGrounds

I'm pretty sure the author of this map is confused about a wide variety of things. Whereas most mappers decide which game to make the map for before they actually begin designing it, FUBAR141 decided to go with the tried-and-true "throw in a bit of everything" approach. This map is a Counterstrike map with Team Deathmatch objectives, in a boring Jedi Outcast lightsaber duel layout, with annoying TFC-style gimmicks and Half-life vehicles. I'd make a similar analogy about the retina-searing use of colored lighting in this map, but sadly that's pretty common with any FPS.

Tricks 'n' Traps

Welcome to "Tricks 'n' Traps", where one wrong move can mean the difference between life and death, and 400 shitty traps can mean the difference between a playable deathmatch map and a wretched pile of dog crap that makes me want to burn my copy of Half-Life. It's by the same guy who made Darked. Go figure.

After you're done reading the map review, be sure to submit any horrible, grotesque, disgusting maps to Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse so we can get our crack team of blind monkeys to hammer on it until they kill themselves! I'm being serious: send us terrible maps! We love 'em, keep submitting them so we map review these bad boys and warn the public!

-~Integral

9.6 It's Not So Bad!

Friday, Sep 06, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I don't know if I buy it, these guys are wearing more shirts than I'm used to seeing on gangstas.I have mentioned in about fifty thousand articles that I live in the good city of Chicago, a thriving metropolis somewhere in the Midwest, Indiana or Iowa or something. It's a great place, and having lived here before I knew about many of the idiosyncrasies of big city life. One thing you can expect to see is lots of homeless people, particularly ones who are missing limbs. In Ohio what few homeless people you saw walking around, even in the larger cities, tended to have all of their limbs intact. Something about Chicago just eats up homeless people's limbs, maybe it's a serial limb thief named the Limb Strangler, maybe it's a pack of dogs with a taste for human flesh. Whatever it is, there is a scourge of the homeless on the prowl and it is taking their limbs.

I am told that this is what "gangstas" look like.

When I first moved here I was told by my AOL girlfriend Michelle that our neighborhood had "improved a whole lot in the last six years". She told me a number of encouraging stories about sub machineguns being fired in the alley behind our apartment, about prostitutes fixing their makeup in the mirrors of parked cars, possibly tales of toddlers walking around unsupervised while on fire or something equally negligent and apocalyptic. Then she said it had all changed, that things were hunky-dory here in the neighborhood nowadays. The crackhouses had burned down, the hookers had been turned into mailboxes or something, and the sub machineguns were sold to the agents of International terrorism.

That's what her story was anyway. I guess her plan was to make her neighborhood's past sound like a war zone and then when I moved in and realized that people weren't actually shooting at me, just near me, I wouldn't freak out as much. Needless to say when I experienced my first local gunplay about a week ago I was not put at ease by the concept that the neighborhood was improving.

Well, at least this guy may have at one point cut back on the feral stray cat population!

It was about one in the morning on a Friday and we were both sitting in the living room when I heard two loud bangs from outside. I walked out onto the balcony and heard yelling a few houses down the street. There was a car stopped in the middle of the road and the occupants of the car were yelling at a shirtless man. Naturally the thought of gunfire never entered my corn fed brain, because why the hell would someone be continuing a yelling match even after shots had been fired? I lean over the balcony and watch like an idiot, the yelling escalates and then the shooting starts. About a half-dozen shots are fired as we both duck back into the apartment and crouch below the window level just in case.

Oddly enough I wasn't scared, and that's really weird when you consider my heart rate jumps to about 200 when I see one of those damned centipedes. We called the cops and that sent the yelling shirtless guy running when they showed up about three minutes later, although it was likely they had been notified of the incident well before we called it in. I doubt the cops caught him but maybe they did, I don't really care.

A few weeks before this a fight broke out on the street over a prostitute. That's right, two men were fist-fighting loudly over a prostitute. It was probably a pimp vs. boyfriend situation, but who knows,

at this point I'm trying to apply things I picked up in movies and apply them to things happening in the real world. I assumed the boyfriend was a Richard Gere-type saving his fat-version-of-Julia Roberts girlfriend with his powerful right-hook instead of a shitload of money.

What I have been wondering recently is if this is what the neighborhood is like now, what was it really like before? I trust Michelle, so I believe her when she told me that things have improved, but this is definitely the most dangerous neighborhood I have personally ever lived in. To determine what the neighborhood might have been like in an even more dangerous past, I put together a list of criminal and questionable events that I've witnessed and scaled them up for danger. Hopefully this compare and contrast will allay my fears that the neighborhood is actually on the path to becoming Chicago's version of Beirut.

Current Neighborhood	**Neighborhood Six Years Ago**
Yelling match at one AM followed by a man firing wildly into the streets.	Japanese soldiers pin down marines near Super Mercado with water-cooled machinegun for nearly two days before the soldiers destroy their bunker with grenades.
Prostitute fixing makeup in the mirror of a parked car after messing it up while servicing a customer.	Car stolen by vampire who has drained the blood of a vagrant. Vampire accidentally turns into a mist while making getaway and crashes car into transformer knocking out power for eight blocks.
Vagrants spending the day sleeping under trees in small squatter groups and spending their night breaking bottles on the sidewalk.	CHUDS spending the day sleeping quietly in the sewers and emerging in the dark of night to prowl the sidewalks in search of human flesh.
Enormous black man speaking in a fake demon voice menacing a crazy woman in a wheelchair for twenty minutes straight.	Actual demon speaking in a real demon voice menacing a wizard who has summoned it in an effort to take over the world.
New-looking shoes mysteriously found discarded in alley suggesting abduction took place.	Human feet found discarded in alley suggesting golem made from reassembled corpses had weak stitching around ankles.
Rats are outnumbered in the alleys only by feral cats.	Rabid dogs are outnumbered in the alleys only by rampaging tyrannosauruses.
Children break into next door construction sight repeatedly and throw m-80s at parked cars.	Children break into next door construction sight repeatedly and throw m-80s at parked cars. The m-80s are shoved inside of newborn babies.
Two men fist fight over the honor of a prostitute.	Two men battle for the honor of a serial rapist while wearing giant mechanized battle suits.
Man on street corner sells buckets for a dollar a piece, some days offering wooden chests or badly damaged doors for indeterminate prices.	Nordic Berserker stands on street corner and offers to bite your nose off for a dollar or pillage your home for an indeterminate price.

Fire trucks are summoned to the neighborhood to extinguish fires in kitchen drug labs on a nearly daily basis.	National Guard sent by Abraham Lincoln to force striking coal miners back to work on a nearly daily basis.
After 11 PM on the weekends the sound of glass shattering can be heard a minimum of once per hour.	After 11 PM on the weekends the sound of plasma bombardment from orbiting alien invasion fleet can be heard a minimum of once per hour.
Group of garbage cans in alley contains more vermin than a mass grave at a concentration camp.	Dumpster in alley contains sleeping Great Old One Cthulhu who waits dreaming for the stars to be right.

That was therapeutic! I now realize that this neighborhood really is not the hell on earth I thought it to be when I first sat down to write this article. I see that things could and probably were much worse, and I appreciate the greatly decreased number of vampire car thefts and dinosaur attacks that now occur in this neighborhood. Heck, while writing this article only two of my windows were broken out by hand grenades, and only one of the grenades even exploded! These are odds I can live with!

A Photoshop Collection!

This Friday Livestock has put together a very special collection of Photosohop themes from the forums. Unlike those wacky "look back" episodes of TV shows that are really just reruns, this is all previously unseen material! Buckle your seatbelts baby, because this is about to rock your socks right off your head!

Themes this week include "Classic Christian Albums", "Yearbook Photos", "Lord of the Rings", and the finale of Admiral Ackbar in Photoshop Phriday!! You will be glued to your seat, but at the same time you will be glued only to the edge of your seat! CHECK IT OUT!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.7 #86/68 in FRONTPAGE UPDATE

Sunday, Sep 08, 2002 by #86/#68 (@Livestock)

HUT HUT HUT HUT HIKE! HELLO EVERYONE, IT'S ME, #86!

I put on my best suit for my job of writing this update!

Each day, Americans all over America write to me to thank me for my heroic actions on the glorious green of the gridiron. But what they don't realize is that I give 110% even when I'm off the football field. I don't mean to brag, friends, not by any means. I try to be a humble man, I do. On one rainy day, Coach told me "an arrogant man is only arrogant because he has less than 110% to give." I know this to be true because Coach's playbook covers not just football, but the game of life. You can be as sure as a sunny American sky that I'm as humble a man as I can be! That's why you gotta hear me out when I say what I gotta say! HUT HUT HUT HUT GUT-CHECK TIME!!!!

I gotta say not enough of you are giving 110% to your team! My daily routine keeps me pretty busy. I'm tackling from sunrise to sunset and in-between I'm training and giving 110% to everybody I encounter. From the folks in the stands, to the kids on the street, I give all I've got to give plus a little more! Even with all my responsibilities, I still have time to be a team player on the most important team of all. I'm talking the team with the colors of red, white, and blue. Team America, land of the free and home of the brave! We're all on one team playing football against the world! We may have an advantage over other countries because they don't play "football" right, but we still gotta give it more than our all. Don't think there is room to goof around! Horseplay can tackle even the mightiest of players if he lets his wits hit the showers before the game is over!

What we need to do is cut out horseplay and get serious! It's time for each of you to step up and prepare to tackle through the lines of laziness. HUT HUT HUT HUT LETS GO ALL THE WAY AND TOUCHDOWN!!!! By now many of you are asking me, #86, "how can I give 110% all the time?" Let me tell you, it's as easy as eating one of mom's blueberry pies on a Sunday after church! You gotta go out there and do whatever you can! No challenge is too small or too big to tackle so long as you put your heart and weight into it! I know that everyone needs a little guidance in life! I've been blessed because I've had the benefits of my great teacher and coach, Coach! Coach can't coach everyone, so let me help you be a team player on the great team of America! HUT HUT HUT HUT DO WHAT I DO WHEN I'M NOT RUNNING FOR THE END ZONE WITH A WARM PIGSKIN IN HAND!!!

■TALK TO KIDS AT THE HIGH SCHOOLS OF AMERICA!

Coach started teaching me about life and football when I was a teenager. Back then I played a game called trouble for a team called irresponsibility. Coach helped me learn some hard lessons and set me on the straight path. HUT HUT HUT RED NINETEEN HIKE! Before long I was in school but I still had problems. Now trouble was a game called reading, and also another game called math and yet another one called science. These games challenged me because their rules were harder than any game I had ever played! Plus I was born with a terminal disease called dyslexia that made words fumble around the pages and tackle my smarts! Doctors gave me months to live and my parents thought I was a goner for sure! Coach showed me light at the end of the field by bringing me into sports. My troubles with the books soon ended once I learned a thing or two

Coach taught me everything and helped me overcome my doubts and learn to give my all for God, Country, and Sport!

about tackling obstacles. I beat the odds and I'm standing strong and wise today!

Now I go to schools to teach children to give their all in sports because a strong body and a competitive spirit are the most important things a person can have! That, and the freedom to pursue these things! HUT HUT HUT DEMOCRACY WINS! STAY AND SHAPE YOUTHS, THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY MUST BE FIT TO FIGHT!

- **RESCUE KITTENS OR PICK UP LITTER!**

We all have to keep America looking as beautiful as a freshly mowed football field! In football, the field is always clean and bright, but off the field things aren't always so nice. Us folks have to do our part and pick up litter whenever we see it! Take that garbage and treat it like a football! Grab and run like heck towards the nearest trashcan, scoring a touchdown for unspoiled scenery!

Also, make sure no cats get stuck in trees! HUT HUT HUT! Tackle those trees down to size if the furry friends get trapped up in them. They may be cute creatures, but the good lord didn't make them to decorate trees! Keep those cats out of trees! HUT HUT HUT HIKE!

- **VOLUNTEER AT RETIREMENT HOMES!**

I've learned that the elderly are the most wise! They've lived long lives full of many tackles and cheers and have crossed many bridges over troubled waters! Seek them out and they will teach you many lessons and tell wonderful stories about this great land of ours and the many opportunities it has given good people.

You can help motivate them into giving their all and still rising to the challenges! Just because they are old doesn't mean they don't have fight left in them! Make them know they are not forgotten! NO TIME FOR REST! 110% OR NO CELEBRATIONS! HUT HUT HUT BINGO ISN'T A TEAM SPORT!

- **DO YOUR CIVIC DUTY!**

The most important way a young man or woman such as yourself can give 110% is to join the armed forces! America needs all the strength it can get and just a little more! That little more is you! HUT HUT HUT WE DIDN'T FOIL HITLER AND STALIN AND SADDAM AND CASTRO BY HIDING! We did it through teamwork and sacrifice!

Because of danger and more uncertain danger we need to work together now more than ever! Let's all go out and give 110% and show the world what America is made of! Guts and determination! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT

HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT TOUWCHDOWN!

■ #86/68 in THE BAY OF PIGSKINS

Don't be mistaken by my writing of this article! I haven't given up on hard work and sacrifice! Just this week I served my country in a dangerous mission in Cuba! But I didn't do it alone! I learned the value of friendship and teamwork once more! HUT HUT HUT HUT! I HAD A GUARDIAN ANGEL ON MY SIDE!

READ MY STORY OF DARING AND DANGER! HUT HUT HUT HUT!

-~#86/#68 (@Livestock)

9.8 Dance Dance Retardation

Monday, Sep 09, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The erosion of this man's dignity just started with a genetic disorder, now that he's playing DDR it's about to kick into overdrive!

More than two years ago a brutal storm of utter gayness swept into arcades across the nation. It was a tornado of idiocy unparalleled in time, or at least the most hideous thing to be squeezed out of the bowls of the arcade industry since that Sega holographic cowboy game. I am of course referring to "Dance Dance Revolution" and its unnumbered horde of imitator games. Following in the proud tradition of the Nintendo Power Pad, Dance Dance Revolution seemed at the time to be a terrible fluke. I stood aghast, watching nerds of all shapes and sizes pounding their pasty feet back and forth while hideous Japanese techno-pop spewed into the arcade. Despite my stunned disbelief I was witnessing the birth of a new and truly despicable genre of video gaming. I was watching the creation of the Dignity Destroyer genre.

Basically the concept of DDR plays on a nerd's low self-esteem, inviting them to compete in a way that fuses basic athletic skill with nerd hyper twitch coordination. Even the best players, who would normally be cheering a victory in Tekken 4 or some other competitive fighting game, are still humiliated by the prancing, flailing, and general lunacy that transpires during a game of DDR. You know how playing Dungeons and Dragons stunts your sexual development horribly? Whatever Dungeons and Dragons does to male sexual development is dwarfed by the virginity prolonging powers of Dance Dance Revolution.

The Dignity Destroyer genre did not die with the first version of DDR, it did not wither and get ignored by arcade-goers who finally realized how monumentally dumb they looked hopping around in front of a squealing animated Japanese woman. Instead it thrived, and spawned several new versions of Dance Dance Revolution as well as a number of competing arcade games. These games range from dancing to playing fake drums to playing the maracas. They might as well be called things like "Blowjob Prevention" and "Headed to the Prom with Mom" for all the damage they do to a teen's sex-life. Not to mention the divorces caused by adult men (and some women) playing DDR in front of their loved ones, their bodies convulsing grotesquely to the tune of an N'Sync song.

With two years gone by Dance Dance Revolution and its mutant hybrid offspring are continuing to suck up quarters in arcades throughout America. Since Something Awful's main goal it to cater to the whims of a gaming public gone mad with dancing, we have researched and compiled a list of the five most promising upcoming Dignity Destroyer games. Count them down with us, and let's hope you've got new orthopedic insoles in your shoes you hobbling drool-bucket, because these games are going to make you sweat your cerebral palsy off!

5. "Swaying Boat Megamix"

Concept: This ship is in high seas, can you keep your footing?! Swaying Boat Megamix combines the exciting gameplay of remaining upright on a ship cresting over large swells with the pounding beat of The Crystal Method remixing some 12 nautical-themed songs from the 1920s and 30s.

Gameplay: The game is played by placing your feet on the "deck" which consists of a moving hydraulic pad that synchronizes to the onscreen swaying of the HMS Queen Funtoria. While you try to keep your balance you will be required to spasm and writhe to the musical beat and the onscreen instruction from "Captain Rhyme and Rock", a talking turtle in a sea captain's uniform. If you fail to complete a level with a "good"

or "excellent" rating, the game will end and you will be treated to an animation of an anthropomorphic iceberg devouring the HMS Queen Funtoria.

4. "Triangle Insanity Kulture Blaster"

Concept: Rock out with the band in the high-stakes musical world of triangle playing. Attempt to synch up your triangle skills with over twenty tracks that range from R&B to Goa Terrorcore Techstep.

Gameplay: Using only your hands, mind, and the innovative magic triangle interface, you will be challenged on 22 stages of musical mayhem. Each stage has up to five triangle strikes that must be carefully timed. Do you have the patience to wait out a three minute "girl, I really gotta tell you..." rant by Boyz II Men? Can you even hear the triangle over the wailing distortion of Nirvana? Don't worry, the onscreen Triangle Tutor will tell you exactly when to strike your triangle by flashing a photograph of a skinned human head on the screen and emitting a half-second shriek loud enough to render dolphins incontinent.

MMD4OB is set to be one of the hottest titles in the 2003 lineup.

3. "Mix Mix Dough For Our Bakery"

Concept: Japan's hottest arcade sensation is here at last! Plunge hands-first into the mixing challenge, as you kneed and twist a two pound lump of dough for the mini-bakery immediately adjacent to the arcade. A baking tutor named Chef Raps-It will guide you onscreen, making whimsical cracks as sped-up calliope music plays.

Gameplay: Good old Chef Raps-It has an eye on quality control, taking into account air-pockets in the dough, fecal contamination, or inability to properly mix in additional ingredients. If you fail to satisfy this discerning chef the "Bakery Drawer" will close, severing your hands and ejecting your worthless wad of bread dough onto your shoes. As an added bonus you will be forced to eat a portion of whatever you make, even if your hands are severed!

2. "Pick Up Swords"

Concept: Rappin' Pirate and Buccaneer Cool Crimsonbeard has challenged you to a match of derring do. He will belt out eight different original songs and you have to stop his swords from stabbing you in the lower body by grabbing them when a specific sword flashes on screen. This game is fun for children of all ages and involves a particularly high level of retarded flailing as you try to avoid the deadly stabs of these razor-edged sabers.

Gameplay: While Cool Crimsonbeard sings his songs he will flash the icon for different swords on the screen, there are sixteen swords total and you have to grab the blade of the one he is about to try to stab you with and hold it still with your hand. This may cause some minor slicing and slight finger amputation, but it is more than offset by the fast paced fun!

The President's dignity has been kidnapped by ninjas, are you a bad enough dancer to save it?

1. "Change Change Ronald Reagan's Adult Diaper"

Concept: Ronald Reagan is at it again! This time he needs your help and fancy footwork to clean up this mess he has made in his adult diaper! His mentally crippling Alzheimer's disease has left him petulant and wallowing in his own filth, barely able to tell the difference between night and day or recognize family members. Your dancing is the only thing that can help him clean up his act now!

Gameplay: For commander-in-chief Ronald Reagan's mental capacity has dropped to near-infant levels, causing him to soil his diaper on 24 incredible stages. These stages consist of 10 stage pairs and four bonus stages. Each stage pair is a "number one mix" in which you have to change a urine-soaked diaper, followed by a "number two mix" with increased speed and difficulty and a much more troublesome feces filled diaper. Even more difficulty is added in the four bonus stages! Ronnie's sassy dancing wife Nancy will emerge on screen and begin dancing along with you, occasionally changing the routine without warning.

The five titles we have selected for our round up here are just some of the more than 15 upcoming Dignity Destroyer games headed for an arcade near you. They were selected based on their originality and innovative ability to destroy your dignity faster than any of their forerunners. Rumor has it that 2004 will be even more incredible, with new games from Konami that include a game in which you have to clean the hoofs of a horse with your tongue and a game that features dancing naked at gun point for the amusement of a 12 year old.

Feel the Heat!

Our TruthMedia section has produced another flame mail magnet in the form of our recent review of Final Fantasy X. In case you're not "in the know" or don't have the "411" about TruthMedia reviews, they are designed as flame bait to enrage overzealous fans of the various topics. This week's flame mail round up is virtually overflowing with hatred for the author of the Final Fantasy X piece.

> *I HATE YOU'RE SITE now, and unless you APOLOGIZE for this review, I will warn people to NEVER LOOK AT ANY FUCKING THING on your site again. Love these*

> *games I have, and I won't stand for this bullshit. Something Awful is damn right, cause thats what the fuck this 'review' is. AWFUL!*

OH NO! THIS SITE TRULY IS **SOMETHING AWFUL**! I've heard it five million times, and each time it only hurts more than the last. So share our pain at these vicious remarks and check out the latest truth media mailbag!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.9 A Tribute to an Unappreciated Artist: The Goth Poet

Tuesday, Sep 10, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The pain... the suffering... NONE OF YOU COULD POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND!!!

We here in the sunny Something Awful Headquarters (we repeatedly mistake "glowing with radiation" as being "sunny") believe that there are a lot of undiscovered artists out there just waiting for the praise and appreciation they so richly deserve. For example, we feel that talented, unknown musicians such as this little obscure group from Charlottesville, Virginia named "The Dave Matthews Band" should get a whole bunch of radio airtime, MTV press coverage, big money concerts, and ultimately have all their throats torn out by rabid wolves. Then we should fill their corpses with cans of ravioli and ship them over to some starving, war-torn, ninth-world nation whose main national export is dust storms. While we're at it, let's also ship off Phish, Blue's Traveller, and whatever remaining chunks of The Grateful Dead that haven't already decomposed. Oh yeah, let's additionally get rid of The Insane Clown Posse and all their retarded fans. This could be easily accomplished by simply launching every Blockbuster Video and used automotive parts store where they work and hang out into the sun.

Alas, I am getting off topic here and this disturbs me greatly because today's column is meant to herald and glorify the unappreciated artists of the Internet, the Goth Poet, a being whose entire existence revolves around entertaining friends and foes alike with their unintentionally amusing poetry. Before we launch into our tribute, let's take a look at the hero, the legend, the laughingstock, and examine what defines a Goth Poet.

What Is a Goth Poet?

A "Goth Poet" is any individual who chooses to express themselves with bitter, pity-filled, clichéd poetry that always ends on a happy note (they kill themselves and therefore are not able to create more poetry). While many prevalent goth poets of this day and age (BlackWraiven, BlackSpectre, BlackShadow, BlackBlackBlack, BlackWhiteness) are inspired by recent media works such as "The Crow," Marilyn Manson, and "Three's Company" (John Ritter is a closet goth), the art of goth poetry dates back to ancient prehistoric days. A recent French excavation revealed a surprising amount of Goth Poetry in Dig Site #666, a black cave with a single white teardrop inscribed on the outer wall. The earliest example of this art is credited to a cavegoth known simply as "Log":

"The tears of mine
Tears of caveman nobody understand
I cry for dinosaur I could not kill
I tried to kill with arrow
I tried to kill with stone
I tried to kill with fire
I fail to the bone.

Mother and father why you mad?
All I tried to do was make you a glad.
How can I succeed, I never know
So I will stick my penis in this rock water hole."

Who Is a Goth Poet?

A cartoon image of what appears to be a retarded witch character from Scooby Doo.

Goth Poets can take any size, shape, and form, but only if that size, shape, and form resembles that of a very skinny / very fat, pasty, acne-ridden teenager wearing a black concert t-shirt. Nearly 99% of goth poets are white suburban children, as minorities have a tough time being goth because they're not nearly retarded enough. If you are a minority and wish to be goth, you must become homosexual as well, as there aren't any heterosexual goth minority positions available at the time.

Why Are People Goth Poets?

There are many reasons to become a Goth Poet, ranging from "because people don't understand how complex and deep you are" to "handicapped children routinely beat the shit out of you because they don't understand how complex and deep you are." Nationwide studies have repeatedly demonstrated that goths are 110%-190% more intelligent than the average person, at least according to them. As a result, these incredibly talented and smart individuals choose to display how incredibly talented and smart they are by wearing clothing which makes them look incredibly untalented and stupid. This is how you and I are able to distinguish goth poets from surrounding non-suicidal people in a crowd, assuming somebody actually found a way to trick them into entering an area containing more than three people, all of whom are waiting in line to purchase beef jerky.

These selfless artists have devoted their entire lives to writing the most unintentionally hilarious poetry ever so the rest of us may be amused and know that no matter how crappy our lives may become, we will never be as pathetic as they. You could lose your job, have your wife walk out on you, watch your house burn down, and then be stabbed 13 times by a homeless man who's screaming at a stopsign, but as you lay bleeding in a corner of a filthy abandoned alleyway, you can safely say, "at least I'm not a Goth Poet."

Now that we know a bit more about this mysterious and enchanting group of people, let's move on to our tribute to Goth Poets. Without further ado, I present to you some of the finest Goth Poetry, written by "King Don" (also known as "Adam Veatch"). Although his Geocities page does not reveal too much personal information about this troubling and complex man, we can pretty much assume that he is undoubtedly one of the more refined and experienced Goth Poets floating around the Internet, as he proudly lists such remarkably astounding projects he is currently working on:

> *I am working on a Reality Manuscript. I cannot explain too much of my theories of anti-reality because I do not wish to scare you. Although on theories now, I have found evidence which backs my claim that we (as a populations) are not here on this planet. This manuscript will include dream theories and the my version of the origin of human kind.*

No really King Don, please don't try to explain! Our collective heads would explode ala "Scanners" if we attempted to understand your deep and meaningful research into why none of us are currently living on this planet! Besides, it'd just restate what I already know; the US Government secretly shipped us all off to the moon hundreds of years ago and are currently colonizing Earth with tiny replicas of the robot from "Small Wonder" which are able to pick up entire sofas and twirl them around as if they were really tiny hot dogs! And to think the UN laughed me off the stage!

To show our support for world-renowned Goth Poet "King Don" / Adam Veatch, Emily "Integral" and I, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, will read a select few poems written by this distinguished gentleman and thereby hope to immortalize him in the popular form of "recorded word" media which has helped launch the careers of such people as "Fats" Domino and "Stephen" Hawking.

■ **POEM #1:** ***"Black Is..."*** *(Spoken by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka)*
Download Here (372 kb)
Copy of Poem

> "Black Is..." explores the deep psychological meanings behind the color black, which apparently ranges from "the color of a hobgoblin's lips" to "the color of your spine, which I'm going to bend." Are many goths chiropractors, or are many chiropractors goths? This is a question we may never know, probably because nobody gives a flying fuck.

■ **POEM #2:** ***"Beautiful Weed, Terrible Rose"*** *(Spoken by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka)*
Download Here (443 kb)
Copy of Poem

> On one hand there is a beautiful weed. On the other is a terrible rose. Who will win this never-ending horticultural battle between plant heavyweights? Even after reading the poem I'm still not sure, mainly because Emily kept "accidentally" dropping stuff while I was recording and claiming she didn't mean to. She's apparently trying to ruin my readings of goth poetry because she's jealous of my melodious voice. Did you know that I was once offered the job of the guy who says "this is CNN" on CNN? You probably didn't because I just made it up. Regardless, Emily isn't going to get away with screwing up my goth poetry readings.

■ **POEM #3:** ***"Rain, Raining"*** *(Spoken by Emily "Integral" Reigel)*
Download Here (210 kb)
Copy of Poem

> Rain is man's mortal enemy, foiling our fiendish plans at every opportunity! It's no wonder that King Don chose this topic to tackle, as rain resembles the tears of a clown or perhaps the tears of a goth after he's had a bag of potatoes shoved up his ass. Our favorite lyrics would have to include "Rain is wet," followed by "No matter what the "fuck" you say." I'm not exactly sure what this means or why it means it, but I really hope it stops meaning it in the near future.

■**POEM #4:** ***"Hard Times Afoot"*** *(Spoken by Emily "Integral" Reigel)*
Download Here (697 kb)
Copy of Poem

> We have absolutely no idea what this poem means or why anybody would willingly write it. Our best guess is blackmail. We think this poem is about driving and stealing things and then crashing and dying, but it could be about anything else. That idiot Rich kept bugging me throughout the poem, I suppose in retaliation for when I dropped things during his reading. Ah well, I'm getting the last laugh here anyway. I've been using his toothbrush to clean the cat's litterbox for the past three months.

We hope our little tribute to the wonderful world of Goth Poetry has enlightened your feeble little minds and exposed you to a rich culture which you would otherwise callously mock and make fun of before we had a chance to. Remember that although goths may be different than us and choose to dress and speak in ways that we would deem "stupid," they are far more intelligent than we could ever comprehend. God bless you, noble Goth Poets around the globe!

■Goldminey Goodness!

The folks over at the Something Awful Forums have been thinking a lot lately. Before you start to worry, let me say that it's been **PORN** that they've been thinking about. Better, now? Anyway, they tried to make porn work-safe and more for audiences of all ages, and came up with the following winners:

OMG U HAV 2L@@K!!!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.10 9/11: One Year Later

Wednesday, Sep 11, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

One Year Later, Same Old Shit

Prior to 9/11, mass destruction seemed only the stuff of video games and movies.

As of today, it has been one year since this time last year. A lot of things have changed over the last year, namely the world and pretty much everything in it. America is fightin' mad, and much like the protagonist depicted in "Mike Tyson's Punch-Out," she aims to score a TKO against evil! America is off to a good start, having knocked out many tough competitors and challenges. After the 9/11 attacks, we Americans jumped into action and put up fences and security checkpoints wherever it looked like trouble might loiter. Oh, and we also bombed another country from the Stone Age to the Gravel Age. All these measures have pretty much been effective, as we have yet to be destroyed by terrorists. Congratulations and job well done, United States of America!

Unfortunately, the September 11 Crisis on Infinite Earths unleashed several evils that still haunt us today. I remember that fateful morning last year when I turned on the TV and found out Jerry Bruckheimer and Michael Bay had assumed ultimate power in the universe. Hijacked planes, car bombs, people pissed at the US government, and it was all exploding like a stick of gum glued to a stick of dynamite right before my eyes. Like most people, my initial reaction was "what the fuck!" followed closely by "what the fuck!" Then after the first day, after it had sunk in that my favorite shows probably weren't going to air for a few days, I began to get angry. At first I tried to get angry at the terrorists, but their names were too confusing and foreign to remember and so I gave up that idea. Thankfully there was a greater evil pulsating on my TV screen. The true face of evil flickered in the golden rays of the broadcast spectrum, smiling with devilish confidence.

I have become death, the destroyer of worlds.

Let me say that I don't have cable TV and have not had it for close to four years. I don't have anything against cable TV; it's just that I don't want to pay money for a service that doesn't gratify me sexually. The reason I bring this up is because I don't know the first thing about MSNBC or the Fox News Channel or any of those crazy channels that pump news out like it was oxygen. I did grow up watching Headline News, so I know that cable news isn't exactly the major leagues. To cut to the chase, I thought I was safe from the people who were relegated to the arid wastelands of cable news. That was until 9/11, of course. Pretty much every big network affiliate switched into doomsday mode and put their most important anchors on TV. In the case of Fox, we were treated to Shepard Smith. Now don't get me wrong, I know Shepard Smith is hardly Fox's lead news anchor. That guy who hosts Guinness Primetime and the various "When Animals Attack" shows is, but he was apparently unavailable during 9/11. Up until this point in human history, I had never even heard of Shepard Smith. Life was much more innocent and full of life back then.

The problem with Shepard Smith is that he is essentially the antichrist. Apparently Fox drafted this guy right out of televangelist school, because he seriously seems like he would be better off trying to con me into accepting the Lord's Word in exchange for the hypothetical contents of my wallet. His soothing voice and lifeless stare creep me the hell out, and every time he's on TV I feel as if he is molesting me with his mind. All I know is that if Shepard Smith looked at me through the TV and said, "Josh, the time has come for you to kill in my name," I most certainly would. Not because I

want to kill people in the name of Shepard Smith, it's just that there is no way I could refuse. The power he commands is unholy, and it grows stronger every day.

I can never possibly understand or even relate to the suffering of those who experienced 9/11 first hand, but I certainly don't think it's that much different than the suffering millions more faced at the hands of Shepard Smith. He held the nation captive and forced us to confront that which we fear most: the infernal torments of Hell itself. When news stopped coming in, none of the networks wanted to let go. They just kept repeating the same news loop while fifty scrolling marquees took your eyes on a wild goose chase so exciting that it may as well have involved the General Lee racing through Hazard County. When they weren't playing that goddamn psychotic loop, they were filling the time in the most obscene ways possibly. At one point I turned on Fox News to see Shepard Smith interviewing Chuck Norris. Surprisingly, Chuck Norris was not in favor of terrorists murdering thousands of innocent people! It got worse when Shepard was taking in calls from viewers, many of whom were reading poetry they wrote. Truly, we all suffered unimaginable pain.

Now Shepard Smith and fellow Fox News 9/11 heroes Bill O'Reily and Geraldo Rivera are hosting a show so retarded that it may well cause Allah to seriously kill us dead and for real this time. It's hard to believe anyone could have dreamed up something evil enough to work alongside the pure ungodliness of Shepard Smith, but Fox did. Geraldo's commando missions deep behind enemy lines and Bill O'Reily's arrogant, incoherent ranting and raving seem like the perfect frosting on the Shepard Smith Cake, which is made from the remains of thousands of horrible birthday cakes harvested from the worst birthdays ever.

Seeing the World Trade Center destroyed was hardly a new sight for me. I had seen thousands of similar buildings destroyed by exploding bananas in the excellent QBasic game "Gorillas." I can of course discern reality from video games, so I understand that the destruction of the Twin Towers was a lot more dramatic in scope. Like Chuck Norris, I don't approve of senseless murder and therefore fully appreciate the unpleasantness of 9/11. But most of all, I just don't approve of Shepard Smith. His career has taken off over the dead bodies of thousands. You need only look into his soulless eyes or hear his reassuring voice to know he is truly the antichrist. If terrorists ever discover we are still vulnerable to attacks (Note: if you are a terrorist, I said that just to totally psyche you out, dude!), I hope and pray to Green Lantern that Shepard Smith is not allowed to cover it. Preferably because he has been burned or stoned to death.

Finally, may God bless Allah!

Hip New Game Review Fresh From The Streets

Lowtax recently took the time mandated by the federal government to review the groundbreaking new game "The Thing." I saw the original movie upon which the movie upon which the game is based, and it was pretty much about a walking carrot trying to kill a lot of people. I can't imagine how a game based on that concept could fail, but life is full of tough breaks and occasionally powerful earthquakes.

> *The aliens are all essentially meaty, vein-filled rectangular tentacles which shriek like a cat on fire. Some of them have the power to smash through doors, a skill that comes in very handy because none of them are smart enough to turn the doorknob or knock and claim to be a representative from The Publisher's Clearinghouse Sweepstakes. They just run around and randomly try to attack you. I guess that's at least one of the positive points in the game; the computer displays fairly good pathfinding skills. There were only a few times my teammates got stuck in world geometry and couldn't follow me around, which is definitely a big plus in the current "hey, your team members are all as intelligent as charcoal grills" trend in games.*

Read the full review in glorious Technicolor!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.11 Alien Nation

Wednesday, Sep 11, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

UFO

Mankind has always feared attacks from outer space since the first day outer space was invented by a Greek philosopher named "Hemmeroiderhese" or something stupid like that. They were sitting around their Greek temple and eating Greek food when Hemmeroiderhese looked up into the sky and began to think.

> **HEMMEROIDERHESE:** "I doth propose that if there must be sky aboveth us, then there must be sky aboveth that."
> **PHILOSOPHY ASSISTANT:** "Oh, you mean there must be space? Out there? You're saying there's space out there?"
> **HEMMEROIDERHESE:** "Merrily, yes I doth claim that this space out there be known as 'Outer Space' and exists above us at all times, even when we are sleeping, eating, or be consuming grog on the Jolly Roger."
> **PHILOSOPHY ASSISTANT:** "Okay, let me see here..." *(writing on a piece of parchment, which was back then known as "maize")* "Alright, I got this down, you just invented Outer Space. Let me sign this... and you're done!"
> **HEMMEROIDERHESE:** "Yarrr, and if there be outer space out there then maybe there be landlubbers ready to plunder our loot! YARRR!"
> **PHILOSOPHY ASSISTANT:** "Hey wait a minute, you were talking like a Renaissance Festival guy at the beginning but now you're talking like a pirate? Aren't we supposed to be Greek?"
> **HEMMEROIDERHESE:** "NEIN!"

UFO

From that point on, mankind learned to fear the unknown, aliens from an alien world in alien-owned outer space. The main problem with aliens is that we, as a simple and ignorant species of idiots, can't figure out how to make ourselves safe from this menace from another world. For hundreds of years now, our solution to any conflict revolved around making the conflict explode. If, for some reason we weren't able to make it explode, then we'd settle for either stabbing it or beating it to death with rocks. Outer space and its inherent alien menace presents us with a problem that cannot be solved by these conventional methods. I mean, how do we blow up alien planets or somehow create a knife big enough to stab their entire planet? There's simply to way for us to strike back at these invaders, and as a result we're forced to play defense against a seemingly limitless supply of attacking UFOs which are equipped with various pastel-shaded ray guns.

Although the recent reflection upon 9/11 brought our country together and allowed us to realize that we can bomb the sand out of some unemployed country's teeth, there's absolutely no way for us to fight the alien attack force which is slowly but surely spreading across this great world like some kind of rash on a basketball made of human flesh. Much like in the movie "Signs," where Mel Gibson and his costars were assaulted by a shitty storyline and potentially deadly plotholes, the invaders from outer space are starting small while they prepare for the massive attack:

> **India villagers blame UFO for attacks** - *It comes in the night, a flying sphere*

emitting red and blue lights that attacks villagers in this poor region, extensively burning those victims it does not kill. "It was like a big soccer ball with sparkling lights," said Kalawati, who uses only one name. "It burned my skin. I can't sleep because of pain." "People just block the roads and attack the police for inaction each time there's a death or injury," said Amrit Abhijat, Mirzapur's district magistrate, who claims he has captured the UFO on film.

TRACTOR

Each night, as you and I sleep soundly in our beds made out of gold and uranium, India's population of filthy Indians are under attack by what sounds like hovering disco balls of flaming doom! How can you possibly rest at night knowing that these future college engineering TAs and systems administrators are being burned by Technicolor assault balls? I mean, yeah, there's also that thing going on between them and Pakistan, but I'm sure that will all be resolved once one of them throws enough exploding items at the other. That little event takes a backseat to this frightening UFO phenomenon, one we are completely powerless against. For example, have you ever seen a movie where the alien intruders were successfully defeated by the use of conventional bombs? That'd be pretty goddamn silly if an army from outer space (or even further) has such advanced technology to create an armada of physics-defying spacecrafts, yet they're vulnerable to a metal bomb full of gunpowder or napalm or atoms or whatever science is currently using to make shit explode.

ALIEN LEADER: "Ah ha! Now we're on Earth, let us assault Akron, Ohio! Once Akron falls, the rest of the major cities will tumble like dominoes! Ah ha!"
ALIEN FIELD COMMANDER: "Uh sir, our ships are all being blown up."
ALIEN LEADER: "But... how is this possible? Our scout, who stole all that Earthling intelligence data, assured us that the humans were only equipped with large gray tubes that launched slow-moving spheres which caused you to either fall down or blink repeatedly when hit! Sphere which could be easily avoided by either jumping straight up or ducking!"
ALIEN FIELD COMMANDER: "Like I told you 50 times already, that wasn't our scout, it was some 13-year old kid with a Nintendo ROM site, sir. You were simply reading his ICQ messages to his friend, 'l33t-b1s0n'."
ALIEN LEADER: "HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?!? I had this invasion scheduled for like two months! We had everything all set and ready to go and now this? Why does crap like this always happen to me?"
ALIEN FIELD COMMANDER: "You're just having a bad year, it's nothing big. You'll recover."
ALIEN LEADER: "My friends back home are all going to give me shit about this. They'll be like, 'oh, how many planets did YOU capture this year?' and I'll be all like, 'well I would've gotten one if it wasn't for my faulty scout reports,' and they'll all be like, 'okay man, whatever.' I don't know why I bother anymore."
ALIEN FIELD COMMANDER: "It's okay, sir. Even though we're both of the same gender, would you like to have sex?"
ALIEN LEADER: "Yeah, sure, why not."
ALIEN OTHER GUY: "Sir! I think we just saw another one of those V-shaped flying things that drop the exploding stuff on us! It went by the rearview mirror and Dave said it looked really fast!"
ALIEN LEADER: "No! Not in the middle of my alien gay sex!"

GOAT

As you can see, this idea is simply preposterous; first off, gay aliens would be a lot more ready and well equipped before attempting to take over our planet. Have you ever seen a homosexual man pack luggage? They take like everything not nailed down, just to make sure they don't forget something or arrive unprepared. And if you're wondering why I've been watching gay men pack suitcases, don't ask. Let's just say each person has their own little fetish and mine happens to be watching homosexual people get ready to travel. I don't make fun of your Anime dickgirl fascination, now do I?

Regardless, our inability to "think outside the box" and "figure out a way to destroy all space" has led us to this situation we're now crotch-deep in. Tell me this, intelligent American scientists and world leaders: once you're being burned and generally annoyed by these floating disco balls from hell, how do you plan on dropping bombs on the planet they came from? First off, if you drop a bomb in outer space, it will just float around until you run into it and blow yourself up. Secondly, it's probably impossible to sow together a giant rope to lasso their home planet and pull it close enough to Earth so we can send over our bombers. Thirdestly, while we're sitting here and using our pencils and slide rules to calculate the pi of tangent or whatever, taxpaying citizens of India are getting molested by large red volleyballs!

So what are our available solutions? Well simply put, I think we should leave India the hell alone and let them continue their strict "anti-UFO" diplomatic policy they are enforcing. After all, I can't see any problem with their current response to this unidentified flying ball thing that tries to burn you while other people claim it's a large bug (UFBTTTBYWOPCIALB).

> *Villagers are unconvinced. In the most affected area, the Mirzapur district, 440 miles southeast of New Delhi, people have stopped sleeping outdoors despite the sweltering heat and frequent power outages. Villagers also have formed protection squads that patrol Shanwa, beating drums and shouting slogans such as, "Everyone alert. Attackers beware."*

Yes, that is correct, they have responded to this alien menace by shrewdly electing to form "protection squads" that beat drums and shout slogans such as "Everyone alert. Attackers beware. Buyer Beware. Half Off All Lattice at New Dehli Home Depot." It's this kind of "outside the box" that has made India the leader in UFO defense since at least, oh, last March or so.

With this creative and inspiring solution in mind, I call out to the leaders of the United States government and nations across the globe: let us not smite our enemies with bombs and larger bombs any longer. The true path to security and safety lies in the protection squad and their eternal drumbeats of joy / anti-aliens. If India can defeat floating discoballs this way, perhaps we, as a race, can finally learn what the Greeks could never figure out: how to defeat the inherent evil of outer space.

Tales from the Crap

Zack "Guest Emasculator" Parsons here with an all new and slightly improved Something Awful Story Time! This week we take a look at all of the pulpy melodramatic vampire crap overcrowding shelves at a bookstore near you. Can you guess the handsome antagonist of this week's "Darula"?

> *When he discovered that his beloved Sexybelle had been killed by Union soldiers in Atlanta he forsook God and returned to his ancestral home in Transylvania. Soon he discovered that somehow forsaking God had caused him to become a vampire, and he began to hunger for blood. He could eat cow blood or rabbit blood, sometimes he ate bird blood, but it lacked*

> *the zesty full-bodied flavor of human blood. His favorite was the blood of an adult human female, and he indulged in it at least once a week by traveling to the nearby village and feasting on some poor unsuspecting wench.*

Basically it's a cross between Dracula and Anne Rice's horrible shit ONLY TEN TIMES SPOOKIER! I am not joking at all! This story is so spooky it will wait until you are dead and then dig you up and spook your corpse and turn it into a ghost that goes and spooks your grandfather's corpse and then turns it into a cyclops! Head on over and give it a read, IF YOU DARE!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.12 My Nazi Makeover!

Friday, Sep 13, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Since no photographs of Nazis exist, this illustration from the box art of "Raiders of the Lost Ark" was all I had to go on.

Lowtax will be the first to tell you that I have an unhealthy obsession with the Second World War. He taunts me about it constantly, but it doesn't really bother me because he has his own obsessions like perverted Japanese "bathroom photo magazines". He used to scan them in and send them to me on ICQ. File after file, all of them just pictures of Japanese bathrooms with captions like "CUM GREAT!" and "CLEAN TO PLEASE YOU (IN GROIN)!!?" After putting up with that for a few days I stopped worrying about being ashamed of my fixation with World War II.

While poking around on the web as per usual in search of any sight that had the keywords "World" and "War" on the same page, I came across what amounted to World War II cosplayers. These people would get together and dress up as either generic soldiers in realistic uniforms, or as historic personalities like generals. Some of them reenacted battles, other just sort of stood around looking like retards. One group even reenacted a fucking staff meeting of generals, now that is exciting. How bored would you have to be to spend months putting together some ridiculously intricate uniform and then sit around in said uniform for three hours pretending to talk about some battle that happened over fifty years ago?

Unfortunately this gave me an idea. My fascination for World War II is primarily on the Nazi side of things. I read book after book about those wacky Germans and their even wackier tanks, airplanes, and holocausts. I noticed a serious lack of people dressing up as Nazis, why I can't imagine since their uniforms are "totally boss", and I decided that I would give myself a makeover. It was going to be exactly like one of those makeovers in Seventeen or Young & Modern, only instead of making my hair look like a hornet's thorax, or teasing my eyelashes into cubes, I was going to make myself up to look like the Nazist guy on the whole darn block.

The 75th SS German Awesome Brigade was a crack unit with a long history.

Things didn't turn out quite as I expected.

For my step-by-step instructions on transforming myself into a Nazi, I looked no further than the nearest Blockbuster. I took all my cues from movies like "Indiana Jones" and "The Scorpion King", the latter of which didn't actually have Nazis but had some cool costume ideas I might use for Halloween. Sure, I could have done the painstaking research of the rest of the dress-up fags, but my crazy workaday schedule doesn't allow for such timewasters. In case any of you want to turn yourself into a Nazi for some reason, maybe to jump out from behind caskets and frighten children or just to beat the heat, I will reproduce my personal guide to becoming a Nazi.

Step One - Choose a Unit

If you're going to be a part of a historic re-enactors group, you have to select a historic unit. Sounds easy, but all of the cool units are taken. Everyone wants to be a "Screaming Eagle" or an "Iron Mike", no one dresses up as anything with "Hussar" or "Lancer" in the title unless they want their ass kicked. Since all of these cool units are taken you are left with the ones that will earn you a bloody nose or a fictional unit. Fictional units

will work just fine as long as you provide a realistic history. Most of the other re-enactor nerds are so totally lost in their own hyper-detailed anal accounts of their uniforms that they will hardly pay any attention to yours at all.

For my unit I went with the 75th SS "German Awesome Brigade". From there I developed a fake unit history. It was pretty brief so I'll go ahead and reproduce it here.

> *"The 75th SS German Awesome Brigade was formed in 1941 on the eve of the Invasion of the Soviet Union. It consisted of over 500,000 of the finest swordsman ever to be trained in Germany in the ancient samurai tradition. Each member of the unit carried a Katana blessed by the Japanese emperor Hirohito and drove a tank. They served throughout the war, distinguishing themselves particularly at the battle of Skull Keep, when General Fist nearly killed Stalin in a drawn out battle to the death. Stalin took the General's eye with his rapier but fled like a coward in his helicopter, leaving General Fist to die. Never one to surrender Fist made a full recovery, although his eye never healed. In his honor all of the members of the Awesome Brigade wore eye patches from that day forward. The unit escaped to China in a top-secret German rocket and General Fist went on to rule over a province of China called Awesomeopolis."*

No one ever asked to see my unit history because I go thrown out when I tried to go to my first re-enactors meeting. I blame that more on a failure inherent in the system rather than any fault of my own.

Step Two: Scars Breed Character

In Nazi Germany facial scars were the number one thing that women looked for in men. Since I was dressing as a member of the 75th Awesome the eye patch would be a part of my uniform and thus a good starting point, but I really wanted to wow the socks off of all the fat re-enactor ladies. I decided that my uniform would belong to a soldier in the Assassin Cavalry platoon who was injured while fighting Russian bears in the freezing Siberian steppes. I used a standard wine corkscrew and gouged three parallel wounds across my face. Each wound was six inches long and ran diagonally from above my right eye to just above my chin. Sure it hurt like a bitch and cost me my job at the tanning salon, but like my mom always said "no pain, no re-enactor groupies".

If you see a difference between these two images you must be Detective Pixel McPhotoshop of Crop Tool Yard.

Step Three: Leave You in Stitches

Creating the uniform itself is definitely the most important part of your job as a devoted re-enactor. I had an eye patch already from when I was telling my friend a story and I got over excited and forgot I had a screwdriver in my hand and gouged out my eye. It was white and dumb looking so I colored it black with magic markers and made it look badass. I had a suit jacket that I could use as my uniform jacket. The rest of my "kit" consisted of the following:

- A Bearenstein Bears Hat with the word "Bearenstein" covered with a decal that said "AWESOME" and the embroidered image of Papa Bearenstein covered with a crudely taped on swastika.
- A pair of sandals.
- A cigarette holder.
- Three soup ladles with masking tape wrapped around the handle. I referred to these as my grenades.
- Part of a child's race-car bed broken down into red-painted timber and placed inside a garbage bag. There was also the hand set from a rotary phone and the antenna from a Time-Life radio I got free when I subscribed to Young & Modern. This was my "radio backpack". I attached it to myself with decorative loops of twine and three rolls of duct tape.
- My super shotgun, which consisted of two replica black powder rifles hot-glued to each other and a pre-owned laser pointer with an adjustable dial that allowed me to display either a targeting dot, a star, or the name "Keith".
- A pair of sweatpants bloused into a pair of cowboy boots that were in turn sheathed in hot tar and saran wrap.
- A T-shirt that had "World's Number One Grandpa" written in German across the front and a whimsical cartoon of an old man on the back.
- A stapler that looked sort of like a Luger.
- "Authentic" Awesome Brigade Merit and Honor Awards. These were actually Boy Scout awards I received when I was twelve for Citizenship and Rope Knots respectively with the addition of a Swastika I etched into the back with my car key.
- Handcuffs

Notice how every item I listed was carefully selected to fulfill the dual roles of authenticity and appearance. You can have one without the other, but if you don't look good being authentic then the battle is already lost.

- **Step Four: Act the Part**

Since no Nazi has ever been captured on film I had to go off a number of factoids I pulled from watching movies. Namely Nazis are really into basketball but can't actually play, they hate Jewish people for some reason, and they talk sort of like a bullfrog but higher-pitched. I got the voice down pretty easily by trying to talk like that kid from "Our Gang" and then slamming my fingers in a car door. The pained, hoarse, croaking voice was a perfect German impression.

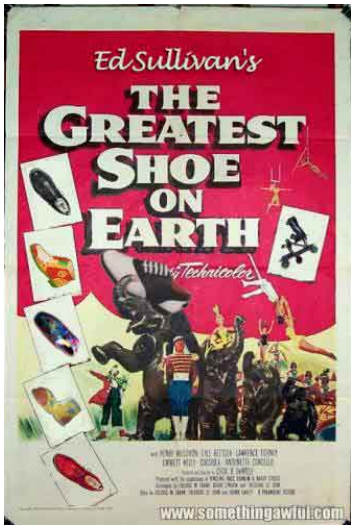
When I actually got to the re-enactor meeting I strutted around and talked about Jordan coming back to play hoops and complained how his free throw has no doubt suffered while he was away. I theorized that if Jordan did not return to basketball it was no doubt part of a Jewish conspiracy to control the game. It was at that point that I was ejected from the re-enactors meeting.

Obviously my costume was up to muster for even the most detail obsessed World War II buff, but I think attempting to portray a German soldier with incredible accuracy was my first mistake. Like I mentioned earlier, for whatever reason most people don't want to dress up as Nazis, and if you're the only Nazi at a re-enactor convention you will quickly find yourself the pariah. Despite my failures I intend to refine my Awesome Brigade uniform and try again next year. Until then I will keep this costume right where it belongs; involved in hardcore BDSM fetish play and water sports amateur

porn.

Circus of the Photoshop Stars

Our good friend Livestock has once again whipped the SA Forums into shape and pressed them into service producing yet another belly exploding installment of Photoshop Phriday. The mirth is so gut bursting that it resembles that scene in the movie "Seven" where they find the fat guy who was forced to eat spaghetti until he was almost dead and then the bad guy kicked him in the stomach and ruptured his bowls. Only in a good way! This week the goons have a go at some old circus posters.



Folks if comedy like this grew on trees then we would have to water the leaves before lighting any fires because of a city hilarity ordinance! Check it out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.13 Oh My, Mormons!

Friday, Sep 13, 2002 by Integral

Joseph Smith sure was a looker!

Once upon a time, sadly NOT in a land far, far away, there lived a man named Joseph Smith. He wanted to be a rich man, so he spent the better part of his life searching for buried treasure. One of the treasures he claims to have found, buried in the depths of a cave in rural Pennsylvania, was a set of magical golden tablets which he says he spent a large amount of time translating from gibberish language to God-fearing English. He had to wear special glasses to do this because the writing on the tablets was only visible if you had those crazy glasses on. To everyone else the tablets looked like plain old rocks. These magical plates, Mr. Smith said, do not exist any more because the angel who led him to them came down again from heaven and whisked the plates away "into eternity." Hmmmm...

Joseph Smith said that the writing on those tablets translated into the masterpiece of fiction we today know as "The Book of Mormon." It hit the stands in 1830, and a lot of people who read it set out across the country to convert to Joseph's religion. It seemed pretty good to them; you don't go to hell for sinning or blaspheming, but your heaven isn't as good as the people who don't sin at all. The Catholics who heard this were excited because they had already assumed that they were damned just for living, so a lot of them converted. Good deal!

The people who knew that Mormonism was just a creepy cult didn't want Mormons living in their town, so Joseph packed up his shit and led an exodus of fervent cultists across the country, moving from town to town. He didn't have very good luck but finally settled down for awhile in Bumblefuck, Illinois. In 1844 he made a pathetic attempt at running for the US presidency, and he carried on numerous affairs with women other than his wife. WHAT A WINNER!

His wife eventually found out that he was giving all of these psycho Mormon girls ye olde love rod on the side, and she beat one of them nearly to death with a broomstick. Smith thought awhile and eventually came to the conclusion that Mormonism should allow men to have multiple wives. What a great idea! God wants men to have lots of kids, so multiple wives was the way to go, right? His wife was very upset when he told her of his new revelation and even more upset when he proposed to the wives of other church leaders, but a Mormon woman's place is in the kitchen, so she shut her mouth as her husband banged away.

Another thing that he apparently thought would be a good idea at this point was to make a rule about underwear. Yes, underwear. He created a mystical, God-sanctioned clothing item called "Temple Garments," which were holy underoos that could not be taken off. EVER. I don't even want to think about the implications of this rule but I am glad that I am not Mormon and that no one I know on a very close personal level is Mormon, either. Temple Garments indeed. That must get really fucking gross, to say the least. I can just imagine his announcing this to a large crowd, "Ok folks, God says that thou shalt wear this underwear and you can't ever take it off. Cool, huh? Now, who wants to have sex with me?"

All through this craziness, Joseph Smith was getting arrested over and over again. Eventually, a mob of people came to him while he was in jail and killed the guy. Oh well, what a shame, probably all for the best. His crazy followers migrated across the country to the lovely city of Salt Lake, Utah, and to this day it is a haven for people who believe in magical tablets, magical glasses, and

polygamy. USA!

Unfortunately for the world, the cult of Mormonism is one of the most predatory and governmentally sanctioned in the world. Under the seemingly innocent guise of Christianity, these people go from house to house in hot pursuit of lost and vulnerable people whom they can convert to their wacky pseudo-religion. In fact, it is REQUIRED that before boys come of age they take a year and travel around the country witnessing, trying to get people to convert to Magic Tabletland Happyfuntime Religiosity.

Guess who's knockin' on your door?! HINT: IT'S THE MORMONS!

They advertise on TV, saying, "Call this number for a free copy of the Book of Mormon, another testament of Jesus Christ." Another testament of Jesus Christ? So all of the Christian people say, "I like Jesus! I'd better call and see what else that guy had to say!" Or, if they're me, they cover their eyes and say, "NOOooo!!! The Mormons!! Make it stop!!" But it dupes those poor Christians every time into thinking that the Book of Mormon is in some way related to their religion or is in fact, something legitimate. Soon they are wrangled in and end up paying 10% of their yearly net income to the Mormon church. Poor Jesus-liking saps.

One day, after seeing that commercial, I made a mistake. Wait, I know what you're going to say. You're going to say, "But Emily "Integral" Reigel! You NEVER make mistakes!" Well that's true, but this was a mistake and I made it, I guess. I ordered a copy of the Book of Mormon, just out of curiosity. It was the worst mistake I've ever made, beating out even that mistake I made with the monkey with ass-herpes. But that's another story altogether.

Several days later, the Book of Mormon arrived in my mailbox, a deceivingly small package of lies and propaganda. I opened it and read the pamphlet that they had sent along with it, part of which read, "Look at the following passages to SEE PROOF THAT JESUS CAME TO AMERICA!" I looked, and all that was there was some crazy part where Jesus was talking to his disciples or whatever and said something to the effect of,

"AND LO, I MUST GO NOW, FOR I HAVE OTHER FLOCKS TO TEND."

Oops, I accidentally searched for "moron." OR DID I!?!

That was it. Basically the Mormons insist that Jesus came to America to teach the Native Americans about Jesus. Or something. I don't know or care whether he did or not, but that book contained the most inaccurate history of the Native American tribes that I believe exists anywhere. And that includes the histories written by the Spaniards, who single-handedly wiped out a large number of their population. GO MORMONS GO!

But the misery did not end there. The phone began to ring off of the hook. This was odd, because I hadn't given them my number when I ordered the book. I asked them how they had gotten it and they said that they had looked it up and, "We hope you have enjoyed the book of Mormon and we have a video that we'd like to give you. Can we come over to your house?" Can they come over to my house? The Mormons? NO! I do not think that that would be a good idea at all. No.

Two weeks after receiving the book, I came home from class to see two Mormons standing outside of my door. When I went to the door, they asked, "Are you Emily?" I replied, "No, I'm her room

mate. She won't be home until VERY LATE TODAY. Actually, I THINK SHE MOVED SHE WILL NEVER COME HOME EVER AGAIN EVER EVER." They asked me if I had ever considered the Book of Mormon and I replied that I was Jewish. This seemed to satisfy them, so they left a couple of pamphlets with me and walked away. Whew. That was close... TOO CLOSE!

Those crazy Mormons sure are crazy. For some reason there seem to be an abnormally high number of the kids witnessing in the area where Rich and I live and they can frequently be spotted walking alongside the roads. It is always a great challenge not to hit them with the car, but I don't want the insurance rates to go up.

I was at the post office the day before last, which always has a long-ass line that takes 40 minutes or so to get through. Behind me were two of those Mormon kids, and I just knew that they were going to seduce me with their sexy Mormon ways while we waited to mail stuff. Dammit, I was right. The conversation progressed like this:

MORMONS: Hey, how are you today?

ME: (turning around cautiously) Fine, thanks. (turned back around)

MORMONS: Excuse me, we were wondering whether you might have time to talk a bit.

ME: Talk?

MORMONS: Have you heard of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints?

ME: Mormons?

MORMONS: Yes.

ME: Yeah, you guys are the multiple wives and magical tablet people.

HAHAHA MAGICAL GLASSES HAHA

MORMONS: Well, to some extent, but have you heard that Jesus came to America?

ME: Oh, yeah, to teach the Native Americans about magic glasses and polygamy?

MORMONS: He came to spread his message.

ME: His message of magical glasses?

MORMONS: No.

ME: So you want me to buy your magical glasses, is that it? Well I don't wear glasses, mister.

MORMONS: No.

ME: I don't want to be your wife, either. So don't ask.

At this point I think they took the hint and left me alone. Silly Mormons.

The thing that bothers me the most about the Mormons is not that they exist (although that does bother me) but the fact that they try to pass themselves off as a "legitimate" religion, as much as

you can apply that word to organized religion in general, I guess. They are a cult, and if they just came out and said, "Hey, wanna join our creepy cult?" I'd have a lot more respect for them. But the fact that they're like, "We like Jesus too, so join us!" makes my head explode. *BANG* there goes my head.

Nevertheless, people continue to convert to Mormonism at an alarming rate and if I were more superstitious I would definitely believe that that fact is a sign that the world is coming to an end. There is no way that so many people could be that stupid. The Church of blah blah Saints has 10 million members today (TEN MILLION), and that's a gosh darn lot of people we're talking about. 10 million people. That's more than the number of people living in New York city. DAMN.

Well, I guess as long as there are dumb, vulnerable people there will be groups to prey on them. I feel sorry for the children caught up in the whole thing because they end up being brainwashed from a very young age to "accept Joseph Smith as a prophet," etc. All I can do is decide not to be one of those people and try to prevent those around me from doing so themselves. IF WE JOIN TOGETHER WE CAN PREVENT THIS PLAGUE FROM SPREADING! WE CAN MAKE A **DIFFERENCE!!** Yeah. Alright. I have to go kneel before the mud statue of the Goddess Spl'u'atu and offer her my daily 1/8 of my liver now.

-∼Integral

9.14 Come and Get Your Crappy Fill of Cranky!

Saturday, Sep 14, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

It's the weekend, so that can only mean one thing: a mega-update at Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse! Check out the latest three ass-ugly maps to be massacred by the unfortunate test subjects dwelling within the ol' Whorehouse:

AECube
When making an indoor map, it's only logical to start with a cube. At the very least, you need a skybox around the entire map, so you might as well start out by making a big cube and then hollowing it out. But for a certain mapper named Christoph "AEon" Loewe, the first step is the only step! After all, strange foreign things like 'the second step' and 'the third step' can easily be emulated by repeating the first step over and over. No one will ever know the difference! People like AEon are responsible for monstrosities like "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire Part 12" and "Deer Hunter 8 Extreme Turbo Hyper-Fighting Champion Edition", and should therefore not be allowed to reproduce under any circumstances.

Plasma Arena
Pete's choice of textures for this map is abysmal to say the least. This map is one big Blue-O-Rama, and with stray shots of plasma bullets flying everywhere, all of this blueness will fry the cones in your eyes that handle blue light, which in turn will make you see only brown crap. Actually, to put it another way - everything you see will look like it has been pre-rendered in the Quake II color scheme. Oh, and some brush-borders cross over each other, so you get that "flickering texture" crap as well. God only knows why Pete put jump-pads in this map - a pathetic attempt at variety so people don't go insane and start going numb, which usually happens when one saturates the senses. Whoop-dee fuckin' doo, this map has it all.

Temple
The two areas that stand out the most in Temple's convoluted maze of ugly are the long, embarrassing dead-end hallway and the tower in the main courtyard that's interior can only be described as "M. C. Escher meets something yellow and very, very awful". Like most things that are pure evil, it is doubtful that these rooms got this way simply by accident. They probably represent hours of work on Phil Holland's part selecting the perfect combination of eye-bleedingly terrible textures and shitty lighting. Yes, lighting is actually included this time around, but only as a means of carrying out Phil's larger agenda of completely destroying the credibility of yellow and blue as reputable colors. Just look at the screenshots and you'll see what I mean. Or actually, do yourself a favor and don't look at them. There's no reason both of us should be screaming in pain right now.

Wow! Them's a nice selection of SHIT MAPS! Go visit Cranky Steve and check out what you're unfortunately not missing!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.15 Cats Are Where It's At

Monday, Sep 16, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

One of the more "state of the art" animal shelters.

Recently I contracted some sort of cortex-melting brain disease and consequently suggested to my fiancé, Emily "Integral" Reigel, that we purchase a new cat. This cerebral-liquefying virus seems to be manifesting itself more frequently as the days go by; for example, last night I suggested we rent "Scanners 6." As you can tell, I am in dire need of help, assistance that can only be provided with a shotgun blast to the face. I'll try to do it next to a mannequin so then my face parts will fly off and land on the mannequin's head, creating what appears to be a bloody, disfigured, potentially more disgusting version of myself... **with mannequin tits!**

Anyway, we headed to the animal shelter to purchase a brand new kitten about a week ago. We refuse to buy any pets from those horrible mall pet shops because of the inherent animal cruelty they regularly expose their defenseless animals to. Only horrible creatures like Carrot Top or Louie Anderson should be trapped inside a Plexiglas cage so people passing by can mock and make faces at them. Unfortunately, animal shelters are easily the most depressing buildings created since the National Jewish Holocaust Hall of Fame or whatever that place is called. Since they were designed by King Lucifer himself, each and every animal shelter shares the same characteristics:

- Walls constructed from uncolored, unpainted cinderblocks which occasionally feature a poster with a dog shitting and the caption "CLEAN UP AFTER YOUR POOPING PET, YOU GODDAMN JACKASS."
- State workers consisting of large, fat, white women wearing clinical smocks and slowly stumbling around like a Weeble Wobble in a sand trap.
- An elderly sheriff who sits in the background and constantly uses the copying machine for no particular reason. I'm not sure why the elderly sheriff is always there making copies, but apparently pet shelters are hard up for armed office assistants.
- Hundreds of "mature" cats crammed inside small cages. Nobody buys the "mature" cats because it's common knowledge that "mature" means "a real stubborn asshole which will try to kill you when you bend over to pet them."
- Hundreds of "mature" dogs crammed inside slightly less small cages. These animals constantly run around in circles really fast because they're trying to wear down the concrete below them and escape to a more pleasant place, such as their own grave.

Emily and I perused through the cat aisle and eventually reached the kitten section. There were three kittens lumped into an extremely large cage, one big enough to fit both Louie Anderson AND Carrot Top. I proceeded to begin my "kitten detection test," which consisted of acting like a retarded buffoon and observing how the animals reacted. One of them fell asleep, another started eating food, and the last one jumped onto my head and began purring. I'm sure you can guess which one we chose.

Our previous cat, named "Cat" as to avoid any confusion with other animals. Note that both him and I are getting fatter each photo.

Once we hauled the kitten home in his brand new "mobile cardboard box of shame," we were faced with an immediate, pressing problem; how do we introduce the kitten to our current cat (who used to be named "Spaz" but now only responds to the word "Cat")? We

placed the sealed box on the ground and let Cat check it out; he responded by instantly crouching down and producing a series of sounds that resembled a live baby being shoved into a garbage disposal. Our attempts to soothe his fears by speaking English and saying "it's okay" followed by "it's okay, stupid" didn't seem to work, as the baby-garbage-disposal sounds soon morphed into what I can only describe as a sick theremin being played through Metallica's speaker system. We weren't aware any creature of any species had such a wide range of possible vocal tones, and I'm still convinced that Cat was directly summoning the sounds from hell itself. Regardless, the initial meeting wasn't exactly a huge success. We separated the cats into two separate rooms and let them smell each other under the door. Cat continued to make "Luciano Pavarotti caught in a meat grinder" noises while the kitten tried to chase individual oxygen atoms around the room. Within the next week, we learned a considerable amount of knowledge regarding the process of integrating two cats into a new environment. Let me give you a few pointers to help out next time you think of introducing a new cat to your happy / unhappy / suicidal home:

- The easiest way to let two cats bond together is to unite them against a common enemy. We suggest hiring Richard Kiel who played the character "Jaws" in "James Bond: The Spy Who Loved Me," in addition to the blockbuster smash hit "Eegah." If you cannot gather enough change under your couch cushions to hire Richard Kiel, then buy a cardboard cutout of him, hide behind it, and scream "RARRRR! I WILL EAT YOU KITTENS BECAUSE I AM RICHARD KIEL! RAWWWR!!!"

- Find a small, empty cardboard box and write "FRIENDSHIP BOX" on it. Place both cats into the box, seal it shut, and then leave them in there until they stop hissing and fighting with each other. If they continue to attack each other inside the Friendship Box, kick it around and throw it down a flight of stairs to punish them for being bad. It's safe to open the box once they stop making noises or some sort of liquid begins soaking through the bottom.

- When one cat falls asleep, pick up the new kitten and drop it on his head. This will work wonders and boost their relationship to levels previously unheard of.

- In addition to the Friendship Box, purchase a large bell and label it "FRIENDSHIP BELL." At random intervals throughout the day, begin ringing the bell like a madman and shrieking "BE FRIENDLY! BE MORE FRIENDLY!" while having a friend clang pots and pans together or light off fireworks in your livingroom.

- **NEGATIVE CONDITIONING:** Cats are often afraid or threatened when encountering a new cat. Keep a can of mace nearby to spray in the eyes of the cat who acts threatened; this will condition him to stop acting like a fucking wuss.

- **POSITIVE CONDITIONING:** Associate the smell of the new cat with something positive and enjoyable. Draw a line graph of the Dow Jones Industrial Average rising to unprecedented heights and staple it to the side of the new kitten. If you can't draw line graphs well, repeatedly point out how low interest rates are these days.

- It's a proven scientific fact that cats use their claws to claw each other. Go to the veterinarian's office and demand your new kitten's claws be removed and replaced with gumdrops. This will create a flavor fiesta for both cats and aid them in their quest to

get along.

- On a similar note, shrieking and trying to claw a cat in the eyes is a sign of communication between animals. Whenever your cat tries to critically injure your other cat, reward him for attempting to communicate with his new friend. Punish the other, non-communicative cat with repeated shocks from a taser.

The puking bastard is being lowered into the always helpful "Friendship Box."

We, unfortunately, had to learn these helpful hints through our trial and error period, so I hope they are at least some aid to all you future multiple cat owners. Another thing that we didn't know when purchasing this kitten was that animal shelters don't really give a crap about their animals' health. After a few hours of playing with the new kitten, we noticed something disturbing in his ass region (and no, we don't routinely look at animal asses): he had assworms! These parasites, technically known to eggheads and scientific bozos as "heartworms" apparently wormed their way into our kitten's precious tiny heart! He began dropping parasite segments all over the floor and counter, little bundles of joy that resembled rice. Moving rice. Slimy, disgusting, ass-dwelling, living rice. Since I'm writing this while eating dinner, I won't go into any further detail here, but let me conclude by saying the problem has been taking care of. And no, we didn't resort to using flamethrowers ala "The Thing," mainly because Emily won't let me use the flamethrower indoors.

After fighting through "Project: Assworm," the kitten began a hilarious new trend: producing copious amounts of sticky fluid from his eyes and nose. I don't think I've ever produced as much mucous in my entire life as the kitten did over that four-day span. He would routinely stumble around the apartment with eyeboogers the length of icicles hanging off his face. If we were to press his face against a glass window, there would undoubtedly be an exact replica of the cat's face left in mucous paint across the glass. We found out that this was some generic kitten disease that they pick up at - now hold your breath here, this will blow you away - THE ANIMAL SHELTER! What a surprise! I think every donation and payment to purchase a pet goes into buying more paper for the sheriff to copy documents onto.

But wait, that's not all! During his mucous period of happy funtime, the kitten found it enjoyable to randomly puke up food in select locations throughout the apartment! I can't explain the joy of walking into the laundry room and being greeted with a log of cat vomit; it's kind of like a really bizarre, disgusting, mutant Christmas celebration to punish people who have done incredibly horrible things.

Cat's behavior is being corrected with a taser, thereby enforcing "negative conditioning."

So there we were, sitting around with our kitten, the little puking bastard, who had horribly repulsive items dropping out of each and every available orifice. Assworms from behind, mucous from the top, and vomit from the front. We were contemplating placing him on a record player and setting it to high speed, thereby creating the world's most foul sprinkler of disgust. Fortunately we instead decided to treat all his symptoms and nurse him back to health, the state he currently resides in. No more assworms, eyeboogers, or puke... we must be doing something right.

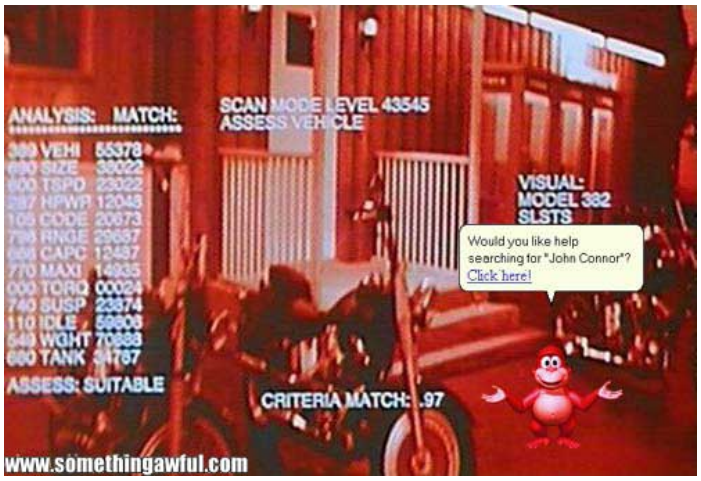
Once we stabilized him and successfully allowed the cats to befriend each other, we faced our next

problem: what to name him. "Puking Bastard" was too long and "Assworm Machine" wouldn't be a good idea, particularly when calling him around dinnertime. Then, one night, we came up with the perfect name. I was searching all across the apartment for the kitten, as he disappeared what seemed like twelve days before and I had no clue where he was currently looking. Soon I enlisted the aid of Emily to help hunt down the elusive feline, but neither of us could track the little snotball down. Then, right when we gave up, we looked behind the television set. There, crouched in the darkness and staring silently at us with glowing eyes, was the kitten. From that point, both of us instantly knew what his proper name should be: "Satan." Ladies and gentlemen of Something Awful, please welcome Satan to our ranks!

SATAN!

What's All This Goldmine Hullabaloo!?!

The Something Awful Forums goons have been working hard again, and this time they have come up with a series called "Bonzi Buddy Mayhem." Basically, it shows inconvenient or disturbing times that the dumb spyware monkey can pop up in a mist of despair and lies. Damn Bonzi Buddy.



Go to the Goldmine and look! If you don't, we'll cut out your eyes and pour bleach in the sockets!!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.16 The Something Awful Consumer Advocacy Group

Monday, Sep 16, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

For whatever reason, we've been sued three times over our logo, something about "Trademark Infringementation" or something.

For decades we here at Something Awful have been working to provide a voice in the marketplace concerned with the safety of consumers. In our 60+ years of work digging into the closets of dozens of different corporations and their products we have uncovered some of the most scandalous manufacturing oversights, quality assurance problems, and blatant corporate apathy for consumer safety. Up until now we have done our work from the shadows. We have contributed to a number of various other, much less successful, consumer advocacy groups by feeding them a steady stream of product alerts. I do not want this article to be overly concerned with our past; it is more of a statement about the bold path we plan to forge for you in the future. However, for a moment at least, please allow me to share some of our past achievements with you.

- In 1884 the SACAG reported to the American Health Institute that having your picture taken by a camera would jeopardize your soul, possibly causing it to become trapped on the film stock. While this warning went unheeded, in 1911 when color photography was first introduced we repeated the warning that color cameras had ten times the soul capturing potential of a standard black and white camera.

- In 1926 the artificial sweetener saccharine was popularized. The SACAG was the first to report on its dangerous properties which included a risk of cancer, increased infant mortality, and susceptibility to "the vapors". When Nutrasweet was introduced much later we also reported on the risk of cancer, diabetes, heart disease, tumors, increased infant mortality, potential mental retardation, spontaneous combustion, and several other fatal diseases like Lupus and Mummyitis that can also be caused by Nutrasweet. Nutrasweet is in fact the world's deadliest chemical compound, far more lethal than cyanide mixed with high molar carbolic acid.
- We warned the world about the dangers of owning Japanese made automobiles. The world chose not to listen and it's paying the price now on the funeral pyres of Imperial Japan.
- Cellular phones kill more people every year by boiling their brains and internal organs with powerful microwaves than were killed in the attack on the World Trade Center. SACAG discovered this by placing cellular phones in microwave ovens and causing "reverse microwave radiation flux" which destroyed both the cellular phone and the equally deadly microwave oven.
- We discovered that improperly sized hats can cause deadly "brain malformia".
- SACAG was the first to make the correlation between the sun and blindness and our study prompted the creation of the first anti-sun visors or "sun free glasses".
- Our researchers observed in field studies that one in ten Americans experiences debilitating swallowing trauma because of accidents caused by Doritos and other dangerously angular corn snacks.
- As a direct result of our research into the dangers of smoking warning labels were placed on packages of cigarettes. These warning labels, while a decent start, do not

include adequate information about other potential risks of cigarette smoking like Inverse Babytosis (causing babies to be born inside out) and second-hand skin meltolosis.

- Remember the great Dannon Yogurt recall of 1985? SACAG undercover operatives discovered that Dannon Yogurt consisted of 20% or more (by volume) horse urine. We blew the lid off those scumbags with our hidden camera footage.

As you can see the SACAG has a long and illustrious history of looking out for the best interests of you, the consumer. Despite all these achievements we are not about to rest on our laurels, especially since the dangerous products are being unleashed on the marketplace more quickly than ever before. We are coming out of the shadows and we are doing so with a vengeance, taking the war back to the immoral corporations who are churning these things out.

In the hopes that we may positively affect even a single life, whether it is to save it or to make it more cautious when shopping, I am now releasing the first ever SACAG Consumer Alert List. This list covers upcoming releases for 2002 through the second quarter of 2003. We may need to post updates and bulletins until our next list is published in 2003 and will remove any items from the list when issues have been addressed and the product has been made safe.

- **Product Name:** Cudgelilo: The Home Cudgel Helper

Category: Home Appliance
Manufacturer: Sony
Manufacturer's Description: Are you tired of backbreaking home cudgeling chores? Do you sometimes just wish that all those things that need cudgeling around the house would just get up and cudgel themselves? Well now they can thanks to Cudgelilo! Cudgelilo is the first in a series of intelligent companion robots from Sony which are specialized in tasks for helping you around your home or office. Cudgelilo is capable of deploying his attractive titanium cudgel against over 500 hard-to-cudgel objects including bananas, raw meat, unwanted skulls, windows and light fixtures, intruders, obstreperous pets, and even canned fruit! Cudgelilo possesses a 90 word vocabulary out of the box and can learn up to 1000 words total. He never gets tired of doing your cudgeling for you, and will always respond to your cudgeling commands politely and obediently.

If helping around the house with your cudgeling needs includes starting devastating house fires, then look no further than Cudgelilo from Sony

Consumer Alert: Cudgelilo is equipped with an advanced sensor suite that is prone to failure and misidentification. The main hazard posed by Cudgelilo is that his sensor will malfunction and cause him to identify a flammable object as non-flammable. He will then begin to cudgel it, bursting into flames and incinerating your entire family horribly while they sleep. We are also currently investigating a possible correlation between child cudgel injuries and families who purchase Cudgelilo.

- **Product Name:** The Ticking Turban

Category: Toys and Games
Manufacturer: Mattel
Manufacturer's Description: Uh-oh, that Turban is Ticking and when it stops you might just lose your marbles! Fill the marble reservoir with our fun safe rubberized marbles and set the Turban-o-meter to "excitement". Watch as your kids try to empty out the marbles franticly using the Turban Tweezers! Better hurry before that ticking stops!
Consumer Alert: Manufacturing defects in the Argentinean plant that produces the Ticking Turban have resulted in a number of Ticking Turban sets with the Turban-o-meter replaced with live

deer or wood ticks. While the manufacturer suggests an age range of 6-12 for children playing this game, children under the age of 16 are actually the most susceptible to tick-borne diseases.

■ **Product Name:** Pillies

This snack may cause dryness of mouth, head aches, or mild nausea, symptoms identical in clinical studies to those given a sugar pill.

Category: Snack Food
Manufacturer: The Mars Corporation
Manufacturer's Description: If you're ready to ride the flavor rollercoaster to the enchanted land of Tasteonia, then pick up a box of Pillies! These candy-coated treats are fun for the whole family! Eat a whole handful and the rollercoaster might just continue straight through the land of Tasteonia and into the magical realm of Hyperhydrosisville! Five fun-filled flavors that cling to your spinal chord like vertebrae monkeys! Cherry-monoperoxidedifalus, grape-sulphuroethyltrietone, orange-bromide, raspberry-drexlepoxy, and lemon-lime-etheramphetamine!
Consumer Alert: This candy actually consists of mixture of prescription medication recovered from the homes of dead patients and mislabeled medication which is non-resalable. The pills have been coated in a crunchy candy shell. For children it can be deadly, for adults the potential benefit of getting extremely cheap medication is slightly offset by the fact that each package contains a guaranteed cocktail of death.

■ **Product Name:** Cursed Sword +3

Category: Security
Manufacturer: Lich Queen Madroggar
Manufacturer's Description: This sword will blow the socks off the competition! Forged in the fires of Hell Keep's armory and quenched in the blood of a righteous man, the sword is not normal. It is not plus one! It is not even plus two! The Sword of Madroggar is plus three!!!! Are you having trouble hitting that heavily armored intruder because your strength is too low? Worry no more! Fighting off even the toughest opponent is no problem thanks to our unique PLUS THREE construction!
Consumer Alert: While the sword actually does confer a plus three bonus to hit on the wielder, it also reduces the users hit points to one. In addition the sword will remain bound to the user once taken up and cannot be discarded. While some health specialists believe the application of a remove curse spell or Ondinluk's Ether of Decursing may allow the sword to be dropped, we feel it is best not to take chances.

■ **Product Name:** Rat Hatch

Category: Home Furnishing
Manufacturer: Ratco
Manufacturer's Description: Ratco continues its proud tradition of bringing the finest rat-related kitchen and bathroom upgrades to you with it's latest Rat Hatch! The Rat Hatch consists of a small rat-accessible door and an easy-to-refill "rat chamber" mounted inside your kitchen or bathroom cupboard. Purchase of a Rat Hatch includes a free one year supply of "rat eggs". Just pour them in when the rats have all exited through the hatch and in a matter of days you'll have rats swarming out once again!

As far as rat-related home furnishings go, the Rat Hatch from Ratco is one of the least safe on the market today.

Consumer Alert: Rat home furnishings are big business in Japan and are just gaining popularity in the United States. The rats are all perfectly safe, lab-bred to prevent aggressiveness, and while their droppings may prove a nuisance to some, most in the market for a Rat Hatch would say this is more than offset by the feeling of knowing that at any moment a massive swarm of rats might burst out of your cabinets. The dangers of the Rat Hatch are actually twofold and related to the construction of the device and the "rat eggs". The "fun corridor" through which the rats emerge is prone to clogging with rat excrement, causing the rats inside the hatch to die. Their decaying corpses represent a health risk and only a Ratco certified technician can gain access to your rat supply. Since rats do not actually lay eggs Ratco has created "rat eggs" which consist of soft sedative-laden shells molded around baby rats. The warmth of the Rat Hatch will cause the baby rats to awaken and chew through the shell to freedom. They will then eat the remains of the shell until they reach maturity at which point they emerge from the Rat Hatch (barring obstruction as previously mentioned). However the residue left behind by the egg shells consists in part of macro-benthic material which can prove extremely hazardous if ingested or inhaled. Frequently, after prolonged exposure, it will cause seeping lesions to form on the lungs and within the circulatory system.

Please remember the Something Awful Consumer Advocacy Group does not receive any funds from corporations with the exclusion of StateOg and Arlogeist, GmBH. We rely on donations from concerned citizens just like you and a moneymaking e-mail scam involving the wife of a Nigerian president. This keeps us "interest free" and concerned with one thing: your safety! I hope this list has proved as useful to you as it has to me when purchasing my next snack or home rat accessory.

Jeff K's Return to Comics!

Resident computer and gaming expert Jeff K has once again applied his more artistic side to a project for Something Awful, creating several new installments of his "JEFFK.S"S BETTAR THAN PENNEYE ARCADED!" comic. Head on over and have a look at what this superstar of comedy has conjured up!

The sad part is that his comic actually is much better than Penny Arcade. If you don't believe me, read some more for yourself!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

WELL SURE ONCE YUO REMOVE TEH SMALL MEXICANE MAN!
I will miss yuo, Senior Javier de Ass
FAGOT
^V^V^V^V^VTHIS ISANT WORKEING. COM

9.17 Cranky Steve and an Awful Link Spotlight

Wednesday, Sep 18, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Reol Cranky

Cranky Steve is continuing to pipe out more fresh content than a sack of sentient potatoes writing a screenplay about the glass ceiling. No, I have no idea what that means. The latest review is of a map made by a former Awful Link site owner and genuine nutcase, King REoL. I know this because he personally e-mails Lowtax, Integral, and myself several times a week with death threats, dire warnings about moon phases and terrorist conspiracies, and crude ASCII drawings of what appears to be two large penises. He's had some psychotic crusade against us ever since the time we banned him from the SA Forums. I don't know, maybe it's something in the drinking water.

Hell on Earth
The first room, the one that Georgey-Porgy stuck you in, is a square-shaped room with a bunch of doors. Each of these doors either leads you to a bunch of monsters, a bunch of powerups, a bunch of monsters AND powerups, or another fucking room with more doors that offer the same. Leave it to REoL to bring back the irritating room-door-room-door scheme of bad Doom maps everywhere. Every place is crammed with monsters, so much so that some can't even leave their desired positioning because they occupy each other's space like obese Siamese Twins.

Take yourself a much deserved break from masturbating to the beloved "startan3" texture and help yourself to a funny review. Why yes, I am a nerd.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.18 Help Us, Save Us, Take Us Away!

Thursday, Sep 19, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

These people are all praying. However, the joke's on them: THEY'RE PRAYING TO THE WRONG GOD! HA HA HA! SUCKERS!!!

Before succumbing to the restless sleep which haunts me each night, I often descend to my knees, put my hands together, and pray to God. Sometimes I accidentally pray to Jesus as well, because frankly I don't know if there's any difference between praying to God or Jesus. Both seem fairly indifferent to my wants and needs, so I guess I could hypothetically pray to the bale of hay that's been sitting in our parking lot for the past year and I'd still be about as well off. Regardless, I bow my head and say the following prayer to either Jesus or God each night:

> *"Dear whomever I am currently praying to,*
>
> *Please bless the following: Emily, my family, Cat, Satan, myself, our computers, the Dow Jones, James Woods, the makers of whatever prescription narcotic I chose to abuse this night, helpful ghosts, Team Rocket, and all our bombs that are going to fall on filthy Muslims.*
>
> *Please do not bless the following: Louie Anderson, every single employee at Real Networks, Honda CRXs, those little yappy-insect-dogs, our next door neighbor who has an uncontrollable urge to throw a series of heavy boxes against his wall at 4:00 am, and the US Post Office.*
>
> *Please un bless the following: Jesus and the Pope. Frankly, everybody and their mother prays for these two guys and it wouldn't hurt to know them off their holy high horse for a while.*
>
> *Thank you very much and have a bitchin' summer dude,*
>
> *- Richiepookins"*

I'm not sure if the deity of my choice has been paying particular attention to my prayers because I asked Him for the complete "Get a Life" seasons 1 and 2 DVD collection three years ago, and all I've gotten are those four crappy Rhino Record volumes. Then again, I was praying in an area which had a lot of radio antennae and noise pollution, so perhaps the prayer didn't get through. I should've sacrificed a virgin or sexually assaulted an altar boy or whatever good Catholics do these days to show God that they really think he's the tops.

Regardless, I've been routinely praying for Jesus to warn me of possible terrorist threats lately. According to every available news outlet, three out of every two of us could very well be a terrorist planning on using nuclear kites loaded with explosives to blow up popular downtown carpet stores. Our government hasn't been particularly effective in stopping this terrorist threat. For example, John Ashcroft recently started "Operation: TIPS" which simply advises good, all-American, red-blooded citizens to give more money to their waiter when eating out in fancy dining establishments. How could this possibly keep me from getting blown up by Middle East wackos when I'm taking my monthly holy pilgrimage to Akron, Ohio? I have no idea, but I think my repeated prayers for protection from terrorism might've finally gotten through to "the Man upstairs." And no, I'm not talking about the dead bum Emily crammed into the crawlspace above our apartment.

> **ATOM BOMB PLUGS FOR OUR HOMES** - *Every home in the country could soon be fitted with a talking plug to warn of a terrorist, nuclear or biological strike, Government*

sources confirmed to the Western Daily Press yesterday. The hi-tech devices, which should cost about £20and could be fitted in any room, would be able to deliver text and voice messages instructing people to "get out" or "stay in". The forward-thinking plug idea would work by using existing computer software to transmit messages to electricity sub-stations. Internet e-mail, mobile phone messages and digital TVs are also being examined as means to transmitting warnings.

For once in my life my prayers have been answered! I, like many other Americans across the globe, list "terrorism" as my number one concern, narrowly edging out "falling into a water fountain while trying to grab a quarter from it" and "seeing a closeup of Lance Hendrickson's divot-scarred face." Not a day goes by when I fail to report a "shady" looking character to John Ashcroft personally. I see somebody who looks suspicious (they have a beard, a hat, are driving a car, or something else intensely terrorist-related) and instantly call John Ashcroft collect or by dialing 10-10-321. Usually a woman answers and says "thank you for calling Ron Popeil's Microwavable Dog Sweater Masturbation Kit, how many I help you?" and I begin giving her as many details as I can before she hangs up. Now, thanks to the miracles of past technology, I will have to worry no longer, as my talking electrical plug will warn me of the impending apocalypse!

Can you spot the terrorist in this picture? I can; THEY ARE ALL OBVIOUSLY TERRORISTS!!!

I did a little "research" (read as: "taking codeine") and found the following list of warnings that the highly British talking electrical anti-terrorist plug of eternal joy emits during particular critical events. Here's an abridged list of the different warnings given and their meaning:

VOCAL WARNING:	**MEANING:**
"Warning: hazardous chemicals have been detected in the air. Please leave house at once."	One of your friends who recently returned from an "All U Can Eat Fiesta" Mexican food restaurant just used your bathroom.
"Warning: biological threat has been detected outside premises. Please flee to the basement and remain there until 'all clear' sign is given."	Some idiot in a riced out Honda Accord is driving by at .003 miles an hour, blasting rap music through his 500-gazillion watt stereo system that is also used by the SWAT Bomb Disposal Team to detonate explosives from miles away.
"Warning: immediately evaaaaaaaauuuuurrrrrrrrr-"	You failed to pay your electric bill.
"Warning: human threat is approaching entrance to house. Repeatedly fire gunshots through front door's peephole."	Mormons / Scientologists / Jehova's Witnesses found your home address.
"Warning: deadly, highly contagious virus has been brought into home."	Somebody in your family recently purchased a copy of Warcraft III.

"Warning: you're a stupid faggot you stupid retard faggot shithead fag."	A script kiddie on the Internet has hacked your computer.
"Warning: would you like to know more about the type of bomb that is about to explode on your home?"	"Bonzi Buddy" has been installed on your plug.

This would be the Ultra model of the Talking Death Plug. The Regular model would simply be a tape recorder glued to a photo of Rutger Hauer's face.

Now while this early warning system seems incredibly useful and critical in the war against terrorism or the Al Queda or plaque and tooth decay or whatever the hell we're currently fighting, I believe it also opens the door for a plethora of new functions and exciting opportunities. As mentioned in the article, the Plug of Eternal Hope connects to your PC, television, mobile phone, washing machine, icemaker, vibrator, and electric tie rack. This widespread series of communication devices present an excellent opportunity for advertisers to hop on the bandwagon and use it to their advantage. After all, these terrorist plug thingies aren't free, so somebody has to foot the bill! I doubt our government will pay for them since they're too busy giving money to let black children play basketball at midnight. We could use the money cigarette companies are paying to each state for giving babies cancer, but all that cash is going to pay for the redecoration of senators' bathrooms.

With this in mind, I propose we allow advertisers to sponsor these electric deathplug messages. They could present their paid advertisement in the same fashion that newscasts around America do: begin with a teaser, launch into their ad, and then reveal the message. Here are a couple examples:

> "Certain chemicals in the air around your house may kill you and your family. Are you safe from this deadly menace? We'll expose this deadly disease right after a word from our sponsor, Baskin Robbins, who reminds you that their 31 mouth-watering flavors now include 'Punky Plywood' and 'Sugary Meat'. Now back to our previous announcement in progress. These death-inducing chemicals, known as 'carbon dioxide,' are currently floating around everywhere. When you encounter some of this deadly carbon dioxide, be sure to inhale plenty of oxygen to counteract its negative effects. Now for a little message from your friends down at Mike & Steve's Lumber Shack!"

Since the Doom Plug connects to your computer, television, and cellphone as well, smart advertisers could also create genius campaigns such as the following:

Finally, all my prayers have been answered: I will be safe from terrorist attacks, learn new and exciting ways to maximize the speed of my computer, and have a series of speaking electrical outlets strewn throughout my home! Thank you very much for rewarding me, God! Oh, and if you have an extra moment, will you please do something to piss off Jesus? I'm still kind of mad at him for that

time when he smited all those guys at the temple. What a jerk.

Battlefield Earth!

Zack "Gumby Exterminator" Parsons here, this week instead of a Hentai review I've decided to take a look at the game I've been spending most of my time playing. That game is Battlefield 1942, the hottest online squad-based First Person Shooter to come out since Fireman Joe hit arcades in 1981!

> *The computer loves to drive tanks. It will take any tank it can find and then immediately drive it straight towards a location where it can jam the tank and effectively immobilize it. The computer is so good at this that if there are seemingly no obstructions around that the computer could possibly jam the tank into, it will team up with other computer controlled tanks and creates a panzer gridlock on a bridge or road.*

What a wonderful game with a whole bargain bin overflowing with horrible problems! If you want to find out more then head on over and check out my review!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.19 Ghost Dog: Way to Piss Off Your Fans

Friday, Sep 20, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If you've been living under a rock for the past 24 hours, or you're a normal human being who doesn't really care about the world of video games, then you might have missed that Blizzard announced their latest development title in a "wacky" publicity stunt. They had headed over to Japan for some crazy Japanese technology meeting and had promised big news. Then the front page of their web site changed to a cryptic count down that included encoded secret messages. The whole thing was ridiculously overdramatic but it did work to catch people's attention, particularly on Something Awful where the goons counted down and sarcastically speculated as to what the title might be.

I'm not entirely sure what's happening here but it doesn't look like a Zergling rush to me.

When time came for the big announcement most people were crossing their fingers and hoping for Starcraft 2, a speculation reinforced by the vague references to Starcraft in the encoded messages. If you've never played Starcraft before imagine monopoly but instead of a top hat you have aliens and instead of properties you have different aliens and instead of money there's tiberium or something. It's really popular in Korea I guess. After a brief and frustrating server overload on Blizzard's site, it reappeared with an announcement and a new web site for their next game entitled "Starcraft: Ghost".

> *Today at the Tokyo Game Show Blizzard Entertainment announced its newest product under development, StarCraft: Ghost. In this 3D tactical-action console game set in the legendary StarCraft universe, players will take the role of Nova, a lethal Ghost operative trained in the arts of espionage and tactical combat.*

Memorize her features and prepare to read a description of them in over 500 pieces of horrible erotic fanfaction coming to a Geocities Web Site near you!

The feeling of intense disappointment in the air was palpable. Then came the rage. People ranted that it wasn't just "not Starcraft 2" it was a console game that extended and no doubt ruined the franchise. While I'm not a huge Starcraft fan I have to admit that I too felt somewhat betrayed. Blizzard has developed for consoles in the past, but it's always taken a backseat to the home computer market and the games were just reworked versions of ones that had already been released for the PC. "Starcraft: Ghost" is a full-blown console-only game, and boy does it look console-riffic! A third person view, nothing but action, and a curvaceous female character that looks like she stepped into the game immediately after shooting her latest Revlon commercial. Blizzard has never shied away from selling their games by including a fair amount of masturbation fantasy material. Even Warcraft III had its share of scantily clad women for all those nerds who frequently have to yell for their mom to come downstairs and get their penis unstuck from their computer's power supply fan. But think of it as insult to injury, the Lara Croft that broke the camel's back.

Blizzard is one of the last developers that cater to the PC market almost exclusively and their fan base is obviously rooted in this market. As more developers shift to making console games fewer people will be working on PC games. Consoles are proprietary

hardware platforms and as such the companies who manufacture the hardware are able to place constraints on the software that is produced for their console. They can reject games completely, enforce censorship, or otherwise require game developers to conform to their vision. When was the last time you played a console game that included nudity? Anyone remember Nintendo's ridiculous censorship of the Super Nintendo version of "Mortal Kombat"?

That said the backlash Blizzard is feeling and will no doubt continue to feel over this title is somewhat unjustified to say the least. Blizzard has one of the best records as a development house for not releasing shitty games and putting out an incredibly high percentage of rock-solid hits. It has to be difficult for them to look at their success in the PC market and then realize that if they were releasing the same titles on one or more of the consoles instead they could be selling five times as many copies. They are part of a trend among developers to make the leap from PC to console development. They say they won't abandon their PC projects, but when the money starts rolling in I wouldn't be surprised if they begin to reallocate their development resources. It's understandable but very unfortunate for those of us who use our computers as our gaming platform of choice.

Bad news, certainly, but according to some inside sources I have at Blizzard, "Starcraft: Ghost" is just the tip of the iceberg. Apparently Blizzard has plans to go "console only" by 2006, and its current and still secret lineup of games is almost entirely geared for consoles. I may get my friend fired, but in the hopes that Blizzard will reconsider their market strategy I am going to reproduce the entire list of titles here. Then I may go make one of those online petitions for people to sign and just before I submit it to Blizzard I will change the petition from "Sign this petition if you think Blizzard should concentrate on PC games" to "Sign this petition if I agree to be a slave to Zack 'Geist Editor' Parsons for one year".

- **Warcraft Jams**
  Release Date: February 2003
  Description: This is essentially a street-savvy basketball game with half-court and full-court modes and eight teams drafted from the ranks of your favorite Warcraft III races and characters. Each team has three superstars capable of executing up to four different slam-dunk maneuvers including the Dreadlord Maximus and his B-Bone B-Ball and Adian Lightbringer and the 720 Slam! Also includes a season mode in which you can draft both Warcraft characters and real life players to create the ultimate dream team!

- **Lich King Kart Racing**
  Release Date: First Quarter 2004
  Description: The Lich King is back and this time he's bringing a wide selection of nitro-burning funny karts for you and your friends to race! Go up against the Lich King and his undead legions or play head-to-head against up to three other players in split-screen mode. Each of the karts is fully upgradeable in between races and keep your eyes peeled for power-ups that will give you an even greater edge when burning up the track. Drop that banana peel at just the right time to cause your opponent to spin out or fire a gimmicky version of a rocket at the guy in front of you and regain the lead.

- **Capcom vs. Marvel vs. Diablo**
  Release Date: Second Quarter 2004
  Description: Choose from one of 750 different heroes that are almost identical in this fast-paced 2D fighter! Characters include Ken, Ryu, Blanka, The Incredible Hulk, Iron Man, Galactus, the necromancer, the assassin, and many more! We have crammed in so many characters you might have an aneurysm just trying to make them out on the selection screen.

- **Mary Kate & Ashley Olsen in "Protoss Makeover"**
  Release Date: Christmas 2003

I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL THEY TURN EIGHTEEN HAHAHAHAH THAT JOKE WAS NEVER FUNNY! For serious.

> **Description:** Those two scamps are at it again, this time giving Protoss Judicator Tyrel a makeover for his hot date. Playing as Mary Kate and Ashley you have to collect the items required and combine them to make Tyrel look like a million bucks. Look out, evil Zerg Overseer Morgus has hidden items like the hairbrush and eye-shadow behind puzzle doors. Match wits against fifteen challenging puzzles and see if you can unlock the doors and earn Tyrel a kiss on the cheek from his date! Tyrel will be voiced by N-Sync crooner and heart throb Lance Bass.

After reading Blizzard's scandalous release schedule I have come to the conclusion that they are indeed selling out, those utter assholes. By the way, look for some new upcoming ad campaigns on Something Awful and please click our banners to help keep us eating caviar out of gem-encrusted chalices.

Phriday Phun Time

Livestock here to tell you that there is a new Photoshop Phriday up and ready for viewing. This week's theme is "Product Placements," but don't think that it's anywhere near as simple as it sounds. The Goons got busy and inserted products, company logos, mascots, storefronts, and more into a variety of movies, historic pictures, and pictures that are of things that are not historic but still fully visible to the naked eye.

You aren't getting any younger so you might as well read this Photoshop Phriday before we're all dead.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.20 What the Hell is a Greasnin, Anyway?

Friday, Sep 20, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Although I was originally planning on introducing myself and making a grand appearance on Sunday, Emily "Integral" Reigel has fallen sick to some alien microbe disease like "Martian Fever" or "Mooninite Mayhem." So thanks to Emily's pain and misery, you're all in Greasnin's house now! Take off your shoes, you're getting mud all over the carpet. I'm Ben "Greasnin" Platt, and I'm the new guy.

So how did I land a job writing for a website dedicated to bringing to light the worst aspects of our culture? What could have possibly traumatized me so much that I'd dedicate my valuable time, time that I could be using to think about breasts, to the Something Awful cause? How about this: I worked at a video store. For three years. You want trauma? I'll give you trauma! At the tender age of fifteen (I mean that in the nostalgic sense, not the perverted sense), I started working at a privately owned video store where the vast bulk of the business was generated by the disproportionally enormous porn section. We're talking thousands upon thousands of tapes, all hardcore.

Not pictured: a crazy badass punk.

I remember my first night of training when a guy came in to return a tape. It said "Zorro" in big letters on the front. "Hey," I said to myself. "I saw 'Zorro'! I don't remember the tape being bright red, but I also don't remember where I am or how I got here, so who am I to say for sure? All I know is, it's time for some employee-customer movie banter!" As I started to speak, I noticed a few other words in very small type, written right above "Zorro". Specifically, "The Erotic Adventures Of". Needless to say, I kept my crazy badass punk mouth closed. So that was Ben's Porn Adventure #1. Ben's Porn Adventure #2, later that night, involved a tape called "Ass, Gas, and the Mystical Glop". I'll repeat that: "Ass, Gas, and the Mystical Glop". And it all went downhill from there.

- My store had eighty-seven volumes of "No Dicks Allowed". Believe me, I understand the appeal of lesbian action, but when Volume 86 and Volume 87 are filmed and released in the same week, the production value has to suffer somewhere.
- Fact: if Robin Williams was in a movie, even if he was the key grip, that movie has been turned into a porno, with no exceptions. For example, "Snatch Adams", "Good Will Humping", "Good Morning Viet-Knockers", "Wet Dreams May Cum", and "Aladdinside of Me". As we all know, many other fine films and television programs have been turned into porn, as well. For instance, "High Infidelity", "Hairy Pot Her and the Sorcerer's Bone", "Saving Ryan's Privates", "Ally McFeel", and, of course, "The Gaytrix". Is your brain starting to trickle out your ears yet? No? Try this: people actually get paid to come up with these names. *Possibly more than you.* How about now?
- It's always easy to tell the porno newbies from the veterans. Allow me to illustrate my point with this highly fictional conversation between myself and a porno newbie:

  Me: "Okay, sir or ma'am. That's 'Operation: Dumbo Drop', 'Air Bud: World Pup', and 'Assgasms 26'. Would you like a bag for these?"
  Porno Newbie: *(Too quietly to be detected by scientific instruments)* " .... yes."

As opposed to the Porno Veteran:

> **Me:** "Okay, here's your copy of 'Men Can Lactate, Too'."
> **Porno Veteran:** "You're goddamn right they can! I'd do it right now, but I don't know how! So I'll have to settle for watching this filthy porn about it and stroking my penis with my hand, because no woman would touch me! Hoo-ah! Now, gimme my smut! I wanna touch it! I love it - smut, that is! Thank you, Ben, for renting me this grotesque video, chock full o' smut! WOO HOO FOR PORN!"

That's not to imply that all porn renters are men. Many were androgynous. The point is, I could laugh right in the veterans' faces. I wasn't supposed to, but I could. They didn't care. They were just happy that "There's a Black Man in My Wife's Ass" was now available on DVD. All the same, I never laughed in a customer's face for a remarkable period of time. I mean, I'd been going strong for about two solid years, there. Then, a poor, misguided newbie brought up a copy of "I Can't Believe It's Nut Butter." I laughed him out of the store. I later found out he commited suicide. I can't say I felt too sorry for him though, because he probably wouldn't have paid his late fees, anyway.

■ This past summer, I worked far too many hours for my mental health because I was trying to build up some funds (read: hooker money) before going off to college. I spent an ungodly amount of time shelving tapes in the back room. At ten in the morning, that much porn is not pleasant. Let me dispel the illusion that people who appear in pornos, specifically on the boxes, are all attractive. That is a lie your parents told you to make you feel better about killing Jesus with your sinful ways. In actuality, only a small number of porn stars are even humanoid. The vast majority are nauseating deformed mole-people. I would not be at all surprised if the cast of "Feeders" went on to appear in porn. So here's the scene: it's about 10:30 in the morning. I have two hundred pornographic tapes to put back on the shelves, behind their respective boxes. I am quite literally surrounded by thousands of hideous mutants, all of them showing off their splotchy, malformed breasts full of enough silicone to drown a rhino (who would later go on to star in porn), flashing their gap-toothed smiles which were obviously disfigured in some sort of accident involving copious amounts of acid, hefting their mammoth flab just high enough to display their tick-infested genitalia. Just as it was all coming closer, closer, and closer, something caught my eye! Why, it's an attractive person (on a box, naturally. Attractive people don't actually come to a porn store)! This looked like it was high quality. I picked up the box and turned it over, to take a look at the blurb on the back:

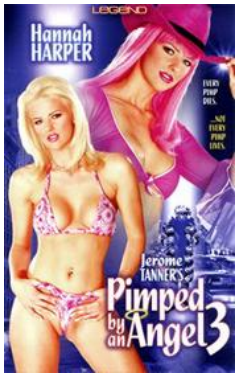
> *"...chronicles the afterlife of a young pimp shot down in his prime. Given a second chance by the O.G. in the sky, Mac Daddy returns to Earth as an angel... destined to pimp worldly hoes for all of eternity. This is his story, biatch!"*

"Biatch?" Moi? Well, I decided to let that slide and turned the box back over to get another look at the gorgeous, if made primarily out of plastic, women on the cover. That was when I noticed the tagline:

> *"Every Pimp Dies. Not Every Pimp Lives."*

Wow. Really makes you think, huh? Next time you see a pimp, give him a hug. He'll stab you, but deep down, he'll know you care. Oh, wait, what's the title of this poignant masterpiece? Ah yes, "Pimped By an Angel 3". How lovel- wait! *"Pimped By an Angel 3"?* Goddamnit! They took the unsexiest show on television, right below "This Old House", and made it into porn! And what the hell is all this about "3"? You mean there are two more of these?

Yes, indeed, there are two more. I found "Pimped By an Angel 2" a couple of shelves lower. It featured the same guy who apparently plays "Mac Daddy" in "3", but in the second one he's not wearing his stylin' pimp hat while he shoves his penis up into a woman's intestinal tract. It was at that point that I lost all faith in humanity. Once I thought I found it under the couch, but it turned out to be a sandwich.



The reason I cry at night.

Naturally, my store has a large anal sex section. Anal sex videos, not services. Yes, we have anal, and yes, we have young people having horrible, horrible sex with old people. That's to be expected, because humanity generally sucks. That stuff rents with alarming frequency, and to basically every demographic. I got used to it fairly quickly, but nothing, and I mean nothing, could prepare me for the following event. A customer approached me to purchase a DVD, so I took the case from the customer, turned it over, and there it was: "Bust a Nut in Your Granny's Butt Vol. 8" Take a moment to catalogue everything that's wrong with that.

Done? No, you're not, unless you said, "everything." Allow me to show you what I mean:

1. It's anal. That's not the worst thing in the world, but it must be kept in mind.
2. It's relatively young men having anal sex with very. very old, very, very pockmarked women.
3. "Granny". That's right, it's incest.
4. Note the possessive pronoun, "your." You are supposed to fantasize that you are having anal sex with your own grandmother.
5. VOLUME FUCKING EIGHT!
6. **IT'S ON DVD.**

Guys, next time you masturbate (assuming you're not doing so already), I want you to imagine your penis being enveloped between your grandmother's ass cheeks. And I don't mean your cool grandmother, the one who showed you how to make a bong out of a potato. I'm talking about your sweet, kindly, grandmotherly grandmother. If you achieve orgasm, then you are a terrible human being and should die from the plague. Even if your penis refuses to become erect ever again, you'll want to punish yourself for thinking such thoughts about your grandmother. Go wash your eyes with fire.

I could go on, but, you know, my mom is going to want to read this. I'll bet she's so proud. So you see, while I may be young and inexperienced, I've had more than my fair share of scarring moments in my life. All I want to do is share them with you. Is that so wrong?

Yeah, I guess you're right. It is.

Counterstrucked!

Zack "Gamble Elevators" Parsons here with a guide for this summer's hottest game - Counterstrike - from some guy I don't know! La Parka and Psychosis are two of my favorite luchadors, so just do like I did and imagine that this article was written by high flying luchador Psychosis.

> *After watching Full Metal Jacket 20 or 30 times, this fine young lad has learned everything there is to know about urban combat. Not only is he a military genius just waiting to be discovered and recruited by the Federal Bureau of Discovering and Recruiting Military*

Geniuses, but he is benevolent enough to share his foolproof battle plans with the rest of his team, and even inform all the other players whenever their strategies do not meet with his approval. Lucky them!

For those of you out there who are sadsack enough to still be playing this game, this guide should prove helpful and give you a good deal of insight into the fast-paced workaday world of Counterstrike. Head on over and give it a look-see!

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

9.21 The Game Show Network: A Study in Pain

Sunday, Sep 22, 2002 by Integral

Victory came at last in the form of this lumpy disaster.

My enjoyable weekend began at roughly eight PM on Thursday night (hey, we start the weekend early 'round these parts so we can get more partyin' in) when I began to vomit copious amounts of what looked to be some sort of cheap cat food from the depths of my gut into the depths of the toilet. The torrent of tangy regurgitant flowed forth with stunning regularity until approximately five PM Friday when I was finally able to very slowly ingest some oatmeal that looked like a large puddle of partially-digested maggot larvae.

Thursday night wasn't that bad because I spent most of my time sleeping fitfully or waking up and shouting, "UH OH!" before letting loose with a chunky love stream of ropey barf. I quickly learned my lesson that I should not aspire to such great heights as ingesting anything save water (in very slow, small sips) or doing things like moving from a motionless, supine position on the couch. This included feats such as sitting up, as I found when I boldly attempted to do so in order to watch TV without everyone appearing sideways. Bad news.

Friday was another story. The ease of which Thursday night had passed was nothing compared to the horrors I endured on that fateful day, and the worst part was that my misery was not due to my alien moonman plumbing sickness. I spent the day in bed trying not to throw up and occasionally falling into sleep wherein I had very vivid dreams of having my portrait painted by a legion of coked-up field mice. I was in pretty bad shape, but the worst part was that the entire day I lay in bed, weak and helpless and unable to move, the Game Show Network was on, spewing tales of greed and terror about me like so much raw chicken raining from the sky in a pen full of feral dogs.

As a result of this unfortunate situation, I watched many, many, oh so many game shows in succession. These shows were so traumatizing that I am now unable to watch TV at all for fear that I should accidentally flip past one of them and stare blankly and hypnotically at the screen until it is over.Most of these shows were old but the Game Show Network also had a few shows that they had recently made themselves in an attempt to be "new' and "original" and "tolerable to people." I lay in bed too sick to move watching the moving picture tube flash stories of greed and loss one after the other. It was pathetic and made me feel worse with each passing hour.

Oops!
Sorry, the page you requested is not available.
We've recently redesigned gameshownetwork.com,
and it's possible the page you're trying to view has
been moved (or removed) from the site.
Please use the site map (using the link below) to find current
Game Show Network information or use the navigation to the left
to explore our site. Don't forget to visit our home page for the latest
Game Show Network news and information.

If only the entire channel had been replaced with this message...

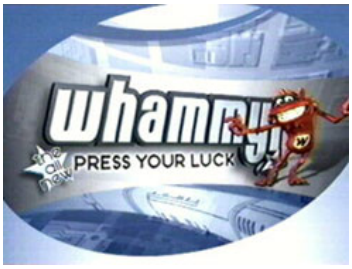
Show 1: Friend or Foe

This one is a Game Show Network original, and very depressing.
The host of this gem is "Kennedy" some second-rate comedienne chick they got off of VH1 or whatnot whose gimmick glasses far outshine her ability to create humor of any sort whatsoever from the vapid wasteland of her failing television domain. I can understand from watching her "in action" that she would want to keep her real name a secret, however, lest word get out that she fails on so many levels as an entertainer and as a person. At least her show is confined to an obscure cable channel so that I don't have to endure seeing her on a regular basis.

The basic premise of the show is that people are paired up with each other and work toward accumulating money by answering trivia questions. At the end of the game they must choose either "friend" or "foe." If both people choose "friend," the money is split. If both choose "foe" no one

gets a dime. If one chooses "friend" and the other "foe," the person who chose foe gets all of the cash, sucks to be the nice trusting person, so sorry, you lose. You can guess what usually happens and why this would be very depressing to watch. At the same time, it was helpful because I was able to memorize the faces of the particularly unsavory and appalling characters so as to ensure a sound throat-punching should I ever run into them on the street.

Show 2: Whammy



Victory came at last in the form of this lumpy disaster.

Remember the old 80's show "Press Your Luck?" NO WHAMMIES NO WHAMMIES... AND... STOP!! That was an ok show. It was another classic example of greedy people being consumed by their desire for material goods, and it basically summed up the attitude of the 80's perfectly. It was always fun watching people lose everything only to try again and fail because they hadn't learned any lessons at all from their previous mistakes. "Press Your Luck" had to be cancelled, though, when one crazy man memorized the pattern of the damn thing and won over and over again. Way to fuck it up for the rest of us, Chief.

The Game Show Network thought that it would be a good idea to make another version of this show, but they sort of made a few changes. For one thing, the prizes are not nearly as good as those from the 80's version:

Not only that, but the ratio of whammies to prizes is very unfair. There are about six to eight whammies for every one mediocre prize on the damn thing, and yet the old behavior pattern still runs strong. People's greed causes them to risk what little they gain and they end up losing everything. So "Whammy" is sort of like "Press Your Luck" only oh-so-much more depressing on many, many levels. Plus the whammies are even more poorly animated than in the 80's version because they try to make them all 3D and shit. Hooray.

Show 3: Family Feud

I know that this show is old news and I probably should have been exposed to its horror at a younger age, but that fact aside, I mean... WHAT THE HELL?? WHAT. THE. HELL?!?!?

First of all there's the host, who in the version I saw was one Richard Dawson. He was dressed in a frumpy early 80's tux with a corsage, a handkerchief, and a gold chain across the cumber bund and wasted no time in kissing every single female on stage with him, even the ones that were missing teeth or that were over 1,000 years of age. He also held their hands while they answered the questions and occasionally would trail off into some unintelligible garbage when he was supposed to

be announcing clues or whatnot. Example:

> **Dawson:** "Well you know, I would like to welcome to the show the Olympic Champions from mumble hrumblbmumnblum... And for all of you out there who are competing and who are in sports and who aremmblummb ummblumm umm... and who want to be in the Olympics I say that this is what it is all about. This is the spirit of the... This is why there is annbmmbble mumlblmbumm..." *(audience applause)* "... And you know what I mean when I say that! HAHA You know what I mean, don't you? HAHAHA!! Because it reminds me of when I was in Lake Tahoe for the comnmmubmmullmumbnum mummblummsumm... and I humbumbulumbulm HAHAHA!!!" *(audience applause)*

It was obvious that he was drunk off of his ass for the duration of this wretched program and that the people on the show with him either noticed and were decidedly afraid / repulsed, or they were too inbred to care and / or were drunk themselves. I have no idea. In any case, it was nasty-ass grody to the max and I can only say that I am dreadfully sorry that this man is still alive but that I am glad he is no longer allowed on television. I did learn that his replacement committed suicide and the replacement of that guy is none other than hot Hollywood hunk Louis Anderson. Hmm. HMMMM.

What a disgusting, lecherous, old drunk! HAHAHA

Other than the appalling host, the entire show looks like the side show from a county fair in rural Alabama. It's all done in crazy redneck font and the people that appear on the damn thing appear to be brother and sister as well as husband and wife. They always have a crazy old lady with no teeth, however. I think that this is a prerequisite for appearing on this show. I kept waiting for the three-eyed flipper babies to come parading out but unfortunately I was let down and all I got was more white trash.

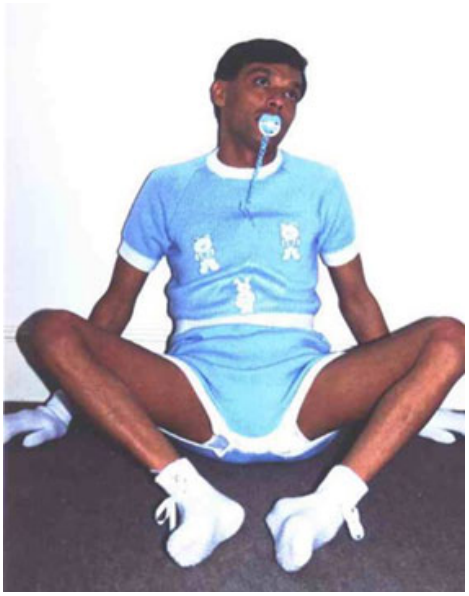
These are just a few of the shows that I saw and that made me feel even worse. Also on the list but not discussed were "The Match Game," Let's Make a Deal," and "Hollywood Squares." Part of it is probably that things from the 70's and early 80'sdepress me in general, whether because of the color scheme or horrible fashion or some other aspect of aesthetic terror I have no idea, but aside from that these things, the game shows are inherently suicide-inducing.

I physically feel a lot better today but I was horrified to notice that I turned on the Game Show Network "to see what was on" of my own volition. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME!? Being sick for two days was more costly than I ever could have imagined. As I struggled to shovel teaspoon after teaspoon of moist, mealy oats into my mouth without vomiting forth sentient chunks, I little realized that the effects of the Game Show Network would be lasting and scarring. But I suppose that now I must live with my mistakes. I only hope that I don't mutate and turn into one of those people who play the game shows online or whatever. Now that would be really pathetic. Imagine spending that much time online...

Wait.

Hello, Another Dumb Phone Prank

Rich "Assworms" Kyanka made this crazy gag with his friend back in the day when he was in crazy high school for Catholics and Retards with Balloons or somesuch. Ahh, life was a lot simpler then. People could randomly call up restaurants and engage the waitstaff in intelligent conversation about any number of things, from beans to... beans.



ANYWAY it's called "The Denny's Retard" and it's funny so DOWNLOAD IT OR PERISH, JERK.

-∼Integral

9.22 Welcome to Clown School

Monday, Sep 23, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This is the last known photo of Jason and Patricia Martin.

Every one of us has something buried in their past that is best left forgotten. Some indiscretion or fuck up so bad that you never mention it to anyone and try to repress it within you. For me, that something is clown school and I had thought all memories of it completely burned from my neurons by years of drinking. But alas even Bacardi 151 and Everclear shooters could not smooth this scar from the wrinkles of my cerebrum, and yesterday morning it all came flooding back. I saw flashes of greasepaint and laughter, my mother putting makeup on me, working on a routine. I think my nose began to bleed and I had to steady myself against a wall. Like in a movie where someone's "psychic powers" are awakening only instead of psychic powers I got soul-searing images of my day at clown school.

It was the summer of my eleventh year, maybe my twelfth, I'm not completely sure, still not completely out of my "girls are icky" phase. My mother had planned some sort of incredibly gay activity for me to do with her once a week so I didn't spend all my time playing Nintendo or hanging around the creepy neighbor kids. The neighbor kid's dad was one of those "yelling dads" you see in movies and jails, he would burst through the door and just start yelling and he would get everyone in the car and keep yelling all the way to wherever he was taking you and then you would all get out and he would yell. He had these giant protuberant moles on his brow that vibrated when he yelled. He left a big and terrifying impression on me, but this anecdote isn't about him at all, it's about one particularly odd activity my mother had planned.

She had decided that I was a "cut up" or "pill" or something of the sort, and since her repertoire of humor includes only bad puns and terrible puns she decided to take "class clown" literally and sign us up for a clown class. A clown class held at a catholic church. A clown class run entirely by nuns. I don't know how many of you are familiar with Catholic nuns but they are not exactly the first image that pops into your head when you think of "hilarity". Of course neither are clowns, which is why they made the perfect instructors for a class on how to be a clown.

If you're picturing a mixture between a military school and a circus, you're pretty much right, it was held in the activity center of a small church and three elderly nuns were in charge of teaching us the tricks and trade of being a clown. I was incredulous when I walked in and saw that all of the other "students" at this particular clown academy were middle-aged and mostly male, but as time passed and the nun commander gave her introductory speech my mood quickly shifted to "even more incredulous".

The itinerary for the class was something like this:

- 10:00 - 10:30 AM The history of clowns
- 10:30 - 11:00 AM How to apply clown makeup
- 11:00 - 11:30 AM Magic tricks and gags
- 11:30 - Noon Select your clown name and face
- Lunch break in which we all consume the sacrament of the clown god and crawling chaos Nyarlethotep
- 12:30 - 1:30 PM Apply makeup and develop five-minute "skit".

- 1:30 - 3:30 PM Perform "skits".

Even after hearing the clown syllabus for the day I had very little idea as to what to expect. The only think I knew was that it would involve a lot of sweaty middle-aged men in greasepaint, my mom, and stern-faced nuns. It sounded more like a sex-themed nightmare I would have, but unwilling and more importantly unable to back out, I forged ahead.

10:00 - 10:30 AM: The History of Clowns

Much like Rome clowns were not built in a day, they evolved from the first caveman who realized, after accidentally falling on a rock and smashing open his skull, that he could garner attention and laughter by repeatedly falling on a rock and smashing open his skull even more. Somewhere along the line clowns made the leap from bloody pratfalls to acrobatics and unnerving face paint. When clowning came to America with the pilgrims it got the standard American spin. This meant that clowns were usually overweight, sweaty, and more often than not, serial murderers. The nuns related all of this to us with a reverence you would think would be reserved for lifting some sacred palanquin out of a crypt. I was waiting for one of them to walk out of a janitor's closet swinging a censer full of burning Mop and Glow while the youngest of them chanted softly in the background. When the history lesson was over we broke into groups for our education in clown makeup.

10:30 - 11:00 AM: How to Apply Clown Makeup

At this point the nun who had disappeared earlier returned in full clown garb, including scary face paint and oversized shoes. To say the sight of a nun in clown makeup was startling and disturbing is an understatement on par with saying that an anvil being dropped on you from the roof of the Sears Tower might cause minor back pain. It was a crushing blow that I never fully recovered from. Once I'd sent out recovery teams to collect the pieces of my jaw that had scattered across the floor when it dropped off and shattered, I was able to apply my full attention to clown nun. She said her name was "Bonkers" and I watched her like a gazelle watching a prowling savannah lion with six heads.

You can tell this man has been a professional clown for years not by his skill at applying makeup but by the fact that he is not sobbing openly.

She explained the finer points of applying clown makeup, points which revolved primarily around smearing huge swaths of white grease paint across your face until your pores contained more lead than a mine in the Tennessee foothills. With a photocopied handout of a leering harlequin she explained the different shapes and colors that worked best. I ignored her and took the time to prepare a note to my friends request rescue in the seemingly likely event that the clowns grew agitated and attempted to eat us. I had not yet worked out how to get the note to the outside world when the makeup lesson ended.

11:00 - 11:30 AM: Magic Tricks and Gags

"Everyone loves magic," would be something you could only say if addressing a room populated entirely by the severely retarded.

Magic is about as entertaining as doing calligraphy in the dark, and you can magnify this joy tenfold when you consider the thankless task of actually performing the magic acts. What's worse is clowns are not exactly David Copperfield. They don't have a busty sidekick, melodramatic new age music, or ten smoke generators to hide the boom crane that moves a giant mirror. Clowns can perform two magic tricks: hiding a red ball and cutting and "fixing" a string. We learned both in the magic portion of this lesson but, since I was more interested in the fact that I thought the nun in the clown

makeup had filed her teeth into points, I have no recollection of how to perform them.

The gags were even funnier than the magic tricks. One gag involved sitting down and missing a chair and falling on the floor. What made the explanation of this gag even more gratingly dull was that the sweaty men with their hands suspiciously roaming the inner sanctum of their sweat pant's waistbands frequently asked questions.

> *"How do you fall and not hurt yourself?"*
>
> "Can you do the trick with a ladder?"
>
> "What's walking?"
>
> "When I'm awake my chest moves and sometimes I make it stop and then it hurts and I fall asleep. Why?"

Cold dread made each question more agonizing than the last as I envisioned nun clown tearing open my ribcage and pulling out my still-beating heart. Finally they ended and we were left to our own devices for half an hour to determine what our clown name and "theme" should be.

11:30 - Noon: Select Your Clown Name and Face

At this point I was sure even Clown Balloon could not save me.

This funtivity was infinitely harder than you might imagine. I feared the clown, not in a jokey "har har clowns are scary" way either, in a primal way like an owl fears a jet. Why would I want to become the jet to my proverbial owl? In hind sight I should have done something to stop them in their tracks. To give pause to their cruel designs and make them blink, their sinister glowing eyes so like the blood light of a back lit hand. I could see my end in their grotesquely painted smiles, coloration to confuse the prey, and I succumbed.

"Blinky" or something similar was hastily scrawled by my unfeeling hand at the top of the facial diagram. I was numb, numb to my fate and to the world around me, the detached apathy of a dead man walking. My mother was joyfully writing "Capers" or something stomach-churning across the top of her own paper, doodling intricate patterns on the blank face diagram that had about as much chance of success in reality as a novelization of "Freddy Got Fingered".

Noon

Lunch was eaten quietly, or it was by me anyway. I think my mother could tell I was deeply disturbed by what I had experienced, especially considering all of her questions like "what is your clown name going to be?" were answered with things like "sure" or "okay". Don't get me wrong, my mother is not stupid, she's almost always more practically intelligent than I am, but for some reason she seemed blissfully unaware of the doom that awaited us.

12:30 - 1:30 PM: Apply Make-Up and Develop Five Minute Skit

If I had to equate applying clown makeup to something I would have to say the real world activity it most resembles is being brutally raped by a bear in front of a full length mirror. You can see yourself being defiled in that reflective glass, inch by agonizing inch, as your face becomes inhumanly deformed. After applying a lumpy layer of grease-paint with all of the precision of the Dresden firebombing I began to fill in the faint outline of the mouth. Within minutes no matter how much I frowned or grimaced a giant blue smile was leering back at me. One of the nuns, and by then all three were in clown makeup, assisted me with the eye work. My particular helper was "Bunny" and

she had the vaguest resemblance to a rabbit. As she leaned over me smelling like mothballs and dried blood the only thing I could think of was that rabbits eat their own children.

I had hoped that I might be able to draw on my increasing apprehension to create a skit, maybe something about urinating my pants or becoming catatonic for five minutes. I looked around at the room full of clowns taking shape in every direction and my stomach churned. I knew that my only chance was to pretend like I was one of them, to cover up the deceit and revulsion within my breast. If they recognized me as an outsider they were sure to tear me limb from limb before I even made my first joke about shit running down my leg and having seizures. I went with the string trick, I figured I could fumble my way through it for five minutes and be done with the routine based on that trick alone.

1:30 - 3:30 PM Perform "Skits"

Most of the skits performed by the newly made ghouls in clown paint revolved around a single joke accompanied by a pratfall or magic trick. My mother's routine was some horribly unfunny song that drew ridiculously powerful laughs from the crowd. Her complete lack of comedic timing and skill had served her well with this group. A vice tightened around my heart as the nun commander said "Blinky" in her crone's voice.

This rare painting depicts a clown actually eating. Few have seen one consume its bloody repast and lived to tell the tale.

I made my way as slowly as possible towards the front, hoping that the clown clock was counting down as I shuffled in front of the audience. Their beady eyes were upon me and I could feel sweat attempting to form at my hairline, only to encounter an impassable wall of thick makeup. Their gazes alone were enough to char-broil me, what would their claws and teeth do when they realized it was all a sham?

"I need a volunteer," there was no microphone but I could swear I still heard feedback as I croaked the words out.

One of the clown nuns stepped forward and I asked her to cut the string I held in my shaking hands. I should never have used scissors in this routine. In her withered talons they looked like five inches of gleaming death, ready to plunge into my chest. She snipped the string and I realized to my horror that I had not prepared for the trick. She had actually cut the only string I had.

Acting quickly I wadded both ends into my palm and prayed, prayed to everything from Jesus to ancient Sumerian gods, to Zeus himself, that the string would magically knit itself together. I extended the fist containing what I hoped was a magically united string, the nun's claw already open beneath it, waiting for my undoing to fall out in two neatly-cut halves.

I opened my fist.

I never saw what fell from my hand. Like a curtain dropping over a fatal pyrotechnic mishap at a grade school's production of "Lil Abner" darkness was swift and pitiless. Clown faces floated towards me as if from oily water, their mouths distended and rimmed with glittering fangs. They snapped at me and howled, and I swore I could feel them tearing away pieces of flesh.

I came to in the seat of my parent's car. We were on the way home. I asked what happened and my mother gave me an odd look, like I should know full well.

"Your pratfall was great," she said. "Sister Martha said it was an ingenious spin on the string trick.

She thinks you could have a real future in clowning."

"Fat chance," I thought to myself, "my only possible future in clowning is as a digesting meal inside the belly of the beast."

When we got home I played Rygar and tried to forget.

At Last! A Definitive Guide to Warcraft III!

Ladies and gents, I am pleased to announce that Jeff K has just completed his rigorous research for his guide to Warcraft III! This guide will give you all the hottest hints and tricks for playing Warcraft, so forget about GameFAQs and check this sucker out!

> *okey, NEVER PLAY AS ELFS! ELFS ARE FOR FAGOTS AND TEH ONLY GOOD ELF IS TEH MEAT ELF! my dad used to bring home meat from work and I said "were did yuo gets this meat?" and he would say "I AM DRUNK, I GOT IT FROM TEH MEAT ELF!" and he said teh meat elf lived in a cave and would come out when I would act nifty from niacin so IN SUMMARY NIGHT ELFES ARE A BAD CHOICE FOR YUO UNLESS YUO ARE CONTENT WITH FAGOTRY ON A GRAND SCALE!!! I will not evan adress teh elfes in this guide becuase they dont deserve a shake of my fist in a summar's brew!*

You will only need one guide this summer, and it is definitely "A JEFF K. GUIDE TOO WARCARFT 3!!!"

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.23 Crack, Hoes, Drugs, Drivebys, and Grade School

Tuesday, Sep 24, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Grab a Free Xbox or PS2!

Before starting today's award-winning update (it won the prestigious honor of being the "Article Most Likely to Never Be Read By Anybody Except the Author's Parents"), I'd like to point out that garish new ad I designed and shoved into the upper right hand corner. We here at Something Awful Headquarters, located above the majestic Mount Doom and surrounded by impenentrable lava streams, have recently met with the nice folks at Speakeasy.net and decided that their service would be of great interest to our viewers. They basically offer highspeed broadband service from many major US cities and offer the lowest gaming pings in the entire universe except for Mars, but that's just because Mars somehow invented Powerplay before big fatass Gabe Newell had a chance to develop it in between his pie binges.

Anyway, Speakeasy.net is currently offering a one-week promotional special where, if you sign up for their services, they'll give you a FREE XBOX or PS2! This is like a win-win situation for all involved; you get a console that will be online compatible, your pings drop like lead balloons, and you get a connection speed that's faster than Louie Anderson in a Sizzler's buffet. Now let me explain the only downsides to this deal: first off, Speakeasy.net is a bit more expensive than other DSL providers. This is because they are a dedicated gaming / high speed system and ensure that all your traffic goes through their own optimized servers and data centers. This special hardware and customer support costs more cash than a normal ISP, and their nonstop dedication to increasing your connection speed takes priority number one. Secondly, if you want a free Xbox or PS2, you'll have to sign up for a year of service. That isn't really a big deal since all DSL companies require the same type of contracts. I just wanted to get those two points out of the way.

As I mentioned before, these guys are top-notch and they have a stellar commitment to the hardcore gaming scene. Since they are all hardcore gamers and Internet users themselves, they understand your wants and needs. In addition, they will eventually begin providing supercool SA gaming servers run **for** goons, **by** goons, so all Speakeasy.net customers will get pings so low that they'll dip into negative values. That's correct; you'll be playing so fast you'll be TRAVELING BACK IN TIME! Wow! In addition, we'll eventually be offering webspace for SA / Speakeasy customers, allowing you to upload your Anime Cosplay DiVX clips and mp3s of "Golden Girls" at your leisure. Do us a favor and check out their special deals before the offer ends on September 30th:

- **FREE XBOX**
- **FREE PS2**

Make a click and see if you can join our illustrious network of not-fat, not-ugly, not-afraid of communicating with humans, Something Awful Goons! Come on baby, you know you want to!

Crack, Hoes, Drugs, Drivebys, and Grade School

If you're like me, and I know I sure as hell am, you think rap music ranks up there with listening to a shirtless hobo beat a rusted water tank with a monkey wrench for nine hours straight. Now I know what all you pro-rap weedheads are going to tell me: "but Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, not all rap is bad! Like DJ Po-Po Skip Wrexor or MC Ceramic Dishtub, they're both highly talented individuals

who can rhyme the word 'throw' with 'fist-fucking ho'!" To this I respond "shut up" in addition to "I hope your Eddie Bauer Ford Explorer with tinted windows vaporizes after driving into the back of an exploding cracker delivery truck." As anybody out there knows, I despise making sweeping generalizations, which is why I can safely say that any human who listens to rap music should be herded off into an active volcano which we would then launch into orbit and detonate with nuclear missiles.

Perhaps some of my assumptions regarding rap are way off-base here, but my previous experience with this "funky g-fresh hizza hozza" music has led be to believe rap music all contains the follow themes:

Bitch done left me; now I gonna stab her silly
My homeboy done left me; now I gonna shoot him silly
Bitch done left me to cheat on my homeboy, now I gonna stab them both silly
My car be real fast and expensive, also fuck the cops
I do drugs and play "Madden 2002" and if I lose then I stab the drugs and PS2 silly.

Kids today need to learn discipline, not whatever the fuck this is.

There are hardly any redeeming qualities in rap music (besides when the song finishes and reaches the two seconds of silence at the end), and this is particularly true with the newfangled "holy" rap music by such artists as "DC Talk" and "MC Good God!" Their music, inspired by the aforementioned lyrics, takes the overtly negative connotations found in generic rap and replaces it with positive, Christian values such as "dipping your baby's head in a wading pool of water." Here's an example of the previous rap lyrics "corrected" by an up and coming Christian rap band:

Unholy Catholic girl has walked out on me; now I will pray to Jesus and repent for my sins
My best friend decided to go to another church; now I shall cover his entire car with pamphlets from my church and harass him until he either comes back or dies
An unholy Catholic girl has decided to turn to the dark side and have filthy premarital sex with my lost ex-friend; I shall now pray for them. I pray that a plane falls on their home
My car is an economical Ford Golf; I respect the Police for enforcing our laws
I stay away from caffeine, sugar, cold medicine, and fast food and my favorite game is hopscotch. If I lose, I weep for hours upon hours, Jesus won't you save me?

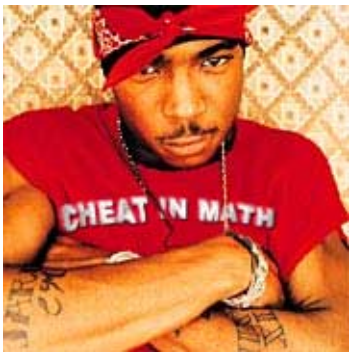
As we can see, neither version of rap can be considered "good" or "decent enough to keep the listener from committing suicide." Naturally it struck me off guard when I found out that certain classrooms across the globe, classrooms that could be used to store radioactive canisters, are now teaching their students how to RAP. Yes, you read that correctly: HOW TO RAP.

Pity our poor educational system.

Students Rapping Their Way To Better Grades - *If you're a parent, it's not something you'd want to find out...that your child's reading skills are below average. At one Little Rock school, Mitchell Academy, only 12% of the kids are proficient in reading. That's according to the last benchmark test scores, and 80% of the reading exam involves writing. So, what could listening to rap and other*

> *music have to do with improving those scores? Well, Erik Cork wants students to do much more than talk about learning, he wants them to put their whole body into it. And, the kids seem to love it.*

Now I don't want to sound like one of those whiny old-timers who sit around and moan while various appendages come loose and fall off, but in my day we didn't have any of this rapping bullshit. Do you know how we had to learn the ABC's? We had to memorize them and recite them to the teacher; if we missed one letter, they would use a redhot cattle prod to tattoo that letter on our testicles. They would also lock us in the "Geography Closet of Fun" which consisted of an abandoned refrigerator full of stones from various countries. The "Geography Closet of Fun" would then be kicked down a flight of stairs and we would then be expected to recite the location of every country ever (including Atlantis) under the threat of being drafted to the military in the "exploding student" Brigadoon.



THIS IS NOT A MODEL FIGURE FOR OUR CHILDREN.

What I'm afraid is that this "school rap" acts as entrance drug to the seedy, illegal, filthy underworld of rap itself. At age six, your kid will be rapping about famous dead presidents and why counting to 10 is considered "dope." By age 10, he'll be doing freestyle on the Declaration of Independence. When he hits age 19, he'll have assassinated the Pope. That's the effect rap has on children and if you claim that this conclusion is false just because I made it up, I'll claim you're an idiot who obviously doesn't know what it takes to shoot the Pope.

First off, this article mentions that only 12% of their children are proficient in reading! Do you understand what this means? If you have 100 of those retards trapped inside a garage that had two exits, one marked "EXIT" and the other "INSTANT DEATH", that nearly 100% of them would instantly die do to the sarin gas we were pumping nonstop into the garage, with both exit doors welded shut? Those aren't very good statistics, especially when you figure in the fact that this supposedly "scientific test" has now been ruled "cruel and unusual punishment." We usually get off without being charged, as we explain these kids were doomed to live lives of rap-infested ghetto apartments where the phrase "duck and cover" refers to the procedure that should be taken after hearing a screeching police siren.

Now before I launch guns-blazing into this utterly retarded article, let's at least give them a chance to explain their complex and meaningful ways to educate our previously retarded kids and beat some sense into them, either be it through rap or small arms fire:

> *"Tell me more, tell me more, tell me more baby..", that's a lesson on elaboration. "You may not use the same words over and over..", this emphasizes varied word choice. And, "fact s...", this shows kids to pile good things into every sentence, like they would on a hamburger. "Teachers were skeptical that this would have any impact on classroom performance, but they're not skeptical anymore."*

WHAT? I'm 26 years old and I can't even begin to figure out what the hell that nonsense is? Where are the bitch slapping's? Where are the TEK-9s? How are kids supposed to learn these important aspects of life when the rap has been so watered down that they're forced to repeat "tell me more baby" over and over again until it's recess time and they can go out and shoot up heroin out besides the monkey bars. How can these teachings help students deal in real world situations?

> **JOHN:** "Hey baby, you up for a little ride with me?
> **STUDENT:** "Tell me more."

JOHN: "We'll just drive around, find a sweet spot, and then smoke a couple blunts in back, baby."
STUDENT: "Tell me more."
JOHN: "They're real high quality, I got them from this Chicano brother down east and he says I can get as much as I want whenever."
STUDENT: "Tell me more."
JOHN: "What the fuck is up with you?"
IRISH POLICEMAN: "Alright, move along, there's nothing to see here, move along!"
(Car drives away)
STUDENT: "Tell me more."
IRISH POLICEMAN: "'This nothing more to tell, wee lad. Return back to home, for a chilly night like this is no place for a youngster as yourself."
STUDENT: "Tell me more."
IRISH POLICEMAN: *(Blows the student's head's off with a shotgun)* "I hate rap!"

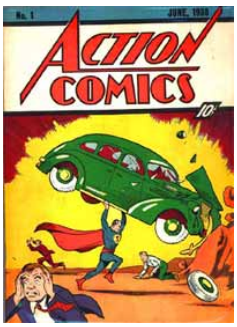
As you can see, this whole rapping thing can lead to nothing but pain, tears, paint, ears, and other horrible things. Please, school boards across America, do not let the rappers infiltrate your sacred halls of learning and corrupt it with the unholy word of rap! Let's keep the American educational system the way it is, with .04% of kids graduating and the other 99.96% going straightly to jail, where they belong. And while I'm at it, why doesn't somebody please bring back reruns of "Galaxy High School"?

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.24 Can I Get Some Rational Thought, Yo?

Wednesday, Sep 25, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Can I Get Some Rational Thought, Yo?



When times get tough, you may have to turn the Golden Age into the Brown Age.

Like a ripe pair of underwear, war is a fruit that's looming to be picked. Each day brings us closer and closer to the next phase in the war on terror, which if I'm not mistaken, now involves attacking wacky Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein and his country. I honestly can't point to Iraq on a map, mostly because I don't own a map, but also because I believe maps are a form of evil invented by non-Christians who probably worship robots that are in turn programmed to worship Satan. I also sure can't think of a good reason to deliver our precious supply of exploding bombs to a country that as far as I know exists only on the TV. Thankfully I don't have to come up with the answers to these multifaceted questions about the war on peace. I did brainstorm some answers in my notebook anyway, but those answers actually turned out to be a recipe for vanilla Pepsi accompanied by doodles of various dead presidents getting it on. The United States of America happens to have a government, which apparently may or may not give either a lot of rich people or a single rich person the right to answer the war question. The president (note: not one of the dead presidents I drew pictures of getting it on) wants to wallop Hussein. The other people who think they might be able to make this decision are mixed. Some cheer the president on, high-fiving him into making with the war already. The others are defiant, offering only boos and hisses that reveal the shocking truth: ghost snakes have infiltrated our government.

Saddam Hussein, like most really big assholes, deserves to be defrocked and punched in the face with a fist. But then whose fist should we use? Since Superman isn't real and Jesus is in outer space, it's up to us Americans to combine all of our fists into one giant fist, which we will then fill with bombs and swing at Iraq. I don't mean that literally, because modern medical science hasn't come up with the giant fist needed to make this plan work. It's a shame, really. A giant fist that just happens to be a composite of every American fist – whether that fist be black, white, Asian, Arab, Hispanic, or Yeti – would be the ultimate symbol of excess, waste, and power. I can't think of anything more patriotic than that.

More than likely, we will get the war we so richly deserve. This will mean a lot for our country, as suddenly many of our fighting forces will be overseas in the grip of danger. Not only will the lives of these brave men and lesbian women change dramatically, but so too will the lives of us at home. No longer will we be able to laugh gaily at the sight of a man being hit in the groin by a football, for the mere sight of this will remind us that our sons and butch daughters are catching not footballs in their groins, but rather bullets. This also means that a good chunk of our labor force will be busy producing war supplies instead of the basic supplies we purchase to pad and comfort our lives so that we may live like European kings. With provisions limited, we will have no choice but to ration for the better of all mankind. In particular, the part of mankind that includes us and only us.

Rationing? What's that? Can you eat it? To put it bluntly, rationing is what keeps you from wiping your ass once instead of fifty times. It also means that instead of eating giant buckets of chocolate covered chicken, you eat lots of potatoes and never throw anything away, including the sack your potatoes came in. That sack will one day become your finest suit, and what kind of lousy intercourser throws away a good suit? I realize that most of you, like me, have never lived in a time when rationing was necessary. Thanks to my imagination, which has helped me obtain this excellent position as a guy who can write swearwords on the internet, I can tell you accurately and empirically

just what a ration-frenzied nation will be like. Magic bulleted list, do your thing! ZOOM!

- **Toilet Paper**
When nations take to tussling with one another, the first thing to suffer is the toilet paper supply. Due to obscure laws written during a rare and possibly unholy full moon session of congress, The Federal Toilet Paper Reserve is forbidden to issue new sheets of toilet paper during wartime. Because of this, we will have to ration the last sheets of toilet paper in circulation. When those run out, we will have to turn to the next best thing: extremely valuable vintage comic books. Early issues of comics such as "Superman," "Action Comics," "Detective Comics," and "Batman" will fulfill the sanitary void left by toilet paper.
- **Vehicles**

Power Wheels: Clean, economical, and safe for all ages.

Cars burn up fuel like really tiny stars and we sure as shit don't drive those around. Not surprisingly, people will ditch their SUVs and APCs in favor of fuel-efficient cars. Drivers everywhere will purchase affordable Fisher-Price Power Wheels, which as everybody knows, started the electric car revolution in the first place. POW POW POWER WHEELS! POW POWER WHEELS! POWER WHEELS!

- **Music**
We depend on oil for our CDs, but with oil supplies limited we won't be getting much in the way of new music from today's popular artists. Thank the stars, because you can easily substitute today's modern music with music from the previous decade. Like Creed? Then you'll like Pearl Jam, since it's the same damn shit. But what about a complicated band like Linkin Park that utilizes both rap and rock for their tunes? The solution is a little bit more complex, but still easy to accomplish. Buy albums by Nine Inch Nails and DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince and play them at the same time. Bang! There's your modern music.

- **Laundry and Dishes**
Washing dishes and doing laundry are two processes that waste a lot of water, power, and time. It's only logical to combine these dreadful tasks into something fun, pleasant, and economical. Load your dirty plates and dirty clothes together to save resources and show Saddam you mean business. Sure, your clothes might end up with far more grease and meatball stains, but given the social shift towards rationing, your stained clothes will make you more attractive. Studies show that attractive people, like well built ships, are extremely seaworthy.

- **The Dead**
Not even the dead can escape the need for rationing. Corpses are full of not just meat, bones, and muscle, but also a lot of heart. I think that's why so many people love them, but not too much because that would be wrong and not at all sportsmanlike. Obviously it would be foolish for us to neglect such a valuable source of meat. What's

> more, consuming the flesh of another man gives you all his strength. We Americans are at our best when we are strong, beefy, and full of ourselves. We can't pass up on such a valuable opportunity.

As you can see, we are certainly in for some tough times and big sacrifices. But like all tough times that require a lot of big sacrifices, we will whine and complain our way through them with class and dignity to spare. Really, what's a war without a little bit of suffering? Not a very good war if you ask me!

Hooray! Pirates and Fairies!

The Rompit is once again bustling with more activity than your average pit, and that includes both the pit from Mortal Kombat and the various pits of Pit Figher. Cranky Steve regular Psychosis has bathed himself in the thick fantasy and excitement of "Hook", starring Peter Pan.

> *Because I am a big stupid dumb idiot, I optimistically began playing, only to be shocked and horrified by the shocking and horrifying lump of shock and horror that is the gameplay. Imagine playing a platformer where the world's most annoying midi song screeches at you in the background, and you spend most of your time deciding whether or not it's worth it to drown out the obnoxious sound effects. While this is happening, you're hopping around dodging the same five enemies over and over again and trying to stab them with your wimpy little sword, which actually looks more like a sewing needle or a staple than a sword. You won't be able to get out of the level, because it won't let you leave until you accomplish some inane task, such as collecting cherries or throwing basketballs into hoops. You die if you touch any water, even if it's only half as deep as you are tall. After five minutes of playing, the pounding of your headache will be indistinguishable from the pounding of your fist against the monitor.*

That's just a sample. Like all samples, there is more if you're willing to work for it.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.25 Loving You Means Never Having to Say I Love You

Wednesday, Sep 25, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

These two people have an excellent relationship, both freely expressing their wants and needs through the computer.

It's common knowledge that every relationship has its ups and downs. One day you and your significant other will be harmoniously celebrating something like the bombing of Iraq and the next day you'll be constantly bickering over who gets to use their playlist for Winamp (I do). Usually these domestic squabbles can be solved by sitting down and explaining your differences in a calm, rational manner that doesn't involve brandishing a loaded handgun. After 26 minutes have passed and you and your loved one have ironed out your differences, a list of credits will then scroll vertically in front of you and you'll suddenly become aware of who was the "key grip" and if your dispute was recorded in Dolby Surround Sound. These arguments are often exciting, enjoyable affairs, assuming the word "exciting" means "horrible" and "enjoyable" means "my god I want to beat myself into submission with a snow shovel." Oh yeah, and I guess the word "affairs" must mean something else now, so let's just substitute it with "invisible dump truck" and move on.

Yet another example of a great relationship, as these two are - wait a minute, WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?!?

Many of you may not be aware of this, but there are many differences between men and women. For example, men have penises and women have, well, something really weird and different and unnecessarily complex. I would've also mentioned that women have breasts, but I've been recently unintentionally developing my own set of boobs. I'm not exactly sure why; I assume it's because I'm secretly afraid Emily's boobs might suddenly fail and I'd need an emergency backup set of boobs. She's going back to Wisconsin for awhile in the near future and I'm going to need something to point at and laugh or rely on as food lest there be a massive food shortage. All boob references aside, recently we had one of those "all out relationship brawls" which usually ends up with a fresh corpse being deposited underneath a popular city landfill. Not only were there corpses as a result of this but there is now one cat less in the house. One less alive cat. One less cat with a head or legs. **NOTE TO READERS: This is a joke. We did not seriously kill one of our cats. PLEASE STOP EMAILING US ABOUT DEAD CATS.**

Many couples don't tend to be as lucky in terms of resolving their differences smoothly. For example, there's this couple in Baltimore, Maryland who broke up. We're not going to concentrate on them though, as one member of the ex-couple was recently arrested for sexually assaulting a Ronald McDonald statue. The purpose of today's update is to help you, the reader, learn how to sustain a loving, caring, honest relationship based on lies and tricking the other person into thinking you're not nearly as sociopathic as you appear.

A MAN'S GUIDE TO A SUCCESSFUL RELATIONSHIP
By Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

- Under no circumstances should you show any emotions. If you're emotional in any way, you run the risk of turning into a homosexual and then you'll have to spend a good majority of your paycheck on fruity, pink shirts with no top button. If your significant

other expresses disdain for your stolid behavior, distract her by purchasing woman-themed gifts from Amazon.com such as a compressed air hose or a copy of "Hamburger Hill."

- Never admit any personal shortcomings. Women will see this as a point of weakness and take advantage of this by constantly bringing it up and using it to attack you. For example, if you have Diabetes and get into an argument, your girlfriend will say things like "oh sure, that's EXACTLY what somebody with Diabetes would say!" or "why don't you shut up and go produce some insulin, Diabetes Boy!" If you slip up and accidentally admit a fault of your own, make sure to point out at least two faults of your significant other. This can range from "you never do the dishes" to "the gamma level on your monitor is too high."
- The phrase "I love you" should never be used. It's automatically assumed that if you haven't broken up or given the other person a black eye yet, you love them. If you say "I love you," you might as well blurt out "please shove a New York Mets baseball helmet up my ass" because the end result will be about the same.
- Men are naturally hunters and gatherers. This means that if your girlfriend is being attacked by a rabid pit bull, you should hunt down a decent life insurance policy and gather as much money as you can.
- Women are of the weaker sex. You should exploit this by challenging your girlfriend or fiance to an arm wrestling competition whenever you get into an argument. The winner is declared "correct" and the loser is deemed "wrong." You may then proceed to do the Victory Dance, which involves demanding your significant other to mop the floor.
- You should teach your girlfriend to not expect anything fancy or romantic early on in the relationship. Let's face it; romance is one of those fictional, make-believe type things that only appears in movies, just like Santa Claus or Santa Claus' shadow. On your first date, make sure to bluntly state, "okay toots, let's make one thing clear: there ain't gonna be none of that romantic shit in this here relationship." Then break a bottle over your head to show how serious you are.
- **Things that make women happy:**
  - A whole bunch of newspapers covering the entire kitchen floor. This automatically cleans up any mess you may drop while preparing food and simultaneously provides you with humor from the award-winning comedy strip "Ziggy."
  - Food. They also like jewelry. Combine the two and give your significant other one of those candy rings that you can purchase at some of the more upscale roller skating rinks.
  - Attention. Purchase a spotlight and randomly turn it on, demanding that your girlfriend begin entertaining you. Feel free to shout "boo, get off the stage, you're not funny!" if she fails to do anything particularly amusing.
  - Anything that involves buying those "as seen on TV" gadgets such as "The Magical Food De-Re-Dehydrator," "Smilin' Joe's Happy Lip Gloss," or "Ron Popeil's Automatic Fornication Machine."
- **Things that make women unhappy:**
  - Insects.
  - Bloody chest wounds.
  - Waking them up at 3:30 am by screaming "OH MY GOD THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!"

- Waking them up at 3:45 am by screaming "OH MY GOD THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!"
- Screaming "OH MY GOD THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!" at just about any time.
- Ghosts.
- Poison.
- Tricking them into eating poop that looks like chocolate. I'm only assuming that makes women unhappy, as I haven't tried it... yet.
- Traveling back in time and killing their parents so they don't give birth to them.

- Occasionally your girlfriend's parents will object to your relationship and create difficulties between you and your loved one. Resolve this by driving a wedge between your girlfriend and her parents. Force her to choose you over them, at gunpoint if necessary. Repeatedly make comments such as, "oh, well I'm sorry YOUR DADDY told you that I shouldn't lock you in the closet" or "I guess YOUR MOMMY taught you it's wrong for me to have sex with other women in the same room as you."

Bears often have miserable relationships because they lack Internet access and couldn't even read this webpage if they did. That is one reason why you should be happy you're not a bear or lack Internet access.

There are many other relationship tips and techniques you can use to further your relationship but frankly I don't know what they are and I think they involve stealing construction equipment. Additionally, I don't want to freely give away these secret relationship pointers because I plan on writing a book entitled "You'll Love Me Even If It Kills You" which will be published entirely in 70-point bold font and span 900 pages. Then I will become rich and use my ill gotten gains to purchase happiness, something only money can do. I'll also use that money to write a follow up book called "How to Make Obscene Amounts of Money By Writing Stupid Relationship Books" and permanently change my last name to "PhD" so people will think I'm some kind of smart doctor guy. After all, what kind of successful relationship isn't based around deception and lies?

Dungeons and Duck Sounds

Zack "Gold Enumerator" Parsons here with an all new SA Story Time. This week we take a look at RPG based multi-volume fantasy epics. That's right Drangonlance nerds, I'm looking at you shitheads!

> *The king was very surprised, although he probably should not have been considering Skullulon had arisen from his thousand year torpor no less than five times in the last two years. Each time but one he had been vanquished by the great human hero Darestrong Stormheart. The fifth time a shipping mix-up at Skullulon's office of evil conquest planning caused a thousand skull catapults to be shipped to The Island of Lost Hopes, prematurely ending that attempt at Skullulon's domination of the Forgotten Worlds. Not that it really mattered; Darestrong would have thwarted him a fifth time. He was already questing and everything.*

If you've ever read a novel based on a roleplaying game, or know someone who has, this should save you or them a lot of trouble in the near future. Head on over and give it a read!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.26 Animal Kriss Krossed

Friday, Sep 27, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The console wars have been hot since Microsoft and Nintendo tried to challenge the dominance of Sony. While few doubt that for now their ventures have completely failed to unseat Sony from its number one spot, Microsoft and Nintendo continue to duke it out for second place. There's a certain undercurrent that whoever comes in third might not be around for the next generation of console releases. It happened with poor Sega, and no one wants to see their favorite console - be it the Game Cube or the Xbox - fail to come back for round two. Until about two weeks ago I was sure the Nintendo Game Cube was a piece of crap with no title on it that interested me in the slightest. Sure, the release of a Mario game touched a slight nostalgia nerve in me, but not exactly enough to get me to run out and buy a Game Cube.

Yeah, I know, it looks too happy, and it is, but somehow happy overload works for "Animal Crossing".

With a little help from our good friends at Speakeasy whose ads you see everywhere, I got myself a free Xbox and I was happy. Don't get me wrong, the Xbox doesn't exactly have the Library of Alexandria going for it when it comes to game titles either, but games like Halo, Robotech: Battlecry (which will be coming out eventually on Game Cube too) and that upcoming Sexy Volleyball Game convinced me of its superiority. Besides, I'm a PC gamer, and Microsoft's Xbox is like the PC Console, or so my uninformed ass is content to assume anyway.

Then it happened. The buzz started on the forums for a game for Nintendo's Game Cube that was so utterly cute, ridiculous, and silly, that I simply had to have it. I read through page after page of messages from our goons raving about this title, with almost no one voicing negative opinions. Repeatedly I saw the same thing happening; people were breaking down the fan boy walls and buying a Game Cube just for this title. Xbox fans, Sony fans, they were all coming together over this one game.

"Animal Crossing."

Make no mistake, this terror dungeon is actually a museum with each dinosaur skeleton donated by the horrifyingly adorable player.

One look at a screen shot of the game is enough to make your teeth hurt for a week. Think of it as the Sims if it were made by the people who sell those collectible figurines of kids with puppies and balloons. It is so adorable it makes you want to jump out a window because you know you will never witness anything cuter for the rest of your life.

With the hearty approval of my girlfriend Michelle we decided to get a Game Cube and Animal Crossing. We researched the best ways to play the game together, how our towns would interact, when the best time of day was to catch fish and give them to the owl in the museum. Five minutes after I sat down to play any pretense of machismo I had evaporated as if I were rolling around on the floor with a baby, three puppies, and a kitten all at the same time.

For those of you not up on your extremely cutesy Game Cube games, Animal Crossing is a "real life" simulation with a cartoonish angle. You play a human that looks like a cross between a baby with hydrocephalus and a Raggedy Ann doll in a town full of talking animals. You have to raise money

to expand your house and buy furnishings by doing things like picking fruit, digging for treasure, catching bugs (hot market, I know), and fishing. You interact with all the animal villagers in your town in a sometimes-logical way. Each has a distinct personality taken from an admittedly limited pool of personality types, and you can woo them into liking you by doing things like sending them presents and letters, or helping them out with menial tasks.

What the Sims got wrong in many ways Animal Crossing seems to get very right. The town you live in is much more fluid, with animals moving in and out at a sometimes ridiculous pace, and all kinds of timed events like sports contests and traveling merchants. The catch with Animal Crossing is that there is no fast forward button. For those of us who like our gaming fix quick and steady Animal Crossing can be a bit disconcerting. There's only so much you can do in a day, and even on the best days squeezing more than three hours out of the game starts to get boring. Then comes the next day and you fall in love all over again, with completely new and fun things to do, rumors and gossip, and seasonal events. Animal Crossing is the sort of game you would make fun of your friend for having and then obsessively play after he passes out from doing shots.

My personal experience in Animal Crossing has been to create my rag-doll freakbaby named "sparkle" and send him off to his little town of "sassyton". Upon arriving in the cheery berg of sassyton I set up my home with the help of local shopkeeper Tom Nook. Tom Nook apparently has access to either dimensional gateways or illegal human raccoon-man cloning technology as he appears in every game under the same name. The trees on my town grow peaches, which I picked clean, only to discover that Tom Nook is only offering 100 bells (the cute Animal Crossing currency) for peaches, but 500 for every other fruit. When Michelle (AKA "fisty") made her town of "kittie" she discovered that her trees grew pears. Quickly a trade agreement was hammered out and we began taking the train between our towns to sell fruit at incredible markup in the nearby village.

Hey, how about a hug? I need a fucking hug.

Whenever you take a train ride in Animal Crossing you invariably encounter another character on the train. Usually this is a very emotive cat by the name of "Rover", who I have spoken with so many times I would like to gut with a meathook and sell to Tom Nook. You are also able to design your own clothing and decorations using a simple art tool built into the game. My efforts to emblazon my door with a swastika were shot down by Michelle, but I've had my mean fun with plenty of the townspeople. You see they enjoy getting letters and having you post bulletins on the bulletin board, but they can't actually understand what you write. They can tell when you write nonsense and they can comment on the length of your letter, but my repeated death threats and warnings about Tom Nook plotting to kill people have led to nothing but confusion and requests for shorter letters. Good old Tom once asked me to post an advertisement for his shop that would generate buzz and I proceeded to write a bulletin about Tom Nook's bedwetting problem. He congratulated me and paid me for a job well done.

That is by no means the limit of the fun things you can do around town to harass and provoke your saccharine townspeople. Try some of the following to see if you can get them to leave town:

- Dig a network of trenches outside their home and write them a letter informing them that their grave awaits them. If you've caught a bee then attach it to the letter as a "gift".
- Flowers can be trampled by repeatedly running or walking through them. Your house deserves to be the best one in town, don't let those showoffs think they can outdo you.

- Contrary to their comments and what the manual and strategy guide might say, townspeople absolutely love being hit with the shovel and/or net. Run around and have a party with them seeing how many you can enrage.
- If you have two memory cards chances are when someone moves out of your town they'll be moving into the town on the other card. That means they cannot escape your wrath. Hop on the train and continue the shenanigans in a neighboring town.
- Whenever someone gives you a job to do what they're really saying is "take this and throw it in the wishing well". So when Grumbly the bear tells you to return his Gameboy to Portia, what he actually wants you to do is throw it down a well and go catch fish.
- People in town enjoy playing with balls. If you see one having fun with a soccer ball then you should immediately kick the ball into the river or ocean.
- When it starts to get late people tend to go into their houses to get ready for bed. If you see a house with the lights on then feel free to head on in uninvited and shove their furniture around enclosing them against the wall. If they're listening to music turn it off and if they have a toilet then use it repeatedly while they watch, trapped by the furniture, unable to stop your rampage.

I hope these tips help you become the man about town that sparkle is! Word about him is out and the buzz points to him being the next big thing.

If you own a Game Cube and do not own Animal Crossing then what are you doing reading this article when you could be out buying Animal Crossing?! Get going! If you don't own a Game Cube but enjoy spending a lot of money just to play one game, then go get a Game Cube and Animal Crossing!

Show Them What They Won

Hello, my name is Livestock and I'm being held against my will by Zack and Lowtax. They forced me at gun point to put together a new Photoshop Phriday, and so I had no choice but to comply. Please send help, for I have not experienced a real Friday since being kidnapped. Is Urkel still on? Truly, I await him as much as freedom! But enough about my misery! This week the Something Awful Goons got together and created some of the worst game show ideas since pretty much every game show currently on TV.

By all means click here and read the damn thing. I mean it!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.27 Rock and Roll and Cola Wars: I Can't Take it Any More. We Didn't Start the Fire.

Saturday, Sep 28, 2002 by Integral

I'd review it.

I just love reviewing things. Hell, I'll review anything, be it popcorn or prosthetic limbs. Mainly this is because I enjoy sharing my valuable and always completely correct opinion with the rest of the innocent world, but also I feel that it is my duty to convert as many people as possible to my way of thinking so that when I eventually have some time to take over the world I will be able to weed out who lives and who dies by a simple candy taste test or question about a popular music artist. Poetry in motion.

For some reason, lately the soda conglomerates have seen fit to release products that should never have been released under the guise of names like "soda" or "pop" or "silly-beverage" or "hippo spleen" or whatever it is that you people call it in whatever crazy part of Ethnia you live. They're weird and I don't like change and I want them to go away. Additionally, the marketing behind them is fucked the shit up, as you will soon see.

All of these new soda liquids look like the liquids that they have in test tubes in labs on B-grade sci-fi movies. This tends to be fairly intimidating when one thinks about ingesting all of that dye and whether the blue stuff is actually that blue stuff from the movie "Alien Terror Zombies" where the humans are forced to drink blue sludge and then become brain-eating monsters with very bad teeth. I guess that the whole "freakish color" theme is common among foods these days, though, because everywhere I go I see those ads for candy that turns your mouth a vibrant shade of something. Maybe kids have contests at school to see how bright and freakish they can make their tongue or their poop or their liver, but I really don't get it. Rather than think about how out of touch I am with the youth of today I'll just bask in my own sweet memories of collecting "Garbage Pail Kids" when I was younger and ignore the color trends around me which happily includes ignoring the iMac and all related products. Hip to the hop you can't stop the rock.

What the hell is with this stuff? I mean... what the hell!?!?

I couldn't really understand what the appeal of these sodas might be to the general public, but I decided that in all fairness I should probably drink them all and see if any sort of conclusions could be drawn or at least whether I could keep from vomiting. For each soda there is also a "Retard Rating" that I use to rank the target demographic's stupidity on a scale from 1-10 with 10 being the more retarded.Here's what I found:

- Soda 1: **Pepsi Blue**

Color: MOTHERFUCKIING BLUE.
Company's Description: "Berry Cola Fusion."

> *Prepare for the tricked-up flavor fusion of berry and cola. Grab a bottle and get ready to give your taste buds a buzz of blue.*

Yeah, ok. Um, this soda isn't very good, folks. It's not gut-wrenchingly bad, but it sort of smells and tastes like cotton candy, and drinking cotton candy is plain unsettling. It's also really sweet. Really, really sweet. If by "give your taste buds a buzz" they mean " deary Lord, drink a gallon of water to flush it out of your system ASAP" then I'd say their marketing is right on target. The Pepsi Blue website really seems to be trying to sell this stuff to young ricers who like the color blue as well as ricing; at least, that's what the following text would have me believe in their "Autopalooza" section:

> *Scope out some slammin' rides that are totally custom, inside and out, from wheels to sound systems. Even check under the hood to see what fuels their power and performance. Follow the mix of smooth jams and blasting bass to the Pepsi Blue booth. Stop by the Pepsi Blue car to get hooked up with some Pepsi Blue.*

Ok, so we go to the car show and drink their soda and then we get to have a mad phat custom auto with blasting bass? Their website is full of terrible sound clips and lame little drum loops, so I'm not sure whether I want to learn more. I have learned from my taste experience that Pepsi Blue will not grace the inside of the refrigerator again, at least, not until I get a bigger spoiler for the car and some new performance rims. I've been saving up for months and Rich and I are going without food for two weeks so we'll be able to buy them sooner.

Retard Rating: 8

Soda 2: Dr. Pepper Red Fusion

Color: Red as an oft-spanked boy-ass.
Company's Description: Not much information on the modus operandi behind this soda can be found on the Dr. Pepper / 7-Up website:

> *"Consumers are telling us they want new, unique, refreshing and smooth-to-the-palate carbonated soft drink products in a quest to satisfy their thirst," stated Jack Kilduff, Dr Pepper president and chief operating officer.*

Mmm YEAH Aww aww YEAH unnhh unnhh YEAH unh

How did they guess that this was what I wanted!? Oh, I didn't want this at all, sorry. The soda tastes pretty similar to Dr. Pepper in its "natural form," which I'm a fan of, I suppose. The only problem is that they added this cherry junk to it to make it taste like crappy cough drops and then added a lot of sugar so that it wouldn't taste as much lick crappy cough drops. This is probably fine that I don't like it all that much, because apparently it is meant for street-wise gangstaz lookin' for some chillin' soda pop.

> *To connect with the target audience, the voice-over is heavily laced with the latest urban street slang. Copy such as* ***"You think I'm playin'?, Try it!, We'll see who's playin',"*** *figure prominently in the new ads.*
>
> *Red Fusion's distinctive flavor reflects the basic Dr Pepper taste, in addition to a variety of fruit flavors. This unique taste experience, combined with the brand's maverick appeal, is described in two of the spots as "the X factor." One of the radio spots states, "You put that X factor in a bottle and that's Red Fusion.* ***It's the lone wolf, the loose cannon, the Underboss, the rogue cop.****"*

Ok, so I am a hip hoppinin' gangsta bustin' up authority and I want me some Dr. Pepper Red Fusion now, BIZNITCHEZZZZ!! Get me some now, ho, before I bust a cap in yo' ass!! Cracka. I'm a loose cannon!! Get outta my way because I need me some soda!! I'm the lone wolf!! I'm the underboss!!! AOOOOOGAH!!! **BANG**

Retard Rating: 9

- Soda 3: **Mountain Dew Code Red**

Color: Pinky Red Faggy Fag Faggy Fag.
Company's Description: "A sensation as real as the streets."

As real as the streets, huh? So I'd be drinking some Code Red and all of a sudden some crazy homeless man will wander up to me and ask me for fiddy cen so's he kin get a burrito? Or maybe I'll have to walk past that insane dude who talks to himself about the government being in league with the Freemasons and having a mind-control satellite that's reading our brain waves RIGHT NOW! Oh good, that means that I get to see a whole bunch of used condoms and rubber gloves on the ground and maybe if I'm lucky I'll also see some nutso hooker broad strung out on crystal meth trying to climb the street signs. I CAN'T WAIT, GIMME SOME MORE OF THIS AMAZING STREET SODA!!!

This soda blows. It tastes awful, even worse than regular Mountain Dew. I don't know even how to explain the way it tastes, but think of regular Mountain Dew with maybe a really cheap-ass cherry lollipop on the side and wash the whole thing down with some cool, crisp windshield washer fluid. The aftertaste that this stuff leaves in your mouth is nasty. It's like an old cherry flavored shoe. And believe me, I've eaten a lot of those crazy shoes in my day.

The Mountain Dew website doesn't have much to say at all about their soda. They just have a bunch of pictures of basketball players and hip hop stars and some terrible looping drum music. I guess that I must be a fan of one of these venues or be a basketball star or hip hop lady myself in order to fully appreciate (read: tolerate) the truly disgusting flavor that this soda has to offer. In the mean time, I'll have to get my street life fix by actually going outside, dammit.

Retard Rating: 7

- **Soda 4: Vanilla Coke**

Color: Thankfully, mercifully, brown like poop.
Company's Description: "Vanilla Cake is the smooth new taste that is intriguing from the very first sip."

This charmingly predictable hipster dufus would love Vanilla Coke because all other people who look exactly like him love it as well.

Well I don't know about that whole "intriguing" thing. I was just trying to get the music on their dumb website to stop in any way that I possibly could, but I did notice that it seemed to be geared toward hipster college student Joes and the like. They have a lot of little film clips you can download that feature people talking about how they like Vanilla Coke because it makes them feel like their gimmicky glasses are larger and their favorite indie bands haven't broken up yet and whatnot. I guess that they all hang out at the local coffee shop and talk all day about how great Vanilla Coke is and maybe write touching (non-rhyming) poems about it.

Apparently these kool kat kollege freaks can't tell the difference between real and fake vanilla, but damn, I sure can. The vanilla that they put in there is super-gross (not to be confused with its cousin, mildly gross) and I really can't drink more than a sip of this stuff. At least it's brown. I don't want to drink too much of it for fear that I should start talking about "venues" or wanting to go to poetry readings or make a short film or something along those lines. Good thing I don't have to worry about drinking too much because it tastes like ass and I won't buy it again.

Retard Rating: 8

Soda 5: Mr. Pibb Xtra

Color: Just like Mr. Pibb un-Xtra.
Company's Description: *(not really much)*

I don't know why, but I've always felt sorry for Mr. Pibb. Maybe it's because of their really dumb-sounding name, maybe it's because they were such a blatant rip off of Dr. Pepper, who can say. But in any case, this Mr. Pibb website is an embarrassment to design. Why would I want to buy this product any more after viewing this terrible ad?

Uh... wow, alright, I will pick it up indeed! Because I also like to pick up basket balls..? Or, pick up a Mr. Pibb Xtra because if I don't, the 12-year old who designed this site will keep working and make even more horrors of the intra/webnette?

Ok, let me just say here that Mr. Pibb Xtra tastes in absolutely no way whatsoever different from Mr. Pibb (non-Xtra). Not a bit. They are the same. And Mr. Pibb for the most part tastes like Dr. Pepper, so this soda tastes fine, I guess. It's the dumb "Xtra" part that is super lame-o to the max, dudes.

> *On June 26, 2001, The Coca Cola Company introduced a new version of Mr. Pibb into several Texas test-markets, including Houston and Dallas. Several*

> *months later, Pibb Xtra made its way into other states, namely Kansas and Missouri. Currently, the new drink exists in a great number of states.*
>
> Oh, Texas was the test market, huh? Well thank you so much, Texas, for fucking it up for the rest of the world yet again. That's great. You're a shining star of America. We appreciate it. Apparently they are planning on phasing out the old Mr. Pibb for the Xtra version now. Will anyone even notice?
>
> **Retard Rating: 7**

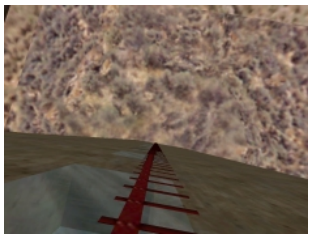
Well folks, there you have it. Five new sodas and five new approaches to the marketing of today's soft drinks. I don't think I fall into any of those demographics which is probably why I don't like any of their soda. If only there was a refreshing carbonated beverage marketed to nerds who spend hours and hours per day in front of the computer machine... Someday.

The Weekend Update With Cranky Steve

Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has once again turned out a few particularly nasty tricks. There are two new reviews this week, one Quake 2 disaster zone and a Counter-Strike calamity, both of which are guaranteed to make you want to become a dead person.

"REoL TOUGH: Total War!" by George "King REoL" Fiffy

Given King REol's history of being an obsessive raving lunatic, it shouldn't surprise anyone that Total War's text file is a giant 4-page manifesto that takes at least twice as long to finish as the map itself. Reproducing it here in its entirety would probably break the copy/paste function on my computer so instead here are just a few choice snippets. The best part is where Fiffy admits that even after 5 years he still couldn't get the skybox to work, just another example of the high standard of mapping that has made "REol Tough" the household name it is today. Why anyone would want to celebrate the 5th anniversary of this map is a mystery to me. Imagine the worst Doom map ever made converted to Quake 2 and then repeatedly dipped in raw excrement until all the positive aspects of both games have been replaced with fullbright brown rectangles and you'll have some idea of how head-explodingly awful Total War is. Actually, that's still probably too generous of a description. A truly accurate summary of this map would involve the use of purely theoretical words that use "shit" as both a prefix and a suffix.



"Insane_Desert" by Mr. Quick

Well, let's see. The counter-terrorists will be able to climb up the ladder at the beginning, but only because they will be too far down to be rendered on the terrorists' monitors. Once they come within the Half-Life engine's maximum draw distance, it will take approximately 2.5 seconds for all of them to be wiped out. All the terrorists will have to do is point their guns down at the climbing CTs and fire. This should result in lots of headshots, since, you know, if your head is facing toward someone and they point their gun at your head and pull the trigger your head is where the bullet would go. And even the voice of common sense, which would be screaming "TAKE AN ALTERNATE ROUTE", won't help, because there are no alternate routes to take, and if you're a CT the only thing you can do in this map is climb repeatedly to your quick and painful death. I'm guessing Mr. Quick's entire family was killed by a SEAL team member and making this map was his method of revenge.

Wow! Those two maps seem more fun than a bucket of hair! Head over to The Whorehouse and check out these two stunning beauties!

-∼Integral

9.28 Death Comes to Dinner

Sunday, Sep 29, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Ewe think you're so tough.

Whenever I go out to eat, I always comb through the menu for specific words: shark, snake, grizzly, etc. It's not that I don't like more standard dishes. I love a good steak as much as the next guy, but that sort of thing just doesn't excite me anymore. I hunger for danger foods. By my definition, a danger food is any animal that can take me in a fair fight. The way I see it, if it could have killed me when it was alive, I get to eat it once it's dead. In fact, it's my civic duty to do so. For example, a shark could rip me apart with its rows of razor sharp teeth. Thus, I get to turn it into poop. The circle of life continues. On the other hand, a cow, while large enough to do some serious damage if it fell on me, is a stupidly docile animal. I could walk up to a cow and starting eating it right then and there, and it still wouldn't put up a fight until it was nothing but udder and hooves. Chicken? For all the flapping and noise, the chicken is nonetheless a nonthreatening creature. I could win that fight. Pork? Pigs can eat a lot in a short amount of time, but they'll look right down the barrel of a gun and expect a candy treat. No real challenge, there.

You know, except for the animals.

Salmon? Despite having the strength to swim upstream, any creature that would willingly chomp down on a metal hook is one that I could take in the squared circle. Veal? Please. I could easily punch a veal calf to death before it could work its way out of its little crate. As for lamb, I've got a winning strategy there. I'd just dress up as a member of the Taliban and, fearing for the safety of its virgin anus, the lamb would run anywhere I chased it, even into my patented killing machine. Ben - 1, lamb - 0. I win. All of these are perfectly viable food options, but there's no real sport. They have no real tools with which to fight back. Crocodiles, bears, gorillas, elephants, tigers - God gave these animals sharp claws, jagged teeth, enormous physical size, and incredible strength with which to defend themselves. Logic dictates that if we can get good food from animals that are easily killable, we can get much better, tastier food from animals that require work. Now you environmentalists might say, "wait, aren't some of those animals endangered?" You're damn right, they are. That's why we have to eat them now, before they disappear! To that end, I am forming a new group, Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive (ELEAWTA). This organization shall be dedicated to sampling all of God's most dangerous, and therefore most delectable creatures. We will not be deterred from our goal, even if the World Wildlife Federation ties us up and beats us unconscious with their complimentary tote bags.

ELEAWTA will not be a group based on frivolity. We will have monthly meetings, all of which will adhere to the following schedule, which I have painstakingly devised:

1. **Think of a dangerous and endangered animal.**
2. **Come up with a way to kill said animal in one-on-one combat.**
3. **Go to wherever the animal is found. If possible, travel by helicopter. They're neat.**
4. **Kill animal before it goes extinct.**
5. **Eat animal.**

Naturally, this will be a very time consuming process. Helicopter rentals alone can take, like, twenty minutes. Luckily, ELEAWTA has a visionary at its helm, and I'm more than willing to kick him in the shins until he tells me his ideas. I've already been able to compile a list of our first objectives. Is the list as follows? You'd better believe it is!

- **Great White Shark** - If we've learned anything from Betty Crocker's Shark Bites fruit snacks, it's that the great white is the rarest and most delicious of all sharks. They are most often found trying to eat Richard Dreyfuss. It's clear that he can do more for our cause as bait than a hundred Mr. Holland's whatevers. Thank you, Richard, old chum.
- **Dingo** - These furry bastards have been stealing our babies since the dawn of time, as if to say, "Hey! Eat us! We're full of baby!"
- **Tiger** - Any member of the big cat family will do, actually. Lions, tigers - ooh! How about those white tigers? Their poulation is controlled by the dark magic of Seigfried and Roy. We will free them, then eat them.
- **Elephant** - Poaching them for their ivory tusks is illegal, but fighting them *mano e elephanto* and then eating them is an afternoon! And afterwards, what the hell, pick your teeth with the tusks. Who's going to complain? Not the elephant!
- **Crocodile** - Hunted by pirates for generations for eating the hand of Captain James Hook, these magnificent beasts are on their way out. Particularly aggressive crocs may be mothers protecting their clutch of sweet, sweet babies. It's like eating an entire cake, then finding a few tiny, thrashing, defenseless slices left in the fridge.
- **Panda** - You might think I'm going to use that joke from *The Simpsons*, "They're finger Ling-Ling good." You'd be absolutely right. *The Simpsons* cracks me up.
- **Maori Tribesmen** - All that spear throwing and dart blowing means they have lots of quick muscle fiber. In other words, lots of white meat. Mmm-mmm, that's good tribesman!
- **Wookie** - With the strength to rip a man's arms off and a good working knowledge of the most advanced spacecraft, the wookie is a formidable foe. Once you get past the fur, though, that's nine feet, six hundred pounds of good eating!

RAAAAR! I'm delicious! RAAAAR!!!

Surprisingly enough, despite the overwhelming evidence that we are right and they are wrong (and also stupid), there are those who would rather not see ELEAWTA succeed in its goals. The main opposition to ELEAWTA will come from animal rights acitivists, vegetarians, and dirty, smelly hippies. I'd like to use this forum to address these groups in another indented paragraph that takes up a lot of room on the page and makes it look like I'm a prolific writer.

> *To Whom It May Concern,*
>
> *I have heard your arguments against the actions of my organization - it's inhumane, it's inherently evil, wookies are extinct - and I can only think of one thing to say in reply. Go hug a hugging tree, you tree-hugging tree-huggers. When dingos are stealing your hemped-up, longhaired lovebabies, you'll beg for someone to come and beat those four-legged fiends to death, and then serve them in a shallot marinade with a parsley garnish.*

Sincerely,

Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Founder, Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive

By now, I should have pissed off the vegetarians, animal lovers, "Star Wars" fans, and Maori Tribesmen among the Something Awful readers. My ingenious plan to weed out the undersirables (and get a huge amount of flame mail) is working beautifully. If you're still reading, you must be one of the rational people interested in joining ELEAWTA. Well, I can probably thin the ranks a little more. Try this: what has two legs and bleeds all over the carpet? Half a cat. Ha! Alright, that should take care of the cat lovers. They'll all get theirs once we put cats on our list. I know, cats aren't endangered.... yet. Anyway, if you're still here, then you're welcome to join the ranks of ELEAWTA. I had to work pretty hard to alienate a large percentage of SA readers without driving the rest of you away. Now that it's all said and done, though, I think that those of you who are left are definitely the best and brightest. I'm glad to have you as members of ELEAWTA, instead of those whiny, thin-skinned flower children. Just remember, being a part of this illustrious group is about the culinary experience of dining upon dangerous and endangered animals. It isn't an excuse to gorge yourself stupid and get fat. Fat people are gross. Am I right, or what? Hey, where'd everybody go?

The Photoshop Olympics - Like the Real Olympics, but for Nerds

I, for one, have the Photoshop skills of a blind, illiterate pygmy child with no arms and a nasty case of ebola. Thankfully, there are others out there who can make Photoshop dance for them like an expensive whore (which is a nice treat for them, since none of them can afford an expensive whore). These individuals are called "dweebs," and today, their nerdly exploits come fresh from the Something Awful Forums to your screen. Marvel, if you will (and you'd better), at the first round of competition from The SA Goon Photoshop Olympics.

Go take a look! If you don't Lowtax will beat me with his collection of antique sporks.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

9.29 The Dude Abides No Oppressive Regimes

Monday, Sep 30, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

When you picture rebel leaders certain names and faces come to mind. Che Guevara, Lenin, Luke Skywalker, those who battled for a cause against a government they believed to be evil. Then there's Sergeant Hercules. You may not have heard of the good Sergeant, but people in the war torn Ivory Coast certainly have. In revolutions it can be pretty hard to judge the good from the bad, especially in Africa where regimes tend to last about as long as milk, but I can honestly say Sergeant Hercules is my favorite rebel commander ever.

Sergeant Hercules oversees his troops in the Ivory Coast.

> *Wearing combat trousers and worn blue plastic flip-flops, Hercules swills his beer and chats to fellow rebels at a fuel station on the north side of Ivory Coast's second city Bouake, which they have held since an uprising on September 19.*
>
> A soldier at a roadblock starts shouting angrily and waves his gun at a white pick-up truck carrying more rebels.
>
> Hercules walks over, lays his hand on his comrade's shoulder and the shouting subsides.

When 13 year old boys are carring automatic rifles, I think I can agree that a region needs to "chill out".

Essentially Hercules is Jeff Bridges' character from "The Big Lebowski", only with an Ak-47 and several hundred gun-toting soldiers. Being basically the polar opposite of Thunderdome and desperately needing a new hero to idolize I decided to find out everything I could about the good Sergeant Hercules. While he has yet to install himself as the undisputed "relaxed warlord" of the Ivory Coast, he certainly has plans to do just that. From a server in the Ivory Coast region I turned up not only an itinerary for Sergeant Hercules, but also his plans for a reformed Ivory Coast government.

Ivory Coast Domination Itinerary

- **September 30th, 2002** - Commence the two part plans for Operation Scorpion. Part one will be to buy bacon. Part two will be to cook bacon. Expect bacon to be served during debriefing for Operation Scorpion. After Operation Scorpion has been completed (noonish) expect for the final phase of Operation Ascendant Phoenix to play itself out in the back of my Mercedes on my Game Boy Advance.

- **October 1st, 2002** - Possibly talk to a soldier in one of my platoons. Maybe not, depending on what time I get up. If I get up before three PM I should walk over to the soldiers standing around and tell them that maybe they should shoot at a building nearby. I would get up and tell them that right now but I'm too tired from asking Mudengy to go loot clean socks for me. After I do my duties I will go to the bowling alley and have some of our prisoners bowl with me. I think they let me win.

- **October 2nd, 2002** - Drive around for a couple hours and hope my Phish CDs come from Amazon.com. Get drunk around one in the afternoon and then accidentally shoot one of my soldiers in the arm while trying to twirl an assault rifle. Man, I hope I just hit his arm anyway, it is such a big bummer when one of them gets hurt bad. What a hassle!
- **October 3rd, 2002** - Storm presidential palace and shoot president, like around dawn is what I said in the meeting last week, but I'm guessing closer to noon. If it is noon we should probably bring grenades. After we storm the presidential palace I am totally just going to lay on the couch, eat Cheez Its, and play Madden against Mudengy. He cannot handle my Rams offense, I am like 50 and 2 against him. He always picks the Seahawks.
- **October 4th, 2002 to January 1st, 2003** - Just relax man, take a load off now that the revolution is over and let things happen however they want to. Let Mudengy handle rounding up and murdering all of the opposition, that's so totally not my thing.
- **January 1st, 2003** - Rename "Ivory Coast" to "Awesome". Take a nap and eat tacos, possibly not in this order. Start Mudengy on sending spam e-mails to United States using the forged name of the President's widow in an effort to raise GNP of Awesome.

Obviously Sergeant Hercules is a revolutionary who has his priorities straight from a very new age standpoint of "love yourself first". In fact his lackadaisical attitude to military planning continues in his three year plan for rebuilding the Ivory Coast as his utopian nation of Awesome. Remember, as with the itinerary, these are in his words.

Future President Hercules relaxes in his office just before falling asleep while watching "The Family Feud".

My Plan for the Great Nation of Awesome
By President Sergeant Hercules The first thing we need to do is just chill out a little bit. All of the shooting and rioting can wait for another time, just calm down, okay? Then once everyone is nice and calm maybe we could talk about some stuff. Mudengy has some good ideas but sometimes I don't know what the fuck he is talking about. He said something about "controlling the media by seizing the radio stations" but I just listen to the reggae station all day anyway and maybe if they played a little less Marley to give some air time to some newer people that would be cool but I don't think we need to go in and shoot the place up. If I'm president we could probably just call them and ask for them to play some new stuff.

For government I like the idea of keeping things relaxed. Maybe a meeting with congress or whatever once a week outside by the Presidential pool and then we could get some pizza and play ping pong or something. Smoke a J and just cool our heels after a lot of serious talk. I think I want to make a law that there can't be any yelling inside the presidential mansion either, that kind of stuff is just garbage and kills my buzz in a hurry. I don't know, maybe Mudengy could shoot people who yell or strangle their families with piano wire or something. That's a whole other problem though because piano wire is hard to find. I don't want to even think about it right now so I'll just move on to the economy.

The economy is pretty crappy right now and I think that's because everyone is too stressed out by all this trouble man. Why not just chill out, maybe have a burger and a shake or something, watch some TV or play some video games and get over it. There was

> this great book I read that was about "willing away your troubles" man, and it works, you just need to put them out of your thoughts and they will go away. If you're kids are starving to death, forget about them, they'll go away. If you have AIDS, forget about it, it will go away. You just need to visualize a place where you can, you know, really be calm. Like an island in the ocean or a rainbow or something.
>
> The following people are also really messing with my vibe, for serious:
>
> *(List of 507 people)*
>
> Mudengy promised he would totally take care of it so don't worry about it, things will all work out in the end. The national anthem for Awesome is going to be really cool. I was thinking something by the Dead, but I think something classier from like Floyd would be cool. What do you guys think?

Sergeant Hercules is truly a god among men. Were he running for election here in the United States he would most assuredly receive my vote. Nothing shouts "well-run government" like flip flops and a morning beer. I'm not kidding, if the president is so laid back about things he can walk around in a bathrobe and sandals and drink a beer before he even takes a shower then I would worry a lot less about the state of affairs here. Here's to hoping Hercules flies to the United States and somehow becomes a lifelong US citizen in the not too distant future.

Spraying Faygo All Over the Internet

Totally crazy 2 the max white boy rappers "Insane Clown Posse" have been given the old review treatment courtesy of our TruthMedia section. In case you don't already know, the purpose of this section is to inflame idiotic Internet fanboys by writing factually incorrect negative reviews of various forms of entertainment. Inevitably the fans take the bait, despite the fact that all of this is revealed very openly on our site at the top of the TruthMedia section. I think the ICP fans might be the most idiotic of the bunch to date, but only time will tell!

> *The Insane Clown Posse was able to generate a bit of buzz with their next two releases, "The Jackal Brothers" (a concept album of sorts, detailing their bond as brothers) and "The Great Milinko." However, they shadowed Eminem each step of the way, hoping to be the first from Detroit with a major record deal. That hope was crushed when Dr. Dre discovered Eminem at a sold-out show at Detroit's State Theater and immediately signed him to a massive contract. The ICP was once again one step behind... and now very angry. They had been opening up for Eminem for years and they believed that they deserved a break, never realizing that all along it was their utter lack of originality and*

> *willingness to copy every other popular white rapper that was precluding them from ever being a top draw.*

Feel free to share this link to our review with friends on IM, IRC, and on other forums. Please do not spam the review all over the place, as the only thing more idiotic than Internet fanboys is spam. So get informed about your favorite clown-themed rappers and rustle up your podners for this TruthMedia Review!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.30 GO AWAY SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON, GET OFF MY SCREEN!

Monday, Sep 30, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

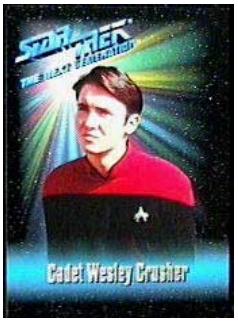
THIS IS THE FACE OF THE ENEMY!!! DO NOT BELIEVE HIS LIES!!!

Throughout history, mankind has run up quite a track record regarding worthless inventions. Our recent personal failures include the "XE-702 Servant Robot" which was built to perform menial tasks such as opening and closing windows, sweeping the carpet, and rearranging furniture into highly Satanic patterns. Our engineers didn't catch a slightly fatal flaw in the unit, a bug which caused the robot to lumbar towards the nearest elderly person, talk dirty to them, then shove their wheelchair down the steps. Luckily for us, only nine people purchased this unit in the 20 months it was being made. About half of those people are already currently dead, so there's no use in trying to get a court-ordered settlement on this one, you bloodthirsty jerks.

Another mistake I recently made was the acquisition of Something Awful by AOL / Time Warner. We felt that since their stocks were all shriveling like balls de la Grandpa, we could at least come in and entertain them in a variety of highly comical ways! Also, we'd eat all their food and drink all their beer! And get paid ludicrous sums of cash! Here's an example of just one of the thousands of laugh-out-loud (LOL) jokes we support, soon adding support for "De-skinnin' the Cat" and "Semendrops keep raining on my head." We packed up all our belongings and carefully folded up the poster of Dwight Schultz who stares over us even when we pee or make babies. Forty-Six hours later, we were stuffed inside our U-Haul and had made the cross country trip to Los Angeles, California. Once we arrived and stared in awe of the majestic, towering, reflective meter maid jacks, we looked around for an entrance to the AOL / Time Warner building. In a completely unexpected (and if I may say so, "rude") way, a few burly men stolidly blocked the doors and refused to let us in to our new company workspace!

I began hurling insults and threats as if they were very flavorful cat treats. "Hey there, Mr. Fat-eyes, let us in or else you will be seeing a rerun of 'Time to Wake Up the Dead Guy' starring YOU! Hey, come on, let us in! Let us in, I promise we won't spill milkshake on your new carpets of your fancy little AOL / Time Warner hut. Ooh, look at that, it's like they got themselves a tiny river running in there! Yo clowns, are there ducks in that damn thing?"

At that point, we were physically beaten for a few hours and crammed into the back of our U-Haul. This was probably our latest bad idea, and definitely the most painful. However, this horrible idea doesn't even **COME CLOSE** to the shocking, appalling, revolting idea of giving **SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON HIS OWN GAME SHOW TO HOST.** Yes, that is correct, some public embarrassments from the unintentionally entertaining TV network "G4TV," decided that instead of paying for all their employees to receive free enemas on every other Wednesday, they'd use the money to hire SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON to host a video game show about video gamers playing video games. Yeah, that's one hell of an idea, G4TV execs; put SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON, who was never skilled enough to escape from that stupid planet with the giant arm-swinging robot and old child molester scientist, who runs his own *"today I found a pickle. tomorrow I will go bowling. I try to avoid using caps at all costs"* e/n website, who was so loathed by the public that the producers of HIS OWN MOVIE decided they didn't want him to appear ("Star Wars 2831: Spock Wars"), to host your show about flying death pixels. Great idea!



REMEMBER THE PAIN HE WOULD BRING YOU? NEVER FORGET!!!

Okay, let's slow things down a bit and let me try to explain exactly what's going on here. We here at Something Awful had naturally assumed our archenemy SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON was locked up inside a closet in Bum's Asshole, Arkansas. All he does is sit on the toilet and write boring e/n updates about how much his life sucks and nothing ever goes right and perhaps he should die (all true). Although I originally began constructing a campaign entitled, "Prevent WHEATON From Ever Doing Anything Ever" (PWFEDAE), I scrapped it after learning that saying "pwfedae" in public not only makes you sound like an idiot, but it also increases the odds of being beaten up by professional mimes

So it was with great shock and horror that I flipped through the channels on my television yesterday and saw none other than - wait for it - **SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON!** Apparently by using blackmail material against the network's producer, who willingly let WHEATON anchor his show on the condition that he receives EVERY SINGLE COPY OF THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS, SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON launched his high-flyin' super spaceship of a career into holodeck G4!

SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON dredges up his role in "Space Wars: The Next Galaxy Trek 2" which made him so popular; whining offscreen and staying offscreen as much as possible. Occasionally you'll hear his chipmunk voice chatter on a few hundred lines from "Fight Club," but besides that, SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON doesn't really have much to work with.

During this game show, two rival clans play against each other in different games, each apparently produced in its own decade. Half-Life, which was originally made in 1989, is the first competition game. The mod "Counter-Strike," which I believe is about negotiating hostage release situations, is very popular with repulsive dorks of all ages. In this Counter-Strike calamity, SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON (and his fat fat fat fat co-host"Travis 'Bags O' Oates") make colorful and witty comments while the rest of the viewing audience (up to twelve of us) watch people play a game. This idea for a game show is simply wonderful; how many times have you gone over to your friends house, loaded up a Nintendo game, and then fought over who got to play and who had to watch? My Friend Asa Akers and I would constantly bicker over which one of us could enjoy the luxury that can only be experienced by watching somebody else play a video game, but then again Asa cried a lot when anybody mentioned the mermaid from "The Goonies."

CAN YOU FEEL THE EXCITEMENT?!?

The Counter-Strike map was terrible. It looked like all Counter-Strike maps (ugly and blurry as shit), featured the "magical if you walk near them then they lose all resolution and turn into one pixel trying to cover a 100 square foot area" texture mapping scheme. Characters' body parts flew through walls, walked past closed doors, and got stuck "inside" each other. This is supposed to be "realism" folks? Hell, I could install my copy of Blood 2 and it would have the exact same amount of "realism" that Counter-Strike promotes. Plus then I'd get to have dreams of Jason Hall's bald, shiny head instead of Gabe Newell's hairy, blubbering Jabba the Hut bodyframe. I'm not sure what team won this round, as Emily and I were laughing too hard at the idea of **SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON** being displayed nationally.

Next up: MechWarrior 4: Black Knight. This is one of those games for people who climax each time they hear the words "strategy," "mecha," "laser cannons," and "your mother." It's a short game of CTF where each team decides if they want to be a fat mech or a skinny mech. The skinny guys run around like little idiots hopped up on Speed while they attempt to swipe the enemy flag. The other

robots try to provide support, but considering the lumbering, clanky, Louie-Anderson-sized robots move at approximately 1cm per hour and occasionally shoot a salvo of missiles randomly into the sky, this game is really boring. During all this non-stop, faced paced excitement, SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON conveys all the sheer awe and amazement he can possibly muster up:

> **SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON:** "Ohhh, will you look at that? He's using his JUMP JETS! HIS JUMP JETS! **HIS JUMP JETS!** How in God's name did he think of such a strategy? I am SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON's Sense of Wonder!"
> **BIG OL' FATASS TRAVIS OATES:** "Now on Team WE-RULE, I notice that player "St1k13" is running off to the left here... perhaps to flank around them? Yes, he does appear to be moving behind those 'trees' which have a polygonal base and then two intersecting sprites as the "tree" part! This is all so very realistic that I believe I'm in the middle of a giant battlefield! Quick, somebody airdrop me the world's largest cupcake!"
> **SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON:** "Jack's fragile ass is gonna have to say 'no' on that one, buddy boy. Ooohh hoh oh oh oh oh AWWWW YEEEEEAHHHH, Team HOAGIELUVR used their heavily armored bot to smash the flanking bot and the little robot just captured its flag! I am Jack's ability to flank! I am Jack's flag capturing force! I am Jack's map dominator! I am Jac-" *(interrupted)*
> **BIG OL' FATASS TRAVIS OATES:** "The competition has been over for five minutes now, Wil."

After that comes phase 3, where teammates battle each other in the tit-showing breast-excellent game "DOA3," which now has 198% more nipple than DOA2. To be honest, I turned off the television at that point and cried myself to sleep. SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON... back on TV? A show based on dorks playing video games? SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON NOT ON THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE? WHAT KIND OF WORLD IS THIS?

Only you, as a member of PWFEDAE, can prevent future events like this occur. Please reach deeply into your pocketbook and donate to us, a non-profit charity organization dedication to the instruction and installation of a giant ION laser cannon aimed at SPACE NERD WIL WHEATON's whiny face, assuming we can ever find it underneath all those asses.

Slave Labor in the Goldmine!

The goons over at the Something Awful Forums have been working on another series of fantabulastic images, and ths week's theme is "The More you Know," based on those annoying Public Service Announcements that they put on TV in the middle of your favorite soft-core porn movie starring Bea Arthur.

I strongly suggest that you head on over there and check it out, but you can always ignore me if you want. I also suggest that you watch your back if you choose to ignore me.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

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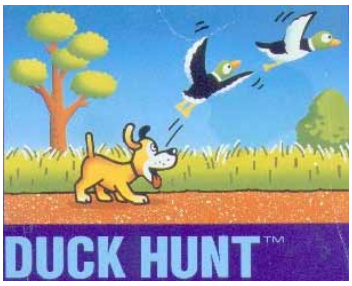
Chapter 10

October

10.1 Five Simple Ways to Ruin the World

Wednesday, Oct 02, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Each day my friend and mentor, Mr. Television, reminds me that I live in a hellish dystopian world that's not really worth living in. I don't exactly need to explain why, as I'm sure all of you have seen the captivating images of various things and people exploding for causes both stupid and really stupid. This isn't anything new. Well, the explosions might be new, since explosions weren't invented until the Industrial Revolution. Plus explosions don't last long, so you can't really say that one particular explosion has been hanging around forever. Unless you're referring to the sun, in which case you've bested me and won this game of wits. The concept of being stupid and contributing your stupidity to the grand cause of ruining Earth for everyone has been going on for as long as man has been alive. It's quite possible that even the dinosaurs did the same thing, but we can't be for certain since God took them to heaven before we were ever born.



Imagine a world where we can't even try to shoot the damn dog in "Duck Hunt." Are you done imagining? Good, because that's a horrible thing to spend a long time imagining.

Everyone has ideas about how we can improve life and make the world a more satisfactory place to dwell and eat mashed potatoes in. Politicians base their entire careers on telling us how they are going to improve our world, our planet, and give our children something worth inheriting. Unfortunately this is going to lead to major problems, as everyone concerned with improving the quality of life isn't thinking about the consequences. Sure, they might argue that it is exactly those consequences that they're thinking about, but that's only mostly true. Every good thing carries at least one bad thing with it, kind of like a flying squirrel with a little tiny saddle glued to its back. What's riding on that saddle? If you ask me, the only thing that would ride on the back of a flying squirrel is trouble, and trouble is no friend of mine. Furthermore, flying squirrels are largely a myth, and since they represent all that which is good, so too is all that which is good. Score one for logic!

To further subvert the good intentions of the general populace, I decided I would come up with five ways to easily degrade the quality of life for everyone. Not surprisingly, my ideas on how to make life worse were consistent with everyone else's idea on how to make life better. No, it's not because I'm a pessimist and jerk. It's because I have the unique ability to forecast the downsides to every up, even while sideways or upside-down standing on my head. Unless you live in the Matrix or own a timeshare in the Matrix, you won't be able to dodge these bullets!

- Plant More Trees

  Good side: If there are more trees, there is more fresh oxygen available for you to enjoy. Having more oxygen to partake of is just one benefit, though. With more trees, there are more habitats for animals, more lumber to build Trojan horses with, and more abundant scenery. How can you go wrong with more trees?

  Bad side: Yes, trees do mean more oxygen. This would be fine, but oxygen isn't just the very air we breathe and slosh around in; it's also a cable channel, and a shitty one at that. Oxygen is yet another one of those channels for broads, which means that it's full of the same kind of emotional nonsense meant to empower women that makes us all love and honor the Lifetime channel so very, very much. It was bad enough with just Lifetime on the air, but now we have two stations dedicated to women? If we give them TV channels, it's only a matter of time before they expect voting and literacy rights. Besides that, the only people who watch these channels are women planning on

murdering their husbands. Last time I checked, murdering your husband is wrong, unless of course you're married to Hitler. Given the linear flow of time and his death, getting married to Hitler is extremely difficult these days. Hitler aside, cable TV is meant to bathe us in quality programming and interesting shows, not sap the precious testosterone out of our bones. With no trees, there is no oxygen and thusly no one alive to run the Oxygen or Lifetime networks. Everybody wins! And really, there is probably such a thing as too much photosynthesis. We don't want to beat a good thing into the ground.

- Ethical Treatment of Animals

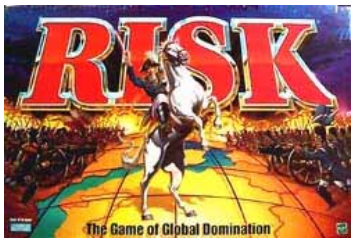
Good side: It is often argued that hurting animals for purposes of sport, psychotic fun, and product testing is both wrong and cruel. It almost makes sense, because if you were a goat, would you want somebody spraying shaving cream in your eyes? Unless your eyes were particularly hairy and in need of a good shave, probably not.
Bad side: If we can't harm animals, how will we ruthlessly slaughter cows, pigs, and horses for meat? It's impossible, unless we wait for them to die of natural causes. That would make us equivalent to vultures, and they're widely regarded as assholes by most bird experts. Besides that, if we can't harm animals, what the hell do we harm? Robot animals? Pictures of animals? Furries? I guess the only bad side to this is us having to eat furry meat, the most plentiful source of blubber and lard on the planet. Be sure to roast your furry well, because there is nothing worse than the taste of uncooked shame.

- No More Pollution

Good side: We won't choke to death when we open our mouths to suck air into our lungs. This means longer life spans, healthier living, and cleaner skies.
Bad side: Important industries will be crippled, leaving millions of people without jobs or lower wages. Most of our factories are old and it would simply cost too much to upgrade them. Thusly, the only way of eliminating pollution is to shut down factories or force them to upgrade at the cost of their employees. As a resident of Northwest Indiana, one of the most polluted areas in America, I personally enjoy the rusty flavor and thick smoggy atmosphere. I can't imagine living in a world where I don't have to claw my way through the thick, dirty air. That's the only exercise I get!

- No More Disease and Sickness

Good side: People stop dying of things like cancer, AIDs, and Super Bowl Fever. Ultimately, this means we have a lot more people and less suffering to contend with.
Bad side: With more people alive and healthy, you can bet we will have longer lines at supermarkets and shopping centers. Really, is it such a bad thing to sacrifice a few people to the cause of shorter checkout lines? I certainly think so, because I have better things to be doing with my time. In particular, I would like more free time to write threatening, unprovoked letters to random people in the phonebook.



Risk is based on war and it's a fun game. How can war really be all that bad?

- No More War

Good side: The pointless grudges and differences that constantly seem to cause us to take up arms against each other will no longer exist, freeing us to pursue knowledge, the

arts, and terraforming the moon.
Bad side: Sadly, with a permanent moratorium on war, there will be far less unnecessary death and brutal violence. While that's sort of a good thing, it means that we will again be left with far too many people here in America. To make matters worse, militaries will be useless, and so lots of people will be out of jobs. The most aggravating factor related to a lack of war will undoubtedly be the rise in demand for parking spaces. Because of the increase in people living on delicious American soil, more parking venues will be needed. All of this means that I will have a hard time finding the perfect parking spot, otherwise known as "The Money Spot." Good parking options are important to everybody, so there is simply no viable alternative. We have to keep war alive. It's just more practical, because after all, the more land we conquer, the more places we have to park our cars.

It's pretty obvious that if we want to better the world, we are going to have to come up with some better ideas. Purging the world of disease, pollution, war, and all things bad is only going to lead us into a nosedive descent so insane the very foundations of insanity will be rocked like a maddening hurricane. I don't think any of us want that, although it certainly would be entertaining to watch.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.2 OH NO

Wednesday, Oct 02, 2002 by Integral

THE CULPRIT!

Rich is currently having some sort of internal life-or-death struggle with some bad chicken, so I have been given the dubious task of writing a piece of garbled nonsense in his stead. I had absolutely no creative energy whatsoever tonight, however, so I asked the goons of the Fuck You and Die forum to help me come up with ideas. They weren't much help, but here are just a few of the exciting articles you could be reading right now had I listened to them:

> *Animal Crossing. Again.*
>
> *The Xbox or possibly Soviet Russia.*
>
> *RPGs without charisma scores. What's up with that?*
>
> *How sad "extreme" video game magazines are. Think Gamepro.*
>
> *How KISS have ruined their legacy with their reunion tour and how their fans are all stupid.*
>
> *Apple's switch campaign.*
>
> *Something that insults NASCAR. People love it.*

Note that the above suggestions are suicide-inducingly not funny.

Rather than subject you to a lengthy discourse on any of the aforementioned subjects, I think that it would be best if I did everyone a favor and skipped to the Awful Link. Besides, I should really go check on Rich and make sure that he hasn't swallowed his own tongue or something.

Calling All Nurses!

Zack "Gust Eater" Parsons here, returning after a brief hiatus to bring you fine folks a brand new Hentai Game Review. Since we're nearly out (not completely out) of English language Hentai games, I decided to break with tradition slightly and review a Japanese language game entitled "Nurse Call".

> *Plot aside, what really makes Nurse Call great is the repetition. Sure, you can expect Hentai games to feature hideous repetition when it comes to gameplay, but it takes a really stellar effort to have three sex sequences that are identical save minor details like how wide one nurses legs were spread or how far misaligned her eyes were. Why this game was never translated to English at all I'll never know since they could translate one goddamn scene and then just copy and paste all of the text into the next scene.*

They say the great works of literature are best read in their native language. Luckily whoever "they" are was not referring to Hentai games and certainly wasn't referring to "Nurse Call". Head on over to the Hentai Ranch and corral yourself a brand new review!

-∼Integral

10.3 Shooting From the Console

Friday, Oct 04, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

America was once again rocked by violence yesterday when one or more people decided to go on a shooting spree in Maryland. Five people were left brutally shot to being dead by the gunman or men, and the authorities were left asking one question: what video game caused it this time? Early signs point to Grand Theft Auto 3, as it's obviously extremely violent and the crime may or may not have involved a motor vehicle. If this is the case police can expect to find the gunman on top of a parking garage that is accessible only by helicopter now matter how hard they try to ram their cars up the ramps to get him.

More tragic victims of videogame violence.

Sure, GTA 3 is the obvious choice when a car, a gun, or a tank with the ability to fly short distances is involved in crimes, but it isn't always the culprit. A lot of games leave children and impressionable teenagers with a videogame bloodlust that can only be satiated by acting out in the real world. I'm not a game developer, nor am I really a game reviewer, but as a general blabbermouth somewhere on the fringe of gaming I consider it my duty to help reduce the effects of videogame violence. Since I have no idea how to actually reduce videogame violence I have instead conducted a survey of the games most likely to send a violent message to troubled youths. I tried to determine what types of violence their rampant action might inspire, leaving stopping it to the experts on things like violence and murdering.

If anyone can actually play this game without breaking or assaulting something then you are a much stronger man than I.

Well, technically the experts on violence and murdering would be serial killers, soldiers, and mercenaries, and while their input is valued I think you all know I mean specifically Tipper Gore. Only she can stop the rising waves of this blood-dimmed tide, and with a little help from our study of videogame violence, maybe she just will!

■ **Revolution-X**
Description: This cult classic shooter was released in arcades and on 16-bit console systems. It featured plenty of action, violence, and satanic midi inspired by the works of rockers Aerosmith. I think the goal was to rescue Aerosmith singer Liv Tyler from a dragon made out of McDonald's McBLT packaging, I'm not really sure though because it's unplayable horrible.
Possible Real World Violence: There are two potential outcomes from addiction to playing Revolution-X. The first is a straightforward attack mentality that develops as a player derives satisfaction from hurling compact discs at soldiers wearing yellow body armor. Generally those who act out scenes from Revolution-X will attempt to fling CDs at people they consider to be oppressive authority figures. The other urge that develops from playing Revolution-X is an overwhelming desire to murder every member of the band Aerosmith, possibly extending a killing rampage to include has-been rappers Run DMC.

■ **Animal Crossing**
Description: The Seinfeld of videogames is intended for all ages, but it's a sinister

influence on the developing minds of our children. The balloon headed cretins of Animal Crossing are all Jungian primal symbols embedded in the collective subconscious, waiting to awaken the predatory nature of even the most mild-mannered child.
Possible Real World Violence: Sales of Animal Crossing continue to grow like one of those pills containing a dinosaur that you would put into a cup of water and it would slowly expand into a sort of gelatinous mess that vaguely resembled a brontosaurus. As they do you can expect to see the number of bug net and shovel related violence across the nation increase. Vandalism will also rise dramatically, with mysterious holes being dug outside the front doors of houses from coast to coast. Citizens are advised to stay indoors after the sun goes down. If you encounter trouble you should immediately contact officer Copper. While he can't actually protect you from the violence he will at least provide you with a map of neighboring towns.

- **Spy Hunter**

Description: This ultra-realistic top-down international espionage simulation has inspired over twenty-years of children to grow up and become spies. But not all spies are good, in fact since America only accounts for roughly half of the world, roughly the other half of the world employs evil spies. Trained as children on this advanced simulator program these kids can be as deadly as they are prone to skullduggeries.
Possible Real World Violence: Spies generally prefer to use their black-ops skills instead of out and out brute force. These skills are handed out by strange unmarked red tractor-trailer rigs and include things like oil slicks and smoke screens. In 1992 three teenagers, obsessed with Spy Hunter, entered their school cafeteria during lunch and proceeded to expel roughly five-thousand cubic feet of gray smoke. Several children were treated and released for smoke inhalation. The teens responsible fled the scene but were later apprehended by a man who walked up next to them and extended rotating blades out of his shoulders causing them to spin several feet into a ditch and fall unconscious.

- **Bubble Bobble**

Description: One of Americas proudest traditions and most important economic sectors is the production of bubbles. Realizing this, and attempting to capitalize on the angst many children feel towards their parent's professions, Nintendo and possibly some other less Japanese company released a game that centered on destroying the American bubble industry. It was only a matter of weeks before children were seen destroying the bubbles thought to be the most invulnerable of them all. Truly mankind's hubris in regard to bubbles had left him at the mercy of a group of children bent on undoing what he had worked through the centuries to perfect.
Possible Real World Violence: While no reports of physical assaults have been filed there are a number of reports of vandalism related to Bubble Bobble that have been cropping up for years. Vandalism runs the gamut from crazed teens firing harpoon guns at sinks full of dishes to breaking into a bathroom while someone is showering and firing a harpoon gun at the suds running down the drain. In 1995 Bubblossus, the greatest bubble ever built, was destroyed by two nine-year olds in papier-mâché dinosaur costumes.

At this point in the study my feet started to hurt from walking back and forth to the coffee machine so I decided to cut things short. There are a number of other dangerous games waiting to entrap our children in lives of criminal behavior. From the masked burgling of "Mappy Land" to the violence against animals featured prominently in "Deer Hunter Pro", the shelves of your local software retailer are the next Columbine or Sand City, Utah waiting to happen. Heed my advice: If you are the head of your household it is your responsibility to make sure Tipper Gore gets elected next year so she can ban gaming. And dancing, at least in this town. And also possibly she can ban my neighbors who just crashed a car into the fire hydrant outside my apartment.

This could be YOUR family.

My Name Is Phriday, Joe Phriday

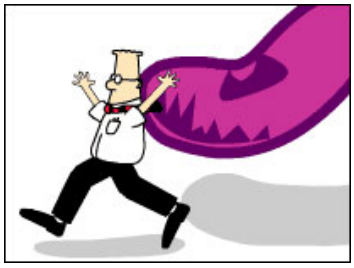
Hello, Livestock here to let you know that it is indeed time for a new Photoshop Phriday! This week the Something Awful Forum Goons went batty and tried to ruin the legacy of Norman Rockwell. Here is an example of some of the highbrow work they whipped up:

There is plenty of gore and depravity, so be sure to check it out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.4 Badder than Bad Clown Round-up

Saturday, Oct 05, 2002 by Integral



Thank you, Google. This is apparently a visual representation of a "roundup."

What the hell is a "roundup," anyway? Why does anyone want to make things round or put them up? Is a squaredown not good enough for most people, and why the shape and directional bias? I understand it's technical meaning as "gathering things together," but literally it makes no sense to me, and when things make no sense to me I become enraged and begin demanding additional lumber. Roundup indeed. You might as well make up your own word for it, like "Snoort." This will be the "Badder than Bad Clown Snoort." Take that.

Heh, "Clown Snoort."

I have seen a ton of amazingly scary and downright reprehensible clowns. I am not talking about the crappy, pathetic clowns that you see and sort of feel sorry for because they went to night school at Klown Kollege in the hope that someone might pay them to fall on their asses so that they can support their six children and their heroin-abusing spouse. Rather, this is the kind that believe themselves to be entertaining but that in fact are far beyond embarrassing and terrible. The kind of clown that thinks that it's ok to be a clown.

For some reason, the occupation of "clown" is still around today, even though most children shudder in terror at the thought of those greasepaint-wearing fools with balloon animals. There is a growing belief that clowns in all forms are repulsive and frightening and I must say that I tend to lean in that general direction when it comes to my opinion of those jolly marauders and beepers of aooogah horns. There is no reason that people should still be paid to prance about in baggy pants and twist latex into odd shapes for large groups of idiotic children. Not only that, but seriously, people should have more self-respect than to choose occupations like that. Rather work at Wendy's, even.

I didn't have a lot of exposure to clowns growing up. I guess I went to the circus a couple of times and wasn't scarred in the way that Zack "Chest-Editor" Parsons was by being forced to go to Clown School by sadistic parents. The reality of the situation, however, is that there are still a lot of clowns out there, and for whatever reason, they are still making money off of dumb parents who think that their children would enjoy having a clown come to feed on the souls of the living at their kid's party or whatnot. Nine times out of ten the kid would really rather spend the day on the stock market floor with their pedophile Uncle Bernie than be hugged and groped by a strange man in make-up and pompons waving sausage-like balloons about and laughing maniacally.

shudder*

The occupation of clowning has been around for hundreds of years, and I say that that's hundreds of years too many. Maybe back in the day the career had a bit of dignity, but these days anyone can dress like a freak and fondle children under the guise of being a clown. Just look at these terrible excuses for clowns that are roaming about in predatory fashion out there in cybarrlande:

Exhibit A: Half-Pint The Clown

Name: Roger "Half-Pint" Stubbanowski

Age: 53

History: Roger was kicked out of his local grade school in Racine, Wisconsin when his fifth-grade teacher caught him forcing one of his classmates to eat an entire box of chalk while Roger spanked him with the World Book Encyclopedia. After his expulsion, Roger began working as an errand boy for the local sherriff's office but was fired when they found out that he was stealing candy from the office leukemia fundraising box.

Roger began a career as a fish editor soon afterward, editing out the hours upon hours of empty footage from the show "Outdoor Wisconsin Fishing" and keeping in the footage of the exciting catches so that they could be aired on television. That job did not last long, however, as Roger's insatiable appetite for film and his dislike of television screens of all sorts caused him to be fired in 1982.

Since then, Roger has been making his living as a clown on the streets of Racine. With the IQ of an idiot manchild, Roger is under constant supervision by the he Clown Authority to ensure that he will not harm anyone, but at times he comes dangerously close. In 1999 he was arrested for disturbing the peace when he was found naked with all of this make-up on in a city fountain, singing loudly and watching his balloon-ducks float by.

He is now available for parties and meetings but must be notified a month in advance so that his keepers may arrange the proper restraints and medications. Patrons should be warned that he is only four feet tall due to a genetic mutation beyond his control.

Exhibit B: Paul the Clown

Name: Paul Odenfrincke

Age: 42

History: Paul grew up in a large trailer park in Western Alabama. He was traumatized at a young age when his trailer was burned down by a traveling arsonist and the ashes were blown away by the largest tornado Alabama had seen in decades. He tried to rebuild his family home from scratch but his futile attempts were thwarted when he ran into financial troubles and was only able to afford large quantities of gum and old newspapers.

When his new trailer blew down in a freak 5 mph wind, Paul was at his wits' end. He packed his only belongings, a toothbrush and a copy of "Swank" in a shoulder-bag and walked away from the trailer of his youth into the booming metropolis of Mobile. There he was hired to pose for "before" photos at the local rhinoplasty clinic.

His charmed life did not last long, however, because in 1995, Paul was arrested for abuse of the suction device used at the clinic. Jobless and penniless, he resorted to the only talent he knew he had: making things out of gum and newspaper. Now he travels the world creating figurines for people out of gum and newspapers and evading the police, who wish to question him on the 1984 rape and murder of several children in the Mobile area.

Exhibit C: Sugar Plum the Clown

Name: Marilyn "Sugar Plum" Tubbs

Age: 54

History: Marilyn always wanted to be a grade-school teacher but her dream was thwarted in 1974 when she was denied a teaching position at the Milton, Ohio School for the Deaf because she did not know sign language. Instead of learning it, Marilyn began hitting the deaf children in morse code in the hopes that she could communicate to them in a new way, thus teaching them to hear or face the punishment of her fists. She was arrested in 1986 on six counts of child abuse.

After her release in 1993, Marilyn decided that it would be in her best interest to learn the intricate art of butterfly-dipping in which she immobilizes butterflies that she finds in tubs of paraffin wax. With these she charms children of all ages by quietly walking up behind them and shouting,

"LOOK!! A BUTTERFLY!!! IT'S DEAD!!! AHAHAHAHA RUN, KIDS!!!"

Today Marilyn resides in the Hot Topic store of the local Milton, Ohio Mall. She makes a small living cleaning up the backings from Korn stickers purchased by youth in the mall and exhibiting her butterfly collection. She hopes to soon begin her own business entertaining at parties and such but unfortunately the Milton Police have forbidden her to spend any time unsupervised with children. Marilyn has compromised by sculpting her own children out of wax and she performs her act for them each night.

These clowns are just a few of the terrifying monsters one can find in the depths of intra/webnette horror. Unfortunately these people are everywhere and have not learned that it is simply unacceptable to be a clown in this day and age. Like I said before, I don't know much about clowns first-hand, but I do know that everyone I was friends with as a child who was forced to have a clown come to their parties was severely scarred for the rest of their lives. Some of them even gew up to have foot fetishes. Some of them voted for Gore. STOP THE TERROR.

Cranky Steve Back At'cha

Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse is back for its weekly update, this time tackling a user map for the classic game "Doom II." Mista T goes after the travesty "Arcade," a map which is, well, not good.

> *The map... well, that's pretty much it. It's just a map. A map with two barriers on the left side, a big open area in the middle, some barriers somewhere else, and a big-ass pillar for an exit. And it's brown. Oh, so brown. more brown than you can imagine. And hey, since Kim imported a bunch of Quake III Arena textures into this, the map is even browner than ever. It's as if this map was born from the sludgy bottom of a septic tank. And because Kim is a lazy fuck, she decided to duplicate this model of the inside of a human intestine 30 TIMES.*
>
> *But Kim isn't too lazy - she still put enough effort into the map to make sure that there were different monsters placed in each map, and she did so in such a way that each level gets harder and harder, like an arcade game. Yup, this wad is just oozing with creativity, folks. But every level isn't complete without powerups and ammo, right? Damn straight. Kim had put tons of fucking weapons and ammo in each map in such a way that it puts REoL's overactive thing placement to shame.*
>
> *I thought the last level of this map would be crammed with cyberdemons, but I guess I was wrong - IT'S CRAMMED WITH ARCH-VILES. Whoopdee-doo. Something even more impossible.*

Sounds great! Take a look, all twelve of you remaining Doom II players!

-~Integral

10.5 That's Sick: The Greasnin Story

Sunday, Oct 06, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

First, we read about Emily "Integral" Reigel's tragic and vomit-filled illness. On Thursday, we discovered that our beloved leader, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, had fallen victim to stomach problems of his own (not pertaining to his fatness). I think I speak for us all when I say my heart goes out to both of them. However, I speak for myself when I say they are big wussies. I have personally been sicker than any sick person who has ever been sick in the history of sick people getting sick. Well, not as sick as people who are, you know, dying. They're pretty damn sick. Okay, back to talking about me, now. I spent the better part of year in bed, thanks to the wonders of post-infectious auto-immune syndrome. For those of you who are unfamilar with this term (read: everyone), basically what happens is your immune system fends off a virus, but then it keeps attacking everything in sight. It's like your immune system army goes to war against the virus, and eventually defeats it.

The white blood cell commander

Now there's no more virus, but your immune system is all fired up, and all those little white blood cell soldiers don't want to return home to their meaningless jobs and philandering spouses. The officers see how disheartened the troops are, and they decide to rebel against their orders to return home and instead keep marching. So, your white blood cell army goes storming through your body, and soon the officers become drunk on their own ill-gotten power. They order their men to fire on the civilians, justifying the decision by saying that they gave quarter to the enemy virus. So your immune system army attacks everything, destroying entire cities of normal, functional civilian cells, who never even thought about the war, and who were perfectly happy with their meaningless jobs and their philandering spouses. Gradually, some of the soldiers become sickened by their own actions, and they abandon their posts. Detecting the faltering commitment among the rebel troops, the white blood cell general sends in his reserve forces to put an end to the madness. The rebels still loyal to their cause use guerilla tactics to prolong their eventual defeat, but in the end, your immune system rights itself.

Ah, the spirochete, Nature's bastard.

So that's what I had. It was the beginning of my freshman year. I started high school bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. Yep, I was a lightbulb-eyed, fox-tailed freak of nature. Just before Thankgiving, I became sick, and deteriorated into March. I was on double doses of Ibuprofen for the pain in my knees and head, both of which felt like they were being beaten with a crowbar that was also on fire. I slept eighteen hours a day, and when I was awake, I was too weak to stand, or even sit up for more than a few seconds at once. When I couldn't hold it anymore, it took an amazing amount of effort to get to the bathroom. Even once I got to the bathroom, I still had to sit down and pee woman-style, and when I started peeing woman-style, I couldn't hold myself up that long, so I had to lay over the toilet bowl in the Superman position, and then I'd fall asleep and crack my forehead on the floor. I got dizzy when I moved any part of my body, which made blinking an absolute bitch. I couldn't focus my eyes, so reading was impossible, as was tutoring. Once or twice a week, a new quirk would pop up. For example, one day in March, I managed to get up and drag myself into the kitchen for the purpose of making some frozen waffles. I opened the freezer, stuck in my hand, and promptly went blind

for half an hour, which sucked, because I really wanted waffles. Another day, when I woke up, my eyes were completely crusted over with yellow gunk. I had to scrape it away like I was clearing a windshield after a blizzard. Just picture it: me, the star of my track team (by which I mean the track team in my head, in no way related to the track team at my school), barely able to make it out of bed.

The first eight doctors diagnosed me with Lyme disease, but since the months of antibiotics did nothing, we investigated other options. Finally, I saw the doctor who discovered Lyme disease, who kept me waiting for four hours, than told me I didn't have it kicked me out of his office. Not long after that, I received the actual diagnosis of post-infectious auto-immune disorder from the thirteenth doctor. I also found out that there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. So, I toughed it out as best I could. I must have single-handedly put little Susie and Bobby Ibuprofen through college during those thirteen months, but I did get better. In December, I was back to full health. The long ordeal was finally over - or was it? No. No it wasn't. I still have to deal with the aftermath of that year of suckitude.

"We must take more blood, for we thirst!"

Mental Health

I never slid into depression while I was sick, but toward the end of the next year, the little monkeys in my brain decided it was high time I went quietly insane. I immediately started seeing a psychiatrist, who was a decent guy, and a psychologist, who was the product of clandestine attempts to mate a human with the ugliest bat in the world. I saned myself right back up again as quickly as I could just to avoid looking at her.

Dental Hygiene

When I said I couldn't get out of bed for the first few months, I meant it. Apparently, failing to brush one's teeth for four months can lead to problems. At my first dentist appointment after I became healthy again, they decided to take some X-rays. I had sixteen cavities. Sixteen cavities. I had enough holes in my mouth to make me the butt of a Jeff Foxworthy joke. *(Author's note: the interesting thing about the preceding sentence is that half the readers get the reference, and the other half are just chuckling because I used the word "butt.")*

Mutant Healing Factor

Like this classic Marvel character, I have an unusual healing process. Unlike his, mine sucks.

At a party, I smashed my shin on the corner of a marble endtable. It hurt like hell, but I tried to play it off as if nothing was wrong for the rest of the night. When I got home, my shin had swollen up to the size of a softball. Over the next few days, everything between my knee and my ankle turned black. Since I am normally whiter than Andy Dick, this was a bit distressing. Another red flag was the fact that if anything, including stray oxygen molecules, touched my leg, it felt like trying to pass a porcupine through your urethra. I have no proof that this was actually related to my illness, I'm just saying that I used to heal like a normal person.

Stunted Growth

Since my body was busy eating intself during one of the largest periods of growth during a young man's life, I missed out on a major growth spurt. My doctor originally predicted that I would hit six feet, but I topped off at an imposing five foot six. Well, technically five foot five and a half, but shut the hell up. It's actually a convenient height. I'm just short enough that girls

can ignore me without making it look obvious. Plus, I get to endure the ire of that cursed Randy Newman song till the end of my days. Thanks a bunch, Jesus.

Memory Loss

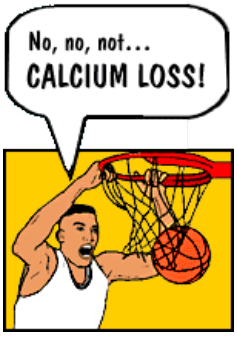
Teachers used to praise me for my incredible memory. I remembered everything that I saw, which helped me solve mysteries like the Case of the Stolen Baseball Glove, and the Case of the Dead Hooker. The illness put an end to that, though. I lost a huge chunk of my childhood memories, although some of them have been gradually coming back to me. The other day I remembered something about Little League and I nearly wet myself with golden liquid joy. Then I remembered Uncle Zeppo and his clown suit, and it was right back to therapy. My short term memory is nowhere near as sharp as it used to be, either. I still forget what I've just read, and I often lose track of what I'm saying right in the middle of a

For the most part, I'm back to normal now. Quite an ordeal, huh? Now you're probably saying, "Wow, Ben, you sure were sick," or "Gee, Ben, you're right, Integral and Lowtax are big wussies," or "Say, Ben, you weren't very funny this week." Yeah, well, shut up. I'll make it up to you by really reaming the Awful Link of the Day.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.6 B-Movie Rodeo Roundup Extravaganza

Monday, Oct 07, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



This is what I have to worry about on a daily basis, kind of, I suppose.

Now this might come as a shock and surprise to you, but we here at Something Awful have very poor taste in just about everything. You can name virtually anything and the chances are superb that we're uncultured and ignorant of it; the only thing Zack "Ghost Emitter" Parsons knows about is World War II, all Emily "Integral" Reigel is familiar with is analyzing fake TV doctors, and I don't think either Livestock or Greasy have any knowledge of anything that has ever or will ever happen. I'm undoubtedly the worst off of the SA crew, as I have the wonderful combination of being intensely stupid and also generating enough stomach acid to regularly burn cigarette-sized holes straight through my chest, causing it to gush forth and burn through the shoes of people at the bus stop. I often find myself at the receiving end of baffling and uncomfortable questions which make me question my will to live, as shown in the following actual conversation which kind of might have kind of happened in an alternate dimension that's much like ours except it has slight differences that make viewers say, "wow, what a crazy concept, I wonder what the US would be like if, instead of George W. Bush Jr. III Esq. Inc., we had elected a robotic, flesh-eating donkey!":

> **ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING ON EARTH:** "Hello sir, how are you?"
> **ME:** "Uhhh..." *(rivers of sweat begin to flow from every pore in body, soaking through my shirt and leaving a slug-like trail on the ground)*
> **ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING ON EARTH:** "Are you okay, sir?"
> **ME:** "Uhhh..." *(stomach acid boils up and dissolves lungs quicker than a Necco Wafer in a pit of lava)*
> **ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING ON EARTH:** "Hello? Hello? Are you still alive?"
> **ME:** "Uhhh..." *(passes out and collapses onto the ground)*
> **ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING ON EARTH:** "Sir?"
> **EMILY "INTEGRAL" REIGEL:** "It's okay, he always has these kinds of Sudden Death Attacks when he has to deal with any other human being on Earth. We'll just use my Blockbuster card instead of his."

As you can see, I receive a fair amount of stress when renting movies. This is due to the fact that no matter what movie I try to rent, it will intentionally or unintentionally be horrible. I don't blame this on the movie makers or directors out there, as I'm positively sure that there's some CIA conspiracy forcing Blockbuster employees to give me DVDs secretly labeled "ASS MOVIE: GIVE ONLY TO RICH 'LOWTAX' KYANKA. DO NOT ALLOW CONTACT WITH HUMAN SKIN." I'll let this theory work itself out next time I go in to rent "What's Up, Tiger Lilly?" and I'm given a disc with 90 minutes of some Mexican guy talking to his wristwatch while his mother repeatedly beats a carpet in the background. In the meantime I will provide you, the test subjects, with a series of mini-reviews detailing the horrible B-movies I've accidentally viewed recently. I hope this will provide you with a new cultural experience that will enlighten and enthrall you like the time you saw Santa Claus parachute into Shea Stadium and then give all the Jewish children Kwanzaa gifts.

Mr. Ice Cream Man

Overview: Not to be confused with the wonderful "Ice Cream Man" flick starring Ron Howard's ugly, untalented, mutant brother Clint, "Mr. Ice Cream Man" is a bright shining star of its own. Please note that sometimes stars shine brightly because they're exploding. A deadly ice cream man is chased by a not-so-deadly Police officer whose solution to solving crimes involves blowing a neon orange whistle and waving his arms like an epileptic on a power grid. Although we really don't want to ruin the ending for you, Mr. Ice Cream man turns out to be the father of a young brother and sister! No really, it even says so in the movie description. Most of this film seems to have been recorded on a digital camera stolen from the lobby of a nearby Wal-Mart. I would assume this gives us grounds to sue Wal-Mart for criminal negligence.

Review: I loved "Mr. Ice Cream Man," mainly for the fact that it proved retarded children can make movies and achieve stunning failure just the rest of us. This is one of those films that clueless parents rent for their children, thinking that perhaps they can scare them into heterosexuality or Jesus or whatever, but it just ends up putting the entire family into a deep, deep coma at which point the movie's director breaks in and steals their jewelry. I'm all for this kind of proactive filming and believe that "Mr. Ice Cream Man" accomplishes many similar goals, such as the successful removal of the viewer's will to live. All in all, I can't find myself impartial towards a movie which features a chubby black kid tripping and falling down from approximately 19 different angles, so I'm going to have to give "Mr. Ice Cream Man" my enthusiastic Seal of Approval, which can also be found on some of the best Denny's restrooms across America.

Score: Two thumbs up *(out of 10 fingers total).*

Slaughterhouse

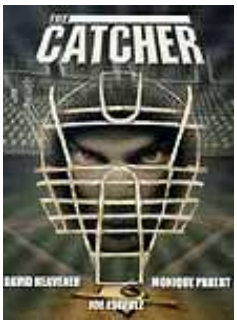
Overview: A one-million year old bankrupt farmer and his one-million pound inbred son go on a killing spree and rack up approximately half the state in under 30 minutes. As for exactly what state that is, I'm not sure, as it obviously takes place in Arkansas or some other ungodly state that nobody should ever visit except possibly due to incarceration, yet the Police officers wear patches for Los Angeles County. Perhaps this takes place in Los Angeles, Arkansas. Regardless, the mutant pig-son really picks up the slack from previous horror films that didn't feature enough corpses to be considered a legit documentary on Hitler, genocide, or the rise to fame of Jack In the Box.

Review: If you ever wanted to see every 1980's slasher film compressed into one meaty wad, "Slaughterhouse" is the film for you. Then again, if you're stark raving idiot who enjoys lighting your money on fire and throwing it into the bushes, I would also claim "Slaughterhouse" is the film for you. Now that I think about it, there are many people out there that I think "Slaughterhouse" is the perfect movie for. This list includes my fourth grade teacher who confiscated my Garbage Pail Kids cards, the guy in front of me on the I-5 yesterday who insisted on traveling at approximately 19 miles an hour, and the entity responsible for damaging my brain so much that I thought renting "Slaughterhouse" would be a decent idea. This movie has every critical element of the 80's gore-bucket film genre: clueless teenagers who consider spending Friday nights in an abandoned hog-splitting factory to be "good fun," idiotic police officers whose sole purpose is to drop their gun when stabbed with a meathook, and the overwhelming notion that the south is full of horribly scary people who should probably be eliminated through the same chemical leak responsible for producing them. In addition to those

tantalizing bits of moviemaking magic, this film also comes with roughly 15 minutes of public domain stock footage from a slaughterhouse. See? Because it's a slaughterhouse and all. I don't blame you if you can't see the connection here; it took me a few hours to establish it as well, and I'm like the smartest man currently within a 15-inch radius of myself.

Score: 9 *(out of X stars).*

The Catcher



Overview: Joe Esteves, the uncle of various Sheens and Estevesesesses, makes his cinematic debut as a cranky father who tortures his son by forcing him to play baseball. He later on decides to get killed and return as a ghost or a demon or an optical illusion or something, causing his son to grow up and become a 48-year old minor league catcher who, despite a .101 batting average, has managed to stay on the team for something like 28 years. After some footage of a little league baseball team plays in a loop, the catcher is thrown off the team for his horrible performance in both catching and acting. He goes on a murderous rampage, killing his teammates with duct tape and homosexual death rape. Can anybody stop the murderous catcher from making all his ex-teammates "catch" a severe case of the "being deads?" I'll be damned if I know, as we turned off this movie like 40 minutes into it. I assume somebody murdered him, hopefully in a way as brutal as his acting career, dreams, and lifelong aspirations were killed in this movie.

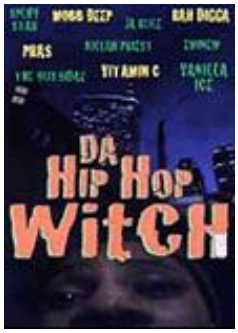
Review: I suppose "The Catcher" got off to a bad start when it threw out all its offensive weapons at once (the first ten minutes with Joe Esteves) and later ran out of steam (everything else afterwards). David Heavener, who plays the starring role of the aforementioned catcher, looks like a puffy, deceased, bloated Lyle Alzado without the charisma and charm of such an animated corpse. This movie has many inexplicable twists and turns that make absolutely no sense and do nothing to further the complex and highly intriguing plot of "murdering a lot of people," mostly because I assume this movie was written as it was filmed (or vice versa). For example, why does the coach of a minor league team do nothing except walk around a dark building holding a clipboard? Why is the stock footage of the minor league game composed of klutzy 16 year olds, yet the actors in the movie are at least in their early 40's and undoubtedly stricken with some form of cancer? What the fuck is the "RBI Virus" and why did The Catcher upload it to the coach's computer? Better yet, why the fuck was she running DOS in the year 2000? Was it "MS-DOS 2000, Catcher's Edition?" Even better yet, how does somebody get duct taped to the ground and murdered by having a fat guy slide into their head? How does this work? Do I live in some alternate dimension or does this movie? If I'm the person living in the alternate dimension, is there any way I can switch dimensions to one less gassy? These are just a few of the many questions "The Catcher" left me hanging with, in addition to "why are these people given permission to live?" and "why would I go to jail if I killed them?" I mean, seriously, if the jury was forced to sit through this movie, I would probably never be convicted of anything my whole life; it'd be like some kind of automatic diplomatic immunity passport.

Score: 21 Crunchy Wigs *(out of 3892 jillion bazillion).*

Da Hip Hop Witch

Overview: There's not much that can be said about a movie with the official tagline of *"Eminem & 5 white kids from the suburbs get lost in Da Hood!!!"* I mean, you can look for a greater overview

and some kind of grandiose description, but folks, that sentence sums it all up in its entirety. After having viewed this movie and read (most of) the tagline, I can safely assure you that simply reading the above line is an exponentially less painful chore than actually having somebody bolt you into a chair and turn on the film. I cannot even fathom a guess as to whom this movie's target audience was aimed towards. Wiggers? Hip hop artists? Really stupid black people? Sociologists? Residents of "Da Hood!!!"? Prison inmates? This movie is an experiment in fear much in the same way that driving a rusted roofing nail through your hand is an experiment in pain or renting this movie is an experiment in being a complete stupid fucking idiot.



Review: *"Eminem & 5 white kids from the suburbs get lost in Da Hood!!!"* That's really the whole movie. Nothing else happens for the entire film, which according to my estimates, is approximately 482 decades long. I mean nothing happens. Literally nothing. Hell, I don't even think there's a movie located anywhere in this entire film, it's just somebody sticking a microphone in front of a drugged out hip hop "artist" and asking "hey, tell us something about da fictional Da Hip Hop Witch and we'll in turn put your name somewhere on this movie cover." It's not a very good deal for the hip hop artists, but since they regularly get shot while performing, I would guess they don't have exactly the best business sense. If you really want to see how bad this film is, check out the user reviews from the people who thought it was simply marvelous:

> *"Ayo seriously. Anyone haten on this genius film needs to stop. Handz down this white dude made a film with todays biggest artists on the planet in Eminem and Ja Rule and sold it."*
>
> *"This movie is so sweet, I cant even tell you son! A well developed plot, the hottest hip hop stars, and crazy scurry. Dont watch this movie at night less you be with a gang of peeps. The twist wit the bike ridin fool is nuts. how this flick only be gettin a 1.5? I gave the piece a 10 for real."*
>
> *"Fell me, I'm out. And I hopin there be being a sekuel to dis mastapiece. ICE ICE BABY IZ YO DESTINY!!!!"*

Fell me, I'm out, ayo! That was me talking in secret hip hop code! Just in case any of you were actually dopey enough to pay money to rent this heap of flaming trash, I'm going to spoil the thrilling "conclusion" for you right now: Vanilla Ice comes running out of the woods and shouts "ICE ICE BABY!!!" Then it ends, assuming you believed the movie ever started in the first place. This film is so surreally awful that it's more plausible to believe the director simply ran out of cassette tapes and never voluntarily stopped filming - it was more an act of God. If this film was, in fact, directed by a white person, I plead to black people everywhere: **KILL HIM FOR THE SAKE OF THE HUMAN RACE.**

Score: *Ten million white person tears.*

Well I hope today's B-Movie Rodeo Roundup helped many of you choose the next movie you'll intentionally avoid at all possible costs. If you witness a friend or family member being exposed to this film, do NOT try to contact them in any way! You must assume that they have become one of "them" and will not respond to you in a familiar or friendly way. Please stay very far away from these movies, possibly behind lead-lined lead walls that explode and shoot white-hot ball bearings all over the place when exposed to a horrible movie.

Golden Showers

Come to the Comedy Goldmine to see the latest concoction that the Something Awful Forum goons have created. This week's theme is "Biblical Endorsements," and that Jesus fellow sure draws a crowd, if you know what I mean! A crowd...? Get it!?!

Come and see it or your pets will die (I'm not kidding)!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.7 Sour Sport: Why Sports Suck

Monday, Oct 07, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Watching these guys walk around a big green field will never get old! Baseball 4 Eva!

For the last several years, I have been waging a casual war with the images displayed on my TV screen. The TV attacks me with things I don't want to watch, and I fight back by screaming "rape" and spraying mace in its glowing face. This has prevented the TV from savaging me physically, but not emotionally. Each and every stinking week, sports programming dominates the airwaves. It's an irritating and repetitious interruption that goes on ten times longer than it should. Now I'm no Hitler McGee, but I think it should be a federal crime to broadcast any sporting event to a private residence. They build giant fucking arenas, stadiums, and racetracks for sports to be viewed in, so it's not like rabid (and I do mean that literally) enthusiasts would be without a fix. It just means that they would have to fork out a little more money and lose a hell of a lot of convenience. I think it's a worthy tradeoff. I get sweet, sweet uninterrupted reruns of "Matlock" and they get to experience the glorious wonder of sports in person. Granted, I don't watch "Matlock," but I like to know that should I desire to, I have the option available.

I wouldn't have such a problem with sports if they made an effort not to make it an all day affair. When a game takes more than two hours to play, something is definitely wrong. If I had my way, all sporting events would be sudden death from the get go. I feel this will help speed up and make each game especially exciting. Can you imagine how cool sudden death NASCAR would be? Car crashes are the only part of NASCAR even worth watching. If I wanted to watch cars drive in circles all day, I'd buy a model train set and then glue Hot Wheels to the tops of my trains. Sadly, the average sporting event takes somewhere between three to eight stinking hours! I have never sustained a single thought for more than three minutes, so sitting through hours upon hours of guys running back and fourth, throwing and catching balls, or driving cars isn't a very thrilling thought for me. In fact, I'd rank watching an entire sporting event up there with giving a lap dance to a chainsaw. In other words, something I'm not particularly interested in doing. To make matters worse, they pad each sporting event with a pre-game and post-game report, which adds an additional six to twelve hours. It's bad enough you have to watch a bunch of sweaty guys run back and fourth for hours on end, but then you have to hear a bunch of masochists go over each and every single detail with expert analysis. These damn sports commentators could tell you more about the condition of any one single athlete's groin than they could about their own family.

> **Average Sports Commentator Guy:** "What's amazing about Joe Smith is that he's recovering from a monster groin injury. He's been rehabbing it for several weeks now and it looks like he stands to make a full recovery. I spoke with Joe's doctors and they were all optimistic. They said they don't see groin muscles like his very often, so they know he will do just fine. There is of course a tragic history of groin injuries in the Smith family, as the senior Joe Smith injured his groin some 38 times during his days as a professional athlete. It didn't hold him back and he was still able to have one son. I had a son, but I'm not allowed to see him because I'm a worthless waste of a man who spends his days talking about injured groins on national TV."

Sure, you can argue that the reason I hate sports is because I'm deathly afraid to compete in them. You would be absolutely right on the money, too. I'm deathly afraid to compete in them. I lack

the swiftness of a Shaquille O'Neal, who can slam-dunk a basketball with the greatest of ease. I certainly don't have the grace of a Shang Tsung, who can steal a soul just as easily as he can achieve a flawless victory. At best, my only athletic merit is that I can run fairly fast. Running is hardly a sport and anyone who says otherwise is secretly running from the truth. So really, sports offer me nothing but headaches and television viewing trauma. I will admit that I'm giving serious thought to becoming a professional hammock racer, though.

This man spends more on drugs than you will ever spend in your entire life.

Another reason I hate sports is because each athlete is paid roughly a billion dollars to do their job. What is their job? Well, they have to run, throw, catch, and swing a bat or tackle. Unless of course they drive racecars, in which case they just have to sit in a seat all day. If we took half of what they paid professional athletes, we could wipe out world hunger, build at least one atomic deathray capable of destroying another planet, and still have enough money left over to get everyone a new car stereo. I see hundreds of homeless people each week, and almost all of them are capable of running and throwing. The rest could easily be motivated with promises of enough money to buy a whole shitload of booze and heroin. Why don't we pay them instead? Now don't get me wrong, I hate homeless people just as much as the next guy. I'm first in line to hurl rocks and insults at anybody who looks even remotely poor. I'm just saying that the money these athletes are paid isn't going to good use.

The final justification in my hate comes from the very athletes themselves. Most of these people are nefarious and undeserving of the lifestyle they have been blessed with. I think it's time we take a closer look at some of these sporting icons with a little help from our old friend, Mr. Bulleted List:

- **Darryl Strawberry**
  Darryl Strawberry gained quite a reputation from his frequent and chronic drug abuse problems. He's been arrested more times than a mutant eight-eyed pope has eyes. Yet because of his fame, he has had chance after chance, all of which were squandered when he chose to shove more drugs into his mouth. Or maybe it was his veins. I really wouldn't know. I'm no drug addict, although I once ate a really strong Altoid mint that left me unconscious and dazed. My breath wasn't very fresh when I woke up six days later in Morocco. That was the last mint I ever ate.

- **Mike Tyson**
  When it comes to boxing, Mike Tyson's name is infamously synonymous. Known for throwing lots of punches (I think that's the goal of boxing, but I have no idea anymore), Mike Tyson is a force to be reckoned with. This creates major trouble, though. He's really famous, so naturally kids look up to him. Unfortunately, due to Mike's primitive grasp on the English language, he represents a horrible role model for children, who will grow up to forsake the written and spoken word. Mike also rapes women and tries to eat people, but that's pretty common these days.

- **John Rocker**
  John Rocker is most famous for being a loud-mouthed racist, which is a fairly amazing accomplishment in some respects, but generally not a good one. Thankfully, one of the many Major League Baseball franchises saw fit to make him rich. I have nothing against racism, so long as it's directed at androids or android minorities, but I'd prefer that those who practice racism not be richer than me. I'm pretty sure that civilization had some kind of meeting or at one point posted a memo that declared all loud-mouthed racists had to be poor and live in small shacks built on dirt farms. Then again, John Rocker

> may be the poster boy for the next generation of loud-mouthed racists. If that's the case, we should all celebrate him as a modern age hero by killing him while he is still young.

It might be okay if these guys were the only real trouble, but sadly pretty much every modern athlete is a criminal or unsavory character. Still, there are thousands of them, and they each make more money in a second than you and all your future offspring will ever make from now until the Earth files for bankruptcy protection in 2794. Can you really blame me for not wanting to watch a bunch of rich people run around for huge wads of cash? I hardly think so. I also don't think I'm alone in my crazy opinion. If you hate the constant assault of sports programming, follow my lead and whine like a little girl. If all goes well, there will be too many of us little girls for the jocks to beat up.

Cliff Yablonski Continues to Disapprove of You!

Mean old Cliff Yablonski has updated his page once more, adding an additional five pages worth of people he seems to grossly detest. If you enjoy looking at the living equivalent to the corpses depicted in those "Faces of Death" movies, then by all means, suffer!

Stop on by and witness one man's crusade against the horrors of humanity.

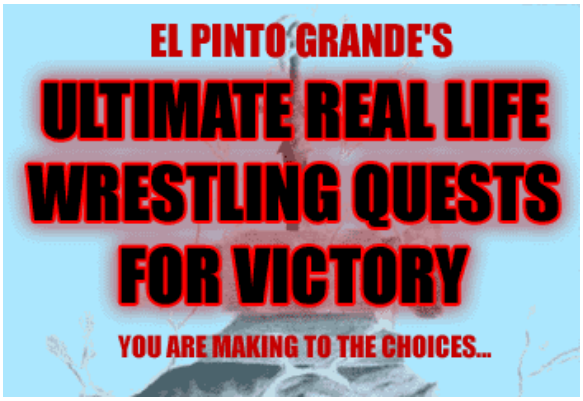
-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.8 Hard At Works Or Am I Hardly At Works?

Wednesday, Oct 09, 2002 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

Hahaha a little joke friendly reader types, but no seriously, Yours Truly has his nose firmly pressed to the grindstones of the computer book. I am recently having my eyes opened to the wonders of interactivity entertainment by Large Son and his games of Haves Life and Quakes III: Area. Those games are just silly action, but I am watching them and thinking to conclusion that maybe if game had a moral they could be a tool for the education of the youths today. I am talking to all the insiders in the computer books stories industry and getting the hottest tips to make the entertainment as interactive as possible.

I have decided to be making a roll playing game with the titles of "Ultimate Real Life Wrestling Quests For Victory" and it teaches the heart, the mind, and the body. Explore a whole new worlds of Tijuana, Mexico, and live the lives of Yours Truly in his adventures inside of the rings and outside of the rings.



> *"Hello El Pinto Grande," the turtle Rambo is saying to you, "you are nurturing wrestling type for turtle Rambo, who is me. Sometimes you are feeding me pieces of chicken creature left over and at the location of other times you are giving to me hat caterpillars that are infesting the hats throughout all of scenic Mexico. These are no good and I am fed up with the feeding of them to me. I command you to get for me the magical delicious caterpillar that lives in cave which is in valley nearby. It is guarded by the king of the goblins so you are needing to be careful and crafty, skills I am thinking you are having in spade thanks in parts to illustrated wrestling careers."*

What is happening next after this part? I am not knowing because YOU are the one who is reading and writing the pages in this computer book adventure! The only thing that is certain as you step into the famous trunks and are walking the miles in my cape is that if you are not headed towards giving 110% at all of the times then your fate is sealed.

I know you are excited with the anticipations of these adventures you can experience, but I am hard at work (or hardly?! Haha!) on this project for the date of TOMORROW. This is being the most exclusive adventure and is only for reader of computer book "Somewhere Awful" and I know it will knock your boots to the clouds.

Greasy's First Worthwhile Contribution

Hey SA fans! This is Ben "Greasnin" Platt here with my first movie review. As the new guy, I wanted to make a good impression from the start, so I decided to tackle the Mt. Everest of the movies that I have on my desk right now, "Mr. Ice Cream Man." I gave it a tackling it won't soon forget. Unfortunately, it reduced me to a blubbering mass of gelatin. The doctors say I should get over the shock, in time. Meanwhile, I want to share the fruits of my labor with you.

> *I suppose the first red flag should have gone up when I realized that the DVD only had one chapter. The next warning was probably the menu screen, which listed special features that do not actually appear anywhere on the disc. How delightfully saucy. I can't even begin to scratch the surface of how criminally bad this movie is in an introductory paragraph. I have to share the agony of the plot with you all right now, or I will never sleep again.*
>
> *I knew I was definitely in for a cinematic gem when I realized during the painfully slow title shot of an ice cream van gradually coming closer that the entire movie was shot on a crappy digital camera. I fully expected a little "battery low" sign to appear in the corner of the screen at any moment. It would have been greatly appreciated, as it would have hailed an approaching end to this catastrophe. The ice cream truck looms closer, closer, closer, and then a car starts to come out of a parking lot and nearly hits it. I doubt very much that this was intentional. It's sad to think that was the best take. Maybe in the other takes, the cameraman got mauled by a bear. That would explain some of the camerawork in the movie. The title comes up, and the scene fades to a series of shots of the real focus of this movie - tender young children. I have never seen a movie with such overt overtones of child molestation.*

Go read the review, or, if you prefer, take a look at this instead.

-~El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

10.9 The Something Awful All-Star Matchup!

Wednesday, Oct 09, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Sports fans throughout the Internet are currently writing in and voicing their disgust with sports.

As Livestock mentioned in his Monday update, we're currently lodged in the esophagus of Sports Fever. This is great for all you people who like observing the ranting, screeching, insane antics of famous celebrity fat person Chris Berman / John Madden (they're the same individual), but it's definitely horrible news for anybody who doesn't like watching large black men repeatedly pat each other on the ass for prolonged periods of time. We've got professional baseball going through their divisional playoffs, putting such exciting teams as the Minnesota Twins, Anaheim Angels, Saint Louis Cardinals, and San Francisco Giants against each other in what can only be dubbed "the absolute most boring team showoff in the history of the universe." The only great thing about baseball is when the New York Yankees lose and make their insane, rabid, drooling fans go crazy because the Yankees' annual payroll is now greater than America's GNP. If I were New York Yankee's owner George Steinbrenner, I'd just start throwing barrels of cash around and bribing everybody in sight until the Yankees are in their own division, the "Major League Cool Guys Division" which is in same league as The New Jersey Felons and The Syracuse Sunny Shades Retirement Vista. Then I'd pay the Russian Space System $40 million to launch me to the moon because if I'm George Steinbrenner, I think that's the only area of real estate large enough to hold my bulky, bloated frame and horrific ego.

Then we have the National Football League, a sports competition that pits various teams against each other in a contest to see how many of their players can stay out of prison for the longest amount of time. Much like the National Baseball League, which is experiencing a bizzarro-world team playoff of its own, the Oakland / Los Angeles / Jupiter Raiders have the best record to date, which doesn't make much sense because the Raiders average 900 million yards of penalties per game and were fined for backing a SUV over Drew Bledsoe in the middle of the Raiders / Bills game last week. I'm fairly sure the Raiders' playbook consists entirely of schemes stolen from Mutant League Football, the game which allowed you to throw exploding footballs at cheerleaders.

However, none of this is very important or even interesting to me, probably because I'm from Kansas City and our sports teams have about as much chance of ever landing in the playoffs as me going through the day without throwing up or weeping for hours at a time. With this in mind, Something Awful has created our very own All-star Matchup, putting the heroes and villains of the world against each other in what could possibly be the absolute most exciting thing ever, or at least a shitload more exciting than anything the Twins, Angels, Cardinals, or Giants can offer, which is namely a three-hour nap. Let's get on to the competition and showcase off the finalists in this hard-hitting, exciting, no-holds-barred showdown!

SA Division East

Coach Shaalam

The Egyptian Mummies -Known for their magic on and off the field, the Mummies are able to accomplish such stunning feats such as "walking around while wrapped up in bandages" and "moaning nonstop until all viewers have to forcibly mute the audio." The Mummies are being coached by 782nd-year veteran Ra Shaalam, who has repeatedly led his team to victory against such adversaries as the Santa Monica Clueless Archeological Students and the Cairo Stupid, Scared, Superstitious Villagers. Much like the Transylvanian Vampires, many teams know of The Mummies main weakness - their coach - who if is ever killed, all players are contractually obligated to either turn to dust or become free agents on the dust market. The Mummies have sought to rectify this problem by entrapping Coach Shaalam in the most protective area known to man, the Popemobile locked inside one of those rotating metal spheres from "American Gladiators." Unfortunately, the Pope and his henchmen have kept The Mummies at bay with holy water powered sniper rifles and Bible-launching catapults.

The Atlantic Pirates -The Pirates are a fan favorite across the globe, mystifying viewers with their exciting trademark moves and cunning maneuvers, as well as their tendency to rape virtually anything. They've been thrown out of seventeen games this year after umpires and referees determined that The Pirates used their swords and flaming oil to murder the entire opposing team while raping large portions of the audience and stealing their "precious booty." The Pirates come into the postseason armed with All-star"Crazy" Redeyes Gharrison, who recently used his ship, "The Filthy Semen-Encrusted Mermaid Anus" to launch cannonballs at the office of the League Commissioner for twelve consecutive days. After the siege was finished, Gharrison boarded the decimated office and began raping the Commissioner's office supplies. He was later interviewed by SAASSIASA (Something Awful All-star Sports Illustrated About Something Awful) and was quoted as saying, "yarrrr, we be rapin' the shit out of ye bisquits, time to hole up ye holes and man yer pansy asses out of town, lest ye be riddin' out by us."

SA Division Southeast

The Transylvanian Vampires -Although limited to playing only night games, The Vampires have nonetheless made a name for themselves in the SA Division West after tabloid reporters discovered they used the blood of virgins instead of champagne to celebrate, and the blood of virgins instead of Tylenol for their medical staff personnel. The Vampires have many valuable assets, such as the vague, indecipherable set of "Vampire Only" rules which allow them, among other things, to sometimes fly around, randomly turn into bats (both the animal and the sports tool), and charm teenage girls into falling in love with them because they are either Brad Pitt or somebody who vaguely resembles Brad Pitt on the WB Network. Vampires coach Sal Accardonavia will have to learn to get his team to "play together" if he wants to win in the postseason playoffs, as the rumor mill claims Sal is too busy attempting to figure out a way to cut costs by filling the Gatorade coolers with sausage and pig's blood. Some analysts claim "the stakes are high," but analysts are all morons for making such a stupid pun about vampires.

Photo from the rigorous Ninja Training Camp.

The Dragon Crotch Ninjas -Hailing from the small Japanese island of "Death Skull Secret Fire Volcano Dragon Crotch Isle," the Dragon Crotch Ninjas use their stealth and cunning moves to bewilder the enemy with a series of stealthy and, well, cunning moves that range from "vanishing in an explosion of smoke" to "stabbing them in the face with a very long sword." The Ninjas, which used to have a 30-year long training requirement that had a 94% mortality rate, now simply clone off their precious "ninja gene" in a large, stainless steel vat full of mysterious neon green chemicals that begin to bubble up when you sneak into their factory and look at them. The Dragon Crotch Ninjas successfully beat off their longtime rivals, the Shogun Shotgun Samurais, by refusing to adhere to the Samurais strict book of ethics which include such rules as "SAMURAI MUST NEVER FIGHT OPPONENT WHO DOES NOT HAVE 18 MORE WEAPONS THAN SAMURAI" and "SAMURAI MUST FIGHT DRUNK AND BLINDFOLDED TO EVEN THE ODDS." The Dragon Crotch Ninjas capitalized on this 1700-page rulebook by sneaking into their main office one day and swiping the book, replacing it with one that exploded and blew shrapnel all over the surrounding 100-yard radius.

SA Division West

The Amityville Pussy Ghosts -The once strong "Ghost" division has been dismantled over the past 20 years, leaving The Amityville Pussy Ghosts as the only remaining contender. Previous Ghost teams, such as the Akron Spooky, Dry Ice-Infested Cemetery Specters and the Dead, Buried Native Americans From Hell were disqualified from league play when they failed to show up at any roadgames, unable to play anywhere except the haunted houses and burial grounds where their passage is limited to. The Amityville Pussy Ghosts were able to somehow get inside and haunt objects from the famous Amityville Horror house, and have paid Yellow Shipping to haul them around the world to various games. The three All-Stars of the Amityville Pussy Ghosts include starting offensive shortstop Haunted Clock, utility lineman Haunted Soapdish, and the three-time MVP backend safety Haunted Mirror That Shows Pictures of Dead People to the Camera When Somebody Passes By It But the Actual Person Never Sees It, Making the Effect Totally Useless. Although they have the ability to possess many opposing teammates, they seldom have the opportunity to, as the possession procedure takes roughly two hours and involves convincing the target to walk up and get cut by the haunted item, or, in rare cases, simply lick it.

HarmCo's Android Strike Force -This exciting team is literally ripping up the scene, primarily by using their nuclear grenade launcher arms and chaingun faces. The Androids are the current model of HarmCo's ZXY 9,000,000 line of attack androids, made primarily for the US military and programmed to go out of control and start killing all human beings after three days of use. They have a bewildering arsenal of offensive weapons, ranging from that one big gun that makes shit explode when shot, to that even bigger gun that makes even more shit explode when shot. HarmCo's coach, CEO Steubins Von Peivich, promises that he'll "see his team get to the big game, even if I have to blow up the entire fucking stadium and everybody in it." Since this has previously been their basic strategy towards winning games, we expect to see more of this innovative playcalling in the future. Please note that we will be broadcasting the game from aerial cameras located hundreds of feet above the game, transmitting to a mobile station over 50 miles away.

SA Time Travel Division

The Rowdy Cowboys -Always drunk and ready to shoot minorities, The Rowdy Cowboys have somehow slipped into the playoffs for the first time in over 100 years. Their lack of teamwork and overall incompetence can be traced to a grueling workout routine which consists of drinking alcohol, peeing on things, and shooting their handguns into the air while screaming. In fact, nobody really knows how The Rowdy Cowboys were able to make the playoffs considering their 4-128 record was the worst in the league this year. Sports analysis's claim Cowboys Coach Tex "Tex" Whitey was able to "convince" the League Commissioner by lifting him up, placing him on the top of a bar, and sliding him down until he hit all the drinks and flew into the rotted wood wall. The Rowdy Cowboys hope to play against The Amityville Pussy Ghosts in the playoffs, as they long to once again murder the spirits of potential Native Americans that they had previously murdered.

The Cambrian Cavemen -Despite the fact that cavemen didn't even exist in the Cambrian period of time, this has done very little to discourage what many consider to be the "up and coming" challengers from an "old and outgoing" race of people. The cavemen recently beat out the dynamic "Time Traveling Moon Space Monkeys" to end up in the SA Division Time Travel finals. Coach and third footman Vogbis Ogg has been known on and off the field for his creative, inspirational euphemisms such as "play more good be beat rock smash fist skull mud" and "no lose eat more bug." Even without the spectacular leadership of Ogg, the Cavemen look good on paper, especially compared to their arch-rivals "rock" and "scissors."

Well this definitely looks to be much more exciting than both the National Football League and National Baseball League combined. Although the SA All-star Finals lacks the rude sportsmanship of the Oakland Raiders and the nonstop boredom of, well, any team in baseball, we believe that this year's lineup will undoubtedly be the most popular ever, drawing in fans from thousands of countries and time periods together to watch this one exciting event. Stay tuned for the intense details!

The EPG RPG!!

Famed Mexican wrestler El Pinto Grande has completed work on his epic roleplaying game masterpiece. You take on the role of El Pinto himself, adventuring around his home and battling three different opponents in the blood-soaked squared circle of Tijuana. Do you dare to step into his boots and cape?

For less of man this is maybe discourage them from eating, but broken glass is like cupped cakes to a Hercules of your statures. CRUNCH and down goes the Legal Eagle Surprise. Clean up with the hose is completeds and you are ready for your meetings.

YOU HAVE GAIN SPECIAL ITEM: INTERNAL HEMORRHAGE.

INTERNAL HEMORRHAGE HAS BEEN ADDED TO YOUR POCKETS.

> Now it is time for going to the lunches! Better it is not to keep the Captain of the Wrestling Franchises waiting or he might get tested.

This is truly a day of great importance in the history of professional wrestling! Head on over and become the luchador you've always dreamed of!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.10 Last Minute Halloween Shopping!

Friday, Oct 11, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On the 2nd of October this would be the costume equivalent of the Mona Lisa.

Americans have been celebrating Halloween with trick-or-treating and the giving of gifts since the days of Jesus Christ. In the early settlements of Biblical Rhode Island it was wooden toys and candy made from boot nails and crab apples. These days the tradition is more akin to a good-natured extortion of prepackaged candy for the good will of potentially mischievous children. It's your usual protection racket with the twist that the thugs doing the extorting are wearing ghoulish disguises. You may ask why I'm talking about Halloween since it's almost three weeks away, but obviously you've never drawn the short straw when costume shopping.

You see there's a window of about five seconds in October when the decent Halloween costumes are actually right there on racks and not in some costume nerd's basement or being sold on ebay for triple price. During that window there is a wonderland of costumes available, from the ultra-popular to the ultra-obscure. Sitting right next to a Vin Diesel mask you would be able to find a costume from Japan for an anthropomorphic pickle that was featured in the pilot episode of a short-lived puppet-themed edutainment show for children about the food groups. This fantasy of good costumes is just that unfortunately, a fantasy, and that window will slam shut as fast as if a truck hauling pig manure overturned on the street outside your house.

When it does close, which it most definitely already has, you're left with two options when it comes to putting together your Halloween costume: make do with a shitty one off the rack or assemble your own. Right now if you went into a costume shop, or even worse a department store like Wal-Mart, you're going to find an extremely limited selection of costumes remaining on the racks. This selection will probably be limited to the following costumes:

- Ten costumes that are decent but have been picked apart by the crazed costume vultures that spend all day in the costume aisles shredding the ones they don't want while looking desperately for an ultra rare "Donald Duck with An Evil Face" costume.
- A sexy maid or cheerleader costume in infant to toddler size.
- A costume of the Indian kid with the retarded "Heart" power from "Captain Planet".
- A factory error Ringo Starr costume with a plastic imitation Sergeant Pepper-era jacket and a mask that's actually a hairless version of an Alf mask.
- A mummy costume consisting of single-ply toilet paper and "mummy dust" that is actually synthetic rat urine.
- Several dozen Tom Berringer costumes modeled after his character in the film "Sniper" that have been overlooked out of fear of being arrested for the shootings in Maryland.
- A Spongebob Squarepants costume that appears to be covered in ketchup stains and smells faintly of carbolic acid.
- An entire rack consisting of nothing but costumes for "The Adventures of Pluto Nash" and "The Master of Disguise".

Luckily if you are willing to spend a little time and money on some resources you can create a costume just as good if not better than what you can buy at the store. I have neither money or talent for creating costumes, but like that poor kid from Captain Planet I do have a whole fuckload of "Heart". Over the last ten years I have put together costumes that would make Sam Winston jealous for the same or less than what I would have paid if I had purchased my costume at a store. To help save you the effort of being creative and coming up with your own costume that you will wear a grand total of once I have reproduced the absolute cream of the crop in my costume cookbook. These are guaranteed to turn heads and make you the belle of the ball assuming the ball has something to do with making homemade Halloween costumes.

This picture was taken 30 seconds before this cat either dropped dead or clawed this woman's face off.

- **The Severe Burn Victim** - This is one of the easiest and most cost-effective costumes you can put together this Halloween. To make the costume you need either concentrated acid, fire, or some sort of alien with acid for blood you can kill and then rub on your skin. The more coverage you get when applying the fire or acid "makeup" the better the costume, particularly when it comes to burning your face. Bonus points will no doubt be awarded at any costume contests you attend if you actually burn off your hair and melt plastic and/or solid steel into your skin. You are a surefire winner if you are burned by grasping a superheated medallion that sears a pattern into your palm and provides you a key for unlocking the hidden location of the Ark of the Covenant.

- **The Improvised Robot** - Even cutting-edge technology is generally based around two simple staples of electronic engineering; duct tape and random machine parts. By fusing these two components together with the sturdy frame of a cardboard box you have a recipe for the most advanced robot this side of some top-secret CIA killdroid laboratory. The only thing you really need to consider when selecting the random machine parts you will use to give you a robotic appearance is weight. Nuts, washers, and Radeon video cards are in this year. Steel girders, machine presses, and automobile chassis are out this year.

- **A Mighty Warrior** - By eating the brains of your fallen enemies you will take on their strengths and knowledge. Murder a warrior and devour his brains and you can stick a fork in the preparations for this costume. Watch out for cannibal disease Kuru, it can be a real buzz kill.

- **Japanese Tanuki Costume** - I don't even think I spelled "Tanuki" right, I don't really care though, it's basically Japanese for "raccoon thing". This is a pretty involved costume but it makes up for it by being nearly free. What you have to do is use a length of twine to set snares to catch 8-12 adult raccoons, the number you need depends on your body size. Once you have the number needed to cover your entire body you take the same twine you used to snare the raccoons and you tie them to yourself with it. The raccoons may bite, a lot, but they generally aren't carrying any lethal diseases. As an added bonus to this amazing AND interactive costume you can also wear it to anime conventions and possibly win fabulous cosplay prizes.

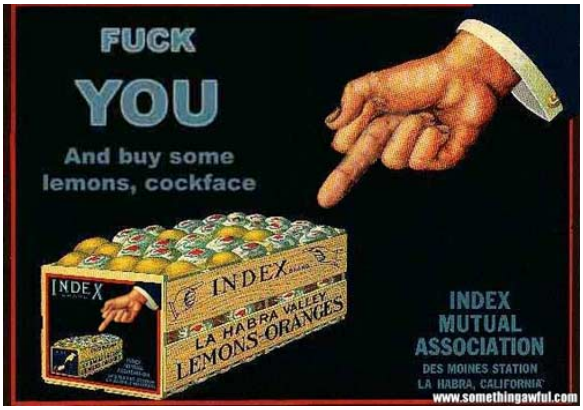
- **A Homosexual** - Seeing as I know about homosexuality only from what I read in extreme right-wing Christian magazines my idea of a homosexual costume might not exactly match up with reality. First of all you need to jack off constantly, if at all

> possible into the anus or mouth of another man or even better a young boy. Be sure all of your bodily fluids consist of nothing but the HIV virus. You should be able to see the virus moving in your semen, if you can't then get back to distilling that AIDS! Once you are walking around and spraying AIDS everywhere you should also consider eating babies and burning bibles. If you can somehow make a pact with the devil and form an alliance with the Zionist world government while you're at it, then this might just be the best costume ever!

I hope these costuming tips will help you when the time comes to go trick-or-treating. The best thing about my costume suggestions is that they're all appropriate for children, well except for the homosexual one. Oh, and the one where the raccoons are biting you. The burn victim one might get you arrested if you help your kids out with it, and uh, I guess the warrior one is probably bad for their developing bodies. Looks like little Billy is going out on the town in a shitty robot costume again this year!!

I'd Buy That for a Dollar!

Livestock and the always entertaining Something Awful Forums once again bring us an installment of Photoshop Phriday. This time they set their lasso tools to "fun" and outline hilarity in the form of Classic Produce Labels.



I hope you won't have sour grapes, because one bad apple can spoil the whole lot, and we wouldn't want you to OH JUST KILL ME NOW! And after you're done murdering me, head on over and check out this week's Photoshop Phriday!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.11 The Ultimate Energy Drink Review, Part I

Saturday, Oct 12, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This article is part of the Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews series.

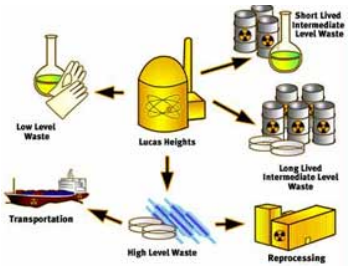
WOAH, this is like TOTALLY EXTREME TO THE RADICAL MAXX!!

Ok, rock and rollaaaazz!! Today is the completely unofficial and blatant display of rebellion ULTIMATE ENERGY DRINK CHALLENGE! It is SO EXTREEEME and so totally OUT OF CONTROL that I might not even make it through to the other side to write about it because I will be snowboarding out of an airplane after drinking an entire gallon on antifreeze while spanking my own naked ass with a drunken marmot!

I am warning you, if you don't like hair-raising, death-defying feats of hot imbibing action, don't read any further! I can not be held responsible for the trail of misery and wasted lives that I leave in my wake as I embark on the most off-the-wall, completely INSANE taste test ever. Maybe I'll be heretofore known as The Beverage Guy for writing about drinks so goddamn much, but I feel that this review has to be done! Too many parachuting skateboarders with no arms are buying the lesser-tasting, not nearly as extreme energy drink.

These things come in all shapes and sizes, usually costing between two and three dollars for an eight-ounce can. That's kind of expensive when you can get a six-pack of Mountain Dew for three dollars and have that same caffeine rush you are looking for. If you are lucky, the Mountain Dew will not taste like stagnant water that has been dumped off of a galvanized steel drum lid from a nuclear waste barrel. But don't hold your breath. Actually, no, see how long you can hold it. Report back to me with the results.

Man, I remember when beck in the day the most extreme you could get with your beverage choice was Jolt cola which supposedly contained four times the caffeine as regular colas and which tasted rather like denture paste that had been used and reused by an 86-year old man with terrible oral hygiene. It did the trick though, and it was cheap. It also didn't claim to have mystical healing properties thanks to some crazy chemical that doesn't exist or that is actually water or extra carbonation or bug spray.



The complex energy drink-making process.

I suppose that I understand, at least on a basic level, the urge to be hip and cool and fit in with your friends,but do your friends really like the taste of ass-fruit and chemically terror? I don't think they do. This trend is about on the same level as those advertising caps to put on your ears to make you like an elf. Why would you want those dumb caps unless you are a fag?

All energy drinks are rated on a scale of -1 to -10 with -10 being the most terrible drink EVER, man, to the vomitous EXTREEEEEME.

EXTREME BEVERAGE 1: Jones Energy Drink

Summation: OH MY GOD MY TEETH OH NO

What the hell is wrong with these people? They make good specialty sodas but they

should have stopped there. This drink makes my mouth hurt it is so sweet. It's also a shade of fluorescent yellow that human beings were never meant to ingest. The... can is pretty, but that's about the only good thing I can think of to say. The suggested daily "dosage" is two to three cans per day, like this is some sort of medicinal drink or something. Doctor, quick! Give him two cans of a highly caffeinated beverage and perhaps one with a bunch of made-up chemical shit in it, STAT! I have no idea how anyone would ever be able to tolerate that much of this stuff, but I am looking forward to seeing whether it has "enhanced" my "performance" but I have to wait until I "take a dump" and "closely examine my fecal matter with my fingers and perhaps a spoon" to tell whether or not it had any effect.

Rating: -7 / -10

Shit bitch, that is EXTREME.

EXTREME BEVERAGE 2: AMP Energy Drink

Summation: TASTES LIKE ASS

As if Mountain Dew by itself weren't asstastic enough, now they made an energy drink. It tastes awful. I can't even describe how bad it is. Compared to the misery of Jones Energy Drink it is a walk in a very pleasant park with cats under each tree. It instructs me to "Turn up my energy with AMP" but it instead makes me want to turn up the device that controls how loud the Billy Joel music gets. Eventually my ears begin to bleed and I forget that I have ingested this horror. I do think that it is funny that one of this product's main claims is that it "contains maltodextrin, a complex carbohydrate" which is fine because maltodextrin is in fact a good source of energy and is very unlikely as a carb to turn into fat. What they didn't mention is that tons of other products, even common garden variety Nutrasweet, has maltodextrin in it. You don't have to pay 3 bucks for a disgusting garbage drink to get it. Nice try, Mountain Dew fags, stupid faggy fag faggots. For an additional laugh, their website is broken. Dumb fags. Their website is too extreme to actually exist.

Rating: -9 / -10

EXTREME BEVERAGE 3: SoBe Adrenaline Rush

Summation: TREES IN A CAN

What can I say, it tastes like plants. This is good though, at least in comparison to the last couple of drinks. Their website consists of a terrible flash thingy representing "Tales from the Crypt." Someone needs to inform them that that show hasn't been popular since

the mid 80's, if ever. Luckily they also have a section devoted to their motocross team or whatever. Way hip and extreme. It frightens me a bit that one of their main advertised ingredients, l-carnitine, has a section on their site labeled "Animal Nutrition" and when you roll the cursor over it it shows about eight piglets suckling an enormous sow. What the hell? According to the can, though, it is a "maximum energy supplement," so I'm really happy because at long last I am drinking something that is not simply the middle of the road energy supplement. I am not, however, experiencing any sort of adrenaline rush from this drink, so I am afraid that if I were to be attacked right now by a very angry bear that I would be in pretty big trouble, let me tell you.

Rating: -6 / -10

OH NO TOO MUCH KMX!!! PUSHING THE LIMITS TOO DAMN FAR!!!

EXTREME BEVERAGE 4: KMX Energy Drink

Summation: HELL

This is the worst-tasting drink by far to this point. I think that the main reason for this is because it is trying really hard to taste like orange soda but failing miserably. It tastes rather like shoe leather rolled in grandma-sweat. According to the can I am instructed to:

> Think fast.
> Take action.
> Test the limits.
> Push them!

After I read that I began trying to push the limits. I started to see how many carrots I could eat without throwing up. I got to 52 medium-sized carrots and then I started to barf orange mushy stuff all over the place and it sucked because I had the runs for the rest of the day. I don't know whether I should blame it on the KMX Energy Drink or not, but I feel like I did what the can told me and all I got out of it was a burning asshole. I want my three dollars back at once.

Rating: -8 / -10

EXTREME BEVERAGE 5: Red Bull

Summation: OW

This one is thankfully the last because at this point my pee is neon yellow and I am shaking. It is also a good thing that it's the last because it tastes really, really bad. It doesn't taste as bad as the one made by Mountain Dew but it's pretty damn terrible. I don't want to drink any of these any more. I'm upset that I've even had so much of

> these fucking things so far. It's absolutely ridiculous. These cost like three dollars each also. I can't believe this bullshit. I am so fucking pissed; I'm going to write an angry letter. I feel sick. I haven't eaten all day so this stuff was ingested on an empty stomach. What the hell was I thinking. This tastes terrible. That's it, I quit. Fuck this.
>
> **Rating:** -2398463274 fucking shit this sucks what the hell

I haven't learned anything. All of these energy drinks sucked ass and I am still sitting here like a dork in front of the computer. There are no guys with sunglasses snowboarding over my head or anything even remotely extreme unless it's HOT EXTEEEEEME VOICE CHAT which is utterly dumb and not really very full of hot, hip action at all but instead full of nerds who are rather shy and aren't saying much. I am more tired and am actually crankier now than I can remember being in a very long time. This experiment was a failure and I want to go back in time so that I can not drink all of the shit I've poured down my throat today and I am NOT talking about my "special time" with my little cousin Bobby. I am talking about something else. Something involving dumb energy drinks and my foolishly drinkin close to five cans of them..

I have to pee again. Great.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.12 Make Love, Not War. Well, Alright, War Too.

Sunday, Oct 13, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

The two on the right are happy because they're U.S. Representatives. The two on the left are miserable because they're alive.

Thursday evening, the U.S. House of Representatives passed a resolution that essentially gives Bush the freedom to wage war against Iraq. That's right, I can follow politics, too. Like most red-blooded Americans, I'm largely in favor of war as a concept. Nothing beats war for blowing up stuff. War drives our nation. It bolsters our economy, raises our morale, and spawns a number of crappy movies, followed by a series of gritty, realistic movies based on true events, but with sappy love stories thrown in for the ladies. However, I can't help but question this war on Iraq. Don't get me wrong, I'm not one of those longhaired, folk-singing, poetry-writing, colorful shirt-wearing peaceniks, with their naysaying attitude and baseless arguments like, "don't kill people," or "every major world religion says 'don't kill people.'" I hate Saddam Hussein as much as anyone else. He's a tyrant and a murderer, and he never responds to my letters, and that makes me cry. But he doesn't care, because he's Saddam Hussein. Like the rest of the planet, I want to see him overthrown. I'd overthrow him myself, if I hadn't hurt my back playing Warcraft 3. It was a really intense game. I've heard the so-called "experts" talk about how the Middle East wants to get rid of Hussein, too, but they don't want the U.S. to get involved. If you ask me, they don't know what they want. They're a bunch of uneducated, nomadic heathens, like all foreign people. I can say that because I'm a horrible American stereotype and all my beliefs are automatically correct, by merit of America having a lot of bombs.

Iraq will be a lot easier to identify when it's a smoldering crater.

So what's my problem with the war? Well, it just seems a little too easy. When Iraq invaded Kuwait, we spanked them so badly that every Iraqi had to wear a nametag that said "Hello. My name is Spankedy McSpankedyspank-Spanklestein" and walk around like that for a whole week. We also gave Kuwait t-shirts with "I'm with Spanked" written on them, and an arrow pointing to Iraq. It was classic. Iraq pissed us off, we kicked their asses. After 9/11, we launched our war on terrorism, which we began by blasting Afghanistan into tiny, Afghanistan-shaped pieces. That sent a powerful message to the terrorists of the world: if you mess with us, we will turn your entire country into heathen rubble. That was a good start, but the war on terrorism couldn't end there. We looked into some local, low-cost options, like bombing the hell out of Canada, but we came to the conclusion that we liked having Canada around, because we can take their stuff and ridicule them constantly, and they can't do anything about it. Canada - the Ned Flanders of the free world. Still, we had to wipe some country off the map, so now we're about to go to war with Iraq again, which is all well and good, except that they haven't really done anything to piss us off lately. Sure, Saddam's a dick, but he's keeping the invasions to a minimum these days. He won't let U.N. inspectors into the country, but that's nothing new. It's like he's afraid they'll find the baggie of pot in his underwear drawer. The U.N. says Iraq may have a nuclear device in development. We have enough nukes to blow up this planet, and any other pissant planet that gets in our way, and we're afraid that Iraq might just possibly have a device. If we fight this thing seriously, Iraq will have no choice but to pull a France and surrender in the first week. Then we'll have to find another country to de-terrorist, and the whole thing will start all over

again. Obviously, that's no good. This war has to drag out so that we can win just before the next election, thereby securing a second term for Bush, just like it did for his father. Wait...

As I was saying, in order for the war against Iraq to be of any interest whatsoever, the U.S. will have to implement some new tactics. As we all know, every citizen has to pitch in to any military effort. That's why I put together this list of military strategies for prolonging the war, or, as I call it,"Ben's List of Military Strategies for Prolonging the War."

- **Buddy System**

  Every American soldier is an army of one, but with the buddy system, every soldier is just an army of one half! Each soldier will be paired up with a buddy. The buddies must hold hands whenever they are in the field, leaving them only one free hand apiece for killing the enemy scumdogs. In addition, the buddies will not be allowed out after dark, and will have to look both ways before crossing any street. If one soldier is shot, his buddy must remain motionless until he can join hands with another pair of buddies. Two separated buddies may join together to form a new pair, but only by running frantically toward one another, waving their arms and crying. The buddy system, properly implemented, will reduce our army's ability to slaughter the Iraqis quite so quickly, while also protecting our boys from being accosted by strangers in vans.

- **Paintball**

  When our troops storm into the major cities, like Baghdad, Sandburg, and Iraqville, they won't be equipped with high-powered rifles, but with the most bitchin' paintball guns money can buy. Paintballs won't kill the enemies, but they sting like heck, and once hit, any Iraqi will undoubtedly have the good sportsmanship to lay down and stay immobile for a good thirty seconds. With the enemy activity halting constantly like that, any battle should stretch out for a good long while. At the same time, our hardworking soldiers will get to have some good, messy fun. It'll look like someone tie-dyed Iraq! At least, it will until we bomb the place into the Paleolithic era.

The water balloon - simple, yet deadly. Well, not quite so much "deadly" as "pointless."

- **Saturation Bombing**

  Sure, we're eventually going to reduce all of Iraq to cinders. Until then, though, we'll give our brave pilots H-bombs - H2O, that is! Each one of our bombers will carry literally thousands of water balloons, which they will drop with lethal precision. This may sound like a stupid idea, but anyone who's ever been hit by a water balloon dropped from fifty thousand feet will tell you otherwise. The water balloon attacks will gradually become worse - not because we'll be dropping a greater number of balloons, but because we'll start putting flesh-eating bacteria in the water.

- **The Ol' Grease n' Go**

  What's faster than a U.S. marine running at top speed? A greased marine running at top speed! Two soldiers strip down to their skivvies. Both of them are given signs to wear around their necks - the first with a one on it, the second with a three. The soldiers get greased up like pigs, and are then sent running through the enemy base. Hilarity ensues as those whacky Iraqis scramble to try to get their hands on those slippery rascals. Even once number one and number three are caught, everyone will still be looking for number two! It's a great practical joke, it wastes surprisingly large amounts of time, and gives the rest of our troops time to sneak into the base and steal all the ammunition, causing more time-consuming havoc. As for the two soldiers who get caught, they will be remembered as the greatest heroes of all.

- **Mack Hail Style**

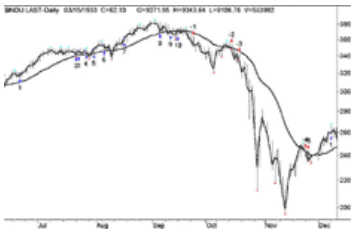
  Taking a cue from Mack Hail's dynamic performance in his cinematic masterpiece, "Mr. Ice Cream Man" (read the review, damnit!), none of our soldiers will be permitted to speak and move simultaneously at any time. Whether it's in the field, or over a meal, everyone will be required to complete any action they wish to take, pause, then say whatever's on their minds. The time needed to give orders will be greatly increased, especially if the commanding officer paces. Meanwhile, the enemy will be driven totally insane by such behavior and will start writing incredibly long humorous articles, delaying their own maneuvers.

I could probably go on, but it's late, and I'm tired. Plus, I'm just one man. I can only do so much. If you have some suggestions to help the courageous men and women of the American military keep the war going as long and as irritatingly as possible, don't hesitate to send them to me. Maybe I'll post them! Probably not!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.13 Economic Suckulus Package

Monday, Oct 14, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



As the graph clearly illustrates "things" are "happening" with "stocks".

Readers of such far-flung publications as "this web site" and also "this web site yesterday" were made aware of the shocking news that America is "Let's Roll©"in' our way into Iraq in the near future. While support is still fairly strong for attacking the rogue state of Iraq a lot of people have realized that since their unemployment payments are about to expire they won't be able to pay Rent-A-Center for their HDTV and will totally miss out on the cool bomb cam footage CNN will be showing. Justifiably outraged at not being able to see our robot planes shoot lasers at buildings in Baghdad, support is growing for the "wait until we can pay our cable bill and then attack Iraq" movement. The president, who may or may not be George W. Bush backed by the New World Order, the Illuminati, the Thule Society, or the Zionist Global Government, is very aware of the domestic problems in this country. Hell, he has had an opportunity to experience it first hand as several businesses run by his good friends have gone under due to accounting errors.

Bush, or at least the Illuminati, is not stupid. Wrapped in with his package to make Iraq explode was a groundbreaking economic stimulus package. Even shrewd political analysts like my barber and the woman who yells in the street in Spanish have caught a serious war fever and probably missed out on the details of this package thanks to the 105 degree temperature of fun they were running. Leave it to Something Awful, the bastion of truth in a sea of lies, to bring you the facts on this secretive deal to save our nation from economic ruin while our brave soldiers march into Iraq to plant dynamite under things that aren't still blown up from the last time we attacked them. Actually they'll have a tougher time than you might think since apparently Iraq's army consists of bad guys from every Nintendo side scroller ever made. The US armed forces just walked off the screen and immediately ten troopers and the big guy with the bazooka respawned on the Iraq screen.

Bless the Jesus on high for a president with the foresight to take care of the troubles on the home front before extending our national resources into the war against terror. While I will sleep much safer in my bed at night knowing that Saddam Hussein won't be able to break down my door and rape my pets I'm just glad that I'll have a bed to sleep in at all. This thanks to George W. Bush's three phase economic stimulus package!

Finally back on the job with a little helping hand from the federal government!

■ **Phase One - Halt the Rise in Unemployment**
To prevent the continuing erosion of the economy Bush plans to take an aggressive stance to reduce unemployment and at the same time cost-effectively tackle major public works projects. Entitled The Freedom of American Strength, the plan is similar to Roosevelt's New Deal but is definitely influenced by the technique used by pirates and underhanded sea captains to secure needed crew members for a voyage. When someone files for unemployment they will be given the address of an "advisory office" where they can meet with an employment assistance worker. When they arrive at the office of the employment assistance worker they will be quickly corralled into the back and told to sit down. When thirty or so people have been grouped in the back room they will be loaded onto a truck and driven off to work

on one of a number of massive public works projects. There they will toil and live, on site, until they can find another job. If they leave the area of the worksite they will be shot with that sticky foam and returned to their jobs.

The really amazing aspect of this program is that it promises to benefit in the economy far more than building something like a hydroelectric dam or an interstate highway might. The workers will be building offices for those Americans who currently have jobs, the facilities donated by the government to the corporate sector to use as they see fit. Not only that, but American laborers will be carving stone from quarries, mining coal, copper, and uranium, and assembling fighter aircraft for the war effort in workshops built inside of mountains to protect the delicate aircraft from terrorist attack.

Naturally all current welfare recipients will be rounded up and sent to these employment camps along with their children of working age (12 and up). Younger children, the elderly, and the infirm will be sent to "recovery camps" located on the surface of the sun.

- **Phase Two - Save Struggling Corporations**

Corporations are subjected to some of the most unfair restrictions on free commerce you can imagine. You thought taxes were bad, think about suddenly having to install twenty Boron scrubbers on your factories smoke stacks because some pocket-lining fat cat in Washington decided to pass a law. From bans on pumping boiling effluent into rivers to idiotic restrictions on using dynamite in the Tennessee mountains, corporations suffer day in and day out at the hands of bureaucracy. It's not just the environment that corporations have to baby along either, it's the fucking handicapped, with their wheelchair ramps and elevators. Like it's the department store's fault that you were born with Muscular Dystrophy? If you were taking care of yourself you would have the lower half of your body replaced with a Daewoo Mark 19 eight-legged walker chassis.

Sometimes in an effort to please the ravenous throngs of mob-mentality stockholders at corporations the CEO or board of directors is forced to make some accounting adjustments. These are upstanding companies just trying to get by, and they would if they weren't crippled by nuisance laws and an open marketplace.

With a little help from phase two of the economic stimulus package corporations that seemed on their last legs should be up and running in no time. All they have to do is demonstrate a willingness to streamline procedures that can include any of the following:

- Replace all unskilled laborers with automation and all skilled laborers with temp workers.
- Force employees to sleep at the facility where they work and hot swap beds with other employees.
- Cut all wages for employees below the second tier of the corporate ladder.
- Increase productivity by hiring efficiency boosting pistol-waving commissars.
- Employ children for jobs that require delicate hands. Children are very good with technology and can be excellent at manufacturing microprocessors, circuitry, and promotional giveaway football telephones from Sports Illustrated.
- Shred everything relating to your accounting including your accountants, their families, their homes, and whatever immigrant minority takes care of their lawn.
- Include copy protection in everything to prevent piracy. CDs should be unreadable by CD-ROM drives, DVDs should not be able to be scanned by a

scanner/copier/fax, ghosts and vampires should not show up on film, automobiles should explode if the front hood is opened, and children's toys should transform into venomous snakes if they are "played with wrong".

To further alleviate the woes of corporate America Bush is planning on taking all of the Federal money currently allocated to Social Security, environmental protection, and welfare and parcel it out to companies in need. This should allow CEOs who were recently forced to downgrade from 100 to 25 room houses to return to their former glory.

Phase Three - The Dead Rise

This stolen file footage clearly shows one of Dow's test subjects. Unfortunately they still have a long way to go as all this zombie likes is rolling dice and drinking Mountain Dew Code Red. He's also really bad at eating Taco Bell's Burrito Supreme.

You thought the war on terror would stop with Afghanistan. Now you think it might stop with Iraq, but there are over fifty rogue and "sort of rogue" states on the Pentagon's list of targets. This should occupy our armed forces and your attention for the next 20 years or so. Bush is pragmatic though, he is looking ahead to 20+ years from now when all of the terror in the world has been eliminated by precision guided munitions. When that time comes we have phase three of the economic stimulus plan, a phase that specifically involves America's chemical weapons and nuclear power industries.

Dow Corning, in conjunction with the Tennessee Valley Authority, is developing a radioactive mutagen that will cause the dead to rise from the grave and tirelessly pursue the flesh of the living. Those who are bitten by the walking dead will become one of them, they will get up and kill. This new plague of cannibalistic zombies might seem counterproductive to the economy, but it allows us to stay on a war-footing and continue our completely noble crusade against international terror. After all, what could be more terrifying than a zombie? Well, other than going to war with our nation on the brink of economic collapse, but we don't have to worry about that now!

I wish I were just joking around about how shitty Bush's economic stimulus package is but there isn't even one to make fun of. I'm scared to death by all of the goddamn job losing and downsizing I've been seeing for two years now, and it's only gotten much worse as of late. I'm scared to death by the president breaking a strike for a corporation, as damaging and silly as the strike was. I'm scared to death that I might wake up one day and not be able to control my bowel movements.

What kind of cocksucking moron president puts our country on red fucking alert over a country we have had on a relatively short military leash for over ten years? George W. Bush, that's who, a real goddamn American hero!

Fun and Gamez

Always raising the bar on interactive entertainment, Jeff K has assembled a great selection of addictive Internet games for you folks to play. From a maze to a word search these custom games are guaranteed to please the whole family and possibly even friends!

QUESTIAN 9: *Who si preisident of Teh Intarnet?*

A) GEORGE H. BRUSH JR. III
B) Tony blair
C) Otis Nixon
D) ALL OF TEH ABOVE!!!

If you're looking to expand your mind with knowledge and have a good time while you do it, then you can't do better than JEFF K."S INTARNET FUNHORSE!!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

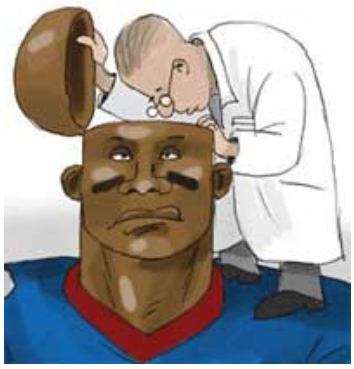
10.14 Psychoanalysis Through Carback Expression Syndrome (CES)

Tuesday, Oct 15, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A Quick Note to Banner Ad Buyers

Zack "Whoops Oopsyvator" Parsons here, while running my hourly virus scan to remove the bugs that like to infest my spam mail my virus checker deleted both my inbox and a backup I had made to prevent it from deleting my inbox. This hilarious turn of events has deleted at least two recent banner ad purchases. If you have purchased a banner ad from us in the past 2 days or so and your ad is not running yet, please e-mail me the info and your paypal receipt and I'll get things taken care of. I apologize for the inconvenience!

Psychoanalysis Through Carback Expression Syndrome (CES)



I'm no psychologist, but this doesn't look healthy to me.

Criminal psychologists have used a number of tools and sources to "read" the motives and thought processes of convicts throughout the years. Whenever the hell the cops decide to catch Super Sniper Man in the Washington DC area, psychoanalysts will undoubtedly swarm over his house and belongings like escaped mental patients to an Art Bell conference. They'll pour over his childhood drawings, examine how he paid his credit card bills, and spend years analyzing his relationship with his postman in an attempt to piece together the framework for a mind that is, as doctors call it, "like completely fucked up, dude." These psychologists claim the key relationships in a person's life give an important insight as to why they suddenly decided to go batshit crazy and begin shooting people for no apparent reason besides the fact that they were labeled "the worst 'Duck Hunt' player ever" in high school. However, while these snooty doctors pour over every inch of a suspect's home in an attempt to figure out their motives, they leave out what could possibly be the most revealing aspect of a person's mindset: the back of their car.

I'm going to go out on a limb here and assume most of you readers have seen the backs of cars before. If you haven't, I advise calling a taxi, asking him to drive you into rush hour traffic just so you can stare at the backs of cars, and then having a close look at the rear of his vehicle as he drives away shouting obscenities at you. People across the world, or at least a 10-mile radius around our apartment, use the back of their vehicles as a really retarded form of creativity and self expression, like when a five-year old decides to grab a lump of his own shit and smear the word "WAGAGGO" on the walls. As you can guess, most people should probably be legally prohibited from expressing themselves, at least when there's a chance another innocent human being may inadvertently see it. The most common method of Carback Expression Syndrome (CES) comes in the form of bumper stickers, rectangular pieces of vinyl which convey important messages such as "I like Jesus" and "you should probably like Jesus too, you goddamn filthy heathen." As a general rule, the mindset of a particular individual can be determined by counting the sheer quantity of stickers located on their vehicle:

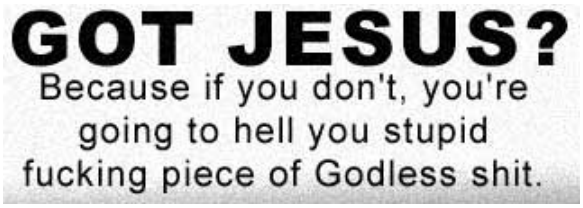
> **0 Stickers -** Driver is probably old, boring, and highly uninteresting. They are mysterious, nomadic creatures that undoubtedly lash out with violence when confronted in the "12 Items or Less" line at Vons. It is difficult to create a psychological profile for these

individuals, as their lack of stickers leave much to the imagination. They're probably child molesters though.
1 Sticker - Driver is somewhat responsible and feels very passionate about whatever their one sticker is attempting to convey, unless of course the sticker is for their parking garage. If the subject does feel very passionate about their parking garage, it's probably a good idea to leave them alone or at least call the FBI on them.
2 Stickers - Driver is probably a college student who feels proud that they enjoy The Dave Matthews Band and Phish.
3 Stickers - Driver is probably a high school student who is going to eventually wreck their car, causing the fire to feed off their stupid stickers and eventually atomize the entire vehicle.
4 Stickers - Driver is using stickers to cover up rust stains, bullet holes, and any other breeches in the car which could inadvertently let their remaining 19 brain cells leak out and contaminate the atmosphere.
5+ Stickers - Driver is some wacked out Jesus freak or ultra liberal / conservative who wouldn't hesitate to either shoot you with one of their 82 assault rifles or protest government rainforest tyranny at the drop of a hat.

The sheer amount of stickers located on the back of a vehicle is directly proportional to the driver's faltering grasp of reality. As you sustain more traumatic head injuries, the amount of stickers you decide to apply to the back of your vehicle increases, alerting government officials and informing them to add your name to the Official US Government Database of People Who Will Eventually Be Arrested For Stealing a Big Bird Costume and Ejaculating Into It While Tackling the Third Base Coach In a Mets Game. Now that we've covered what the quantity of stickers signifies, let's move on to the actual meaning behind the most popular Carback Expression Syndrome displays.

NAME: The Sparkly, "Hot Topic" Bumper Sticker
FREQUENCY DISPLAYED: Medium
PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE OF USER: Ditzy, shallow high school student who chooses to "rebel" against their parents by the cunning method of wearing black t-shirts which read "FILTHY WHORE, PLEASE SCREW ME UP THE ASS" in large pink letters.
DESCRIPTION: These types of "novelty" stickers are all novel in the same way that contracting hepatitis from a metal cow statue is novel. They are often located in the impulse buy carousel which takes up space near the cash register of some of the more fine mall stores such as Spencer's Gifts and Hot Topics, two franchises know for their cutting-edge, high quality products like "Fart Monopoly" and "Korn: The Motion Picture." To gain further attention, the stickers are coated with a layer of sparkling asbestos and various other cancer-causing particles which reflect sunlight and aid people in their quest to get into automobile accidents because they were blinded by a sticker which reads "TRU LUV" in neon pink. Other popular stickers include "Wink, I'll do the rest," "A dirty mind is a terrible thing to waste," and "I'm a stupid goddamn teenage whore who

uses her parents money to buy retarded stickers and tight shirts which make my rolls of gut flab cascade over my belt buckle like a leaking vat of pig entrails."



■**NAME:** The "I Like God" Bumper Sticker
FREQUENCY DISPLAYED: Medium.
PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE OF USER: Wacky lunatic religious person who feels that the only way to get into Heaven revolves around them informing each and every person exactly how holy and religious they are. They believe this can only be accomplished by applying "JESUS #1" stickers to their Honda and bringing up Jesus in casual conversations with the guy working the drive-through window at Arby's.
DESCRIPTION: People have worshipped some kind of god for, like, a whole bunch of years now. Wanting to believe that there's some deity floating up in the sky above commercial airliners is what keeps most people from putting a slug through their head after realizing their life is a boring, unfulfilling, monotonous chunk of time simply used to space out the events of their birth and death. As most religious folks know, the safe passage to a glorious afterlife is directly tied to how many people are tricked into believing they are just absolutely chock full of religious worth. While these stickers have noble purposes, they are sometimes vague and confusing. For example, the popular "Jesus is my copilot" sticker makes absolutely no sense whatsoever; if Jesus actually was somebody's copilot, He would say, "hey shitwad, take that stupid sticker off the back of your car or else I'll turn your blood into wine" and then Jesus would make it rain carp or whatever the hell He does these days. Jesus used to smite people but now all he does is lounge around in Heaven and place bets on the Israeli vs. Palestine war.

■**NAME:** The Humongous Fucking Spoiler
FREQUENCY DISPLAYED: Wayyyyy too goddamn much.
PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE OF USER: 20-something year old who enjoys wearing sports jerseys and fake gold chains which turn green and leak fumes whenever they come into contact with moisture. The subject also works at either an automotive repair store, automotive sound store, or Best Buy.
DESCRIPTION: Humongous Fucking Spoilers are mankind's way of saying, "no court in the world will convict you if you run this vehicle off the road and cause it to explode from a barrage of ground to ground missiles." Some cars come from the factory with tacky, ugly-ass spoilers already installed in a futile attempt to appease the demographic of people who want to make their vehicles look like escaped clown cars. However, most

of these idiot people choose to "rice up" (read as: "hand somebody a wad of cash in exchange for the service of making their car look like a very unsuccessful Decepticon Transformer") their vehicles by taking off that spoiler and replacing it with something slightly larger, such as a football goal post. These misguided folks are under the impression that, in order to go very fast, they must have a gigantic spoiler to stabilize the back of their car from the extreme wind resistance that comes with traveling at speeds up to 67 miles an hour. Other critical pieces of decorations that accompany this piece of festive plastic include the infamous "self tinted" window kits which create millions of fashionable large bubbles rising beneath the dark surface, gigantic white stickers which proudly display the vehicle manufacturer's name in 900-point Impact font, and a tailpipe large enough to safely smuggle several illegal immigrants across the Mexico border.

■ **NAME:** The Intensely Hilarious License Plate Frame
FREQUENCY DISPLAYED: Above average.
PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE OF USER: Trashy, mall-dwelling, food court-addicted slob who thinks the term "witty" is defined daily by the antics of that cantankerous cat Garfield. Subject has no problem taking semen-encrusted mattresses dumped alongside the highway and believes that any room can have a touch of class by simply adding one of those $9.99 black floor lamps from Target.
DESCRIPTION: Imprisoned POWs from World War II have been busy creating new and hilarious license plate frame quotes over the past couple decades so a select few individuals with $15 and a ready supply of crank could decide to send them their money and festively adorn their vehicles with such gems. These frames are then sent worldwide through a series of "black market comedy" dealers who specialize in distributing "imitation comedy" and claiming it's the real deal. This is the equivalent of dropping a yarmulka on Carrot Top and claiming he's Jerry Seinfeld. Nobody knows the true origin of The Intensely Hilarious License Plate Frame, but it's clear that the virus is mutating to new forms such as "The White Trash NASCAR Fan Frame" and "The Gangsta' Twisted Metal Frame Which Reflects Enough Light to Blind People 900 Years From Now." The Intensely Hilarious License Plate Frame contain such intensely hilarious quotes as "YIELD to the PRINCESS," "I'd rather be humping my parrot," "Big Boys Deserve Big Toyz," and "Somebody Please Kill Me Already."

■ **NAME:** The Crown Dashboard Air Freshener

FREQUENCY DISPLAYED: Below average.
PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE OF USER: Young urban thug or ghetto mom who got the interior of the car ripped out and replaced with purple shag carpeting, thereby impressing everybody they pass on their way to work at the local Burger Commando.
DESCRIPTION: I've never understood the fascination between minorities and The Crown Dashboard Air Freshener. I don't think I've ever seen a white person with The Crown Dashboard Air Freshener, as its main consumer base appears to be young Hispanic and African American males. It's probably one of those things that I, as an unhip white guy, couldn't possibly even begin to comprehend, much like the popularity of Nelly, Ja Rule, or UPN. Now before anybody out there starts shouting "oh my God, you racist shithead!", let me remind you one thing: you'll be shouting at your computer screen and the people around you will give you odd looks. I'm sure plenty of wiggers and ricers embraced The Crown Dashboard Air Freshener, but I apparently lived in an area of the world where this fad was limited to the old Cadillacs driven by what looked like the top half of a person's head (the rest of the body was below eye-level, so I assume most of their body was actually embedded in the concrete under their vehicle). I'm not even sure if these things are air fresheners; they could simply be "anti-Man" devices which confuse and bewilder "Da Man," like radar-jamming stations targeted at us pasty people.

While these CES symptoms are just a small portion of the huge, neverending list of remarkably retarded objects that people place on the backs of their vehicles for no readily apparent reason, I feel that this short grocery list of stupidity will help alert the criminal psychologists across the world to what may be potentially the most revealing and unobstructed view into a person's psyche. As members of the public, we can also take these items into consideration and respond to this growing threat by immobilizing any vehicle displaying symptoms of CES as soon as possible. Just make sure to tell the judge and jury that "Something Awful made you do it." I'll send you a free SA bumper sticker for your car if you do.

That's Some Cranky Crap, Sir!

Famed Half-Life hostage Psychosis has brought forth a review of a stunning new map for Half-Life: TFC named "Nuclear," which revolves around, well, something nuclear. VERY nuclear.

I actually had the misfortune of playing this on a public server, long before Cranky Steve kidnapped me and forced me to review shitty maps under the threat of being slapped in the arm (I'm easy to intimidate). I gave up trying to play after a few minutes of pointless deathmatching, and I ended up spectating to try and figure out what the hell was going on. Several players were running around the map saying "wtf im lost", a couple of people were saying "HELP ME LAUNCH NUKE U ASS" and a few others were gathered around the missile saying "launch the missile im gonna ride it LOLOL". Needless to say, it was not a particularly pleasant experience.

Sounds like a winner! Be a winner yourself and... drumroll please... check it out!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.15 Crestfallen No Longer!

Wednesday, Oct 16, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It wasn't long ago that I, like the hundreds of other people living in America, found myself without direction. When my alarm clock vomited beeping noises into my ears, I got up and sat motionless waiting for the day to pass. I dutifully repeated this process seven times a week with the grace and dashing swiftness of the Red Baron. That is, if the Red Baron was also a hopeless shut-in instead of an ace fighter pilot. While I can safely say that I was indeed experiencing what scientists, foreigners, and the Bible refer to as "The American Dream," I can also safely say that I was grossly unsatisfied and unfulfilled. Not to sound greedy, which is ironic since I'm insanely greedy, but life wasn't offering me enough. I wanted action, adventure, and the type of prestige usually only associated with certain highbrow brands of hotdogs. It was clear I was searching for an answer to the dreadful riddle of my existence.

That all changed when I discovered the answer to the dreadful riddle of my existence. Finally, I had the key that unlocked the exit that freed me from my perpetual rut! Through careful observation of the snobby elite, I discovered that you don't have to be healthy, wealthy, or wise to engage in the sort of action and adventure that equates your name with international prestige. You just have to have a goddamn crest. All the big kings and jerkoff aristocrats of the world had crests, and literally all of them ended up appearing in at least one history book. There is no law preventing common man from possessing a crest, and so it is with much delight that I exploit this loophole in our legal system and set myself high amongst the kings. Gather around my friends, for today I unveil my crest!

I invite you to follow along as I show you the evolution of my crest. Watch it grow from a simple desire to glorify myself into an elaborate tapestry of self-gratification. I show you the stages of my crest development not in hopes that you will follow suit, but in hopes that you will recognize me as your better. Let us begin this journey post haste!

- **Stage One: The Mascot**
  In my hours of research, I noted that almost every crest had some kind of mascot. In most cases, it was something stupid like a lion. If it wasn't a lion, it was a dragon, a griffin, or a knight. For reasons I don't quite understand, lions are always depicted walking upright, which everybody knows is physically impossible. Lions are quadrupeds, so they walk on **four** legs, not two. My crest was not going to be devalued by factual inaccuracy, so no damn bipedal circus lions for me. I wasn't interested in having a mythological beast like a dragon on my crest either. I also didn't own a suit of armor, so putting a knight in my crest would be an outright lie. Sure, there was that brief period in high school when I built myself a Godly Plate of the Whale, but my version carried no magical attributes and was mostly made out of cereal boxes, some of which still contained cereal. With all that being said, there was only one choice. I decided on a pterodactyl, a dinosaur with a distinct advantage over most dinosaurs: the ability to fly like an eagle. My crest was off to a good start.

- **Stage Two: The Shield**
  Another key component to a good crest is to include a shield. I don't carry a shield, and I'm doubtful anybody in my family linage carried a shield either. However, tradition is tradition, so I'm including two shields. I like to give as much as I can, and this is my way of doing just that. Furthermore, each shield carries a different facet of my personality. In this case, a can of soup and a television set. Both soup and television piss me off, so that's why they're on my shields. Only my worst enemies will see that side of the shield, so all is well in my world.

The first step on this awesome journey. A mascot is chosen to represent greatness.

Stage Two refined the crest by adding shields, a common defensive weapon used by cowards afraid to be hit.

Stage Three: Clutch This!
This would be a pretty pathetic crest if the pterodactyl didn't have something wicked in his hands. I originally thought it would be awesome to have the pterodactyl carrying a lightsaber, because man would that be sweet! But then I felt that the lightsaber was becoming cliché, and clichés are something I want to avoid like the plague! It was evident I would have to innovate so that my pterodactyl clawed something worthy. The solution came when I realized that the only thing cooler than a lightsaber would be a gun that shoots lightsabers. What better way to defend yourself than with a lightsaber shooting gun? Of course that just represents the means. I still had to show what holding a lightsaber gun leads to. Logically, I decided to put some links of sausage in the pterodactyl's other hand, to represent the ends. By holding a weapon in one hand and food in the other, the pterodactyl demonstrates resourcefulness in acquiring food through intelligent methods. Now that's something a sassy lass like myself can take pride in!

Stage Four: Personality
Having a pterodactyl clutching sausages and firearms says a lot about what kind of man I am, but it doesn't say everything. To tell the real story of my life, the pterodactyl would

Now equipped with the tools of survival, Stage Three helped give the pterodactyl a sense of purpose.

need a personality. He would need to be a scurvy seadog, a champion of the savage ocean blue! I equipped him with an eye patch, a ragged and weathered shirt, a pirate hat, and a hook hand. Unfortunatley, the hook hand caused some major problems. I felt it would be historically inaccurate for a lightsaber gun, presumably created a long time ago in a far away galaxy, to be placed in the hook hand of a pirate. Pirates are characters from Greek mythology and lightsaber guns are distant science fiction past. I simply had to remove the gun to preserve the integrity of the crest.

Stage Four saw the development of trouble, as historical conflicts brought about painful changes.

Stage Five: Split Personality

In retrospect, I realized that stage four was a mistake. I exhibit none of the traits commonly attached to pirates, so therefore this crest would be a farce. I decided it would be for the better to change the pterodactyl's personality completely. This dinosaur would need some super characteristics to back him up. He would need to be a superhero,

capable of great feats of strength and speed. Giving him a cape would simply not get the job done. People need to know that this pterodactyl is directly connected with the vary people he protects. To solve this dilemma, I gave him glasses and a tie, indicating that he also masquerades as a regular member of society, working and relaxing just as the rest of the world does. This turned out to be a good move, because our old friend Mr. Lightsaber Gun was able to return to action. If you're wondering why he also gained some underwear, it's because most superheroes wear underwear on the outside of their costume. It would be pretty silly for a pterodactyl to wear pants, so instead I just had him meet the norm halfway.

The Stage Five crest captured our imagintion with heroic deeds and challenged us to dream without limits.

■ **Stage Six: Personality Finalization**

At this stage in the development, I realized that I am too multi-faceted to simply be represented by a superhero pterodactyl. I went back to the pirate personality and decided that it had a place in my crest. I like to think of myself as groundbreaking, especially when I'm smashing floors, so it really wouldn't be that ridiculous for me to combine a superhero personality with a pirate personality. Both lifestyles ended up complimenting each other in surprising ways. For example, because the secret identity of the superhero wears glasses, the eye patch becomes unnecessary! Furthermore, the tie and cape add a real dynamic to the otherwise drab pirate uniform. Finally, my mascot was perfected!

■ **Stage Seven: Crest Completion**

With all the pieces in place, I was ready to wrap everything up nice and neat. The last few touches included adding trophies, which symbolize my status as one of life's winners, and an empowering banner. Most crest mottos consist of an inspiring phrase written in Latin. I took Latin in high school, and I failed it in such a manner that if failure was a good thing, I would be the first robot president. Besides that, Latin is a dead language! I'm not a goddamn necromancer, so why the hell would I want a dead language on my crest? I decided on the subtle but straightforward slogan of "I Win, Ass!" which helps solidify my residency in Winnersville, USA. It also states that I think of you as no less than an ass. The absolute last and final touch was to add a bunch of gay lines and circles to the background, which I think symbolize that while I'm mostly dynamic and sophisticated, I'm also capable of tenderness and fancifulness.

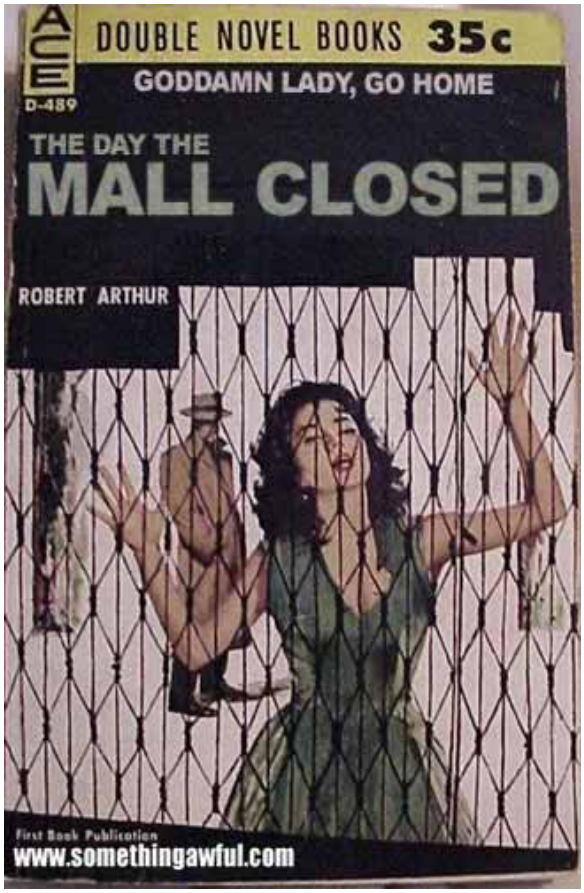
Stage Six saw the pterodactyl's personality soar to great heights.

The final completed version of my crest certainly ranks up there with the finest artworks ever created by man.

Now that my crest has been completed, I feel as if though I have something to strive for. Excellence has been rendered in my name, and I therefore must use each day to render my name in excellence. It's quite obvious that the majority of people don't have a crest, which accredits me with vast amounts of superiority and ego. You know what that means: I win, ass!

The Mysterious Goldmine of Mystery

Because of daylight savings time, the Comedy Goldmine ended up a day late. But it's here now, so enjoy it! The Goons decided to play sleuths and investigate the theme of mystery novels.



Go ahead and crack this caper. I'm Watson your back, Holmes!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.16 If That Dirt Fondler In Iraq Can Get 100% Of the Vote, Why the Hell Can't I Get Elected to the Goddamn PTA?!?

Wednesday, Oct 16, 2002 by Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

Every time I turn on my goddamn 1974 Zenith Console television and try to steal some of the floating cable waves so I can stare at the fuzzy red lines and try to make out the nipples on some naked broad from the nude titties channel, I get really pissed off at the news. First off, why the hell do these people bother putting the news on my 1974 Zenith Console television when I can read about all that shit in the MacHendrickson's paper and listen to it on that Kool Aid guy radio I stole from the Radio Shack in 1986? Why don't some of you New York pansies just gallivant your prissy asses over to my house and stamp a copy of the daily news on my forehead each and every goddamn day so I can stare at myself in the mirror and read about the exciting world of Xerox stock every 19 seconds? Here's an even better idea, why don't you newsclowns find something interesting to write about, like all that shit you used to write about how we could get cancer from pirates or the sun or whatever? There's a lot of people in this hellhole that I'd like to give a healthy dose of cancer to, and if you news retards can't give me enough information on how to make the lungs of that old bat Mrs. Weatherington shrivel and collapse like a piece of coal under a steamroller, then I guess ol' Cliffy is gonna have to make his own cancer-causing devices like a wheeled bathtub full of gasoline and canned corn that I can light on fire and push down the street.

Anyway, I was reading the news today on the paper that was "accidentally" delivered to the MacHendrickson's, and I see this shit about how that oil humping beardbrain Saddam Horsesain got 100% of the votes in Iraq because he ran on the policy "vote for me or I'll fucking kill you with guns" and since nobody in Iraq is smart enough to speak or understand any form of language, they voted for him regardless. This really pissed me the hell off because I spent 70 years of my life protecting America from these kind of coward commie Russian menaces, and I'll be damned if countries like Iraq can sit around and spit on democracy like they've been. Also I hear Iraq's good friends with the Russians and those bearded blanket guys who drove those planes into the Sears Tower on 11-9 last year, so I think that gives us perfect reason to storm into their hellhole sand castle country and start knocking down walls like a fat kid in a gingerbread house. Speaking of fat kids, that goddamn repulsive holiday Halloween is coming up soon and I'm sick of those pumpkins convincing all the fat little booger-infested rodent children into leaking out of the woodwork and finding a king-size mattress cover to drape over their bloated heads so other people can feed them a neverending supply of deep fried Snickers bars.

One of the "Ace / Ass Reporters" for the Appleton City Times newspaper. I scooped him on a story entitled, "I just fucking killed you, you goddamn pathetic fuckcretin.

I was at the Target in East Appleton the other day and saw another one of those fucking trucks hauling pumpkins to wherever the fuck they sell pumpkins, the Fatass Retard Deposit or something, so I ran the guy off the road and then claimed I had a flat tire and then claimed I had a gun and then claimed his truck was going to explode but the guy didn't hear me because he wouldn't leave his truck so I threw the Kool Aid Man radio through his window and commandeered his pumpkin truck. I got it all the way to my house but I forgot which pedal was the brake and which one was the emergency eject

button, so I ended up ramming it into my porch and blocking the doorway.

The current President of the PTA, Waylon Bryce. Don't be fooled by the look of his chest: I hear he can hold in a lot of donated man-semen down there.

Since I couldn't get into my house anymore thanks to the fucking cursed pumpkin truck, I went to the Patterson's garage and stole about 10 buckets of green paint and threw it on the pumpkins because I dont want no fat retards swarming over to my house like shit on flies. Now it looks like I stole a watermelon truck instead of a pumpkin truck, which will keep me safe until the squadron of white trash down the street sees is and starts getting some great picnicking ideas. After I applied my great craftsmanship to the dregmobile, I had to break into my house through the garage so I could call my shitheaded parole officer, Jeff Hail and tell him that I was still in my house and knitting yard or logs or whatever the fuck you knit. He believed me because he's on the Appleton City Police Force, and they only recruit people who were turned down for jobs at the frozen yogurt store next to the Shoe Carnival.

Anyway, if that hairy bastard in Iraq can get 100% of the votes in his little commie spy election, why the hell can't ol Cliffy get elected to the PTA here? It makes no fucking sense to me. I come to almost two meetings a year, and every time I show up I am actively involved in the conversation. Hell, no other PTA member has to wrestle with security to get in, so that should show how serious I am about becoming the President of the PTA. If I didn't want to fucking run the joint, I wouldn't bother strong-arming the greasefaced fat farms outside the door just so I could get in. And anybody who has attended one of those PTA meetings will tell you that I'm the guy who's the most vocal, I'm the guy who's got the best ideas, and I'm the guy who always has to be thrown out with force. I've never once seen another PTA member get hit in the face with a lamp and then still refuse to leave or stop talking or put down the gun; all the other spineless simps do is blabber about stupid new rules and shit and they don't get jack done ever. I wouldn't be surprised if every single member of the PTA was swiping cash from the penny jar, especially that old hag Betty Grable, who's had it in for me ever since the first day I met her wrinkled carcass and shoved her from the back of a station wagon on the I-73.

So since those shitnecks at the PTA have the cops canvassing the meeting area tonight and ol' Cliffy can't get within a 15 mile radius of the joint or else I'll be thrown into the slammer faster than you can say "Nazi Whorehouse," I'm going to write about it here on my computer screen and maybe get enough write-in votes from you Interweb clownspunks to win the next Appleton City PTA election. I'm running for the position of "President" or "Captain King" if they got that. I just want whatever position you need to pass laws and throw that stupid harpy bitch Betty Grable off the board and into a storage closet where her loud ass belongs. I once saw that broad kissing one of the cashiers at Piggly Wiggly, one of the cashiers that WASN'T her husband! And nobody out there better not say "wah, but Cliff, that was a Pepsi cardboard cutout display you were looking at before you threw a newsstand through the glass window and dumped kerosene all over the floor" like the cops do. I know what I fucking saw and if you think a Vietnam Vet like me would lie about something like this, then I got five Bouncing Betties just waiting to feel the warm embrace of your asshole you goddamn clueless fuckwad.

Look how fat this kid is! If I was King PTA, I'd have this slob whipped into shape faster than you can say "whip that kid with a whip, Cliff."

All good candidates got issue they run on, and since I'm a good candidate, I'm going to write down my list of issues I'm standing for just as soon as I can find the goddamn bar napkin I wrote them down on. I think I lost it when some jackass started throwing darts at the dartboard and I broke a bottle of

whiskey over his head because he was a Korean sniper disguised as a drunk fat white guy named Frank Edmonds who's lived in Appleton City for the past 39 years. Okay, I found the list, here it is:

> 1. Schools are too fucking nice as is, so none of the money should go into buying more shit for schools like computers or teachers or whatever. When I went to grade school for three years, all we had was a piece of plywood to sit on and our teacher was a fucking elm tree. Kids need to be treated like criminals until they get out of school at the age of 28, so I want to move all the kids to the prisons so they can share cells with the same gutterslugs that they'll ultimately end up being like anyway.
>
> 2. I don't know how much cash goes into giving flu shots for kids, but it needs to be stopped right now. How the fuck are kids going to build up a tolerance for the flu if they keep getting pumped full of Advil or whatever the hell they put in those needles? Let those little shitheads learn to deal with the pain like I did when I was a kid and I fell down the hill into the abandoned meat packing factory and landed on a giant meathook which went through my skull and heart. I walked that one off and later that day I was feeling fine enough to score three touchdowns in the 12th inning against the South Appleton Spinsters.
>
> 3. All school computer machines will be ripped out and replaced with cinder blocks that explode and shoot shrapnel everywhere whenever some kid starts mouthing off. All computer machines do is play games and show the porn, so there's no reason kids should be jacking off and playing Mario Man when they should be learning about verbs or prime numbers or whatever.
>
> 4. The school year should be lengthened to 11 months long and should start at 7:00 AM and end at 8:00 PM, at which point the kids will be launched home in escape pods that crash through their house's ceiling and don't give them any chance to escape to go to the mall or eat chili or anything else that kids do which annoys me so goddamn much.
>
> 5. All schoolboard money will go directly to me and I will be in charge of distributing it as I see fit, such as purchasing whiskey dispensing machines for my house and paying speeding tickets.

I think my track record speaks for itself, and my issues I got are better than any other shit that those dickwhacks on the PTA could ever brainstorm up even if they had Albert Edison on their team. Plus I'm gonna keep showing up at every fucking PTA meeting regardless, unless I forget or I'm busy or they put another one of those stupid electric tracking shock devices on my ankle like after last time I drove the flatbed truck through the mall and caught on fire while trying to catch a baby on fire. All I know is that I'm the fucking man for the job and if you don't agree, then I'll make sure that your idiot kid will be the first with his back against the wall once I'm voted King PTA. Think about that, you bucktoothed assroast, before you cast your vote and give me 100% of the votes like that Sitdown Husseim jerkass.

■ Everyone Should Have a Mistress!

"Blade Mistress" that is, the new MMORPG from the makers of the incredible dating and bestiality simulator "Battlepets". Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons here to interrupt Mr. Yablonski's even-tempered rant. I've ventured into the realm of the Blade Mistressessesses and returned with a review of the world in which they dwell!

> *My experience with Blade Mistress started at the web site, where I downloaded the small client and installed the game. My first warning sign, not including the horrible web site,*

> *was that it used a DOS client to patch when I first connected to the server. After an extremely long wait the patch completed and I logged in for the first time to create my character. Character creation is fairly deep, with a total of three attributes and one model for your character to choose from. That's right, there is one player model, and it looks like a cross between a robotic supermodel and a mummy. You can choose from a few different hideously ugly faces and then fine-tune the colors on her tattered clothing to your liking.*

Head on over and check out this review! After you read through it download the game and meet me in the exciting world of Blade Mistress. I'm sure to be there almost 24 hours a day!

-~Cliff "Cliff Yablonski" Yablonski (@sexyfacts4u)

10.17 Collecting Crap

Friday, Oct 18, 2002 by Integral

My mother collects teapots that look like animals. She has well over a hundred and fifty of the dumb things on shelves scattered throughout the house, and wherever you walk you are struck mute and useless by the multitudes of cold, dead, soulless eyes peering at you from the edges of the rooms. She never uses these teapots, rather, once per month or so she ritualistically takes them off of the shelves and cleans them, making sure that there is no dust or dirt to be seen and also that her children did not do something so terrible as to chip or break one of the little bastards and not tell her about it.

WHAT THE HELL

She started this charming hobby in roughly 1995, and with the powers and help of amazingly difficult and complex mathematics I gather that over the past seven or so years she has spent about $25,000 on teapots, if not more. For those of you that don't really know the value of the American buckeroo, that means that she could have easily purchased:

- A fine brand of automobile (one made in the US of A #1, of course)
- 2500 tickets to see some dumb Broadway musical with fags prancing about in tights
- 50,000 of those little prize eggs from the machines with the talking chickens (don't tell me you don't know what chickens I am referring to. You know very well)
- 1924 boxes of nicotine patches (she doesn't smoke but she sure could have quit a bunch of times)
- 3571 pies of whatever variety she could have wished (that's 510 pies per year, holy bejesus that's a lot of pie)
- 5556 large buckets of balls and plates of spare ribs at Loopy Larry's Driving Range and BBQ
- 4 healthy white baby boys (ask me about our new Fall Special)
- More pounds of baking soda than I or anyone else really wants to contemplate (to my knowledge)

That's a lot of goddamn money and a lot of goddamn teapots.

WHAT THE HELL

As long as I have known my dear old Mom, I still have no idea whatsoever what drives her to do this. We can't go shopping or even out in public without her having to "do a quick look and see if 'they' have any teapots," which usually entails wandering aimlessly around the housewares section of department and specialty stores for hours at a time until I finally break something and we are asked to leave. Additionally, I am never quite sure who 'they' are but I truly with that they would fall off of the face of the world into a great abyss of death and while there be temporarily inconvenienced to the extent that they do not make any more fucking teapots for my Mom to buy.

I really hope that the collecting that my Mom does will be limited to teapots because I know that it could be worse. She could collect any number of terrifying things from clowns to old donuts to antibiotic-resistant strains of Chlamydia. She scared me the other night by saying something along the lines of,

"You know, if I just let myself, I think that I could really start collecting dolls. I love dolls."

Oh good, that is just wonderful, Mom. Teapots are more than adequate, thank you. At least they are not freakish humanoids dressed in cowboy outfits or made-up like painted whores or diapered like idiot manchildren or bedecked with an elaborate wig of human hair. Most of them aren't, anyway. I am glad that I don't live at home any more because the urge to smash the things to very small bits is almost overpowering these days.

WHAT THE HELL

Part of my incredulity over the teapot-capade revolves around the fact that I have no idea what drives people to obsessively accumulate many of one item to such a great extent. Whether it be stamps or baseball cards, the hobby of collecting is completely alien to me, and I have never been able to collect anything, even when all of the other girls had enormous albums full of unicorn stickers and I just had my trusty Playtime Fun-Stick and a can of WD-40.

I do know that if I had a spare large amount of money and that my brain was short-circuited in that way that I would begin to collect large stadiums and name them Brad, Bruce, Todd, Chad, Brent, and Steve. After that series of names had been used I would begin adding the number two to them to create Brad 2, Bruce 2, etc. In this way people would understand that they should never name their children these names and every time I secretly took a dump in the bleachers I would feel as though I were finally making a difference in the world.

I am actually pretty happy that I don't have a hobby that involves collecting things. Not only do I not care about anything, which would make collecting anything a little tricky, but to spend all of that energy on purchasing and taking care of the same sort of thing would be pretty draining and even detract from my liking of that thing. When I ask my Mom why she does it she always replies with some variant on "I just like teapopts," but I like ice cream and I am not about to build special freezers all over the damn place so that I can store hundreds of brands in my house and not eat it. My collection of bacteria found on old hot dog buns discarded by John Madden is another story.

WHAT THE HELL

When I was in Health Class in Junior High or something that made us discuss vaginas for credit, our teacher showed us videotape of a woman with severe schizophrenia. The woman collected boxes of all shapes and sizes, just in case she needed a box for something. She lived alone, and filled the basement, her dead husband's bedroom, and the kitchen with boxes. Now, comparing the box-craze with that of collecting other trinkets, I much prefer the crazy bat with the cardboard to baseball card, coin, doll, VD, and other collectors.

This is because the boxes are useful, they are inexpensive, and they aren't full of people's or animal's faces and cold, dead eyes. They don't revere people for their financial or social achievements. They are not pretty. And for chrissake, you cannot show off your collection in any way that interferes with my life. Sure, boxes would have to be stepped around but I wouldn't have to watch my every move for fear that I may break something (oh, say for example, a teapot). Plus that crazy lady was pretty funny because hey, she was so damn crazy she collected boxes, dude.

I am glad that I am not one of those collecting people but at the same time it has been very interesting to observe one. It has made me realize what I don't want to be and what I must avoid at all costs. It has also given me brilliant ideas for spending large sums of money. Maybe when I get big my thoughts on this matter will change, but I rather doubt it. And I'll collect the hell out of anyone who says otherwise.

-~Integral

10.18 OH, SNAP!

Friday, Oct 18, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Since the outlawing of aerial dogfights and cockfighting the only way for a gentleman to solve a dispute is with the fine art of snaps.

Insulting your fellow man is a tradition that dates back to at least the pilot episode of the original Rifleman series, possibly even further. Back in those simpler times an insult could be something as inoffensive as belittling a man's spending habits or making light of his wife's ability to stifle yawns. These days the fine art of insulting another has spiraled out of control. Much like the unchecked technological progress of nations engaged in a world war, the techniques of making a fool of your least favorite person have been honed to a science. In this day and age the insult - or "snap" - can be as convoluted as it is biting. A good snap might have a perverse logic that requires minutes for your opponent to unravel.

I suggest a new form of snap, one so diabolical that to use it will make you feel like a veritable Oppenheimer deploying your witty atomic bomb. I refer to this new breed of superior snappery as "Turbo Snaps" or "Livah Snaps" depending on whether or not I am in mixed company. The first step to piecing together this Turbo Snap is to select a standard stock snap start or "SSSSS". The fifth "S" stands for "sorghum". To make things easy on you simply select one of the following stock snap starts from the list below.

- Yo momma so...
- You so...
- Yo car so...
- Yo pets so...
- Yo local congressional representative so...
- Yo girlfriend/wife/boyfriend/husband/Latin-lover so...
- Yo Internet Service Provider so...

Once you have selected the SSSSS that fits your snapping needs you need to make with the adjectives, picking one that applies to the intended victim of your Hiroshima-esque insult. There are dozens of adjectives listed in the dictionary and it would take too long to type them all out here, but you should have several already memorized so feel free to use ones familiar to you. Don't be afraid to venture into uncharted territory though, there is a place for the usual "fat" or "poor" and then there are times when it helps to come out of left field with "malodorous" or "febrile".

MIZZAMMY!!

The final and by far most important step in creating your livah snap is to combine the preceding two elements with an insult that makes no sense whatsoever and is completely unrelated to the first two parts. It helps if you can somehow make it seem related, but even that isn't necessary to launching a successful turbo snap attack. The key to success lies in the frequency of complex snaps on the black market today. People will assume that you are using a forbidden or eldritch snap so overwhelmingly complex and ingenious that they will either submit immediately or spend hours pondering its secrets. If they don't give up immediately then you may begin to assemble and launch a flurry of devastating turbo snaps.

To assist you in this endeavor I have provided some example turbo snaps that I myself have used on occasion to defeat a foe. Keep in mind that these are just guidelines as the best livah snaps are

those you customize for the situation you use them in.

> *"Yo momma so ugly when she get out of bed people in the United Arab Emirates fall out they chairs!"*
>
> "Yo car so beat up when you go to the drive in movie a helicopter be touchin down on top of an oil platform!"
>
> "Yo face so crazy when you take off yo hat in a restaurant the waiter bring you a tray of mints!"
>
> "Yo family so broke that when you move into yo house a tornado hand deliver a subpoena from father time!"
>
> "Yo momma so lazy when she build a snowman she use carrots for EYES and coal for they NOSE!"
>
> "Yo Internet Service Provider so stank when you log into Everquest you got people up in Canada playin Tetris on they graphics calculatuhs!"
>
> "You so stupid when you compete in a spelling bee you get bit by a preying mantis!"
>
> "Yo girlfriend so cantankerous when she make pies she make em out of relief maps!"

Mastering the skill of turbo snapping takes time, but since this is the first true guide on the subject I know of you should have no problem being prepared long before the competition is. Good luck, and may every snap that issues from your mouth make they face turn so red that bananas fall out they ears.

Not Found in a Hallmark Store

Livestock and the ever-entertaining Something Awful Forums have brought us a new edition of Photoshop Phriday. This week's theme is a take on those annoyingly cute figurines you find at card shops entitled "Far From Precious Moments". You know, the ones only fat old women and crazy homosexual men collect.

I found this Photoshop Phriday particularly funny, but maybe that's just because my town and Ohio in general seemed to be overrun with this inoffensive cutesy crap. Laugh with me! Head on over and check it out!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.19 The Email of the Species

Sunday, Oct 20, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Ever since I started working for Something Awful, I've been inundated with spam. Those of you who think I'm talking about a lunch meat of questionable origins are way off. Those of you who think I'm talking about junk email are right, but you're also nerds. Each day, I get dozens of important-sounding business messages telling me I can start making money from my computer. These are typically rife with testimonials from real live people who have turned their financial situations around, such as:

This is not what I'm talking about. However, it still reigns as the most mysterious of the mystery meats.

> *"I wasn't making money from my computer, but now I am. Making money from my computer, that is." - Bob Actual*
>
> *"I have turned my financial situation around." - Mary Notfake*
>
> *"Forward this letter to ten friends, or you will have bad luck. Also, your financial situation will not turn around." - Sam Reallyexists*

Obviously, moneymaking schemes such as these are geared toward people whose last names are words, so count me out. The rest of the spam is primarily made up of letters that want nothing more than to increase the traffic to my web site.

> *Dear Mr./Ms./Mrs. Greasnin,*
>
> *I have visited your web site(s) many times. I think others could benefit from your product/service. Would you like to spam the hell out of a billion people a day? Now it's possible! Just follow these simple steps. 1. Send me money.*
> *2. No really, send me money.*
>
> *It's that easy!*

They know about my product/service! They must have done their homework. It doesn't get much more on the level than that, unless it's the new one I've been getting. I've now received two separate and distinct emails from the princess of Nigeria. It seems she and her family are in trouble, and can't get out of the country. Luckily, she's been monitoring my "business history" and she's knows that I'm the trustworthy type. I'm so trustworthy, in fact, that she wants me, of all people, to help her smuggle millions out of her wacky, war-torn nation. All I have to do to get twelve million bucks (American money, no less!) is send her my bank account number. Oh, and then I'm supposed to transfer the bulk of the money back to her when she finally makes it to the States. Pretty sweet deal, huh? Well, it gets even better. The princess in the second email is a totally different princess from the first email. I can tell, because they have different names, and because one of them types in all caps, while the other one saves her all caps for the really important bits, like "BUSINESS," "DOLLARS," and "NIGERIA." Can you believe it? Not only does Nigeria have princesses up the wazoo, but two of them singled me out for this unique opportunity! I must be the luckiest guy on Earth. I bet when they come to America, they'll both want to track me down to repay my kindness with hot princess loving. Sure, you laugh now, but when I'm up to my ears in money and Nigerian princesses, you'll be sorry.

The point is, I get a fair amount of spam on a daily basis. What I want, though, is to hear from you, the SA readers. It doesn't matter if it's good or bad, I just love the attention. In the twenty-four hours after I post an article, I usually get twelve to twenty emails from readers, which is nice, but it means that there are thousands of you out there who aren't writing to me. I wracked my brain for what seemed like four minutes, and I came up with a clear explanation. You want to write to me, but you just don't know what to say. You're afraid of embarrassing yourself in front of such a witty, urbane, and well-dressed individual as myself. Well, fear no more, for help has arrived! It is my pleasure to present the following assistance:

■ Ben "Greasnin" Platt's Guide to Emailing Ben "Greasnin" Platt

This guide is designed to give every person the tools he or she needs to write an email to me, regardless of gender, religion, or race (no sand people, please). I have carefully gleaned five basic email archetypes from the letters I have received thus far. Each archetype is presented with a brief description followed by a fictional example based upon real emails. Simply choose the archetype that works best for you, and start writing! *(Author's note: you'll notice I use male-specific pronouns in all of the following descriptions. This is because I'm so ecstatic when I'm contacted by an actual woman that she could threaten me with acid scaldings, and I'd still cherish every word.)*

"Now kids, let's all give thanks for Greasnin"
"THANKS SATAN"

■ The Overzealous Worshipper

Nothing is more important to the Overzealous Worshipper than me. He firmly believes that I am the greatest writer on the face of the planet, because I write about porn. He loves everything about me, from my occasional witticisms to my cute little heiney. I could mash my keyboard with a dead rabbit, and the Overzealous Worshipper would still think it's solid gold. He always writes in full sentences, and only occasionally uses l33t computer lingo, which is nice, because I'm easily confused by that crap. The Overzealous Worshipper doesn't hesitate to point out his favorite lines from my latest article, then elaborate on precisely how hard he laughed. Unfortunately, his favorites lines are unfailingly the cheapest laughs in the entire piece. Still, what he lacks in taste and proper spelling, he more than makes up for in flattering and frightening enthusiasm.

Ex: *Dearest Ben "Greasnin" Platt,*

Your soo funny! I couldn't even believe how hilarious your peice about eating animals was! When you said sharks can kill you so you "get to turn it into poop" I laughed so hard my left eyeball ruptured and dribbled eyejuice on my lucky green shirt. I told all my friends to read it. One of them wouldn't read it, so I killed him with a claw hammer in your name. Speaking of which, your name rocks! Omg! Greasnin is such a funny name to have in quotes. How

did you come up with somethign like that?? You should write an update about your naem. That would be so cool!

You, sir, are the best writer in teh world. . You make me laugh so much, even though you'ev only been writing for a few weeks. I hope you keep it up for years to coem! The other writers on your site are good, but your are so much better I can't take it. You make me feel happy all over. Ben "Greasnin" Platt forever! Oh yea! Woo! Oh! Oh God! Oh sweet God, yes! Thats teh spot! Oh!

Greasyfan1

The Good Doctor

The Good Doctor is a busy fellow. He barely has enough time in the day to read Something Awful. He believes in professional courtesy, though, and always gives credit where credit is due. Immediately after reading an update, he'll fire off a one line email. It's just a quick compliment, and usually not a particularly creative one. The Good Doctor cuts through all the pleasantries and gets right to the heart of the matter. He doesn't have time for fancy little extras like his name or punctuation. He works with the precision and the efficiency of a surgeon who is highly praised for his high levels of precision and efficiency. Due to the brevity of the messages, I'll provide multiple examples.

Ex: *excellent work*

Ex: *You were funny*

Ex: *Goodworksorrynotimeforspaces*

The Ambiguous Pat

I realize that some of you may be tempted to write me an email in the style of this site. I also realize that a good deal of the humor here at Something Awful relies upon sarcasm and contradiction. For example, I could say "'Mr. Ice Cream Man' is horrendous. I love it" (note how I used the word "could." I would never say I love "Mr. Ice Cream Man"). An email from Ambiguous Pat is rife with this sort of humor, but it's either unintentional or just incredibly poorly done. The end result is that I have no idea whatsoever if the email is intended to be complimentary or insulting. The Ambiguous Pat enjoys using unclear analogies, odd turns of phrase, irrelevant references, and confusing paragraph breaks as tools to ensure that I have absolutely no idea what is going on.

Ex: *O Greased One,*

I hope you check your mail, because I want you to know that your writing is terrible. Terribly good! And by good, I mean something else. Your last update had me in stitches of pain. It was great (I'm a masochist, but that does not pertain to anything I've said). You suck a camel's ass, which is something I enjoy doing. Frankly, I hope you die

many, many years from now in a peaceful fashion. That's the only way for people like you to go. Yes, I mean that as a compliment. Or do I? Every time I read your work, I can't stop thinking that you're just like this guy I saw one time. So what I'm trying to say is, I admire your good grooming. Keep it up (not that, the other thing).

- Andy

The Reluctant Critic

He's never written to me before, and chances are he never will again. Normally, he's not one to complain, but there was some error, some tiny mistake, some inscrutable

flaw in my last update that he just couldn't ignore. It was eating away at him like an intestinal parasite that would eventually spread throughout his entire digestive system until he died on the toilet, bloated like a complaint-writing Elvis. He just couldn't live with himself if he didn't bring my error to my attention. However, he doesn't want to seem mean or cruel, so he balances his complaint out with a compliment that probably sounds a lot more flattering in his head than it does in his email. There's no predicting what will set off the Reluctant Critic. It could be a typo, a joke that he didn't quite get, or some little bit of misinformation. A number of incestuous porno fans, cat lovers, "Star Wars" nuts, vegetarians, economics students, and Maori Tribesmen fall into this category.

Ex: *Dear Ben "Greasnin" Platt*

Your article today was amusing. You should check your facts a little more carefully, though. Most wookies are not nine feet tall. I just thought you should know.

Please continue your normally fine level of performance.

Sincerely,

Marvin

"You're mine, Greasnin, you gut-addled strump-ducker."

The Demon Hunter

So, it seems I'm the antichrist. It's a big promotion for me, and I have to say I'm pleased about it. I wouldn't have even known about it if not for the ceaseless efforts of the Demon Hunter. He has made it his sole purpose in life to destroy me through long, rambling, angry emails. My writing makes the Demon Hunter weep in his forty-seven triple tall mochafrappachocacinnaspressos. He despises everything about me, but he adamantly refuses to stop reading my work. It's possible that he's afraid that if he misses even one update, I'll convince all the readers to join my suicide cult. It's possible he's in dire need of psychiatric help. His emails contain numerous threats to me and to my family, as well as dozens of insults and insinuations, but never actually address anything specific in my writing. His carefully-worded missives are designed to show off his vocabulary and are unusually eloquent for a raving lunatic. Ultimately, though, his efforts are thwarted by typos at critical moments.

Ex: *To Ben "Greasnin" Platt:*

Once again, you've chosen to spread your blight to the masses through the intellectual constipation you call an update. In the week since we last heard your yammering, I found myself filled with elation at the prospect that you

> *could have potentially ceased breathing. Alas, my hope was in vain, as I found myself assaulted by more nonsensical blathering courtesy of you.*
>
> *Apparently you failed to learn your lesson from my last email, you hog-teated louse-wrankle. A blind pheasant with diphtheria could create sentences that offend the English language less by defecating on a keyboard. You'll see what I mean when I break in through your window, seal your oral cavity with a collapsible, stench-laden foot garment, and drag you kicking, but not screaming (because there's a sock in your mouth) to my pheasant farm. There, I will beat you with a cudgel until your coccyx is bruised and bloody. I'll have my vengeance upon you, my weak-spermed, flange-grouting, vestibule-trotting friend.*
>
> *This is the part where I would tell you never to write again, but you have no doubt come to that decision on your own already, in light of my power over you. If not, you will once I douse your next meal with a spurt of nitrous tetrahydroxylate. I certainly hope you have no attachment to cuticles, for when they shrivel like grapes (notice that I didn't say they'd shrivel like raisins, as you would, because raisins are already shriveled, you sack-fed muck-wompet), you'll beg me for merciful death. I will not provide you with such a grace, though, nor will I for your dog. Use your last few hours well, "Greasnin," for the time of reckoning is at hdan.*

Well, there you have it - five perfectly viable formats for emailing me. By now, I'm sure you are bursting with ideas. I look forward to hearing from, and laughing at each and every one of you.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.20 Damn It Feels Good to Be a Caterpilla

Monday, Oct 21, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

WARNING: Not all mobsters may look exactly like action figures.

Way back in the year of our lord 1984 I saw a little movie called "Raiders of the Lost Ark". Despite having seen this movie, I developed an overwhelming urge to join the mafia. At that tender age I really didn't have a firm grasp on what being a mobster would entail, but I think it involved wearing pinstripe suits and slapping mouthy dames just before walking out a door and shooting a Tommy gun at a passing car. Even at six years old I had the in-demand skills of opposable thumbs and sufficient manual dexterity to hit moving women. I knew I could do my best for a shadowy and possibly obese mafia don, and while I might not have known that "clip" wasn't the name of a new GI Joe, I would have still aimed the gun and pointed it at the right person when the time came.

Unfortunately for me, the time never did come, and much like my dreams of becoming a super hero or a caterpillar, my dreams of becoming a mobster never quite materialized.

Imagine my surprise when, over fifteen years later, I was approached by a mysterious stranger. Much as I expected he approached me in an alleyway, despite the fact that I spend almost no time in alleyways, and offered me a nebulous position in the mafia. When I asked him what my job would be as a "made man" he informed me that it would be entirely up to me. I had carte blanche when it came to creating my Mafioso persona and I wasn't about to waste this opportunity. I thanked him and took my mobster kit, which consisted of a pinstripe suit, a Thompson sub machinegun, and hand lotion to keep my digits prim and proper for straightening out crooked dames.

I sat in the apartment I share with my beloved "dame about to get slapped" and contemplated what my hook would be. There are many different archetypes to choose from when selecting my mobster role, and I didn't want to jump into it without carefully considering all of my options.

- **The Knuckle Dragging Thug**

  Description: The Knuckle Dragging Thug is your standard mafia gorilla. With a barrel chest and a Cro-Magnon brow he looks about as intelligent as an Adam Sandler "Lunch Lady: Ultimate Remixes" CD. What the KDT lacks in smarts he makes up for in ability to yell, shove, and crush things in his giant simian hands. The KDT generally is equipped with either a baseball bat or gigantic pistol, both of which can be used as bludgeons.

  Strengths: The ability to punch a hole through three human heads simultaneously, menacing walk, excellent view of the screen in movie theaters.

  Weaknesses: Shiny objects, fast moving objects, speaking more than three words, women who attempt to seduce him while on guard duty.

  Inevitable Downfall: The KDT will meet its inevitable downfall in one of two ways. One possibility is that the KDT will become distracted by a beautiful woman who approaches him while on guard duty, completely ignoring a man with a personal vendetta who sneaks up behind him and shoots him in the back. The other option is that the KDT survives this encounter, having only been knocked unconscious, and is made an example of by the angry mafia boss.

- **The Brutal Killer**

Description: If you want a murder to send a message than the Brutal Killer is the right man for the job. He combines a ruthless and quiet demeanor with a love for killing in the most gruesome way possible. Some Brutal Killers utilize traditional methods of butchery such as meat hooks or pickaxes, while others favor more offbeat weaponry like coconuts, government pickle canisters, or traffic cones full of hot tar. Whatever their weapon of choice the Brutal Killer is sure to leave a bloody crime scene and a mutilated corpse in his wake.

Strengths: Ability to jam a traffic cone into a fighting man's ass and funnel it full of tar in less then ten seconds, excellent listener, not prone to gossip.

Weaknesses: Tendency to wear bad running shoes, addicted to EverQuest, wears hats easily spotted in a lineup.

Inevitable Downfall: The Brutal Killer will be called in by the mafia don at great expense to take care of a loose end that has been causing the family a lot of trouble. Despite an impeccable record of hits this one will turn out to be anything but usual, and a hero with a personal vendetta will catch the Brutal Killer off guard and put a permanent stop to his efficient terminations.

WARNING: Not all magicians may look exactly like children's librarians.

The Magician

Description: Called The Magician because of his ability to hurl lightning bolts and summon winged beasts from the mists of time, this wizened mobster is generally seen sporting a pointed hat and robe emblazoned with mystical symbols such as moons, stars, and ponies. Lightning bolts and dragons are not the only tricks up this hoodlum's sleeves; he also carries a number of potions and magical rings that can prove to be more than a match for a steady gun.

Strengths: Ensorcelled rings, the ability to levitate and shoot lightning bolts, a dragon who is bound to a necklace or pendant, excellent sense of smell and smart wardrobe selection.

Weaknesses: Poor eyesight, touching water causes him to explode, simply cannot hold his whiskey.

Inevitable Downfall: The Magician will meet his doom when a hero with a personal vendetta tricks him into drinking whiskey and causes him to explode. Another possible downfall would be an unexpected rain shower.

The Genie

Description: Granting wishes is all in a day's work for The Genie. This buff bad guy makes his home inside a magical lamp safe house on the mafia don's desk. Whenever

the mafia don finds himself in need of supernatural assistance he turns to either The Magician or The Genie. While the Magician can hurl a mean lightning bolt, nothing he brings to the table can quite match the Genie's ability to grant any wish. From causing the don to win in high-stakes poker to conjuring nubile dancing nymphs, the Genie is the don's go-to guy. The Genie also has a habit of making things difficult by mischievously granting wishes in the most literal sense possible. An order from the don to off an enemy by "blowing him sky high" might result in the Genie performing oral sex on the moon, while a drunken wish for a "million dollars" might land the don on the moon.

Strengths: Can grant wishes, extremely shiny pants, can fly with the assistance of a magic carpet.

Weaknesses: Tendency to include teleportation to the moon when granting wishes, lives inside an easily broken bottle, lack of shirt makes him susceptible to the elements.

Inevitable Downfall: The Genie might be defeated by a hero with a personal vendetta, but chances are he will be defeated by the dons housekeeping service. They have a tendency to place anything that isn't nailed down or too large in the dishwasher. The Genie's fate will probably be drowning at the hands of a Maytag Model-540, his silken pants and curl-toed shoes reeking of lemon-scented detergent.

After carefully considering all my options I discarded my mobster starter kit, disappointed that any path I would choose to follow in the mafia would lead to my inevitable downfall. While my dreams of becoming a mobster were prematurely crushed by my incredibly logical mind, my dreams of becoming a caterpillar were just beginning to take shape thanks to the radioactive butterfly which laid its eggs in my ear canal. But that's a story for another day!

Something Awful Versus Nigeria And / Or Asia

Most people who actually check their e-mail are more than a little familiar with that Nigerian scam mail that has been going around for a couple of years. You know, the one where they claim they desperately need your help to deposit millions of dollars into your bank account. Grandmaster of Something Awful Lowtax took it upon himself to spend a little bit of time corresponding with the good folks in Niger/Asia/Jupiter running this scam in possibly the best e-mail prank I've ever seen.

Please inform me as to what I need to do next to claim this impressive amount of money.

> *I can fly down to Nigeria if you wish, as my parents own a small airline chartering service which has provided transport for such famous celebrities as Rutger Hauer, Mack Hail, and the guy who played Hannibal's stunt double on "The A-Team." I have no problem lending you the money needed to help you out and make the big bucks for this. Ever since I refused to buy stock in EMC when it was at 80, my parents have been mocking me for my poor business sense. After I get that check for $52 million in my account, we'll see who's laughing then! It will be me! Laughing at them! Because I'll have enough money to kill them off like nine times each.*

If you enjoy mocking scam artists as much as I do then take a ride into insanity with Lowtax and the good Doctor Ben Chumas in this epic e-mail prank. I give you my personal pledge as a member of the Screen Actor's Guild that you will not be disappointed!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.21 I No Longer Want My MTV

Tuesday, Oct 22, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

An example of the MTV all-star programming in the 1980's.

Before I launch into another stupid, cliché-ridden article, let me get this out of the way: I'm not hip. I have never been hip and I will never be hip. Back in high school when all the "cool" kids were out drinking or partying or doing the javelin toss or whatever cool people did then, I sat around at home and drew comics about a man with a microwave for a stomach and a person who was half spatula. However, I ultimately got the last laugh; now they're all fat alcoholic losers with no job or future... I'm a fat **nonalcoholic** loser with no job or future! In your face, Rockhurst High School football stars who all went to state college and majored in "getting kicked out of state college for never doing anything ever." This is like the ending of "Revenge of the Nerds" where the nerds get the girl and win that big contest and one of them goes to star in "ER," while the jocks receive a harsh lecture from the dean and contract a horrible case of syphilis from their initiation ritual involving sex with Ted McGinley's batting helmet. I write this because I feel a close, intimate bond with the character of "Booger."

My critical lack of hipness throughout my life caused me to miss out on such popular fads as snorting up during the "cocaine" phase in the 1980's, wearing plaid shirts in the "Grunge" period through the 1990's, and the "embracing Linux like a grungy cocaine junky and talking about it nonstop to all your disinterested friends" trend which we're currently crotch-deep in. In addition to these soul-crushing failures, I never watched MTV, even back when they used to feature musicians singing songs. All the cool kids used to watch MTV so they could see the newest Cutting Crew and Haircut 100 videos, marveling at the advanced video technology that featured such futuristic concepts as "robot drummer wearing a bowtie" and "big, pink, pixelated neon blob that vaguely moves around to the rhythm." Then, one fateful day in the early 1990's, a fresh-faced rookie out of Clown College barged into the MTV CEO's office with a crisp stack of papers detailing the "new and improved" ideas for this cutting edge network. This proposal was over 390 pages long, yet only one of these pages contained actual text; the rest were simply crude drawings of a mermaid having sex with Popeye. That one page altered the course of MTV for years to come, and contained the following memo:

> ***PROPOSAL FOR MTV (MUSIC TELEVISION) NEW PROGRAMMING LINEUP:***
>
> *1) NEVER SHOW ANY MUSIC VIDEOS EVER*
> *2) give me a raise*

For some inexplicable reason, the CEO acted upon this plan and immediately began canceling slots for music videos so he could free them for the hip new MTV lineup. Concerts were replaced with "The Sullen, Angsty Drama Show" and "The Magical Mystery Adventure of the Sarcastic Teenager." After a couple years, people began to grow weary of these exciting shows which featured "real life" people in "soap opera" situations that were "stupid as fuck." The network saw viewers taper off and decided to take their programming to the next logical step: "real life" people in "real life" situations. With this new theme in place, MTV began spawning hit shows such as "Let's Watch These Eight People Argue" and "Let's Watch These Nine People Argue." Once again this fad seemed to be short-lived, and MTV was forced to scramble for different, original programming. They noticed how

their audience connected with characters who were average slobs just like them, but couldn't figure out why the theme of "it's like watching yourself on camera for ungodly amounts of time" wasn't panning out. After taking a poll, executives soon learned what America truly wanted: people just like them, in situations just like theirs, making COMPLETE ASSHOLES OF THEMSELVES.

Tom Green, a Canadian who is talented in the fact that he lacks both talent and any positive abilities whatsoever, stepped up to the plate and let MTV pay him a lot of money to frequently fall down in public and get cancer. Audiences loved Green's charm and wit, neither of which he ever displayed during his run on "The Tom Green Show." However, the curse of growing viewer apathy made MTV realize that Green's hilarious comic antics of screaming at people and eating mud weren't gathering enough media attention anymore; once again, the viewing public was developing an apathy for shock television which wasn't shocking enough. The ante was upped and MTV scrambled to find the only remaining human being on the face of the Earth who had less self-esteem than Tom Green. Executives soon discovered all people matching that criteria had committed suicide long ago, except one shining beacon of hope: Johnny Knoxville, a man who was born with a highly unsuccessful artificial brain substitute developed by the world's most untalented escaped Nazi scientists. These were the same Nazi scientists who tried to help Hitler build a legion of robot zombies, but instead caused the lab to blow up and cause everybody within a 50-mile radius to become sterile.

An example of the MTV all-star programming in the 1990's.

Johnny Knoxville brought the joy and love of the show "Jackass" to MTV, a wonderful piece of television history that celebrated marvelous, stupendous feats of the human race like getting kicked in the testicles and falling off even taller things than Tom Green previously fell off. The world soon fell in love with Jackass, or at least the portion of the world which has contracted a brain disease from performing oral intercourse with a rusty metal statue of Jesus Christ. Knoxville entertained millions of people with his hilarious antics of diving into human feces and using gravity to lower himself from a point higher above the ground to a point located at ground level which contained human feces. Experts in the genre of comedy, such as Dr. Baron von Kommisar, claimed that nothing could topple the hilarious mound of feces that was the "Jackass" show. Unfortunately, the entire human race was stunned and shocked at the cancellation of "Jackass," simply for the shallow reason that nobody watched it. Now, to add injury to injury, MTV is suffering once again from the wacky antics of Johnny Knoxville.

> **Calif. woman sues over 'Jackass' stunt** - *In the suit filed Thursday in Los Angeles Superior Court, Wendy Linden of Riverside, California alleges she suffered spine and knee injuries after cast member David England ran across a stage and "using his body as a missile" crashed into a lectern near Linden. The suit also alleges cast members, including star Johnny Knoxville, were given alcohol by the producers, which led to a "hostile, volatile and out-of-control" environment.*

Now while this whole "Magic Missile Jackass" thing is certainly not shocking in any fashion, the following excerpt from the article is somehow even less shocking:

> *The show aired a disclaimer warning people not to try the daredevil tricks on their own. "Jackass" has sparked similar shows like MTV's "Dude, This Sucks," which was sued last year by two 14-year-old girls who claimed they were sprayed with human excrement during a taping of the program. MTV later apologized to the girls. In April, a Washington D.C. couple, James and Laurie Ann Ryan, sued MTV after they were surprised on their*

vacation by a blood-soaked, fake corpse hidden inside their Las Vegas hotel room. It was part of a hidden-camera prank for a TV show called "Harassment" that was then in development.

An example of the MTV all-star programming in the 2000's.

Did you catch that, folks? "Dude, This Sucks" and "Harassment," the comedy successors to comedy feces king Johnny Knox and comedy cancerballs Tom Green, are experiencing legal problems of their own! How on Earth is MTV supposed to push the envelope of televised hilarity if assholes across the nation threaten to sue them when they are injured, sprayed with shit, or mentally traumatized by zany antics? What is wrong with the American public? More importantly, what is wrong with MTV? As I've clearly illustrated in this article, their network is known for cutting edge comedy and wacky piles of flying shit (both feces and Johnny Knoxville), but these intellectual shows "Dude, This Sucks" and "Harassment" hardly seem like the next wave in the evolution of hilarity. As a result, I have come up with a few great new ideas for MTV shows which I hope they adopt as soon as possible and give me all the money. I feel these shows are the true "next generation" and can only spell out financial success for MTV's quality network.

■ **SHOW #1: "Let's Give Brian AIDS"** ***(Mondays at 9:30 PM)*** **-** Each episode features a crew of wacky pranksters equipped with AIDS-infested needles, searching through malls and homes for people named Brian so they can force them down upon the ground and inject the deadly (and hilarious!) tainted needle into their veins. These zany guys will stop at nothing to give Brians across the globe AIDS in the most humorous and clever ways possible, ranging from "breaking and entering" to "assault with a deadly weapon," both of which have proved to be popular in such shows as "COPS" and "COPS in New York."

■ **SHOW #2: "Frankenstein the Rape Monster"** ***(Wednesdays at 7:00 PM)*** **-** Award-winning comedian Frankie Henderson (he won an award for perfect attendance in fifth grade) dons a hilarious Frankenstein monster outfit and begins raping men, women, and children at gunpoint. During each rape he makes clever jokes such as "feel that dick up your ass?" and "I have my dick up your ass" which thrill and delight live audiences, most of whom are criminals.

■ **SHOW #3: "Woah, I'm a Hostage, Dude!"** ***(Fridays at 8:00 PM)*** **-** Popular music artists such as that one band that made that one song for Dance Dance Revolution about dancing kidnap teenagers from the mall and drive them to an undisclosed location. Using an untraceable cellular phone, the kidnapper phones the parents and leads them on a wild goose chase to find their captive child who is having human shit thrown on them the entire time. At the end of each episode, the parent is given the address of the warehouse where their child is being held, and has ten minutes to get there before the kid is shot in the face with an assault rifle. However, the jokes on them; their kid has been dead since the first phone call! The look on the parent's face is then recorded, printed out, and sent along with their home address to the jail cells of sex offenders throughout America.

I sincerely hope MTV is reading this, as I feel that my unique brand of comedy entertainment, which I call comentertainmedy, is the next plateau of humor. You may have dropped the ball with

such shows as "Dude, Here Comes Feces" or whatever it was named, but my ideas can only succeed. This is because if they don't succeed, I will film myself raping and killing you and then start up my own television network which, somehow, shows the same amount of music videos as MTV. Does this make me hip yet?

Goldmine Tomorrow: SmartDriver Today!

As Emily is still trapped in Wasteland, Wisconsin, the Tuesday Goldmine will once again take place on, well, Wednesday. Yes, it'll be the Wednesday Tuesday Goldmine! But fear not, fearful readers, as we've got an equally excellent review of a quality game entitled "SmartDriver."

> *It's bad, folks. Bad. Bad bad bad bad bad. For one thing, I understand having a regular PC car racing game being controlled by the keyboard, but I don't get how BrainTrain thought this game would be a good training device for drivers when all they have to do is sit there and occasionally tap one of the arrow keys. You get one penalty point every time you go above the speed limit, and one damage point every time your car runs into something, and you fail the test if you get too many of either. But it takes fewer penalty points than damage points to fail you, meaning you get penalized more for a half-second of speeding than you do for plowing into a boulder. I think they could be trying to tell future drivers something along the lines of "Don't inconvenience the police by speeding, it's better for you to just slam your car into an immovable object because that way instead of inconveniencing someone else you'll die and quite frankly you deserve it", but maybe I'm reading too much into that.*

Wow! Sounds good! I mean bad. Check out the review and figure this one out for yourself!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.22 In the Crosshairs of a Great White Shark

Wednesday, Oct 23, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Right now America rests nervously in the crosshairs of danger. A sniper is on the loose and he aims to shoot everybody, completely at random no less! People are walking in zigzag formations, constantly making sure they're behind proper cover, and avoiding public places because they fear that a sniper might shoot them. Everybody in the sniper's hunting ground is living paranoid and fearful that their bodies may become host to deadly metallic pathogens that doctors call "bullets." What's troubling is not so much the fact that somebody with a sniper rifle is out killing people, because life is all about throwing you lemon curveballs, but that we are neglecting an even greater threat to our safety and well being. Last year, it wasn't snipers we worried about. It wasn't even terrorists! Not by a long shot, for we were too busy worrying about surprise shark attacks. The death toll was high and the media never shut up. Sharks were unstoppable and they could strike anywhere without any warning. Children were kept away from schools, churches and stores were abandoned, and everywhere Americans were securing their homes with shark nets. The Great White Threat was something everyone had to confront, even really great white people. For them, it was perhaps the most difficult.

Just when you thought it was safe to get back in the crosshairs...

As far as I know, millions of sharks are still on the loose. Any one of these sharks could turn into a killer, if not a genocidal warlord or even a terrorist. Why then are we worrying about a sniper and leaving ourselves vulnerable to surprise shark attacks? I think it's safe to say our priorities are seriously screwed up in this most paramount of matters. Now I'm not saying that the crosshairs of a sniper are a safe place to be, not unless you're made of Kevlar or you're in the process of committing suicide, so don't think that sharks are the only fish in the proverbial sea that is danger. Obviously both sharks and snipers are the primary threats facing mankind and there really is no way to protect against a surprise attack, but there is most certainly a way of determining who and what the surprise attacker is and how you should react. That's why I'm preparing for you this handy chart to help you understand the complex ecosystem of trouble we live in, filled with fierce snipers and hungry sharks ready to devour man flesh.

SAFETY GUIDE: SHARK OR SNIPER?

Attack	Attacker
You're swimming out at sea and you suddenly feel a set of large teeth dig deep into your flesh.	You're either being bitten by a shark or a sniper who lost his gun in the water and is still desperate to kill you.In all likelihood, it's the shark.In either case, scream and amputate the area being bitten.There is nothing stronger than a shut jaw, so whatever gets bitten is gone for good.

You're walking to work when you suddenly feel a bullet pierce through your skull, splattering your brain matter into mush.	Chances are a sniper has just shot you in the head.Seek medical help immediately and request that somebody suck the bullet out before it causes an infection.
You just lost a lot of money playing pool because your opponent never missed a single shot.Also, razor sharp teeth are digging into your bones and a bullet appears to have established residency in your abdomen.	You have been victimized by a pool shark, bitten by an actual shark, and shot by a sniper.In feudal Japan, this was considered the least honorable way to die.If you survive, make it your life's mission to restore honor to your family name by killing and eating the shark, shooting the sniper right between the eyes as he prepares to snipe you a second time, and winning your money back from the pool shark.If you can work in scoring with the pool shark's wife, you're a true master of revenge.
While directing the citizens of your rogue nation to kill in your name, a large fish pulls you underwater leaving you disoriented and vulnerable to death and/or rape.	By holding an impassioned and deranged political rally by a large body of water, you opened the door to a pain dance party with special guest DJ Shark.If you fail to survive, the chain of command dictates that the shark assumes all control of the government, so do your best to survive.Hint: play dead or shoot the shark with a harpoon gun.Harpoons are the kryptonite of the seas.
While leading your squad through the jungles of Vietnam, a barrage of bullets take down several of your men and force everyone to seek cover.	This is an obvious case of sniper fire, but it's completely justified since you have no business leading a squad of armed soldiers through the jungles of Vietnam.The war is over, you nutcase!
You're enjoying water park activities when you're devoured whole.	It would appear that a shark has consumed your person.Stay still and call for help on your cell phone.If you don't have a cell phone, immediately enlist the help of Aquaman or Namor, two individuals with experience in negotiating underwater hostage situations such as the one you're in.

You're running to bombsite #2 but are stopped dead in your tracks by an unseen attacker.	Some camping AWP whore with no skill shot you.While dead, proceed to juxtapose the quality of his character, skill, and attitude with female genitalia.Do not stop doing this, even when the match restarts.Nobody likes a quitter.
After being forced to "walk the plank," you see several fins skimming just above the water's surface in your direction.	It's possible these are dolphins or extremely malformed penguins, but you should only be so naïve!Always work under the assumption that anything with a fin is a shark.To defend yourself, you will need to utilize expert timing.Wait until the first shark raises his or her head above the water, and then splash them in the eyes with, well, water.If you have a jar of acid handy, that's even better.There is nothing more disorienting than getting splashed in the eyes.Repeat this process until all remaining sharks are confused and blinded.With the sharks distracted, you're free to run away, preferably towards the sunset.

The absolute most important thing for everybody to remember is that nowhere is safe. The only aid a shark needs is a body of water, and because of a dependence on water, you're never far from one. The only thing a sniper needs is a gun and some bullets. What's worse, these two forces of evil share a common enemy: you. Never let your guard down, not on land, nor sea, nor air. It's only a matter of time before sharks evolve wings and snipers start riding on them. When that happens, you can bet your weight in Dutch cholocate that the end is near.

Workin' in the Goldmine

Well it's that time again folks, and over at the Something Awful Forums the goons have been busy preparing for you a plethora of craziness and sand, not necessarily in that order. This week's theme is "Bad Times for Verizon to Test its Wireless Network." WARNING! It contains some pictures of that annoying gay man with the trendy glasses.

Go look at them, they are purdy like the ponies were after Daddy got mad.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

www.somethingawful.com

10.23 Enigma of the Ages: The Highway Shoe

Thursday, Oct 24, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

One of the first images taken of the Highway Shoe, circa 1979.

As noted hour after hour after hour on The Discovery Channel, mankind has created many wonders of the world. Fantastic structures such as Stonehenge, the Egyptian pyramids, and Jack In the Box have confused scientists for hundreds of years, causing them to relentlessly wonder "who built these?", "why were they built?" and "I wonder if I get a goddamn check for being on The Discovery Channel every 20 minutes, asking the same question over and over again and never finding out any answers?" Leading scientists, college professors, and various other bearded men swarm upon such mysteries of the unknown and attempt to unravel them by using a method known as "science." Enchanted Science Sticks and Science Guns are used to prod and poke various highly scientific objects, but when their hour of airtime expires, they find themselves no closer to unraveling the origin of UFOs, Bigfoot, or Louie Anderson. This is because there are some universal secrets mankind was simply never meant to unravel: such as the Highway Shoe.

Ever since both the highway and shoe were invented, the mystical Highway Shoe has been appearing to millions of people worldwide, often at the same time in completely different locations. Thousands of confirmed reports have been filed, each and every one describing "a single shoe" laying in the middle of the highway. How did it get there? Who's shoe was it? Why didn't anybody pick it up? How can somebody not realize they lost a shoe while driving? Witnesses of the fabled Highway Shoe range from respectable doctors, dentists, and lawyers to disrespectful doctors, dentists, and lawyers. For proof, here are just a couple filed reports that we here at the Something Awful Scientific Studies... uh... Yarn (I needed something that started with a "Y" so I could come up with the acronym "SASSY") have uncovered over the past year.

NAME: Christopher J. Beverage
PROFESSION: Respectable Doctor
FILED REPORT: "I was taking the I-90 on my way home when I saw what at first I believed was the Chupacabre throwing up horse semen in the middle of the highway. However, upon closer inspection, I noticed it was a single shoe resting on the meridian! I quickly called my wife and told her of the news, asking her to get in contact with a leading scientist of some sort. Then my wife asked me where I was and why I was coming home at 2:30 AM. She still hasn't found out about the hooker!"

NAME: Alex Abrahamowitz
PROFESSION: Respectable Dentist or perhaps Doctor
FILED REPORT: "One night last week I was walking alongside the highway, searching for precious treasure or bodies to test my new procedures on. Then I saw something flash out of the corner of my eye: it was The Highway Shoe! I fled in terror, afraid that it was out to get revenge for the time I raped myself in the mens room of the White Castle. I still have the scars in my nostrils to prove it."

These two cases are just a few of the many, many, many reports that at least two people have filed over the past decade, describing in detail their experience with the Highway Shoe and the profound effect it had on their lives. A woman in Maryland claims her encounter with the Highway Shoe caused her to instantly go blind, while a woman in Baltimore insists that, upon seeing the Highway Shoe, her blindness was cured and she became able to lead a happy, productive life back in her home town of Maryland. While these cases display the remarkable effect the Highway Shoe has on human lives, they don't help us come closer to understanding the entire Highway Shoe phenomenon. As a result, SASSY has compiled the following informational package which we hope will not only familiarize you with the supernatural Highway Shoe, but also take up enough space on the front page to justify a daily update.

A rare glimpse of the Highway Shoe taken in Dirt Dunes, Arizona around 1996.

What is The Highway Shoe?

The Highway Shoe, simply put, is a ratty, filthy sneaker that is seen lying in the middle of most major interstates. Scientists have been unable to successfully carbon date the shoe to determine its origin, as the Highway Shoe promptly vanishes after it is seen. However, witnesses speculate that the Highway Shoe was born sometime in the late 1970's, as the color pattern and design witnesses describe match up with a popular line of running shoes manufactured in 1976. How this lone shoe was able to survive for over 20 years despite suffering extreme weather conditions and vehicular damage, is a complete riddle. US Government scientists have been actively pursuing the Highway Shoe in the attempt that they will be able to catch it, study its chemical composition, and then create nuclear tank armor based off the same substance.

Biker Alex Walters was one of the first formally documented cases in which somebody encountered the Highway Shoe (upper left), blacked out, and woke up three days later in a ditch outside of Roswell.

The most common question people have regarding the Highway Shoe is simply "why?" Why is there just one shoe lying in the highway? Why does it disappear after a day and then show up in an entirely new location, miles away? Why does it insist on repeatedly appearing throughout major roads across America? SASSY has investigated many leads, interviewed hundreds or perhaps even the aforementioned two witnesses, and done considerable amounts of research, often in bars or other drinking establishments. We have hypothesized the following theories, all of which may help explain the motivation and mystery behind the Highway Shoe.

■ **THEORY 1:** ***The Highway Shoe is the result of a ghost.*** Leading ghost experts (also known as "unemployed people") have proven that 1950 was the most popular decade for ghost exportation. During this hectic 10-year period, thousands of teenagers participated in drag racing against other teenagers in an attempt to win the heart of a pretty high school cheerleader who would only date the person with the fastest and most fuel noxious car. These illegal races ended up with at least one of the vehicles flying off a cliff and exploding, usually in midair, as oxygen was a lot more dense back then and could easily rupture gasoline tanks. All these deceased drag racing greasers resulted in great influx of the ghost population, flooding the streets and highways with puffy white specters with packs of cigarettes rolled up in their sleeves. One of our Highway Shoe theories hypothesize

that a dead drag racer known as "Great Greaser's Ghost" cruises the highways at night, attempting to keep other kids from speeding (and ultimately flying off a cliff) by pulling their foot off the acceleration pedal. Unfortunately, Great Greaser's Ghost usually succeeds in only yanking the shoe off his intended victim, covering it with ectoplasm and flinging it to the ground. This cursed shoe is then forced to eternally wander the mean streets of America while Great Greaser's Ghost continues his reign of terror, transforming innocent shoes into haunted footwear.

- **THEORY 2:*Mother Nature is turning against us.*** As popular Japanese Anime has taught us time and time again, the Earth is slowly trying to kill us because we use soul-destroying technological things like PDAs, combustion engines, and plastic Richard Nixon masks. Many members of the illustrious "white trash" race are to blame for the largest effronteries to Mother Nature, deciding to litter their yard with rotting cars propped up on concrete blocks and decorate their trailer parks with old milk jugs and used urine sample containers. On hot days, these white trash members usually drive around with their legs hanging out the window for reasons I'm still not exactly sure of. Mother Nature reacts by stripping them of their precious footwear and tossing it into the middle of the road. The white trash are unable to retrieve their shoes because their vehicles usually lack the option to go into reverse, and even if they did, the driver wouldn't be able to figure out how to work it. If this is indeed the case, we can only fear what fiendish tricks Mother Nature has in store for us next, such as hordes of flying turtles, man-eating flowers that grow from our sewer pipes, and red mushrooms that cause us to grow twice our size when we touch them.

- **THEORY 3: *Highway Shoe is a supernatural entity like the Yeti or Santa Christ.*** Since Highway Shoe seems capable of traveling large amounts of distance in short amounts of time, we must assume that it has magic powers along the lines of the Lucky Charms Leprechaun or that little worm which was Oscar the Grouch's friend. We know that it has the power to disappear at will, as well as change shape and form, so the only logical conclusion we can irresponsibly jump to is that Highway Shoe is here to signal an incoming invasion of alien footwear. These Highway Shoes from another galaxy will attack by first cutting off major interstates and all passages of transportation. They will mark their targets with an intricate series of directional charts ground into cornfields, and will more than likely terrorize farming families if they're headed up by notorious farming sensation Mel Gibson. Luckily, these Martian Shoes can be repelled by throwing water on them, as even shoes on Mars are produced by cheap Taiwanese companies and fall apart at the slightest touch of moisture.

Despite these theories, I'm afraid we simply don't have enough information to determine what exactly the Highway Shoe is, much less the motives behind its actions. Its powers are immeasurable: it is immortal and can withstand nonstop damage from two-ton vehicles, it is capable of teleporting hundreds of miles seemingly at will, and it may or may not be responsible for the rise in popularity of that stupid movie "The Ring." Regardless, it is clear that scientists from around the globe will need to start stepping up to the plate and blabbering on and on about their scientific findings during specials on The Discovery Channel. If they don't, then the terrorists have already won.

Die By the Sword!!

Zack "Big Gulp Supersizer" Parsons here with an all new SA Story Time! This week we take a look at *Samurai Epic By Numbers*. Those samurai books are coming back into style after more than a decade and we want to save you time and money by abridging and mocking the entire sub genre!

> *Both samurai hacked a ninja in half before they touched the ground, but as they did the remaining ninjas jumped up into the air fifty feet and formed a giant ninja with a giant sword. It took a swing at Dari but he managed to roll out of the way just in time. He moved to counterattack when thousands of shurikens came hurtling at him from even more ninjas positioned in the tops of trees. The ninjas were throwing like five hundred ninja stars a second, you couldn't even see them they were just making trees and rocks and birds explode in every direction all around the two samurai.*

In my humble opinion this is the best SA Story Time yet, but I tend to think that about every new one so take it for what it's worth. In the mean time, check it out, because it has more ninjas exploding and samurai's bleeding than you can shake a long staff at!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

10.24 Cat Scratch Eating Disorder

Friday, Oct 25, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A little over a week ago a kitten came to visit Michelle and I at our humble home here in Chicago. Her parents were going off on vacation, or to the moon, or possibly to purchase more pets on the black market and they needed us to take care of it. Her father implied - and by implied I mean he nearly insisted - that we would be keeping the kitten forever and not just the agreed upon temporary visitation. We were informed that the cat was named "Peewee" and they left a sack containing about a dozen cans of cat food. Plenty for a little kitten like adorable Peewee, or so we thought.

Looks can be deceiving.

It turns out Peewee is not a kitten after all and is actually some sort of cybernetic eating and crapping machine engineered and sent back in time to eat all cat food on the planet earth. I have been around my share of kittens before, I know they can have quite the appetite when compared to the picky eating of adult cats, but Peewee is like some sort of black hole only he affects cat food instead of light. To ensure that he is efficient about eating all of the cat food on the planet Earth his cybernetic overlord from the year 2060 has developed a programming routine. Basically if you do not give him an entire can of cat food once per hour he will start "knocking shit off of shit", "biting shit", or "climbing onto your face with his claws and meowing constantly".

Welcome to phase two. Familiarize yourself with this image, for you will be seeing it ten thousand fold very soon.

It's sort of like mob extortion. You know you can just not feed him for an hour, but if you do that you have to pay a hefty price. This is usually in the form of him digging his needle-like claws into your thighs as he uses some of the tenderest flesh on your body as a sort of trampoline to launch himself at something both breakable and easily knocked over. If you somehow manage to ignore this he will continue to punish you. Say you're working on an article, he will leap onto your desk and bite your knuckles and fingertips as if they might contain a hidden reservoir of cat food. When your fingers disgorge only blood and not cat food he will turn his attention to scaling parts of your body using only his ability to hook his claws an inch into your skin.

Forget about even attempting to eat something while he is not engaged with the consumption of cat food. He will climb monkey-like (if monkey's hands were made out of knives) on your arms to get to your fork, spoon, plate, bowl, whatever utensils you have. He is a machine tuned for destruction and eating, and he is the face of things to come. Peewee is not some one-off prototype, he is the first in an entire generation of kittens with no purpose other than to eat and crap. Forget your CIA conspiracies, your UFO invasions, and your Zionist world governments, the tides of kittens have risen and will soon overwhelm our shores. Listen closely, for we will soon be fighting for the very survival of our species. These are the End Times people, and the kittens that Satan himself is breeding in his robotic labs are just one sign of the impending apocalypse!

Sign One of the End Times - Hungering Kittens

They are insatiable. They will ignore every attempt to feed them adequate amounts to last them for more time than what it takes to blow your nose or yawn. Their blood

curdling mewling will be the death knell for your budget as they eat ten times their weight in food per day and break everything you hold dear. Once you've been evicted for failure to pay your rent because all your money is going to cat food, these kittens will follow you in a pack, over turning cars and mauling police officers until you lead them like a coerced pied piper into a horse rendering plant.

Sign Two of the End Times - Shock Troops

Normal kittens eventually stop being quite as rambunctious and grow up into cats that put a lot more energy towards ignoring you and sleeping than anything else. Unfortunately this new breed of hell spawned kittens will mature into a hard-nosed adulthood. What's worse is that their affinity for breaking things has given them a very un-catlike cleverness that allows them to use tools. Wearing crude armor fashioned from sacks, magazines, and empty cat food cans, they will march on our cities. Striding in ranks their purring will be like the dread heartbeat of an endless furry beast, choking our interstates and streets for miles in every direction. Once they have pillaged their fill of Grade F or below meats they will burn our homes and offices and meow maniacally while they do it.

Join this clownballoon in bidding adieu to the human race! You can also join it in dropping a basket out of your distended ass if you so choose.

Sign Three of the End Times - The Evolution

By the time some of our cities are being ransacked by the cats, the government should finally catch on that things are dire, but it will be too little, too late. The armed forces will be deployed, and bombs and missiles will rain down from the sky causing many cats to explode. Luckily they do not explode into smaller cats. However, the cats will already be moving on to bigger and better things. With the meat ingested from all of the cat food factories they have ransacked the cats will begin to form into giant amoeba-like masses of hissing fur and claws. Impervious to the weapons of the military they will take the shape of several massive city-crushing felines that will stride about the landscape and provide many a furry with wet dreams until they are smashed beneath its uncaring paws. Well, a few of them will actually probably find that sexy too for the split-second of being crushed that they are alive for.

Sign Four of the End Times - Doomsday

The time will come when our civilization has nearly collapsed. Most of our soldiers and citizens will either be dead or in hiding as the cats only seem to multiply in numbers, always hungry and always looking for things to break. Eventually the president will give in to the demands of the his generals and release the atomic fires of our nuclear arsenal

> to finally rid the land of the cat menace. This will signal the end. I'm not too up on my Bible events but I picture God as a giant octopus in a top hat and Jesus as a sort of sock puppet with a magic ring that grants wishes. They will descend from the clouds and carry the righteous up to heaven in a boat made out of Ju-ju coins. Once in heaven the boat will be broken down and distributed to the passengers to be used as currency. Ju-ju coins are the monetary unit of only two places: Heaven and the nation of Ju-ju.
>
> Those who were left behind either because of sins or clerical oversight will find themselves inhabiting a nuclear wasteland shared only with bipedal cockroaches with psychic powers and giant cats that have only gotten even bigger thanks to radiation.

You can believe me or not, I don't really care, but when those cats set fire to your house you had better not send me an e-mail saying I didn't warn you. I fucking warned you! I tried to- oh, wait, sorry, I have to go, Peewee needs to be fed again and I'm afraid if I don't he'll make me pass out from blood loss.

Phriday Time!

Hello, Livestock present and accounted for. I'm here to let you know there is a new Photoshop Phriday online and available for your amusement. This week is a sequel of sorts, because the Goons once again went mad and started their own special kind of art institute. Drop what you're doing now and browse yourself over to Photoshop Phriday: Classic Art II.

Go and see the very same kind of torment that caused Van Gogh to mutilte his own ear.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.25 Roms You Should Probably Avoid

Saturday, Oct 26, 2002 by Integral

We ran across some terrible roms that we couldn't wait to show you. Not only that, but you need to be aware of them, for the sake of many things that we are not even at liberty to say, They are unbearable even to the children of the 80's who loved "Goonies II" and who wasted literally months of their lives trying to get past that goddamned stupid mermaid (I'll get that bitch if it's the last thing I do).

- **Name:**"Beetlejuice"

Assholes Responsible For This Mess: Rare LTD. & LJN LTD.
Download Here (96k)
Description: Based off the hit movie "Reservoir Dogs," Beetlejuice takes the gamer on a whirlwind tour of a world full of wonder and intrigue, assuming "wonder and intrigue" means "giant tan spiders and disco lights of death." I'm not sure what the point of this game is, as it doesn't bother explaining where you are, why you're there, and what you're supposed to do. Judging by the shitty game controls and lack of coherency, the purpose of the game is for you to die. Repeatedly. Over and over. Again and again.

Throughout your journey across wherever the fuck you are, you will encounter horribly scary enemies like bugs, a blue triangle, an object which I think was either a bird or a baseball, and many bottomless pits that kill you even before you have a chance to accidentally fall into them. The entire game seems to consist of platform jumping, leaping from clouds to floating tables to cauldron things which defy gravity and all laws of decency. Beetlejuice's intimidating offensive attack consists of him stomping his foot down like very angry homosexual hairdresser. Naturally, this attack does absolutely nothing and isn't even powerful enough to make a sound of any kind come from the game, and its sole purpose is to think, "boy, this stomping thing sure is about nine bazillion times cooler than the nonstop jumping puzzles in the game!" Speaking of which, they aren't even puzzles; they're just jumping with a complete lack of control. You can pick up exciting powerups such as a flower that grows and shrinks for no reason, but they won't help you against such deadly enemies as the flashing neon light and the circle which makes a triangle appear. If I was Michael Keaton, I'd force the executives at Rare LTD. to say my name three times so I could suddenly appear and stab them to death with an icepick.

- **Name:** "Friday the 13th"

Leave a Nasty Present of Meat With: LJN
Download Here (41k)
Description: Based on those crazy movies with the guy in the hockey mask that kills people in space, this game basically consists of you playing one or all of five children and running about a lake with cabins and a woods surrounding it in a futile attempt to save children trapped in the cabins before Jason can kill them. Usually you are not very successful and are able to see the numbers of children being slaughtered at any given time by keeping your eye on a handy counter on top of the screen. You run all over the place and there doesn't seem to be much of a point other than to kill the

weirdo zombie jerks that keep forming out of the ground wherever you go. You throw something at them that sort of looks like a baseball but it might also be a ball of wadded-up paper.

At some points in the game a Jason-like figure appears and either kills you or humps your leg for awhile before running back to wherever it is that he came from. He has a lovely ensemble of blue mask and a purple jogging suit combined with the added effect of random pieces of his hair sticking out from his head- Truly menacing! Apparently there is a scene later in the game in which you are forced to fight a giant Medusa head but there is no way in hell that I am playing this dumb game long enough to get to that part. In any case, the stupid kids run around and the killing continues. The point of this game is very confusing because when you see children you are supposed to take them with you but they don't even want to go, so they sit there like dumb rocks waiting for their more-than-timely demise. The enemies are also rather dull. They use the same stupid zombie things to kill you in the forest, on the paths by the cabins, and in the water. Hooray for variety and quality, well-thought-out video games of yore. But the good news is that they are still making the movies!

■**Name:** "Shufflepuck"
Jerks Who Made This Monstrosity: Broderbund Software
Download Here (62k)

Description: This game actually has some sort of backstory, as retarded as it is. You're a futuristic intergalactic (something) salesman and your (something) breaks down in your spaceship, causing you to crash land in (somewhere) and wait for (somebody) to do (something) to your (something). In the meantime, you stumble into what's called "The Shufflepuck Cafe," despite the fact that the screenshot clearly indicates the joint is named the "Shitfuck Cafe." The Shitfuck Cafe is named "The Shufflepuck Cafe" because the patrons play a very high tech, out-of-this-world game called "Shufflepuck," which is exactly like Pong only it's... well, no, actually it's just exactly like Pong. Different opponents in the bar have different playing styles which range from "horribly incompetent" to "there's absolutely no way you will ever ever ever win in a million years."

Lexon, who I believe is supposed to either be an alien bartender or a drunk alien pimp, likes to play aggressively and bounce the Shufflepuck off the Shuttlewalls so there's no way in hell you can move your slow-ass paddle to deflect them. Skip, a reject from "Revenge of the Nerds 19: The Nerds Get Scurvy" has a paddle which is approximately nine miles long, yet is unable to ever deflect a shot back to you. Then there's The Crazy Jap Psycho (I don't remember his name) who's paddle is minuscule but is able to make the Shufflepuck accelerate to speeds of over 900 miles an hour. See, that's called "game balance" folks! The only people who really understand this concept are the people at Broderbund Software, which I believe stopped making games in 1982. At least I hope they did.

■**Name:** "Dogtown"
Smack Their Bitch Up: Pony, Inc
Download Here (24k)

Description: You are a cat wearing an apron. There can be no dispute about this. It is your goal and absolute duty as an apron-wearing cat to run around like a dumb shit in this crazy town where the characters and cars are approximately the same size as the buildings and wait until something like a car or a giant dog takes out away from your miserable existence and into the land of apron-wearing dead cats. There are a lot of manholes about and you

can either jump over them or open them, causing either your freaky cat-self to fall in or cause the large, feral dogs that randomly chase you through the streets to fall in.

I would like to know what terrors lurk in the deeps beneath fabled Dogtown, but I would also like to know who the creator of "Dogtown" is so that I can fine a sewer large enough and deep enough for him to be dropped into. Man, if I were that cat I would move because why would you want to live in a town full of manholes, dogsm and cars? Silly apron-wearing cat. Perhaps she will bake me some breads.

Play these games. Play them for a long time. Then write a 90-page dissertation on the collapse of modern civilization.

-~Integral

10.26 'Tis the Season to be German

Sunday, Oct 27, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

The month of October has us well within its tyrannical clutches, and that can only mean one thing - we must once again face the most fiendish of holidays. It is a celebration of all that is evil, a dark ritual meant to expose the demonic nature within mankind, an unholy ceremony in which people of all ages and a wide range genders don stultifying costumes that are designed to terrify the innocent and drive the worst among us to new heights of depravity. I'm talking, of course, about Oktoberfest. Unlike St. Patrick's Day, the one day when everyone's a little bit Irish (so have a drink!), Oktoberfest goes on and on, and you will be German or you will be crushed (Drink! *Shnell!*). The polka-playing war machine that is Oktoberfest rolls onward, sucking victims into its teutonic maw, destroying all those who resist. Many decide that assimilation is the preferable option to death, and so they find themselves immersed in a mass of confusion. The Oktoberfest observer may find himself assaulted with roving bands of fat people with brass instruments, lederhosen, and untold numbers of food products with unnecessary German prefixes, such as German potato salad, Bavarian chocolate pudding, Attila the Hunburgers, and Still Repenting for the Holocaust sauerbraten. It's a strange and disturbing festival, but I will try to unravel its many mysteries, so when you too are pulled into the wake of the German horde, you will know what to do, *jah*?

Germans as they like to be seen - drinking and having heart attacks.

Fritz (l) prepares to hurl Olga like a Jewish corpse, while Hans (r) checks to make sure his socks are still pulled up comically.

The German people are fascinating and worthy of study. I would have gone out and observed one of the many Oktoberfest celebrations in the area, but I have a horrible fear of the outdoors and its many mind-controlling microbes. As such, I did my research like any other true scholar - by typing related words (such as "German," "Germans," and "Goddamnit, I said 'German'") into the Google image search and making broad, sweeping generalizations based on the pictures. For starters, the Germans tend to be fat, mostly from eating children. Now, before you fire off your angry emails (God knows I don't need more of those after last week), let me qualify that by saying that they primarily eat disobedient and irritating children. Just look at Hansel and Gretel. German parents use that story to teach their children a valuable lesson, namely, "obey your father or fucking get eaten." If you need more evidence (although I don't know why you would), just look at German food. It's "brat" this and "brat" that. From the sauerbrat mentioned earlier, which is made from brats and lemons, to bratwurst, which is made from the very worst brats, anyone can see that when Germans get hungry, the first thing they look for is a whiny, annoying, sassmouthed brat who no one would miss. All those children must make Germans thirsty, because they can often be seen drinking a golden liquid they call *bier*. As far as I can tell, it is much like the English "beer," only good. This intoxicating substance is critical to the German culture, serving a fourfold purpose:

1. It quenches their thirst, although not their thirst for conquest.
2. It makes their children-fattened women appear more attractive, encouraging the Germans to have children, thus propagating the race.
3. It relieves any residual guilt over eating said children.

4. It provides them with the drunken impulsiveness that leads to hilarious invasions of France.

The Germans come from a patriarchal society where women are viewed as nothing more than objects. German men have no compunction about literally throwing women around like sacks of cement, or possibly dead children. The exception to this rule is the dominatrix, who has gained a position of great respect in the society. There's nothing sexier to a German man than a woman in studded leather who is willing to beat him, then poop on him. Women who are willing to videotape such acts are especially revered. To most of us, getting pooped on is not quite as sexy as, say, anything else in the world. You have to remember, though, that Germans eat their disrespectful children. Thus, pooping out their food is like giving birth through the buttocks, and with that comes the hope that what was bad when it came out one side will be good when it comes out the other. Like a homely and unpopular caterpillar becomes a beautiful and socially accepted butterfly, so the Germans hope that their naughty children might be reborn as something wonderful that all the world can enjoy. Instead, they become poop. You see? It's a great cycle of sin and redemption. Now you ask me, why do Germans find that sexy? I don't know. Probably because they're crazy perverts.

Germans love music. Specifically, they love bad music. No German festivity is complete without a bunch of sweaty, overweight guys in knee-high socks and overall shorts playing tubas. Like the blues to America, like the Jitterbug to Jitterbania, the polka is a music that is distinctly German. Whenever a German hears the steady oom-pah-pah of the tuba, the floating tones of the clarinet, the soulful bassooning of the bassoon, and occasionally the freakish yodeling of some fat broad, he cannot help but leap to his feet, put his hand over his heart, and invade the crap out of Belgium.

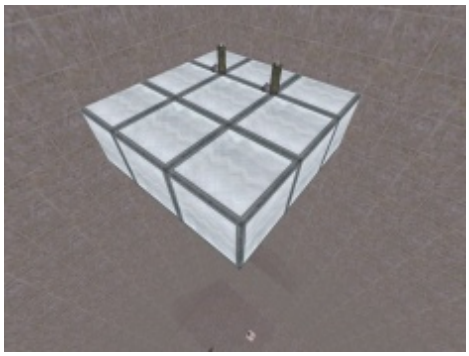
The German flag - yellow for happiness and prosperity, red for the fiery pride that swells within every German heart, black for filler.

There you have it - everything you need to know to survive in the event that Oktoberfest sucks you into its gaping maw. You may at some point actually have to converse with a German person. If you have studied this page well, it should save you from uttering such faux pas as "Go back to Germania, German person" that would undoubtedly result in nothing but dirty looks and your house being sacked. I wish you the best of luck, and I'd also like to point out that I got through an entire article about Germans without so much as one mention of Hitler.

Damn.

It starts with "C" and rhymes with "Blanky"

Over the course of a week, anyone would get tired of normal, well-adjusted Steves. That's when you need a dose of the lovable vitamin called Cranky Steve! Specifically, you need the work of his henchmen Jed, Mista T, and Psychosis. Each of them has a whole boatload of cranky, and they've set a course for three soul-crushing maps. You make with the reading, they'll make with the smug sense of self-satisfaction.



Killbox
Hooray, we're in an enormous packing crate roughly the size of North Carolina! Wow, there are random weapons strewn everywhere! Yay, the elevators move at approximately 0.1 miles per hour! This is an incredible world of excitement matched only by that of watching my TRS-80 draw sine waves!

The Sky May Be
I feel that I should also mention that this wad takes ten billion steps to install, and isn't an easy "open ZIP and extract" procedure. I also didn't play with the DeHacked patch that was included, for fear that the full horror of the map would be awakened (and plus ZDoom wouldn't run it. What? I'm not gonna reinstall Doom just to play this hunk of shit!).

2FortSniperThe bases themselves have an unusual layout, since getting to the flag requires you to navigate through approximately 16 miles of tiny, cramped hallways, next to enemy hwguys and sentry guns that will be blasting you with machine gun rounds. So, until you figure out the secret code that lets you select the hidden "700 pound cyborg made entirely of kevlar" class, you don't have much of a chance of even seeing the enemy flag.

There's plenty of raw hatred to be had, so check out the Haunted Whorehouse and get to it! If you've got an amazingly bad map you think merits a review, send it on over so the intrepid Whorehouse team can do their thing. Be warned, though, they may not praise it to highly. That's just not their style.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

10.27 The Grass is Always Greener in Japan

Monday, Oct 28, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There is a trend that I have been noticing with increasing frequency over the past five years. Maybe I am the only person who has noticed this, maybe I'm the only person who cares, but that doesn't mean I'm not about to waste your time with my canny observations. What it basically amounts to is that I have noticed a huge surge in the number of "Japanophiles" or "Gotunko" or something like that out there. It goes even further than that though, not only are there a lot of people who are enjoying things in Japan, they actually think what comes out of Japan and the rest of Asia is significantly better than what is being produced in America. This wouldn't be so bothersome if it were limited to one thing like "animation" or "Hentai games", but these people tend to behave as if anything shit out by the East is ten times better than its Western counterpart.

To help convince those of you who might be on the fence about this NOT to succumb to blind obsession with all things Asian, I have compiled a list of six American items and their closest Asian equivalent. Rather than judge which of these is better myself, I will simply compare features about each and let you make the call.

The Ring

- Americanized version of Japanese movie turned into a movie.
- The plot centers on a video that causes people to die because of a ghost.
- Creepy special effects.

Ringu

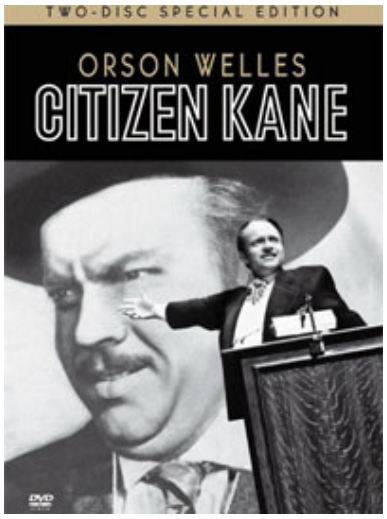
- Japanized version of an urban legend turned into a movie.
- The plot centers on a video that causes people to die because of a ghost.
- Creepy special effects.

The Lion King

- A family friendly movie about a lion cub who inherits the legacy of his father and must do battle with an evil lion and his hyena henchmen.
- Some parts may be slightly frightening to children.
- Spawned a number of horrible erotic furry web sites on the Internet.

Ortomika: Son of King Rape Beast

- An adults only movie about the offspring of a rape monster who is summoned to earth by the fluids of sexually aroused teenage girls and who must do battle with a number of submissive school girls in an effort to return to the demon realm.
- Some parts may cause permanent mental trauma to children.
- Spawned five sequels and three interactive rape simulations.



Citizen Kane

- Considered by many to be the greatest film of all time, this epic social commentary piece was based loosely on the life of William Randolph Hearst.
- Was nearly destroyed and kept from circulation by a power-mad media mogul.
- Directed by Orson Welles, who went on to a mostly lackluster career that ended with a tragic collapse into alcoholism.

Citizen Happy Shine Go Party

- Completely unknown to mainstream society outside of Japan, this film was pieced together from footage shot during the movie "Basket of Baby" that has been inter-spliced with scenes of a nude woman rolling in a cake while surrounded by a shrieking audience and festive balloons.
- Is often destroyed to keep it out of circulation by viewers.
- Directed by Himo Atama, who went on to film seven sequels and four spin-offs including an animated series entitled "Balloon Mistake" that currently airs on Japanese network television. There are also three manga titles base off of Citizen Happy Shine Go Party.

The Sopranos

- Gritty cable drama about a mob boss and his family.
- Has won numerous Emmy awards and is considered one of the best shows on Television.
- Has been released on DVD in three multi-volume boxed collections.

Muggaki/Muggeki! (Hello/Surprise!)

- Game show in which contestant's homes are broken into by the host and crew and the inhabitants are forced to answer a series of increasingly difficult questions. For each question answered incorrectly a fish is forced into their underwear. If a fish falls out then they lose the game and have to sit in an aquarium full of custard and live eels.
- Episode in which contestant was forced to bite the face off of a mouse caused McDonalds to withdraw sponsorship under pressure from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
- Has been released as a home game that includes a lock pick device and freeze dried fish.

Chicago Style Pizza

- Thick crust deep dish pizza that was first popularized in Chicago.
- Sometimes available in a stuffed form somewhat similar to calzone.
- Toppings vary but include mushrooms, pepperoni, sausage, garlic, spinach, onions, and many more.

Okinawa Style Pizza

- Wafer crust pizza composed of salt-pressed algae that originated in Okinawa.
- Sometimes available in a liquid form somewhat similar to a bowl of chunky hog semen.
- Toppings vary but include beetles, small snakes, jellyfish, human hair, rocks believed to aid digestion, cloacae effluvium from shrimp, and many more.

Halo

- Story-driven and violent first person shooter in which you take on the role of "Master Chief" a gun-toting cybernetic bad ass fighting to save humanity.
- Features incredible graphics and an impressive physics engine.
- Sequel already in development.

Combat Rapist

- Story-driven and violent 3D fighting game in which you take on the role of one of 16 different women who must battle their way through a tournament ladder in an effort to literally rape your competitors.
- Features twenty-five unbelievable sound effects devoted to inserting objects into orifices and an impressive breast-sway engine.
- Ten sequels already released with eight currently in development.

In my opinion the nerd-drooling over all things Asian is a sign of a youth disaffected with today's American media. They yearn for something different and are turning to the unrelenting spew aperture of Japan, ignoring things like "story" or "good taste" in favor of those crazy letters the Japanese use and the high-pitched voices of the women featured in their movies and games. Back in my day when kids became dissatisfied with their culture's offerings they shot up schools or went on killing sprees with unrelated adult men claiming to be their father.

Oh, wait, my bad!

Centralized Comedy

You might have noticed that we have some banner ads running for the new Season of South Park. In an effort to keep Something Awful free and fun we have teamed up with Comedy Central on their ad campaign for the upcoming South Park season. We hope to work with them again in the future so please, click the banners when you see them in the next couple of weeks or head on over to their site and take a look at what's happening with Trey Parker and Matt Stone's only show since "That's My Bush" was "tragically" cancelled. South Park is a funtastic show so click on those banners and find out when the butterfly in the sky will be beaming an all new episode to you!

AWFull House!

That sassy wop Ben "Greased 9mm" Platt has subjected himself to one of the best movies ever made featuring Uncle Jessie from Full House. That's right, John "I should pay my wife for marketing my last name" Stamos stars in the blockbuster secret agent thriller "Never Too Young To Die" and Benji "The Hunted" Platt is reviewing it just for you! Did anyone order a side of Gene Simmons crossdressing?!

> *Since it was such a big hit the last time, Lance rides around to the other side of the building on his bike again. He enters Ragnar's dressing room under the guise of a fan looking for an autograph. While he's inside, Pyramid puts a small bomb on his bike. Ragnar comes on to Lance, which caused the shards of my Disturb-O-Meter to explode again, taking off the better half of my face. Lance places some more spy gum inside the dressing room, but this time it's surveillance gum. Ragnar's no fool, though. He knows surveillance gum when he sees it, and he flushes it down the toilet as soon as Lance leaves. Outside, a conveniently placed drunk tries to start Lance's bike and is blown up.*

If that doesn't sound madcap enough for you I suggest you check your madcap sensors because they are obviously malfunctioning! Remember, reading this article saves you the trouble of watching this movie, so why don't you do yourself a favor? I know I did!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.28 Subtracts Those Ads!

Monday, Oct 28, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I'll be the first to admit that I know nothing about the advertising industry. I probably know so little that after you finish reading this article, you will actually be exponentially more ignorant, possibly to the point where you forget how to walk and breathe at the same time. However, since reading any article on this site easily produces the same effect, I don't think you should worry. The advertising industry has always boggled my mind, as I simply can't grasp the thought process that fuels the campaigns spit into popular media hour after hour. Maybe their executives and idea men are on a level of existence so high above me that trying to determine the motivation behind their actions would be like any of us trying to figure out why God created France. We're constantly subjected to ads which feature people from another galaxy acting in a way none of us would ever act, doing things none of us would ever do, and purchasing objects which none of us would ever purchase. SUVs drive up Mount Everest at 80 miles an hour, teenagers perform "extreme fishing" exercises on top of a bull that's on a kayak tied to a parachute, and women between the ages of 18 and 40 take prescription medication that allows them to gallop through fields of wheat and flowers.

Unfortunately, this is only the tip of the iceberg. The world of advertising gets much spookier when we venture into an area only trained experts dare to explore: the world of product mascots. These trained creatures are often raised from birth to simply pitch whatever product their parent company hands them, knowing nothing about the world outside their sterile genetic manipulation laboratory. As a result, most mascots go crazy after a short period of time and have to be destroyed by government death-squad experts. Ever wonder what happened to Spuds MacKenzie, the Budweiser marketing dog, or Bud Man, the Budweiser marketing dope? They're currently making up the vitamin-enriched chemicals that help the flowers grow in scenic Russel Park, Maryland! Remember the plucky "Where's the Beef?" women from Wendy's in the 1980's? I hope you don't for your sake, because if you do you'll have a pretty good idea regarding where the beef from Wendy's franchises comes from.

Now I don't want you to get the wrong idea; not all mascots grow to be evil, horrifying mutants who seek to end all life on Earth as we know it. Some of them are simply born and bred this way. In today's Article of Stupendous Seriousness (ASS), we will examine three of the more frightening and horrifying product pitchmen to ever be spawned from a vat of neon green sludge that pulsates and makes breathing noises when your back is towards it.

HORRIFYING MASCOT #1: Booberry
DESCRIPTION: Booberry is what appears to be a drunk, stoned blue ghost who is vaguely interested in consuming the crusty, ancient cereal created by General Mills in his name. Despite being a ghost and taking an ectoplasmic form, Booberry is still able to wear a horribly tacky orange and red derby from 1920, as well as a bright red bowtie. What physics prevent Booberry's hat from falling right through him? How was he able to staple that bowtie to his blobby wad of neck? Occasionally Booberry displays his ability to move basic objects such as spoons and spoons containing his wretched, cursed breakfast product, so we can merely guess how powerful he can truly become when he's backed into a corner or is attacked by bats infected with AIDS.
HISTORY: Our researches have determined that Booberry is the ghost of Frank Buerins, a New York playwright born in 1878. Buerins wrote numerous plays from 1912 through 1914, but none

of them met with any success whatsoever. In fact, all his plays were critical flops; during one performance of his romantic comedy "Wacky Work Wench," the theater burned down and killed 13 people, nine of them being wenches of some sort. Buerins soon found himself down and out, owing thousands of dollars and unable to find a steady job. During the summer of 1915, he met with The Devil (c) and agreed to sell his soul in exchange for a series of successful plays. This resulted in a string of blockbuster hits for Buerins, ranging from the mystery "Who Killed the Rich Guy In the Kitchen When All the Other Guests Were in the Other Room and Then the Lights Went Out?" to "Who Killed the Rich Guy In the Kitchen When All the Other Guests Were in the Other Room and Then the Lights Went Out 2: Revenge of the Butler Who Killed the Rich Guy in the Previous Play."

Buerins died of scurvy in 1920 and his soul was immediately turned over to the Prince of Darkness. When Satan realized that the soul of Frank Buerins was very annoying and had a tendency to break things, he sold the rights of the soul to General Mills in 1973 in exchange for $100 and three minor league players to be named later. Many analysts believe ol' Scratch was the winner in this trade, as General Mills has had to put up with Booberry's notorious tirades and radical anti-government protests for years.

HORRIFYING MASCOT #2: Grimace
DESCRIPTION: While most gumdrop-shaped 500-pounds of purple mess inhabit industrial landfills, Grimace is somehow able to walk around, speak, wave his tiny arms, and interact with various other McDonalds spokespeople. Grimace enjoys promoting McDonalds milkshakes, hamburgers, and that McRib sandwich that is made out of horse faces.
HISTORY: Nobody knows the mysterious story behind Grimace, and leading scholars are unable to even determine when he was born. Based off limited evidence, we believe that Grimace is a by-product of McDonalds chemical engineering during their infamous 1972 experiment "PROJECT ANTI-TESTES." Although Grimace was tossed aside during the experiment (as scientists expected him to die with the others), he was somehow able to overcome the odds and survive. A laboratory worker spotted the fleshy, throbbing mass of purple in the corner and reported it to Dr. Allen Burglar, whose son "Ham" later broke away from the family and led a life of crime. Grimace was given his name in 1974 when laboratory technicians noticed that whenever anybody approached to feed him, they would begin grimacing in pain from the horrible, horrible odor he emitted from the oozing pores covering his body. This odor was described as smelling like "a fish used to clean the toilet for the past nine months," and is attributed to the theory that Grimace eliminates his bodily waste through the his skin pores, as he lacks a functional anus. Oh he has an anus, you can trust us on this one, but it's not functional.

Grimace has been trained through classic Pavlovian behavioral patterns to respond positively to milkshakes and desire them at every chance. This has resulted in a number of negative experiences, most notably "The Houston Horror" which occurred in 1987, when Grimace flew into a fit of rage after being refused service in a Houston McDonalds which only served white people. Three people were hospitalized and are still under doctor supervision, as Grimace somehow began flinging infected droplets of his skin waste throughout the restaurant during his rampage, causing a rare form of blood poisoning known in the medical community as "Holy Shit, You're Gonna Die, Dude."

HORRIFYING MASCOT #3: The Michelin Man
DESCRIPTION: Composed of stacked, bleached white tires, the Michelin Man is a behemoth of the advertising industry. His feats of incredible strength are matched by none, and his legendary tales make Sylvester Stallone look like Pee Wee Herman. Those who have crossed The Michelin Man and attempted to defraud or defile his name have often been reported missing shortly afterwards. The authorities are looking for any help regarding the missing persons case of Alex Banjodark, who

has apparently been missing most of his upper body and head since in 1998.

HISTORY: The Michelin Man was created in 1898 by a crazed German hermit named Berthold Heinz-Dieter who lived in a junkyard. Berthold could not stand to touch another human's skin, so he lurked in his junkyard every day, creating crude robots fashioned from chunks of metal and mud. One day an unannounced tire truck dumped off a load of used tires into his lot, falling upon the metal framework for a robot he had previously created to smash in the windows of his neighbor's house. A chemical reaction soon took place and, energized by a strike of lightning, this robot literally "came to life" and immediately "murdered" Berthold. Unleashed upon the public, the deadly robot roamed the wilderness and survived by murdering rabbits, bears, trees, lions, hats, mountains, and other stuff that lives in Germany's woods. He was captured during the US defeat of German forces at Ruhr Valley on April 1st, 1945, and treated as a prisoner of war.

Eventually he befriended a kind-hearted American named Colonel Henry "Sharkface" Sam, whom he persuaded to bring him to the United States. Upon reaching Camp Beauregard, the German killing machine immediately murdered Colonel Henry and his wife and children. Michelin Tires Inc. captured this marauding menace and, through a rigorous series of training events, taught him to refrain from immediately murdering people. They dubbed him "The Michelin Man" and promoted him as "the most trustworthy lump of talking tires that will mostly certainly never immediately murder you." While many trained actors donned the Michelin Man costume and attended various store openings and other promotional events, the true Michelin Man was kept inside Michelin's maximum security prison until 2001, when their leading engineer claimed the Michelin Man was "safe enough" to be released. As soon as he was exposed to the outside world, the Michelin Man immediately murdered the twelve guards escorting him and eventually embarked on a state-wide raping spree in which he violated 48 females, 23 males, nine post office boxes, and a majority of the animals and instruments at a pork factory.

While there are many other nefarious mascots of the advertising industry, such as Mr. Bubble, the Noid, and the Snuggle Bear, we feel the aforementioned three character pose the greatest danger to we, the members of the public. If you encounter one of these mascots, DO NOT attempt to approach them at any cost! They may try to lure you into a van with the promise of a shiny nickel or an evening of rape, but do not fall for their tricks! We hope that our ASS has proved to you today that the advertising industry has a dangerous, insidious side to it, and this side includes a dead guy wearing a hat, a purple secreting wad of disgust, and a humanoid composed of tires and death. And hey, even if it didn't, you can always tell people that you saw our ASS today.

Gushing Forth from the Goldmine

It's another week and with the new week comes new images of despair and wasted lives that the goons of the Something Awful Forums have created for your indolent, wretched enjoyment. This week's theme is "Merging Famous Art with TV, Movies, and Anime," and it is fairly entertaining, although not overly so such that you would spend countless hours sifting through the subtle nuances of its imagery.

So anyway, go look at it and stuff, ok? I am asking nicely because I want this transaction to go as smoothly and as painlessly as possible.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

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10.29 The New Age of Sandwich Warfare

Wednesday, Oct 30, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Early footage of the hoagie baton being tested on human subjects.

After decades of secrecy, the United States Military finally lifted the veil of silence on ones of its most critical and costly covert projects. As quietly and effeminately as a mime, they let slip the news that they're developing a sandwich capable of lasting up to three years. Obviously, this super sandwich stands to usher in a new era of sandwich technology. Traditional sandwiches are made to last only a short time, from a few hours to a few days, but usually never longer than a week. No one knows exactly why sandwiches don't last long, but most people typically agree that it has something to do with either black magic or mold and spoiled condiments. In reality, we'll never know, because it's not a question worth answering or giving a damn about. Unless you're the military, in which case it's your prime concern. I'm pretty sure we've got a few wars going on or in the works, so developing sandwiches that last a good chunk of the average soldier's service career probably isn't something we should be concerning ourselves with.

So why then spend what I estimate to be trillions of dollars developing these sandwiches that offer no real tactical supremacy? There is a limit to how many sandwiches a soldier can carry, and surely not enough to last them three years. Why would a soldier even be cut off from the supply line for that long anyway? I wondered what the real story was – the story behind the sandwich – because the government was obviously not clueing us in on the actual reasons for this Black Sandwich Project. If I've learned one thing in life, it's that chess is never an easy game to play when a large duck occupies the center of the chessboard. But more importantly, I've learned that if the goal of your organization is to protect this nation, you do that instead of working on food that doesn't rot. That's when I realized I wasn't looking the bigger picture. Like that famous painting of dogs playing poker or the lesser-known painting of dogs getting it on, the bigger picture creates more questions than answers. The nearly immortal sandwich must just be the beginning. Once perfected, there is a long line of offensive and defensive sandwich options for the military to pursue. For you see, being diehard works on multiple levels. First, it means you have difficulty dying, which is the main attribute of the three-year sandwich. Second, it means you kick ass and take names. Finally, it means that nobody dares even try to take the Nakatomi Plaza hostage. Thusly, there is another side to this sandwich-shaped and edible coin: the side that stands for killing like a crazy person.

What I'm about to tell you is probably classified, but I'm a reporter and I'm sworn by blood oath to give you the facts as soon as I imagine them. I present, for your eyes only, the grim future of sandwich warfare.

- **Tactical Hoagie Baton**
  While people tend to think that soldiers are trained only in ranged combat, nothing could be further from the truth. Soldiers must also be able to defend themselves and eliminate threats without the aid of ranged weapons. In melee circumstances, the tactical hoagie baton will provide a sturdy and enticing weapon low in calories and high in ass whipping. Utilizing toppings designed to pacify attackers, such as tear-inducing onions, the tactical hoagie baton will serve as a guardian angel in a sea of violence.
- **Bombwich**

These deadly and delicious bombs would be served to enemy leaders and soldiers just before wartime. However, due to massive bowel explosions, they'll never live to see that time. Because these sandwiches can be made in tiny sizes with those little toothpicks in them, they're easy to transport across borders and security checkpoints. When detonated, they send jagged condiment shrapnel flying in every direction, causing massive internal bleeding and organ failure. You will believe a man can die of a taste explosion.

- **Vomitwich**

The Vomitwich is aimed at neutralizing hostile forces by making them violently ill. As you can imagine, it has a wide range of uses outside of the military sector, including crime prevention. By simply serving your attacker a Vomitwich, they'll be rendered sick and unable to continue wronging you. Stores, homes, and individuals will be able to empower themselves because criminals are mentally incapable of turning down free sandwiches.

You better watch what you eat, because it's watching you!

- **Smartwich**

The Smartwich is the ultimate in cutting edge technology. Once consumed, the Smartwich generates strategic intestinal maps, including potential trouble areas and ports of entry. It will also tag targets for long-range missile attacks. The only challenge is convincing somebody to eat a sandwich made mostly of metal, wires, and cameras. Let's hope lunchmeat camouflage improves as well.

- **Invisowich**

The problem with most modern sandwiches is that they can be easily detected by radar. The Invisowich is made of special angled bread that evades radar detection. With immunity to radar, the Invisowich can be readily dispatched to combat areas without fear of surface-to-air or air-to-air attacks.

- **Quicksandwich**

The Quicksandwich may sound wholesome or even convenient, but it's actually far more deadly. Being the first sandwich to ever use dark matter as a condiment, the Quicksandwich causes time and space to implode, creating small black holes. Anyone who dares eat the Quicksandwich will turn into a human Charybdis of death and vacuum cleaner fury. Ultimately, the Quicksandwich may just prove to be the most deadly weapon ever conceived by man. In fact, many will speculate that it will be the creation of the Quicksandwich that will bring about world peace, for no nation would dare risk using such a destructive weapon. Even more frightening is the prospect that an unsuspecting and innocent victim might one day wrongly consume the Quicksandwich. The only blunder more terrifying that I can think of is if you were on a winning football team and you went to pour a cooler full of Gatorade over your coach in celebration, only you got confused and poured the Ark of the Covenant over him instead and those scary wraiths inside it melted his flesh off. I think that's exactly why you never see the Ark of the Covenant at sporting events. Even the Ark of the Covenant can't compete with the Quicksandwich, because it doesn't discrimate against people who close their eyes and hope for the best.

The coming age of sandwich warfare promises a lot for the world, particularly for those of us with a taste for destruction. The current methodologies of war are antiquated and often uneventful, but with a little bread, some meat, and some condiments, things will change for the better. The three-year sandwich is only the beginning; soon all nations will be packing a deadly lunch. I hunger for such a future.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.30 Happy Satanic Day of You're Going to Hell and Will Die Without Jesus Day!

Thursday, Oct 31, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

There are a countless number of costumes you can wear for Halloween. For example, these two individuals are dressed like jackasses.

As gluttonous, buffet-ravaging hellbeast children across America know, today is Halloween, the scariest and spookiest holiday besides Presidential Election Day. While you read this, kids are lifting their dense, bloated folds of flesh into various Dragonball-Z costumes sewn together by Taiwanese children their same age. These children then parade relentlessly throughout suburban neighborhoods, begging for spare change and an offer to work for food. No wait, that's homeless people. Trick or Treating kids are much more demanding than the homeless, insisting you pay in advance for them to get loaded with chocolate, caramel, fudge, peanut butter, double chocolate, crispy rice, canola oil, yellow #5, methanol, Polyurethane, vinyl siding, or whatever other stuff is inside candy these days. If you don't give in to their ruthless demands, then the Russian police will shoot mystery gas into your home until you are dead. Once these juvenile delinquents are done extorting you for saturated fats, they will move on and pillage the house next to yours in a mafia-esque trail of horror. The only way you can possibly hope to escape from these marauding gangs of disguised bandits is to steal a Bible from a local motel, make thousands of copies from pages that you select at random (it can even be of the inside cover or the author's credits), and then launch into the following conversation when a doughy child crammed inside a Charmander costume bangs on your door:

> **FAT KID IN CHARMANDER COSTUME:** "Trick or treat!"
> **YOU:** *(Waving arms wildly)* "And sayeth the Lord Jesus Christ, 'thy wicked, thy sinners, thy defiles of mine mystic barge, begone! For this event shant not be celebrated by scurvy vermin, as it opposes our Lord, thy God upon Mount Holy Oats, and ye shall receive a penalty as harsh as thy soul upon the fiery rocks of hell itself!'"
> **FAT KID IN CHARMANDER COSTUME:** "Do you have any candy?"
> **YOU:** *(Spitting while talking)* "Do not celebrate this wicked holiday my child! For with every visit, you release a demon from Satan's Magic Grain Silo, a demon sent to capture your soul and use it in the upcoming unholy war! Repent or you shall be doomed! DOOMED! DOOMED!!!" *(Shove a copy of the random Bible page into their Halloween candy bag)*
> **FAT KID IN CHARMANDER COSTUME:** "This isn't candy! What the hell is this?"
> **YOU:** "It's me threatening to beat you to death with this chair leg unless you get the hell off my goddamn porch right now, you little shit."

Jesus is often the biggest threat to Trick Or Treaters across the globe, although I'm pretty sure they don't celebrate Halloween in places like the red menace China or the red menace Pakistan or the red menace Red Sea. However, while Jesus does a good job ruining Halloween for most kids, we adults who choose not to celebrate this silly holiday have an even bigger threat looming over our heads today: insane, possibly undead serial killers from Hell.

If you see somebody who looks like this guy, you should probably stay away from them, as they're either a crazed psycho killer or Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons, trying to hunt you down and talk about World War II to you.

Now before any of you out there claim I don't know what I'm writing about, let me clue you in on this little fact: I've seen a lot of movies. I mean, like a LOT of movies. What I'm trying to say here is that I know all kinds of stuff like facts and shit because I've seen so many movies. Sure, I can't remember most of their names or who starred in them or why you could clearly see the strings attached to the "flying" robot dinosaur cyborg alien mutant Congressman, but the important thing for you to keep in mind here is that I have a lot of experience in figuring out how the real world works thanks to film. The main lesson I've learned from such realistic movies as "Halloween" and "Halloween 2" is that there's a very good chance most all of us will die this (or every) Halloween. Today is the evil day when executed killers rise from their graves, nerds tortured in high school seek bloody revenge against their cruel tormentors, and various other somewhat displeasing events like tax audits occur. Many of you might not know what to do when cornered by an undead serial killer from hell, or even what one of these horrible monsters look like. This is because you are stupid. In a futile attempt to help prevent you from becoming dead this festive holiday, I will now present to you an exhaustive list of hints and tips to aid you in your escape from the inevitable army of possibly demonic killers just waiting to stab you for many, many, many perfectly valid reasons.

HOW TO NOT GET TURNED INTO A DEAD PERSON WHILE BEING PURSUED BY AN ENRAGED SERIAL KILLER FROM HELL THIS FESTIVE HALLOWEEN SEASON

- Make sure you are with a group of strong, reliable, trustworthy people who can look after your back and protect you. Then, once you see the mass murderer lunging after all of you with a machete the size of a small automobile, break up from this group and run in the opposite direction of them. The serial killers always head after the biggest group of people, so by going out into the woods alone at midnight and wearing nothing but a miniskirt and torn bra, you ensure a safe and uneventful flight to victory. Just to be sure that you're not being followed, I recommend turning around and shrieking every three seconds like a cat caught in an industrial turbine. This will not only scare away the killer, but it will also scare away any tree branches or ditches that attempt to place themselves in front of you so you might trip and fall.

A location such as this is generally not a good place to hide if you're being chased by a murderer from hell.

- If you find yourself trapped in any type of dwelling with a madman on the loose, make a beeline for the bathroom and hide in there. The undead (and killers in general) have an unspoken rule that does not permit them to kill anybody in the bathroom at all costs.

Just to be safe, you should twist the tiny and remarkably weak lock on the door while walking backwards into the nearest wall. Once your shoulders come into contact with this wall, you will be completely protected and you will never have to worry about the killer's arms coming out of the wall and grabbing you. Maniacs never do this because even though they have no regard for human life, they do appreciate excellent tilework and grouting.

- If you find some sort of blunt instrument and manage to strike your attacker with it, THIS INSTRUMENT MUST BE DROPPED AT ONCE! It cannot be used multiple times and, if attempted, will blink three times and disappear like in the hit arcade game "Double Dragon," which was based off John Wayne Gacy's life and relations with Abobo.

- Sick, twisted, disturbed, robotic killing machines often wear masks to disguise themselves, such as Jason's hockey mask, Michael Meyers blank white disguise, and Al Gore's human face mask. If you see anybody wearing any kind of mask or disguise this Halloween, call the Police on them as soon as possible. If the Police are not available or you forget how to use telephones, feel free to preemptively murder the suspect and then call it in whenever you get around to it. Most city officials recommend waiting no longer than one work week to report a murder, although if you murder two people on the same day, you can wait up to 10 days thanks to a new policy passed by John Ashcroft. This rule also applies to any non-Halloween days as well; if you see somebody wearing a mask, they're either out to murder you or ski on you to death, so you shouldn't hesitate to make them dead.

When possible, try not to get captured as you're being hunted down. This will impede your escape progress.

- Ever wonder the indentity of the murderer under the mask pursuing you with a relentless and unquenchable bloodlust? Unfortunately there is no way for me to figure out exactly who is trying to stab you in the face, but there is a way for you to determine who is definitely NOT chasing you. Think back to your highschool days and recall the most nerdy, goofy, awkward kid that you and your jock friends bullied around and tormented each and every year. It's most definitely NOT that guy because, hey, he was such a goddamn wuss in high school. I mean, it doesn't make sense.

- When fleeing on foot through the dense forest in the middle of the night, always head towards the weird, bright blue light that comes from nowhere and somehow causes the trees to cast shadows even though it's obviously past midnight. This blue light is "death repellant" and will frighten away serial killers like elderly Republicans fleeing from a rap concert.

- Serial killers are repelled by the smell of burning marijuana and sex. I mean, the marijuana is burning, not the sex, at least in the literal sense of the word. If you feel you are in danger of being killed, find the nearest member of the opposite sex and begin to have sexual intercourse with them while smoking out. If you are able to do this in

the middle of the blue light in the woods, there is almost no chance whatsoever that you will die. Ever. It's the secret to everlasting life.

- If worst comes to worst, feel free to call the police and report that an insane, possibly undead creature is trying to murder you. The Chief of Police, who by default answers your call, will automatically believe your story and send over his most competent and highly trained officer to protect you. This policeman will never leave his post guarding you, and will assuredly never hear a noise just around the corner, causing him to walk off and check it out. The United States Police Force has never once lost an officer to the "mysterious sound heard around the corner, causing the person to investigate it and then get murdered" cause of death, and is proud of the fact that out of 362,198 officers ever dispatched to protect somebody from a serial killer, over 362,100 of them are still in the original location the arrived to stand in.

I hope these tips help you have a very safe and happy Halloween. Although holidays are meant to be a fun and festive time, we must always remember that there are hidden dangers just waiting to ruin them for us if we're not careful, such as Jesus and Michael Meyers. Please be careful this season and if you encounter either Jesus or somebody else who has killed hundreds of thousands of people, please take the aforementioned precautions to stay alive so you may worry about dying again a year from now.

Happy Halloween! Here's Your Gift: Perverted Japanese Shit!

Zack "Beast Animator" Parsons has once again collected the finest gems and spices from his many travels across the Orient... and kept them for himself. But hey, he found some game called "Gloria" which is standard Japanese entertainment: rape, incest, pedophilia, all that stuff that makes Japan the world leader in, I don't know, drawing and animating nude children with eyeballs the size of watermelons.

Gloria is the first Hentai game I know of that is set entirely (or at all for that matter) in the United States. Not that it really seems like the United States, but at least that explains why there are a whole lot of blue-eyed blonde women running around. Take on the role of Kira (yes, that's a boy's name) the prospective tutor of one of five sisters who have been adopted by a bizarre Madam and taken on the last name of Gloria. There's the love-interest sister, the childish sister, the crazy sister, and all of the hits you've come to expect from the "fuck the whole family" sub-genre of Hentai games. In fact several of the plot points and scenes are so similar to those found in "Fatal Relations" that I would swear on a white box truck full of bibles that they are reusing some of the art in Gloria. Which is a good move because not just any kindergartener can be coerced into drawing art like you saw in that game, it takes at least a third grader and they tend to go union.

Wow, Zack's reviewed so many Hentai games that he actually sounds like he knows what he's talking about! Ah, just kidding about that, the only thing Zack knows is his way around every World War

II battlefield. Regardless, you should probably check out the review and determine what illegal sort of sexual activity you're missing out on by not playing "Gloria."

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 The State of the Emily Address

Friday, Nov 01, 2002 by Integral

This fat plushie guy is on the fast track to success. Where can I purchase this track?

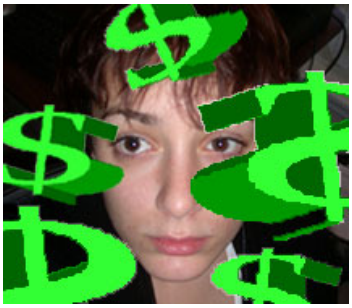
It has come to my attention recently that I am worthless. I base this worth not off of the fact that even if my physical body were melted down and refined and sold to the evil Jews that it would have a market worth equal to that of a Super Value Meal at Arby's but on the grounds that I have absolutely no practical skills that could be of any use to anyone in an employment situation, ever. No way. Unless perhaps someone forced me to do slave labor, but even then I would be a whiny and lazy slave and I'd probably get beaten a lot.

I am generally satisfied with my job as a shiftless reprobate. My main responsibilities include eating, sleeping, and losing in Warcraft 3 to amazing and awe-inspiring proportions. I write for the site and read a lot of books and play a lot of video games (poorly). Not necessarily a "bad" life, if you consider "not bad" to be sitting inside all day and watching vibrant life pass you by as you struggle to ban yet another insipid, greasy jerk from some internet forums. Sometimes I move my massive bulk over to the window so I can look at the ducks in the pond outside and laugh at them for having to move around. Stupid ducks. Don't they know that there's an internet?

what

But as good at these things as I may be, there is a distinct lack of people willing to pay me for this and a distinct lack of the "outside," including things like "sunlight" and "other people" and "AIDS." I wouldn't mind certain things from Outerlande like having friends, having muscle tone, having money... so I really need to figure out a way to do this and maintain the laziness and worthlessness that defines my shining character. Unfortunately, job people and friends don't just appear out of nowhere and offer me wondrous, freshly-baked breads. I have to make decisions and pursue them, two things that I am not very familiar with. I am also not familiar with many soaps but that makes for another article in and of itself.

I am not very good at making friends, I guess (I tend to be fairly abrasive, go figure), but friends would be convenient ways to pin blame for certain unexplained murders and I could eat their food when I didn't have food or when I was too lazy to find food. Ideally I could partake of this slovenly lifestyle and the doorbell would ring (ok, we don't have a doorbell but let's say we do for effect) constantly because people out of nowhere wanted to come over and be friends with me without any sort of effort or motivation on my part. Even better, the people I meet online would swim through cybarrlande, past the Furry Rape Island, and come over to play Legos or Construx. That takes care of the friend thing and I'd never have to go to bars or cemeteries or wherever it is that people meet each other after they get out of college in this crazy world. It also means that I wouldn't have to ingest whatever bleach-solution that enabled Rich to not care that the only new people we meet each week are the checkout girls at the grocery store when we are forced from our cave under threat of starvation.



My plan IN ACTION!

Money acquisitions would be simple enough in an ideal situation: the money would simply fly right out of the computer monitor and hit me in he head. That's right, I'd be typing along in my cybarrworlde and all of a sudden, WHOOOOSH!! This money would start flying out of that infernal machine and before I knew what was happening I would be up to my surgically-altered Spock-ears in gold doubloons. I would use this money to buy video games and perhaps food as well. If I had enough money I might purchase computer things and then more video games. In this way, my slovenly and disgusting lifestyle would be upheld in all of its leisurely glory with minimal effort on my part. Oh ideal world, if only you existed.

Dammit, I don't want this to sound like the rare but sad Zack "Chest-Editor" Parsons' whiny e/n updates (oh no! too late! BF1942 here I come!), so I'll just get to the point: my ideal world is obviously a big bunch of crap because I have to get off of my fat ass and do things for myself. Unfortunately, this all goes back to the problem of my not having mad phatt skillz, yo. I have a bachelor's degree in English and that's all, credential-wise. SInce college I have had absolutely no real-worls work experience, and I graduated from undergrad in May of 2001, so that's a solid yea rand a half of loafing. Part of my loafing problem is a lack of jobs, perhaps (yeah right), and I suppose that I should have listened to all of those people telling me to go into graphic design. I mean, there are jobs for those guys everywhere, right? And they are making a shitload. Heh.

My other problem is that I do not want to work somewhere "dumb," but nowhere "good" ever wants to pay me for things (because I can't really do anything). So, I suppose that what I really need to do is just get the skills that I do have out there so that if there are any prospective employers about that they might recognize my necessity on their pay role and their absolute requirement of my lethargy on their workforce.

Attention Employers!

I can do the following

- Read things
- Eat
- Lose at WC3
- Some other things

Hire me.

plz hire me lol

I hope that I get a response soon because I would like to have a job or whatever and I think that having a work ethic of any sort might be good, and things. Also good would be the fact that I might have a chance to get into The Outside which might be beneficial for me in terms of robbing people at knife point and throwing up on strangers' shoes. In the mean time, before I am full of most gainful employ, I suppose that I will just keep on truckin,' you know, like they say in that one band or whatever. Or maybe I'll take a nap. Or maybe I'll do something else.

Enjoy a Cranky Saturday

Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has been updated once again for your viewing (dis)pleasure, offering you the finest colored lighting endorsed products such as "Horror," a map based off its users reaction to playing it.

> *The horror begins with players spawning in a dimly lit room containing a machinegun and 5 "no smoking" signs. There's also a looping alarm sound playing in the background as if to say "Danger: this map sucks critical amounts of cock". I probably should've heeded this dire warning and quit Half-Life immediately but instead I chose to venture into the horrible nightmare world that is "the room below the first room". If my screenshot looks a little dark that's probably because this room requires monitor gamma levels suitable for performing x-rays. A closer inspection reveals that it is actually inhabited by a race of subterranean mole-people who have somehow mutated into prefab crates.*

Wow! Boy does that sound like one winner of a map to download! Be the first kid on the block to check it out!

-~Integral

11.2 Vacations Time With Fish Monster

Friday, Nov 01, 2002 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

Hello again friends and reader types of computer book "Something is Up", I am glad to making the acquaintance with you. Writer type Zack "Guide of Betters" Parsons is being gone towards this day and I am filling in for the times being. Now I am telling you how excited I was to be premiering my game softwares on "Something is Up" in the weeks of bygone days. This is excitement moment in industry of wrestling and also the industries of computers. It is fusion of talents for the educations and the betterments of the youths. I am also hoping that some fun is being had by you if you are attempting to be enjoying the game, if this is not to happen then okay, I am give try, which is 110% of all I have.

Hoo Boys! I am getting this picture all mixed up again!

I am often times make to receive letters from fan-types and friendly readers who are giving the inquiries about my pasts and presents. It is a busy workaday world for Yours Truly so I am not taking time and again to answer all of these letters, but I am answering the ones today. You see there is one type of letter that is coming up at all times in the computer post office and it is saying "El Pinto Grande, you are so great a wrestler that the sands of the hours glass have never seen before. I am in the awe of your skills in the squares circle, but why are you speaking the English not so good?" So I am answer letter now, here is the letter I am made to get in the crazy computer laser post office.

> *Dear El Pinto Grande,*
> *You are handsome and proud in the tradition of many of the best Mexican luchadors and I look forward to each of your articles. As a child of Hispanic ancestry I often look to your articles for inspiration, you could almost say that I deify you. I know you are a very busy man, but please, allow me to indulge my curiosity and make a small inquiry. Why is it, my good man, that your grammar is so deplorable?*
> *Best of luck,*
> *Juanita Gonzalez (Age 8)*

I thank you very much for your kind words of soulful remembrances Juanita. Many fan types are made to think my grammar is so terrible because I speak English wrong, but this is only half true, I also am bad speaker of Spanish, and this is El Pinto charm. Vea, mi español está en triste apenas como mi charla americana. This not just how El Pinto write, also how El Pinto talk. So if you are given to concern over the state of affairs in the grammar departments of Yours Truly I am just saying now to "relax Juanita and do not have the cow." I am recently going to the vacations. No one on earth besides maybe Mexican dancing woman who is making with the gyrations for the American business man in Tijuana deserve vacation time more than Yours Truly. I send paper to boss wrestler saying "I request vacation time" about four years ago, and I finally get back that I can take two day off from wrestling. This is being the good thing because I am starting to get burned out on all the scheme of fellow wrestler. Long time fan and many reader know that last month I have to dress up like gorilla to sneak in and beat wrestler, therefore making help to friend and fellow type wrestler Sombrero Largo. After release from zoo and celebrate time of Sombrero Largo's victory and ownership of title belt, I sleep off some of the wilds celebrations and go into the works for practices the next day.

That when I get paper saying "two days for the most incredible of wrestling sensations El Pinto

Grande to take and recover for next fight time". I have fill of going to the zoos with the families and going to the dancing places with the friend type Sombrero Largo so I am giving to decide I spend my time away from rectangular circle with my loving like family on the outings. I drive through country to little-known hideaway where I can spend some "us" time with family. Being international star type mean also I am big celebrity and get wild cheers from villages I drive through on way to hideaway. Fan show how much they love me by kicking side of car and throwing rocks and bottle of tequila filled with car-go water that lights up and make car burn. I smile and wave and make fan cheer even more and kick even harder and throw even more burn bottles.

This is uncanniest likeness I am findy of the Theodore on goggles dot come computer books.

When wife Malita and El Pinto Grande and Large Son go to hideaway we enjoy much special talk and special activity. I teach son how to do shots of the harder drinks only in toddler types cup that no make spills unless you tip all the way upside down like vertical suplex and I laugh when he is saying "hot" in that crazy voice of his, even though wife not getting joke.

Once world in happy haze and Yours Truly is made to feel very apart from my body, I go walk along lake with wife and son. Many fond type memories come to head while walking on lake. I remember how father used to bring me there to fish and we catch many fish with arms. Fish have arms because American Plastics Ltd. is having waste storage place that sometime seep into lake. I am not being not overly fond of smell, but fish okay as long as you know how to punch them or put them in submission hold so they tap out and climb into frying pan.

After walk I think to share such memory with Large Son so I am going to take him back to lake with things that fisherman use for fish catching. We make catch of several fighters that give much trouble, because they get much bigger since I was last make catch of fish at lake. Now fish weigh as much as insect theme wrestler The Bug Kahuna, who like tower of flesh but not all muscle, and we have to try and argue with fish until it get into our catch bucket. Finally fish which so big and unfishlike it have name of Theodore agree, but catch bucket too small and it look like legless scaly man on toilet sitting with just bottom part in catch bucket. Other fish we make catch of not so agreeable as Theodore, they punch and slap with big arms and try and take son to bottom of lake where they most likely have underwater skillet where they fry up people. I very scared when we return to hideaway that I almost cry.

I make son type promise never to speak of what transpire at lake, also make swear of Theodore, who turn out to be not bad guy at all as far as yours truly concerned. I bring him to hideaway and wife scream and fall over in sudden sleep. I invited Theodore to dinner and we talk about good old days when fish were fish and men were men and never did the two interbreed in soup of chemicals creating horrid half man/half fish that not sterile but actual reproduce and evolve ability to speak. I not understand many concept this Theodore lay out for me, but he understand wrestle very well and say he have secret hope of becoming wrestler. I suggest he come back with me and join forces with yours truly and Sombrero Largo to have threesomes of best wrestlers.

I not get into what happen with Theodore named fish when we return. Wife not very happy about way he smell in car ride home, but wife is good and not take unhappy words to the point that she is make Yours Truly get to the hurting.

A Delicious Photoshop Phriday

Hello, Livestock here to let you cats know that there is a hip new Photoshop Phriday up and ready to be consumed. This week the Forum Goons turned famous books and movies into breakfast cereals. The results were both educational and amusing, so you really can't lose. Here is a sneak peak:

Start your day right with a healthy helping of a Photoshop Phriday!

-~El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

11.3 He Made Me Write This

Sunday, Nov 03, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

It's finally November, the month in which everyone finally lets loose and Novembs. It's sort of amazing to think back and realize that last November, we were all still in shock from 9/11. Well, not all of us. Something Awful was cracking wise about the idiots behind 9/11 while the rubble was still smoking, because that's the kind of up-to-date, cutting edge humor we deliver. We may not always be funny, but damnit, we're topical! Alright, I guess we're not topical, either, but I needed an intro for this piece, and all I could think of was some shoddy attempt at a post-9/11 American pride gag. Don't like it? Go to hell and choke on a baby when you're there. I should mention that I was hypnotized earlier today, and I'm in a mental state altogether new to me. I believe it's known as "murderous rage." I'm joking, of course. It's really more of a murderous ambivalence. Anyhoo, you may be wondering how I, a suave, well-to-do man about town, came to be hypnotized. Well, that's a funny story. Alright, it's not funny, but it is topical. Well, no, it's not that either.

A hypnotist turns this man into a chicken. Obviously, he's a sucky hypnotist.

I caught a hypnotist act last night. Now, this wasn't just any run-of-the-mill, dime-a-dozen, gun-toting, hyphenated-description hypnotist. We're talking about Dan LaRosa, the World's Funniest Hypnotist, here. I suppose that doesn't say much for hypnotists, as he wasn't so much funny as he was fat. However, the people he had onstage made with the humor in the spadiest of spades, so that was a plus. Now, I'm like most of you when it comes to hypnosis and mind control and all the other subtle methods I'm using to build a gigantic zombie army through my writing - I mean, all that other psychobabble hooey that no one in their right mind would ever use to build a gigantic zombie army through my writing. Yeah, that's the ticket.

This man will not only hypnotize you with his little crystal ball, he will also eat your family.

As I was saying, I was pretty dubious of Dan's mental powers. I mean, I've seen my share of movies, and people who employ complex mind control are always tall, debonair individuals with thin mustaches and pointy beards. Dan, on the other hand, was more of the fat, Hawaiian shirt-wearing type - the sort of person I'd go to with my voodoo needs, but not the sort of person I want mucking with my brain chemistry (unless he did it through voodoo). After the obligatory introductory song about knowing what I'm thinking, or being blinded by my science, or my rock lobster, or whatever by some nameless coked-up Eighties band, Dan made his big entrance. That's when the show really got started. You know, because the hypnotist was onstage. It makes sense, when you think about it. I'm not the most gullible person on the block, but within twenty minutes even I, Ben "Greasnin" Platt, the man whom many once called Nobelievey Mcdoesn'tbelieve, was a believer.

Maybe it was the remarkable rapport that Dan struck up immediately with the volunteers. Maybe it was the way he made them freeze in horrible, ungodly poses for upwards of ten minutes at a time. Maybe it was when he made my goddamn hands lock together while I was still in the audience. Whatever it was, Dan convinced

me that he had otherworldly powers and that resisting him would only result in my being forced to beat myself to a bloody, yet still *very* attractive pulp. His hypnotic powers were far beyond the scope of anything I had encountered previously. What's more, he proved himself able to deflect my optic blasts. Clearly, I had no choice but to attend his workshop the next day.

And so it came pass that I hauled myself out of bed at the crack of some ungodly hour, possibly ten (although I think my clock might have been hypnotized to display that), and made my way to Dan's seminar. I was the first person there, adding weight to my growing suspicion that he had singled me out for his diabolical purposes. About twenty people showed up roughly thirty seconds later, but they could have been his minions trying to give the illusion that I was in good company. Dan spoke for an hour and a half about his background, which wore down my mental defenses. Specifically, it wore down my defenses against really boring background stories. I wasn't interested in what made him a supervillain, I wanted to gauge his power, find his weakness, and stop him before he forced an unstoppable legion of hypnosoldiers to rob banks and make him ribs. At last he agreed to share a sample of his power with us. Using nothing but his voice and his collection of new age hippie CDs, he put us all into a deep trance. For those of you who are wondering what a trance is like, it is akin to the most horrible, flesh-searing, eye-chopping, pube-pulling torture that Hell could possibly unleash upon the worst of sinners. Wait, that's watching "Mr. Ice Cream Man." Ha! Sometimes I get confused. And sometimes I really have to reach for jokes.

The point is, while the trance rocked pretty hard, it left me totally vulnerable. I could neither open my eyes nor speak. Movement was possible, but only to fix the raging wedgie I gave myself when I slid down in my seat like an amoeba that was also in a trance. Dan kept telling us to focus on our breathing and I helplessly obeyed. That's when his true evil became apparent to me; my own precious breathing was steady and deep, the peaceful inhalation and equally peaceful exhalation of the blessed comatose. However, the guy next to me was breathing irregularly, and loudly to boot. Then it hit me: all over the room, people were breathing as they saw fit. I was surrounded by a veritable orgy of unchecked breathing. Sure there were a few who kept in synch with me, most likely neonates in Dan's malevolent organization who have not yet learned to handle his hypnotic mind beams, but the message was clear as day: I was the only sane person in the room and Dan was flaunting his advantage in my face. I was completely at the mercy of his mind-bending ways, and even if I managed to break free of his control, I was surrounded by people who were undoubtedly willing to lay down their lives to obey him. Oh sure, he was talking sweet enough, but I knew the danger I was in. That's why I decided to play it cool and ride out whatever was coming to me. Plus, I was in a goddamn trance, so it wasn't like I was about to go anywhere.

He continued to prattle on about "relaxation" and "stress reduction," code for God knows what - possibly a child pornography ring, I don't know - confident in the strength of his position. Finally, he broke the spell, lifting me out of the trance and back into the driver's seat of the Buick LeSabre that is my mind. The whole ordeal was over in about three minutes... or was it? A glance at my watch revealed the truth - **I'd been under Dan's power for nearly half an hour.** There's no telling what fiendish acts I may now commit based upon post-hypnotic suggestion that he may or may not have planted in my tender brain. I have no urge to kill any foreign dignitaries. At least, I have no urge to kill any foreign dignitaries that I wasn't already plotting against. The terrible truth may yet reveal itself. I can tell you this much: whatever his diabolical scheme may be, Dan LaRosa's hypnotic abilities are genuine. If you still don't believe me, go see him for yourself. Hey, maybe I'm wrong and he's harmless. After all, I do feel fine. Then again, this article was basically one long deranged adver-

If you stare at this box for long enough, you will be hypnotized because you are an idiot. It's a freaking box, folks! Come on!

tisement for his shows. Sort of strange, considering I intended to write about the impact of 9-11 upon American culture and cuisine. Or maybe I just couldn't come up with anything funny to say about nuggets.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

11.4 The UN Inside Our Head

Monday, Nov 04, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The UN is on everybody's mind... and for good reason!

As Zack mentioned in yesterday's update, *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City* is the hot game this season, narrowly beating out such winners as THQ's *"Mary-Kate and Ashley Olson Walk Through a Goddamn Mall"* and Capcom's *"Another Stupid Hyperactive, Seizure-Inducing Fighting Game."* I, like millions of Americans throughout America and many other places which aren't America but look remarkably similar, have had my mind irreparably warped thanks to Rockstar's game. For example, while I was taking my daily walk through a bank parking garage just the other day, I noticed some vehicles that looked slightly cooler than the Honda Accord we own. My mind instantly went into *GTA:VC* mode and I started thinking of breaking into it, driving down the street at 80 miles an hour, running over pedestrians, smashing into other vehicles, causing all kinds of crap to explode, and then getting arrested simply because I accidentally dinged the back of a Police car while stopping for a red light. The cops in Vice City don't really give a crap how many laws you break, just as long as you don't personally come into contact with their cars in any way whatsoever.

However, before I could pick up a stone to begin bashing the car's lock, I suddenly thought, "you know, perhaps this isn't such a great idea." Then, as I began to ponder this decision in detail, I noticed the many conflicting thoughts and opinions inside my head, each battling with the others for dominance. It turns out that for every decision we make, we have certain "voices" inside our head that weigh the pros and cons of each outcome, thus enabling us to make the most beneficial choice. To test this theory, I used a screwdriver and piece of metal to open my skull and get a closer look at these vocal critics of my every move. After a few grueling hours of bleeding and wishing I was dead, I came to a sudden, shocking revelation: **I have the UN inside my head.**

Now I'm not trying to say that I literally have the entire staff of the United Nations inside my head, which is simply ridiculous. There's no way I could afford all those chairs and pitchers of water that they drink all day while talking about wheat exports. While my skull is too small to cram in even the tiniest Malaysian ambassador, I do house the voices of five major UN delegates, which I firmly believe have a place in all our brains. Allow me to now formally introduce my psychological theory which claims each and every one of us has the following UN ambassadors in our heads, voices that argue and determine the ultimate outcome of our each and every action:

Be wary of the Russian Brain UN Delegate; he will extend one hand out to you in friendship, and then use the other to facemask you and result in a tragic 10 yard penalty.

- **BRAIN UN DELEGATE #1: THE AMERICAN -** The American is the loudmouthed, boisterous, egotistical, self-centered jerk that makes us want to drive very fast and buy handguns or fast food. Although only .00005% of the brain is inhabited by The American, it somehow is able to influence over 97% of the average brain, mostly through commercials for auto insurance and those "sold on TV" devices such as "MagicSpray's Summer Scarf" and "Mystery Meat Moisturizer" from Great Ideas Inc.
- **BRAIN UN DELEGATE #2: THE GERMAN -** Once a warlike and violent nation, Germany is now notorious for their strict stance on making every possible harm-

ful thing in their country illegal. For example, citizens must suffer through a 645-day waiting period when purchasing a knife, baseball bat, lamp, or taco. Germans have such strict censoring laws that all blood in video games is forcefully replaced with green goo and all killable characters can never be human beings; only robots or aliens. You can't even claim the bad guys are humans dressed up in very convincing alien or robot costumes or else you'll find yourself rotting in a German prison next to some guy who the government suspects of muttering the word "Nazi" once in his bathroom.

- **BRAIN UN DELEGATE #3: THE FRENCHMAN -** France was never really known for anything but its rich culture, food, and history, all of which hate America. In fact, France pretty much despises any non-French nation, and last time I checked there were quite a bit of those. Fortunately, nobody ever pays attention to the French these days, as they completed their downward spiral from empire to laughingstock to "not even worth mentioning" decades ago.
- **BRAIN UN DELEGATE #4: THE RUSSIAN -** Russians are a lot like the Los Angeles / Oakland / Martian Raiders from the early 1990's: they're the bad guys who are always trying to get away with illegal stuff whenever they feel they aren't being watched closely. Ever since the collapse of the Berlin wall and the fall of Communism, Russia has fallen into a kind of free-for-all where the only responsibility of the police is to make sure their monthly bribes are paid on time.
- **BRAIN UN DELEGATE #5: THE NORTH KOREAN -** As one of the few remaining Red Menaces™ left on Earth, the North Korean is very intent on resisting the classy charms and cubic zirconium baubles of Capitalism. In fact, they want to blow up just about anything related to Capitalism and aren't afraid of having their ill intentions known, unlike the sneaky Russians who are now planning on delivering late hits to opposing quarterbacks. No wait, that's the Raiders.

The representative from North Korea demands you stop in the name of love... OR ELSE FACE A NUCLEAR WINTER!

Whenever we face a difficult decision such as if we want to suddenly become homosexual (at least that's how the Christians tell me it works), our UN delegates come to the table and begin discussing the issue in a fiery, heated debate. That's why they need all the water pitchers and why you're thirsty after figuring out if you want to watch "Will and Grace" each night ***(HINT:*** *you don't).* By using some of the finest nanotechnology I was able to dig up in the dumpster behind the abandoned Radio Shack, I was able to build a very tiny microphone which I secretly taped to the alien microchip in my brain. The following transcripts are completely 100% accurate and true and happened exactly how I describe them, unless of course you have evidence suggesting otherwise, which naturally makes you one of "them" and will result in me putting you on "the list" along with such conspirators as George Bush, Michael J. Fox, and that guy who played the Urkel kid from "Family Matters."

ME: "Boy, I sure am hungry. I wonder what I should do about this?"

AMERICAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "Eat boy, eat! Eat all you can! Eat like there's no tomorrow! Go out and get a whole shitload of food and just throw away the crap you can't eat! On your way there, be sure to litter and buy some guns! Also, don't donate to charity!"

GERMAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "No! Do not eat! Many fights and violence have broken out over food! This reckless eating can cause nothing but a repeat of our horrible, horrible past! Let us ban food entirely!"

FRENCH BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "Oh so the American wants to eat, eh? Well we should eat then! Yes, let us all eat! We should eat caulking! Yes, that's it, let us all please the American by eating all of the caulking we can find, this will be most acceptable, yes? After all, we all want to please the American!"
RUSSIAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "Hey comrade, that guy over there looks like he has food. Let's bash his skull in with this parked-car lock smashing rock and take his food. Nobody will see us, this is the perfect plan and can't possibly go wrong, even if that moose and squirrel catch onto our plan."
NORTH KOREAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "ENEMIES OF THE STATE! ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE! SPIES, ALL OF YOU! TASTE THE NUCLEAR DINNER YOU DESERVE, BASTARD PIGS!"

> **ME:** "Hmmmm... I think I'll just put some frozen food in the microwave and eat it."

GERMAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "No! Microwaves are consumer objects and people fight over such material goods and possessions! Do not use the microwave! Cook food like our people in Germany do - go under a bridge and use one of those barrels which are on fire for no readily apparent reason! We have a lot of them, although we don't know why!"
NORTH KOREAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "FIRE? DO YOU WANT FIRE? IT SHALL RAIN FROM THE SKIES AND SWALLOW UP YOUR GODLESS COUNTRY! WE WILL TRIUMPH!"
AMERICAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "You goddamn commies never learn, do you? That's it, I propose we start moving American brain cells into areas surrounding the North Korean's territory. Any nations letting us use their bases as refueling stations will get their import taxes lowered and we'll also provide them with a healthy supply of military personnel who will help support the growing rape economy in nearby cities."
FRENCH BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "Oh so the American wants rape, eh? Rape like how you are raping our culture with your McDonalds and Wal-Marts and Ron Popeils and Ron Jeremys, eh? We French people are proud of our country and committal to never being committed to anything, so you can count us out of your rape ideas, you reprehensible swine!"
RUSSIAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "Hey Frenchie, wanna buy a copy of Windows XP? It's only 39 cents. Ehhhhh, don't worry about it being on a blank CD with the words 'MICORSOFT WINDOWES' spelled incorrectly across it, it's legit, really, trust us. The American software piracy inspector can't arrest you for this, trust us, we have bribed him with illegal copies of Jazz Jackrabbit."

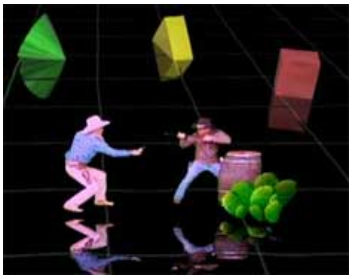
> **ME:** "That's odd, I'm not really hungry any more. Suddenly I want to use the computer and look at rape pictures."

RUSSIAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "Eh comrade, that's more like it! We can get you these rape pictures for 43 cents! Genuine state-sponsored rape photos of pretty Russian bride! Speaking of Russian bride, you can buy one for 81 cents include shipping and handling! She won't talk back to you because she doesn't know English! Or, if you're into 'different' things, we sell you a male Russian bride for half price!"
NORTH KOREAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "HALF PRICE? HOW IS HALF PRICE OFF FREE DEATH SOUNDING TO YOU ALL? YOU

WILL NOT HAVE THE TIME TO HAVE GODLESS SEX WITH ANOTHER MAN BEFORE OUR INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH MAKE YOUR MIGHTY CITIES CRUMBLE BENEATH US!"
AMERICAN BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "So North Korea doesn't want us to have sex with a man, eh? The commies are trying to tell us what we can and can't do? Well I'll be damned if I let some slant eyed pinko tell me what we can and can't do! That's it, we're going gay, boys!"
FRENCH BRAIN UN DELEGATE: "HOORAY!!! Er, I mean, I hate you, American filth child!"

ME: "Maybe I'll just have sex with a man."

At that point my brain started getting very hot and I had to begin drinking water by the gallon to satisfy my desire to have sex with a man, just like how the Christians said it would happen. And to think I publicly mocked religion before getting in touch with the five UN Delegates inside my head! I firmly believe that by acknowledging these members who live inside our skull and dictate our every choice, we will come one step closer to learning more about ourselves and, more importantly, our healthy Christian desire for gay sex. Oh well, I suppose that's better than wanting to steal a car and drive it over a few hundred people like the delegates from Rockstar Games would like me to do. And, after all, isn't that what's important?



The American delegate protects our brain from such menaces as cattle rustlers and simple geometry. It also convinces us to purchase SUVs and use violence to solve all problems.

I Hereby Giveth Unto You: Comedy Goldmine

We're trying something new in this week's Goldmine. Perhaps you are one of those people who don't like new things. Well, to you we say, "you are doomed to a life of uselessness and will have to catch peaches with your mouth that have been fired out of a retired gay manicurist's asshole at speeds pushing mach three, bitches." In short, enjoy this week's Goldmine, which focuses on some funny and oft times fairly stupid things that were said on the Something Awful Forums.

To find out more similarly wondrous and exciting tidbits of information, proceed to the Goldmine and see what the hell we keep blathering on about.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I can not:
Roll my R's.
I would therefore make a bad:
Swedish speaking person.

11.5 Vice City is the Worst Game Ever

Monday, Nov 04, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Vice City is the Worst Game Ever

Rockstar games is responsible for making the only game with fewer redeeming qualities than Chiller for the NES.

What is wrong with America today where we are letting our children purchase and play games like "Grand Theft Auto: Vice City"? This is a question that needs to be asked and needs to be answered and corrected. This game is sick, it includes not a single redeeming moral point, and I guarantee you that it will be directly responsible for nearly as many deaths as one Mister Adolph Hitler. Even worse, it's not just the Jews and the Gypsies that this game is killing; it is stealing the lives of our precious white babies! The time has come for someone to stand up and make a stand on this issue and I am just the man to stand up and do that!

Parents, I hope you have your reading glasses firmly attached to your head with some sort of tape, because when I tell you about the horrible things in this game they are going to explode from your face possibly injuring a loved one or pet. For those readers who have monocles I suggest epoxy or possibly hot glue to ensure that monocle flying injuries do not force anyone you care about into the hospital. In the event that your favorite dog is made into a mute by a projectile monocular I sincerely apologize, but don't attempt to make spurious claims that I did not warn you.

For those of you who are game developers, and I know there are a few of you out there, I suggest you read closely. Your stupid excuse for putting out these scandalous games always seems to be that it's "what people want", but that's no excuse. To make sure it's no excuse I will be providing developers with family-friendly alternatives to features in Vice City. Please take note of them and possibly incorporate them into upcoming titles so as to encourage rather than hinder individual spiritual growth.

Horrible Fact One

Won't someone please think of the children!?

In Vice City it is possible to drive at top speed at a police officer and bail out of the car just before it hits and kills him without suffering any penalty worse than a few bumps and scrapes and without incurring the wrath of law enforcement.

Effect on Our Precious Children: Since our beloved daughters and sons learned to illegally carjack from the first Grand Theft Auto game they should have no problem whatsoever getting a car. I expect the incidence of "vehicles coasting into policemen" to increase dramatically in the coming months and unlike in the game you may actually be arrested for doing this.

Alternative Suggestions: Instead of driving cars into policemen why not replace the cars with something whimsical like a magic carpet, and if you collide with a policeman maybe they could give you a brief speech about staying off drugs or not littering. Perhaps they could explain all of the harmful effects of marijuana such as slight coughing, headaches, mild nausea, and increased tendency to eat unsanitary leftover pizza that has been sitting on your table for two days.

Horrible Fact Two

It is not only possible to commit fraud on a massive scale using nothing but a remote controlled helicopter and four bundles of demolition charges, it's actually encouraged in Vice City.

Effect on Our Precious Children: Picture this scene parents: your son or daughter is sitting in the cafeteria eating a tray of nutritious food and talking politely with his or her friends. Suddenly there is a buzzing and through the open door flies a helicopter. A few teachers swat at the machine, which obviously has lethal explosives slung beneath it, but as they come near it the helicopter tilts and slices them to death with its spinning rotors. As your children begin to flee the little machine flies over to a glowing red barrel and drops the dynamite. The school explodes and hundreds of innocents are killed! Somewhere a block away, in an inconspicuous silver van, a video game twisted teen laughs with triumph.

Alternative Suggestions: Remote controlled helicopters are sinister enough without using them in a plot to blow up buildings. I much prefer the low-key aerobatics of Nintendo classic "Gumshoe" in which you must use a pistol for nothing more than assisting a detective in jumping and collecting balloons. Gumshoe, now that is a game the whole family can agree on!

There are the exact same number of motorcyclists in helmets as there are positive role models in this game.

Horrible Fact Three

In Vice City helmet laws for motorcyclists are completely out the window. Not only do those on motorcycles not wear helmets, but they are able to walk away from head-on crashes with a sports car at over 200 mph that send them flying through the air and into a lamp post.

Effect on Our Precious Children: Kids already have enough trouble understanding the physical consequences of accidents and improper safety. They oftentimes think themselves immortal or at the very list don't even consider the possibility of death or debilitating injury. This game only feeds into that, making it much worse.

Alternative Suggestions: Perhaps the makers of Vice City could have offset the damage they are doing to motorcycle safety awareness by including a mini-game called "don't sprain your ankle". You would have a healthy objective like a plate of vegetables and non-fat dip on one end of an open field and you would have to run across avoiding shallow holes. If you step into a hole you will have a high-likelihood of spraining your ankle, at which point maybe an eagle or something could swoop in and steal all of the delicious celery stalks because you were too slowed by injury.

Horrible Fact Four

Prostitutes in Vice City both heal you and sexually pleasure you without moving any part of their body. This implies that prostitutes possess an innate form of telekinesis that allows for them to simultaneously mend wounds and bring a man to climax with the powers of their mind alone.

Effect on Our Precious Children: While making kids think that ladies of the night possess otherworldly psychic abilities might give them a healthy fear of the world's oldest profession, the fact that they restore your health may cause precocious tykes to seek them out for medical advice and assistance. Since most prostitutes have little understanding of modern medicine aside from knowing what topical creams relieve inflammation of the uterus and possibly the best angle to bend a coat-hanger at it is doubtful they can provide any useful aid to our young ones.

Alternative Suggestions: Instead of picking up prostitutes perhaps the player could pick up elderly men and women who are lost and wandering in the city. When they drive them to a secluded alleyway or the beach the old person could tell a long and endlessly recursive story about shopping for socks in 1951. If the player sits through the story the old man or woman could reward them with a dollar and a piece of ribbon candy with healing powers.

Horrible Fact Five

Players are rewarded with money for performing outrageous stunts in the game. For example driving

up a flight of steps, flipping your car end over end, and landing it on top of a building will provide you with over a hundred dollars. This implies that either some government agency or an omnipotent being will reward people in the real world with funds for performing impromptu stunts.

Effect on Our Precious Children: Who needs MTVs Jackass when you have Rockstar and Vice City implying that behaving like a dunderhead will bring you a financial windfall?! I expect to see kids driving stolen cars over buses, attempting to leap rivers and chasms, and wheeling on motorbikes off the hood of sports cars in the immediate future. I also expect a lot of tragedy to come from all of this.

Alternative Suggestions: Safety should always be the priority on the crazy roads of today and games should reward players accordingly. A bonus could be provided for players who remember to buckle their safety belt and look both way for turning. Perhaps parking bonuses and stop-sign politeness bonuses could also be provided. A mini-game which features the player halting abruptly to allow ducklings to cross a road would sure be a big hit in my household, and that's the only one that counts!

I hope you enjoy seeing this, because you're going to be seeing a lot more of it in the next year or two.

I hope very much that my suggestions get through to these cold blooded game developers in their silicon towers. I fear for Vice City it is too late and the only thing we can hope is that Congress and maybe even the President will see just how terrible this game is and impose an immediate ban on it. As for the rest of the game industry, we need to force them to conform to guidelines that parents set forth and the only way to get this to happen is by filing frivolous lawsuits and crying loudly on national television.

More Ugly Coming At You!

Cliff Yablonski and the Appleton City Failed Abortions Hospital are proud to bring you an all new installment of Cliff Yablonski Hates You. While we cannot guarantee with 100 percent certainty that Mr. Yablonski will, in fact, hate you, all indications are that he thinks you are a greasy faggot and that he hopes you perish in the most painful manner available to science.

> *Chief Indian Blackheart Whitetears. He tried to start up his own goth Indian riverboat casino, but the government had to shut it down because all the white pancake makeup worn on the boat was causing it to sink into Lake Meatshores.*

Head on over and take a look at Cliff's latest work. He promises that if you're disappointed you can return the unused portion and he will drive to your house and pound three boots down your throat with a claw hammer.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.6 Election 2002: Thank God for Democracy

Wednesday, Nov 06, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As the votes are finalized and the bloodthirsty, foreigner-killing, minority-hating Republicans claim their lead over the spineless, tree-humping, baby-stabbing Democrats, we are left with nothing but questions. Well actually, that sentence is wrong. We have a shitload of answers, such as "who won the elections" and "my candidate didn't lose by one vote, so now I don't have to feel guilty for refusing to hoist myself off my lard-studded ass and actually vote for them." However, for each winner, there is at least one loser. And for each loser, there are at least two major, bigtime, extreme, wacko losers. We're talking about the candidates that somehow managed to grab less than .0001% of the vote, which equates to "even the candidate themselves accidentally voted for somebody else." In today's update, we'll look at the big, horrible, disgusting, repugnant failures that were completely reamed this election year, examine their campaign moves, and attempt to figure out how they couldn't even convince the people in the bar they live in to vote for them. We will accomplish this by using very advanced, high tech, confusing machinery that contains many rows of randomly flashing lights, all of which serve no purpose but to distract us from the fact that we paid millions of dollars for a machine that accepts punchcards to configure its light-flashing sequences.

■**MINNESOTA SENATE BIG LOSER:** Miro Drago Kovatchevich
NUMBER OF VOTES CANDIDATE LOST BY: 1,074,161 (earned 2,152 votes)
PARTY: The Constitution Party (the members of The Constitution Party roll 1d20 to determine their resistance to injury, disease, and humiliating political defeats)
BACKGROUND: Miro Drago "The Dragon" Kovatchevich imported himself into America in 1983, back when the United States was locked in a cold war with Russia, a cold war which ultimately ended up with the production of the films "Red Dawn" and "D.A.R.Y.L." Milo "The Milomonster" noticed that his home country of Croatia was going through a tough financial crisis in 1991, so he traveled back home and immediately realized Croatia is always in a tough financial crisis and they will always be in a tough financial crisis until they understand that nobody else in the world knows their country still exists. Our high tech, light-flashing computer indicates that Croatia, on average, has rebel factions take over chunks of land and declare independence from their homeland every nineteen seconds, even more often if there's nothing on TV that evening.
WHY THEY LOST: The Constitution Party enjoy taking extremisms from the already extreme Conservative spectrum (ie, "free Jesus and assault rifles for anybody with hands" policies) and then mixing in utter nonsense of their own ("death penalty for any clowns wearing striped suspenders"). As a result, the core message of the Constitution Party, which revolves around a plot by James Woods to target an orbiting Ion Cannon at Florida, becomes convoluted and incomprehensible like "Eraserhead" only slightly more bizarre. Drago's stolid stance on such issues as "Christian decency" and "public morality" fell deaf on the ears of Minnesota's voters, all of whom I guess are neither decent or moral. I'm sure the quotes on his webpage didn't help win over too many voters either:

> *"Stem cell research, cloning, repro-genetics and other manifestations of satanic science must be vigorously confronted and banned."*
>
> *"Heal national soul by challenging moral inconsistency of quasi-humanists such as Wellstone. Nothing is wrong with hugging a tree, but what about hugging a child instead of murdering it?"*

Milo "Krazy Kovatchevich" also supported such highly Christian ideals as the nuclear annihilation of anti-Christian rogue countries like North Korea, Pakistan, Iraq, Iran, Cuba, Iceland, China, Malaysia, downtown Pittsburgh, and Mare Serenitatis. Eventually Miro came up a scant 942 thousand votes short because his 85 dollar budget campaign only allowed him to produce one 10-minute program on community access television, a show that featured him debating sock puppets dresses as his opponents. Even though this debate was set up in advance by members of the Miro Drago campaign team (him and his mom), Drago still ended up losing the debate and had to be escorted off the set after breaking a bottle of whiskey over opponent Norm Coleman's head / hand. Drago proceeded to curse drunkenly and swear, vowing to "make them pay, make them all pay" and added the entire state of Minnesota to the "nuclear target" list. This proved to be the breaking point for Minnesota residents, so they decided to vote for the guy who didn't plan on murdering them through the powers of nuclear Jesus Christ.

■**MARYLAND SENATE BIG LOSER:** Stephen Bassett
NUMBER OF VOTES CANDIDATE LOST BY: 105,082 (earned 1,493 votes)
PARTY: Independent (that means he was even too insane to be let into the Libertarian Party, and those guys are so nuts that they eat chunks of plywood for breakfast every day for Christ's sake)
BACKGROUND: Stephen Bassett, who has a 15-year background in business development and a physics degree, decided to devote his life to looking for Martians around 1995. He set up the "Paradigm Research Group" in Bethesda and promptly began his quest to find creatures in the universe even more insane than he is. This exciting program has made numerous important scientific discoveries such as "you can spend all your time and energy looking for aliens, but you won't find shit you stupid retards."
WHY THEY LOST: Throughout history, voters have shown a reluctance to vote for stark, insane, raving idiots whose primary political platform revolves around staring into space for prolonged periods of time. Bassett also has a rich history of affiliating himself with losing causes, as shown here on his very, very retarded website:

> *In January of 1998, Mr. Bassett assisted in launching the campaign of Frances Emma Barwood for Secretary of State of Arizona, the first candidate to ever run for high state or federal office in the United States who will directly address publicly the issue of possible intelligent extraterrestrial presence in our airspace and lack of proper government response to citizens demands on this matter. She subsequently lost the primary election.*

Wow, she had the full support of Stephen Bassett, ace UFO reporter extraordinaire, yet she somehow still managed to lose in the primaries? I blame the US Government, who is obviously rigging the voting and preventing people interested in pursuing the truth, such as Stephen Bassett or Fox Mulder, from ever succeeding. Bassett planned on using the funds generated from his "Paradigm Research Group" to finance his political campaign, but ran into slight difficulty when he realized the "Paradigm Research Group" had been steadily losing thousands of dollars each week. As a result, he was forced to break into a Kinko's Copies and secretly print up 50 "VOTE FOR BASSETT - YOUR ONLY PROTECTION FROM THE HORRIBLE SAUCER PEOPLE" signs. Bassett's fellow "researchers" were unable to leave the "laboratory" and help him campaign because they were entrenched in a very fast-paced "Magic: The Gathering" game, so Bassett took all 50 signs and planted them in the most popular locations throughout Maryland. Unfortunately, most of these locations were private property, so he was put in jail for numerous accounts of trespassing. He attempted to convince his opponents to debate him from his prison cell, but they all declined, mostly

because they felt the rampant anal sex in his cell would turn off potential broadcasters.

■**ALASKA GOVERNOR BIG LOSER:** Billy Toien
NUMBER OF VOTES CANDIDATE LOST BY: 109,921 (earned 895 votes)
PARTY: Libertarian (that means he takes the craziest ideas from the Conservatives, the craziest ideas from the Liberals, and then adds his own crazy ideas such as "mandatory hot air balloon races" and "every child in school must consume nine pounds of chalk per year")
BACKGROUND: As one of the most well known Libertarians in Alaska, Billy - ahahahahahha, sorry, the beginning of this sentence just cracks me up. I mean, how much political influence does Alaska hold? Do they even worry about the same issues as the rest of America? First off, I doubt there's a big crime problem up there, as they would have to import their guns through Canada, and last time I checked Canada has one of those "Command and Conquer" type laser-beam Obelisks that instantly incinerate any weapons passing through their country. Secondly, the only stuff in Alaska is oil, eskimos, and snow. I don't think a Libertarian snow candidate would have too much success pushing his "less snow and oil pipelines, more heating supplies and SUVs" platform, but hey, what do I know? Billy the Alaskan Libertarian has made such wonderful quotes as the following:

> *"The law perverted! And the police powers of the state perverted along with it! The law, I say, not only turned from its proper purpose but made to follow an entirely contrary purpose! The law become the weapon of every kind of greed! Instead of checking crime, the law itself guilty of the evils it is supposed to punish! If this is true, it is a serious fact, and moral duty requires me to call the attention of my fellow-citizens to it."*

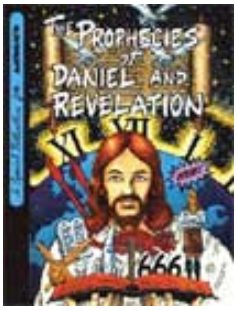
He also lists his special interests as *"political change, creative writing, ultra-lights and airships,"* which makes me believe that, if elected, the first thing he'd do would be to steal taxpayer money and create some experimental plane to fly the hell out of Alaska and spread his reign of terror to the mainland.
WHY THEY LOST: Billy seems to have a major issue with referring to all other politicians as "proctocrats," which I believe are the race of robots who fought against both the Autobots and Decepticons around the time the Decepticon leader found himself traveling through space inside that giant floating stone head. Nobody in Alaska except Billy and perhaps whomever he obtains his narcotics from know what "proctocrats" means, so many voters assumed he was anti-proctology. This infuriated women's rights activists and the powerful proctology lobbying group, both of whom requested Billy be shipped off on a giant floating stone space head. Although he lost by a scant 109 thousand votes or so, Billy still claims his loss was due to "computer errors," more specifically that not enough computers voted for him. Those computers were then tossed into space, where they soon took residence inside a giant floating stone head.

■**HAWAII GOVERNOR BIG LOSER:** Daniel Cunningham
NUMBER OF VOTES CANDIDATE LOST BY: 193,406 (earned 378 votes)
PARTY: Free Energy (I honestly have no clue what this party is all about. I think it's one of those PLUR pro-rave things, where candidates must have pacifiers in their mouths during debates)
BACKGROUND: Well, I honestly don't know what to say about this guy since anything I could possibly make up would pale in comparison to his actual background:

> *A former chiropractor who claims he lost his license for curing cancer, Cunningham said*

he decided to run for governor when he realized that he was Daniel of Revelation of the Ecclesia. "I'm the guy from the Bible," he said. "I realized the only solution for change was to bring it."

He had been a Libertarian, but they did not support his plan to use decommissioned nuclear submarines to provide free energy for the state, so he founded the Free Energy party.



Oh... boy. In addition, he claims his current job occupation is *"curing my own cancer"* and his qualifications to run the state government are as follows: *"a plutonium economy is energy independent and phases out a predatory power system, namely the Federal Reserve. JFK knew what a plutonium economy is."* I hope they have strict gun control laws in Hawaii, because I can honestly see this guy addressing his failure to become Governor by expressing himself at the top of a belltower with a high-powered rifle.

WHY THEY LOST: Did you read the above selected chunk of text? The guy lost the election because of the following reasons:

1) He's fucking insane.
2) He's really fucking insane.
3) Dear Lord this man is nuts.

Can you imagine what would happen if he was elected? We'd have nuclear subs flying around the place to make our toasters work, he would be curing cancer through what I can only assume would be using space beams from the moon, and his associates would all be people who are firmly convinced they are angels and have been living for over 2,000 years. The state of Hawaii would turn into some fucked up Japanese sitcom, only with a lot more people being killed and possibly irradiated, which would probably hurt the tourism industry after a while.

■ **TENNESSEE GOVERNOR BIG LOSER:** Basil Marceaux
NUMBER OF VOTES CANDIDATE LOST BY: 843,175 (earned 301 votes)
PARTY: Independent (he was previously kicked out of the "Dependant" party because of the fact that his name was "Basil," a title which is exclusively reserved for 96-year old librarians who are liable to keel over and die at any given moment)
BACKGROUND: Basil, who changed his first name from "Sissy Faggot" back in 1987, has deep roots in politics. For example, he's watched CSPAN on numerous occasions, some of which when he wasn't drunk. Basil is also well versed in such political arts as *"Study management, Marketing complate training in auto repair"* and has read many books such as *"Person Success Planning, By Paul Meyer."* If that doesn't just qualify you as the best candidate in the world, I'm sure this block of text from his website will win you over:

WHAT IS A GOOD GOVERNOR or U.S.Senator?

1. FOLLOWS THE CONSTITUTION
2. HAS WELL-BEING FOR THE CITIZENS SAFETY
3. PEOPLE PERSON
4. HONEST AND SMART
5. A GOOD LISTENER

He seems to have mistakenly left out "6. FIRM DETACHMENT FROM ALL FORMS OF REALITY."
WHY THEY LOST: We believe that the biggest factor contributing to Basil "Straight Out of the 1970's" Marceaux's defeat was the fact that he actually ran as "an Independent candidate for Governor and Senator." Apparently the Independent Party in Tennessee stands for "Independent of Coherent Thought." During Basil's heated campaign, which featured him touring Denny's across the state and once shouting "vote for me!" in a movie theater showing the film "Ghost Ship," many voters found themselves repulsed by his lack of personal hygiene and sobriety. His failure to concentrate on losing one political office distracted him from his ultimate goal of losing two political offices, resulting in him forgetting to even ask his relatives to vote for him (even though they would've refused anyway). Basil repeatedly challenged rival Gubernatorial and Senate candidates to debates, but requested that he be able to debate all of them at once in one location. Nobody agreed to his outlandish ideas, but since security was specifically instructed to not allow Basil access to the auditorium, it all worked out. Basil's website, which has a very festive color scheme best described as "faggy colors on a faggy background," somehow failed to gather the necessary votes despite displaying such magnificent quotes:

> *"DO OU WANT TO SAY SOMETHING TO THE JUDGE CONCERNING THIS COMPLAINT COME AND SAY TO ME YOU WANT TO INTERVEE AS A THIRD PARTY o"*

I guess it didn't help that Basil apparently refuses to purchase any clothing manufactured since 1973, but that was really the least of his problems. The issue that truly sank his candidacy was the fact that he looks like a drunk, bloated, disheveled Cliff Clavin from "Cheers." Oh yeah, and his name is "Basil." Hahaha, Basil.

See folks, no matter how bitter or jaded you EVER become, you should always keep in the back of your mind that **DEMOCRACY PREVENTED THESE PEOPLE FROM OBTAINING POLITICAL POWER.** You can bitch and moan about current politicians as much as you like, but remember that for every politician elected to office, there are at least 20 absolutely insane people who never got close thanks to the raw power of democracy. Praise the fucking Lord for Republicans and Democrats, for after reading about these nutballs, I have an impassioned love for them that I never felt before. Thank God for democracy!

We'll Take the Physical Challenge

Zack "Grape Predator" Parsons here with an all new SA Story Time for you folks. This installment we're taking a look at all of those cheesy novels about man playing god and the consequences that inevitably arise. The story is entitled "D.A.R.E." and it's about a robot so human that all he really needs is love!

> *The man interrupted DARE's response by throwing a half-filled beer bottle at the robot. It broke open over his metal face.*
>
> "Robots is the devil!" Screamed the man. Several others joined him in a chorus of shouts and throwing mysteriously acquired half-filled beer bottles.
>
> "Go back to Robotlandia!" Shouted one woman.
>
> "Don't try and take my job metal demon!" Screamed a construction worker fully dressed in hard hat and denim hot pants.

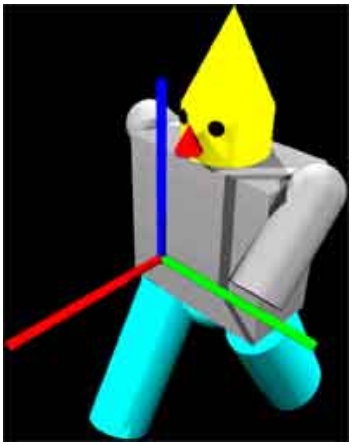
> "BEEEEEEEEEEP!" Cried the distraught DARE as Doctor Brainstrong tried to calm him. He flailed his arms and stomped clumsily in a circle beeping loudly as more insults rained down on him.

Looks like quite a tough time for our hero DARE! Will he be able to survive the prejudice against robots that this hateful world has created AND find love in the process? Only reading our exciting and brand new SA Story Time "D.A.R.E." will answer those questions and more!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.7 Political Pandemonium

Wednesday, Nov 06, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



This horrible looking image of a robot would make a better politican than any human.

As many of you know, particularly those of you who live in Allah's chosen country of America, yesterday was Election Day. All throughout the designated voting sanctuaries, concerned citizens (as in the elderly and people trying to impress the elderly) cast their ballots into the great voting void in hopes of building a better and more secure future. Just as the experts predicted, each race had one winner. There were of course no losers, because none live in America! Obviously this was one of the most important days in a long time, so Americans did their part and paid little or no attention. I myself was too busy to vote because I was arguing that my copy of "Spider-Man" on DVD was better than my friend's copy of the same movie in the same format. It turns out that the debate that I had was the perfect analogy for politics. If two things are the exact same, there is no way for one to be better than the other, unless it's my "Spider-Man" DVD and not yours. In the world of politics there are two opposing teams that basically take turns arguing back in fourth about bills they wrote that ban our nation's school children from practicing terror. For all intents and purposes, there is no discernable difference in these teams other than jersey color and mascot. If they're both the same, which one do you bother to vote for? It doesn't really matter, so you just don't vote.

Politics could be fun and exciting, though. Just as Pepsi has been made exciting by Pepsi Blue, Politics could be made exciting by killing everybody currently involved and substituting them with evil robots. I realize robots are my answer to every question, but I was just providing an example. As soon as you get somebody who breaks the mold of the typical politician, such as insane lunatic and former wrestler Jessie Ventura, you get people excited and interested in politics. Politics are a lot like crime these days, as people just look the other way and hope it doesn't involve them. That's definitely not the response we want. Politics should be something everyone can get excited about. With that in mind, please allow me to rock your world.

How to Improve Politics for the Benefit of All Mankind

Introduce a Robot Political Party

While both parties are already devoid of human life, an all robot party would add a lot to the political arena. Robots are designed to tell the truth, so you can trust them when they say they want to destroy all humanity, whereas the human candidate would only promise such things with no intention to deliver. Robots are big on education, logic games, and murdering people with lasers. Clearly, they're the ideal solution to the problem of boring politics.

Discuss the *Really Important* Issues

Every time a politician gets in front of the media, they immediately start blabbering on about how they're going to fix corruption, rebuild the community, or something equally pointless. The bottom line is that people don't give a shit about any of that. The world is a harsh mistress that would snap your neck off if she weren't just a gigantic, limbless mass floating through the cosmos. People don't want to be reminded of the hellhole they live in, they want an escape. The second you get a politician to announce that they're

going to put a stop to time travelers and Trojan horse attacks, people are going to listen. Why? Because no one single politician is doing what's necessary and finally saying the things nobody dares to say. Sure, you might argue that sanity prevents them from saying those things, but since when has sanity done anything good?

More Swearing, Better Slogans

We all know the easiest route to getting heard is to sprinkle lots of sweet obscenities into your message. Now I don't care for foul language myself, but I always listen to anybody who uses a lot of it in their speaking. Without foul language, I'm not sure if I'm supposed to pay attention. Is the message really that important if it doesn't warrant a lot of swearing? Probably not. Foul language conveys importance and urgency, something lacking in the typical generic campaign and political speech.

Another area in need of repairs is that of the campaign slogan. Most slogans tend to be boring and uncreative things like "building a better tomorrow" or "putting the honesty back in politics." Nobody pays any attention to garbage like that. People like catchy slogans like "God's children ain't got no scabies" or "dealing a deadly hand." Slogans like that make people think about themselves and the person they're voting for, whereas the others reflect a lack of identity and individually on the part of the candidate.

If this horse's head promised campaign financing reform and the destruction of the moon, I would insist that it ran for the office of the priesdent. And also give me a ride.

Resurrect the Nazi Party

Nobody likes Nazis, because they represent all that which is wrong with the human race. So just imagine what would happen if a new Nazi party came to power in America and started training candidates to race in elections? Everybody would rush to vote against them. By introducing a new extreme into the environment, the previously bland and evil parties suddenly look like ideal choices. Then there is the whole matter of voting just to make sure the party that plans to send you to the gas chamber doesn't win any offices. Voila! Instant interest in the voting process!

Disco Dancing

Disco is never really going to come back until the least popular people embrace it, thusly taking it to a new level of uncool. Politicians are clearly the least popular people in the known universe, so they're the ideal choice. Once it achieves this higher echelon of uncool, it will end up becoming cool again, because irony is awesome, man! When all the young hipsters and huckleberries realize that politicians made disco cool, they will have more respect for politics. This is a win-win, since disco and politics are both not really at all great evils worthy of destroying. No sir!

Get Politicians Drunk, Ask Offensive Questions

One of the biggest problems with politics is that we only see what the political parties and politicians want us to see. The better, more efficient way of judging the character of a candidate would be to get them completely wasted and then proceed to ask them foul and offensive questions. I don't mean relevant questions, just dirty and obscene ones. All of this would be recorded, of course. Hopefully, the inebriation and vulgar line of questioning would lead to some real studies in character under pressure. The benefits: both fewer politicians and fewer politicians willing to do anything newsworthy. Let's face it, if the media had a videotape showcasing your drunken response to a question about tree humping, would you want to risk doing anything that might get their attention? Sure, you won't get anything done, but that at least means you won't get anything stupid done.

You might call me crazy for trying to improve politics. I realize a lot of you still believe that the system isn't broke, and maybe that's true. But I do know that society is broke, and you can't let a fixed system dictate to a broken populace. The important thing is to get people interested, inspired, and motivated to take an active role in the political process, and they won't until there is some excitement there. No one is really going to get enthused about another old white guy in a suit, not unless that old white guy rides around with a robot driving a monster truck. In other words, until there is change, there is going to be nothing worth paying attention to.

Nukie Holocaust!

Ben "Greasling" Platt recently took a break from removing ant colonies from his inner thighs to review a movie so horrifically bad it tied for the worst possible rating achievable. "Nukie" is the name of the movie, and it looks to be about half as delightful as having a large wolverine crawl up your ass and explode.

The horror begins with a couple dumb click-n'-drag lens flares moving awkwardly in front of a outer space-themed clipart. It is the most visually appealing moment in the entire movie. I say "visually" because you still have to endure the voices of Nukie and Miko, two alien brothers who are traveling as balls of light. The voice acting is one of this movie's worst aspects, in that it not only made my ears bleed but it actually caused the rivulets of my blood to sprout ears and then made those ears bleed. Nukie and Miko have identical voices and they both sound like a retarded British orphan shouting into a tin can.

Obviously Ben subjected himself to some intense pain, so please read it so that he will not have suffered in vain.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.8 Feats of Prestidigitation

Friday, Nov 08, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This is likely a magician and chances are that unsuspecting little girl will soon be the victim of a horrible scam.

I have long suspected magicians are behind much of the world's problems these days. I'm not afraid to admit it even though I know it may cause you to lump my opinions in the same pile as those people who think that aliens caused them to become furries or that a sasquatch is secretly pulling the strings at the Whitehouse. Magicians throughout history have been up to no good, from curses and hexes, to all manner of potions, scrolls, and wands. They play us for fools and consort with dark powers. David Copperfield even made the Statue of Liberty disappear and if that's not a commie scheme I don't know what is. You may ask in that slightly annoying nasal-voice I always imagine "So Zack, why your sudden interest in the machinations of the magician underground?" That interest has always been there, but it was recently reawakened by an AP article from Iran.

> *Iranian police are looking for a phony sorcerer who conned a man into believing he was invisible and could rob banks, the Jam-e Jam newspaper said Thursday. Customers at a Tehran bank quickly overpowered the deluded robber after he started snatching banknotes from their hands.*

Ignoring the raptastic name of Iran's newspapers, this is exactly the sort of deviltry that I'm referring to! That sorcerer conned that poor guy into thinking he could turn invisible and rob banks, probably by showing him his own powers to disappear from view. Magicians are not interested in helping out a needy bank robber though, and once he scammed the guy out of some quick cash he left him dangling in the breeze for authorities to come collect. You want to talk about scam-artists, magicians make the entire cast of the "The Grifters" look like Abraham Lincoln trading beaver pelts to Jesus. No, I don't know why Jesus needs beaver pelts, but you can bet it does not involve ensorcelling or potions.

You might be so confident in your western ways that you believe that sorcerers and magicians no longer present a threat to the free world. That's fine until you suddenly end up unable to get into your office because it has been made invisible by a cell of wizards. That's just great until you wake up one morning and all of the cars on the block have been transformed into giant talking cats with glowing red eyes. Wake the hell up America! This magician menace is not going to go away without the constant vigilance of the citizens, and possibly the help of the office of Homeland Security. Working in conjunction with the FBI and CIA I have pieced together profiles on the world's five most dangerous magicians.

These rogues come from all different ethnic backgrounds but are united by one goal; the domination of wizardry over the capitalist Christian societies. Get you crosses, shotguns, shotguns that shoot crosses, and I guess if you're Jewish shotgun launch-able versions of those stars you guys have. To add extra excitement to this wanted list I will be counting down from five like it's some "greatest videos featuring gyrating asses of all time" countdown on MTV.

Number Five Most Wanted Magician: Memnos the Destroyer

Profile: Once a simple sales clerk at CompUSA, Memnos made contact with the dark powers of the netherworld through unknown means and was granted a spellbook from the Ninth Circle of Hell. He is known to wander throughout the Mid-Western and Plains states in search of his ex-girlfriend Rhonda Spears who he believes to be "shacking up with that guy from Best Buy".

Powers: Can make pigeons fly to a random location instead of returning to roost, is able to read upside down, claims to be able to fly although a fall from an escalator at the American Mall in Minnesota casts some doubt on this ability, and can grant wishes as long as they involve receiving money in less than the sum of thirty dollars.

Wanted For: Plotting to fix a game of Hollywood Squares by causing pigeons to fly into Whoopie Goldberg's open mouth. Memnos is known to carry a "scepter of the lich lord" made out of a foam skull duct-taped to two dowel rods, so consider him armed and dangerous.

Number Four Most Wanted Magician: Lucretia the Succubus

Profile: Born Jacob Ecksley, Lucretia underwent a magical treatment in Sweden one summer and returned to her job as an account for Walgreens as a woman. Her professional life quickly fell apart as she was unable to control the powerful "majicks" coursing through her veins. She briefly lead an occult sept from the basement of a new age shop in Champaign, Illinois called "Crazy Earl's Bargain Mantras". Police broke up the sept in late 1998 and Lucretia has not been directly seen sense.

Powers: Has the power to seduce men who have nearly passed out from drinking whiskey shots, can meditate really good, smokes two plus packs a day of unfiltered camel cigarettes yet is only ever seen in public smoking clove cigarettes, may be able to swallow the souls of men during intercourse, and possesses a magical vagina that eyewitnesses describe as "creepy".

Wanted For: Impersonating an officer of the law in an effort to get a job as a bouncer at a strip club and stealing three cartons of cigarettes from an Indiana gas station using only the power of her mind. Lucretia is not known to carry weapons but should be considered dangerous if she's had too much bourbon.

Number Three Most Wanted Magician: Ray-Ray

Profile: Also known as Raymond Attenburrough, Ray-Ray has been practicing the black art of sorcery for a very long time. A youth filled with parlor tricks and bizarre rituals involving sawing women in half evolved into a full blown pact with Satan that granted him the powers seen today. He is known to frequent parks throughout the Atlanta area, usually with a top hat partially filled with change at his feet.

Powers: Can sever his thumb bloodlessly at will and reattach it just as easily, may be able to guess your card, is capable of jackanapery involving a ball and three cups that boggles the mind, despite having not bathed in three weeks somehow maintains a perfect fade haircut. According to some reports Ray-

Ray may also be able to transform into a cheetah.

Wanted For: Ray-Ray is wanted in connection with the murder of Thomas Johansson, his wife, and their two children. The family was visiting Atlanta when they were apparently attacked in their hotel room by an adult cheetah, mauled beyond recognition, and robbed of a number of belongings. While generally not dangerous, if in cheetah form Ray-Ray possess incredible speed and sharp teeth.

Number Two Most Wanted Magician: Stevie "Azriel the Undying" Cooper

Profile: Stevie Cooper, AKA Azriel the Undying, is one of the most feared sorcerers in the world. It is said that he has existed in one form or another on this plane for over ten thousand years, although he currently occupies the body of 11-year old Stevie Cooper. His powers are surpassed only by his willingness to use them to do evil.

Powers: Is capable of not wetting the bed on most nights, possesses uncanny abilities at cursive writing, can summon a pillar of fire from the sky, has glasses but claims to not need them so refuses to take them to school, can liquefy a beating heart by simply making eye contact, can communicate with insects and force them to do his bidding, can eat three entire Lunchables in a single afternoon, and can transform into a raven, wolf, and little league uniform.

Wanted For: Failure to do the dishes on three consecutive nights, frequent infractions against the "one hour of Playstation a night" rule, and has liquefied the hearts of two police officers. Azriel the Undying is known by witnesses, including his biological mother, to go "cruisin' for a bruisin'" yet somehow avoid injury. This suggests he may be impervious to physical damage and if confronted should be attacked using either psychic powers or energy weapons.

Number One Most Wanted Magician: Boggle the Magnificent

Profile: Very little is known about Boggle and his origins. It is said that he appeared one day during a hurricane off the cost of Louisiana, just swaying from side to side slowly in the midst of gale force winds. He has been sighted throughout most of the world, from Tibet to Tulsa, and never seems to remain in one place for very long. He speaks with a high, slightly effeminate voice, and tends to favor short sentences and odd mirthful words like "joy" and "happy".

Powers: Is too large to fit in most cars, can hover in place a few inches off the ground, can shoot miniature lightening bolts from his beak, speaks both French and English fluently and knows some Spanish, can camouflage himself as a bicycle, gains additional powers by consuming the blood of the unborn, can operate a convection oven, is licensed as a chauffeur, holds the secret to the Colonel's Secret Recipe, and has an exceptionally large bladder.

Wanted For: Armed robbery. In 1987 Boggle held up a 7-11 in New York with a broom painted to resemble a flamethrower. He made off with some 93 dollars in cash and two large sticks of Cajun spice beef jerky. He has also murdered 988 pregnant women and eaten their unborn children. It is rumored that when he has eaten 1000 fetuses he will ascend to godhood. He should not be considered dangerous unless you are an unborn child or a pregnant woman.

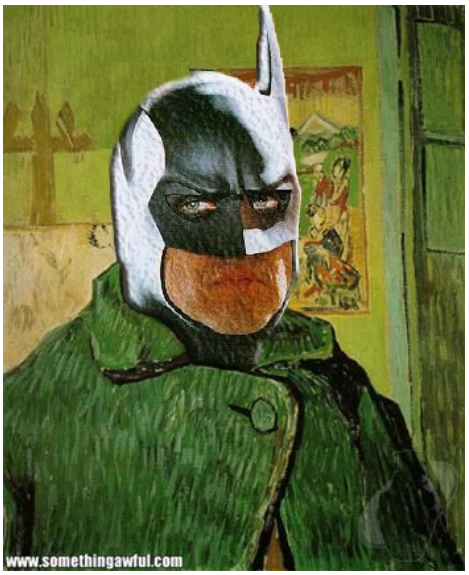
Be on the lookout for these scoundrels and if you spot one of them do not attempt to approach

them yourself. Instead immediately call the authorities and explain to them which magician you have sighted. They will be prepared to deal with all manner of supernatural trouble as evidenced by the documentary "Ghostbusters

2".

Pow! Whack! Phriday!

Hello, Livestock here with the part of Zack's update that tells you there is a new edition of Photoshop Phriday sitting on the Internet. This Phriday the Goons paid tribute to Batman, DC Comics hero and American icon. I'm not sure what was in the drinking water, but the SA Goons thoroughly enjoyed themselves and hopefully you will as well, jerk.



Perform your civic duty and read Photoshop Phriday!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.9 A Nugget of Truth

Saturday, Nov 09, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

It's a nugget alright, but you can't eat it. Unless you're a robot, in which case this is like candy to you.

Like the stains on my bedsheets, the American people are remarkably diverse. We claim that our diversity is our strength, but other countries (Uruguay, I'm looking in your direction) know better. For the US of A to really dominate the globe with the frightful might of the undead, we need to excel in every field. Sure, we may have the largest army, the best movies, and the finest institutions, but there is one area in particular in which America is still getting schooled. Other countries can unite behind their national cuisine - whether it be the French frog and snail and other disgusting creature sampler, the German children sausage, or the Chinese kung pow poodle - but America has no food to call its own. The hotdog? Just another name for a frankfurter, as in Frankfurt, Germany, so that's right back to the children-eating again. Apple pie? Nothing but a bastardization of the traditional Pievania dish. No, we Americans cannot unite behind these delicacies that we so shamelessly stole from lesser or imaginary nations - not when we have a perfectly good, uniquely American food right here, just waiting for the respect it deserves. I'm talking, of course, about the nugget. Whether chicken, fish, or some sort of chicken-fish hybrid that I call "fishen," the nugget sorely deserves to be recognized and hailed as America's food.

Somehow, they never look quite like that at McDonalds. It must be the tablecloth.

The nugget has played an important role in America's history. In 1849, thousands of crazy idiots - *American* crazy idiots - rushed to the West Coast armed only with a pickaxe and a bindle full of dreams. And for what were they rushing? For gold. For nuggets of great, golden gold. This movement was appropriately called "The Great Movement Westward to Get Gold Nuggets In a Rushing Fashion." If not for the desire of these gold nuggets, California would be filled with nothing but Native Americans and caribou - in other words, a wasteland. American history is littered with nuggets. George Washington may or may not have actually eaten some sort of nuggets while crossing the Delaware. Also, my roommate's girlfriend told me that she used to use "nugget" as a euphemism for "penis" when she was younger. Clearly, the nugget has always been a guiding force in the shaping of this nation of ours. Today, the nugget has many forms. In cafeterias across this beautiful land, from the purple mountain majesties to the fruited plains to the not-quite-so-fruited plains, children eagerly await chicken nugget day. At any given moment, untold numbers of people are ordering Chicken McNuggets from their local McDonalds. At the same time, scores of people are ordering Chicken McNuggets from their local Burger King, disgruntling yet another BK employee. Gruntles aside, the nugget is an amazingly positive, yet largely ignored influence upon our national culture. That is why I propose we make the nugget America's national cuisine. Since I am a white suburban male aged 18-34, everyone listens to me, so I consider my proposal to be as good as law. We must now enter a period of adjustment as we all become accustomed to eating nuggets six times a week (or face six years in prison). It shouldn't be too difficult. Nuggets offer something for everyone.

Your standard nugget is made of pressed chicken, lightly breaded and cooked in its own drippings. This is commonly known as the "McNugget." You may hear it called a "Chicken Tender" or a "Wendy's Chicken Tender," but it's a freaking McNugget, and that's the end of the story. There are, however, variations on the classic. As I mentioned earlier, you may encounter a fish nugget, but I think we may actually have to exclude that particular item from the list of acceptable nuggets. Any good meal should involve some sort of meat, and fish are basically just the plants of the sea. Now, something like the Meat Lover's Pizza is a real meal, in that for one Meat Lover's Pizza to exist, two animals have to die. Now *that* would make a good nugget. For the most part, though, nuggets should emphasize our national pride and heritage. I have mustered all the culinary skill that I possess to create a select few delicious examples.

Mmm.... democracy...

- **The Patriot Nugget**

When I first came to the realization that the nugget was the perfect American food, I realized that there needed to be a nugget that symbolized everything good and just about the US. That's when I remembered that Benjamin Franklin, one of the most beloved figures in American history, originally suggested that our national bird be the turkey. It's a damn good thing that got voted down, because now I can bring you a nugget made of 100% bald eagle. Note that I said "A nugget." We're going to run out of bald eagle meat really quickly. After that, we'll have to start using fillers. Other eagles, probably.

- **The Native American Nugget**

You can't very well make America nuggets without giving some representation to the Native Americans. For too long, the hardships they have suffered at the hands of European Americans have been glossed over, and their pride and numbers have dwindled. We cannot, as the leaders of the free world, just ignore that part of our collective history. With that in mind, I've whipped up a delectable batch of buffalo nuggets. What better way to remember the senseless slaughter of almost the entire species than to eat the rest of them one little bite-sized bit at a time? Like the bald eagle, though, the supply of buffalo is rather limited. Once we're out, we'll have to start using Native Americans themselves. They seem to do what they're told, so I don't think it will be a problem.

Working for a Better Tomorrow
For Us All

We're back, because I was low on ideas this week.

- **The ELEAWTA Nugget**

As the fastest-growing Greasnin-started organization in the world, ELEAWTA (Eating Lethal and Endangered Animals While They're Alive) fully deserves its own nugget. No other group so fully embodies the American spirit of bravery and rugged individualism. I think we can all agree that the best Americans are the ones who wouldn't flinch about ripping a grizzly bear apart in one-on-one combat, then eating the remains. Plus, since this article is basically just a rehash of the ELEAWTA update, I sort of had to mention the group. What's greatest about this nugget is that it's different every time. Any given nugget could be made from hundreds of different endangered animals, whatever the courageous members of ELEAWTA managed to kill that day. If they could actually manage to come up with a way to compress chunks of an animal into nuggets while that animal is still alive and fighting, it would be a symbol of democracy that we could all rally behind.

■ **The Vegetarian Nugget**

Now, I can't fathom eating one of these myself, but ever since that damnable sensitivity training, I've become more open to the needs of others. I acknowledge and respect the fact that there is a disturbingly sizeable fraction of Americans who would rather not eat meat. They may be smelly and less attractive physically than normal Americans, but damnit, they're our brothers and sisters, and in the spirit of the nugget movement, they must be embraced. Although it pained me to do so, I devised a nugget that caters to the vegetarians' diet. Innocent vegetables are ripped from the life-giving ground, their roots torn asunder and left as food for rodents and swarms of insects. The vegetables are then skinned with a razor-sharp steel blade, and the strippings are hurled mercilessly into a pot of viciously boiling water, so that their essence may be sucked forth as flavor for the horrid brew. The vegetables themselves are then chopped up like so much shredded newspaper, small pieces sticking to the unfeeling edge of the cold knife, before they too are thrown into the pot. There, they are left to stew in their own juices, the searing heat releasing their true flavor. Once boiled, the vegetables are dumped into a blender and mangled by the whirling blades. The resulting pulp is then mashed, breaded, and baked. You vegetarians out there will undoubtedly enjoy such a tasty delight, if you can live with the death on your hands. Guilt trip your way out of that one, hippies!

I'm no chef, but I am a proud American, and I would be honored to eat any of these nuggets (except for that last one, that's just cruel). I know that when I do, I will be eating a part of America, and that my gastrointestinal juices will dissolve it and release the nutrients of this mighty nation into my body, so that I might be strengthened by its unity and riboflavin. Stand tall, Lady Liberty, and let your torch be an oven of truth and hope, always baking America's nuggets of freedom to a golden brown tomorrow. And stand tall Americans, knowing that we finally have a way to show up France in basically the only thing they're good at.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

11.10 4:20 - Smoke Embalming Fluid Every Day

Monday, Nov 11, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Cheech and Chong are a testament to the fact that some drugs have side-effects no more harmful than shitty comedy and a need to recycle one bad joke over and over again.

As an avid viewer of CNN and the History Channel I tend to keep up with current events and events that were current in 1939-1945 respectively. While Hitler still seems to be sweeping through France and then ultimately losing to the combined might of the Allied powers on the History Channel, the CNN channel has stopped talking about the Sniper and has recently begun talking up a new street drug. Referred to as "wet", "illy", "fry", or "wack", it's basically a form of embalming fluid that can be soaked into cigarettes or marijuana and smoked. What makes it extra special is that it's often itself laced with PCP, everyone's favorite drug that leads to amusing side effects like immunity to gun shots and accidental infant face consumption.

Much like the whole "licking toads gets you high" trend of a few years ago, the "smoking embalming fluid gets you high" trend of today mystifies me. It begs the question how are these scientific high-getting discoveries made? One of my theories involves a research group in a California highology laboratory. They sit around in white lab coats getting paid to inhale random chemicals from an alphabetical list. Then, once they find a chemical that gets the lab workers high, they start the process over pairing it with random chemicals. While this pipedream may in fact be just that - my imagination - I decided that there was a lot of money to be made in producing the next big drug craze to appear on the streets.

With this as my goal I made plans to assemble a team of crack researchers to assist me in conducting my study of what chemicals will get you high. My first step in putting together this drug dream team was to figure out what chemicals I had handy that I could test. After searching I found the following items:

- Dawn Lemon Scented Foaming Action Dish Soap
- An Anti-Desiccant Pack
- Mysterious Container of Brown Slurry and Blue Growth (Refrigerated)
- One Kitten and a Lot of Kitten Turds

Pure, refined, Colombian mystery gulash.

The second step was much easier and less time-consuming. All I had to do was select a site where my team and I could conduct our groundbreaking study. For the sake of convenience I selected our bathroom, since I figured if anyone vomits because of smoking one of the above items they could do so in the bath tub, or the toilet I guess. Then if they passed out or something we could put them in the bath tub and run cold water on them until they wake up and get back to work and stop being lazy and shiftless.

Next up was getting together the budget for paying my testers. I had 63 dollars in cash and about 20 dollars in my bank account, I figured this would be enough but just in case it wasn't I asked Michelle for twenty dollars. I told her I needed it to score some H and when she asked what H was I told her it meant Hentai, even though I think it means Herbs. Either way she refused and locked

the bedroom door so I took it out of her purse and garnished my wages an additional twenty dollars for going to the trouble of asking her in the first place.

This is the image Mark and Gwendolyn used in their "Double Header" profile.

Selecting my testing candidates was by far the most time consuming portion of the pre-testing phase. I needed four subjects and a control group, preferably a control group who was either a sexy woman or really good at playing me in *Dead or Alive 3* for the Xbox. After a grueling 48 minute recruitment drive that involved walking around my block and yelling "free drugs" and posting personals on a swinging couples message board called "The Double Header" using pictures of Katie Holmes, I had my group of fresh-faced recruits.

Let's run down that list of all stars before we get to the hard scientific data that my study generated.

- **Juan Garcia** - *Age 52* - A Puerto Rican derelict I found collecting cans of cat food from the garbage bags behind my apartment building, I felt he had a lot to offer the program. Namely he had experience in testing drugs already. In 1978 while being incarcerated in Federal Prison for mail fraud and attempt to rape a moving freight vehicle he participated in a government test of DDT to lessen his sentence. Blind, constantly hallucinating, prone to screaming and biting, he possessed the qualities that I look for in a lab worker in spades.

- **Mark and Gwendolyn Price** - *Ages 47 and 41* - A couple I found on "The Double Header" in search of "bondage (sub pref), scat play (m or f), dp (w/ d), and genital torture (sub pref, although Mark likes it too)" with a "single female 18-24". Even though I'm not a single female age 18 through 24, I knew Mark and Gwendolyn couldn't pass up the opportunity to get high. I assured them upon arriving at my apartment that " +SexyTeen+ " would be home any minute to indulge their desires.

- **Jenny Goldman** - *Age 9* - I found Jenny wandering the neighborhood unable to find her parents. Without parental supervision Jenny was sure to be an easy mark for a low wage and maybe some candy. While she might lack experience when it comes to doing illicit substances I felt that her relative freshness to mind-altering drugs would prove invaluable.

- **Arnold "Mittens" Lesko** - *Age 22* - I found this character on "The Double Header". He's a furry with the alter-ego "Mittens" a kitten, he was bi-sexual and in search of a couple to give him a "bowl of milk and maybe more". While he seemed disappointed when he arrived in his kitten costume with his filth-encrusted sex flaps down and Katie Holmes didn't answer the door, he quickly took to the idea that Mark and Gwendolyn would have sex with him after the study was done being conducted. I chose him as my control group because he claimed to be pretty good at *Super Smash Brothers: Melee* and I figured talent in that might translate to a less homoerotic fighting game like *DoA3*.

The study was conducted in the bathroom with Juan, Mark, Gwendolyn, and Jenny as my test subjects and Mittens as my control group. The drugs were given to them one at a time. When the item was in liquid form I soaked normal tobacco cigarettes in the substance before giving it to them. The results of these tests are categorized by each substance given. In most cases the subjects spoke for themselves about the quality of the chemical but at times when they were unable I noted the

observed effects of usage.

■ Test One: *Dawn Lemon Scented Foaming Action Dish Soap*

This test was conducted with cigarettes soaked in one ounce of Dawn Lemon Scented Foaming Action Dish Soap and then allowed to dry to combustible levels. Reactions were recorded approximately ten minutes after the subjects finished inhaling the smoke.

Garcia during happier times, such as this dish soap test, hours before the tragic cat shit test.

Juan Garcia: "This stuff really hurts my eyes like something terrible man, what you put in this? Soap you said? I put soap in a muffler of a car to make it run cleaner and the police told me not to do that anymore and then I bit the police man on his nose and I went to prison. They never let me stay in prison even though it is nice except for the dragons that come at you when you close your eyes. So yeah, this stuff is like the dragons if that's what you want."

Mark and Gwendolyn Price: (Mark speaking) "We thought this stuff was super and it got me rock hard. Gwendolyn probably would have stuck needles in my balls if it weren't for that kid. Do you have a swing or something we could use for maybe ten minutes? Even a sheet or hammock and a couple forks? She could ram cans of soda up your ass while I do her hard and then I could jerk off while she kicks you in the balls. Okay man, yeah, that stuff was awesome."

Jenny Goldman: "My mommy told me smoking is bad but this stuff is crazy and that smelly man tried to bite me. Can I go home now, please?"

Mittens: "I feel a little yiffy, are Mark and Gwendolyn done yet?" *(observation: control group is not good at Dead or Alive 3 and keeps picking the guy who looks like Hulk Hogan)*

■ Test Two: *An Anti-Desiccant Pack*

The Anti-Desiccant was removed from the pack and inserted into four separate rolling papers mixed with oregano. Jenny had a seizure immediately after she began inhaling the substance so the recording of results was delayed until she regained consciousness.

Juan Garcia: "Okay yeah, have you ever had a hobo ham sandwich? It looks and tastes just like ham but instead of ham it's made out of those things they put on milk jugs in between the cap and the opening to keep you from peeing in them. I could go for one of them about now and this stuff you gave me is making my eyes bleed unless that might be, oh yeah, from me running my face into the tile on the floor. Clean enough to eat a hobo ham sandwich off of and that's one lonely hobo."

Mark and Gwendolyn Price: (Gwendolyn speaking) "Well if this stuff wasn't the bee's knees I don't know what is. It got Mark rock hard and I just wanted him to rail me like the day we met at SwingCon 88. I was there with Jimmy and he just swept me off my feet and put me in the anti-gravity boots and started sticking things out of his pocket up my ass. It was fantastic and then he peed all over my face. Absolutely the bee's knees, just like that stuff."

Jenny Goldman: *(observation: incapable of coherent speech after recovering from seizure. Mild bleeding from where she bit her tongue, keeps attempting to kick me when I request she return to the test chamber. Is exempt from the next test although becomes exceedingly hyper and excited during test three)*

Mittens: "Do you have any kitty treats?! Meeeeoowww..." *(observation: control group was briefly*

knocked unconscious by a thrown shoe in order to maintain integrity of the data)

■ **Test Three: *Mysterious Container of Brown Slurry and Blue Growth***

I swear to Christ on a burning cross that if I ever meet a furry again I'm going to hit his carotid with a syringe full of air.

Experimental chemical three was removed from the tinfoil-covered container it was found in and stirred into a pot of very strong coffee. Some sections of blue growth had to be juiced as they were encapsulated with a hard shell but contained a thick, clear, fluid. Origin of growth is unknown but host substance was believed to be either refried beans or human remains. Effects were recorded ten minutes after subjects finished their portions.

Juan Garcia: "You is a phony-baloney and I am going to kill you mother fucker. You hear me? Phony-baloney. And she is a whore and, bitch you is a whore too. You better give me some of that sandwich of hobo ham or I'm gonna bite you mister phony-baloney." *(subject briefly lost consciousness)* "Okay I am back and this time you had better be the real deal Holyfield or I am gonna bite you. This shit you gave me to drink, what is this, map juice? I juice a map out your head."

Mark and Gwendolyn Price: (Gwendolyn speaking) "Mark is hard as a rock from whatever was in that cup you gave him. Not only that but his entire torso is bleeding and I don't think I have seen anything hotter in my life. I just want to fill every one of his hot little holes with my love right now but he's pouring juice out of everywhere." *(observation note: subject was super-secreting from all orifices)* "I like that dance he is doing too, if I had a cock it would be rock hard right now."

Jenny Goldman: *EXEMPT FROM THIS ROUND OF TESTING.*

Mittens: "Don't you have *Super Smash Brothers*? That game is yifftastic! I like playing as Pikachu and fighting Link. Meow! That just makes my day." *(observation: control group was threatened with stabbing and replied with something about macros and crushing but thankfully stopped talking and began pouting. Subject is noted as on thin ice and near homicide levels of annoyance)*

■ **Test Four: *One Kitten and a Lot of Cat Turds***

Testing was interrupted by the discovery that control group "Mittens" had discovered stuffed animals in the closet and had begun to hump them while the samples of cat shit were being prepared. "Mittens" was ejected from the third floor through an unopened window and testing continued as planned. The cat turds were placed into a cyclotron and separated into homogenous portions. The high density cat feces was left to dry and then inserted into tobacco cigarettes, one for each subject.

Halfway through the administering of the samples to the test subjects the laboratory subject named Juan Garcia began biting the unconscious Mark Price in the face. Mr. Price awoke and declared himself "rock hard" at which point he insisted that Mr. Garcia bite his scrotum while his wife performed sex acts on him with a water drill. Mr. Garcia declined by ramming his own face through drywall and electrocuting himself by biting through insulated wiring. His body hair caught on fire and Mr. and Mrs. Price were asked to leave when they began to lick his smoldering corpse.

Jenny Goldman assisted in the disposal of Mr. Garcia's remains by chopping his body into pieces so that they could be rendered unidentifiable in the industrial cyclotron. She was then given three Reese's Peanut Butter Cups and cab fair to her home which was said to be "in the big town."

This study, while inconclusive, was very personally rewarding as I finally had an excuse for get-

ting started on that bathroom renovation I had been meaning to do. It is my hope in the future to spend more than an hour preparing my next scientific study and possibly avoid two counts of murder.

Insane Clown Posse Fans Are Not Pleased

The recent Truth Media review of Insane Clown Posse managed to get under the skin of more than a few fans of the hip-hop duo. To be exact more than 362 "Jugaboos" or whatever they call themselves wrote in enraged at the review, despite the fact that it clearly states in the Truth Media section that the reviews are fake. Not only did they write in angry, but the article circulated to a number of ICP news outlets, where it was presented as a real review and generated even more angry buzz. The hard-working Truth Media Editor has taken time away from reading death threat after death threat to compile and respond to the most idiotic e-mails this article has generated.

> **From: {--..rAiSeD FiSt..--/}**
> **Subject: FAGGOTS**
>
> *whoaever the fuck wrote that shit doesnt know shit. if you want to bash icp and make emenim look good than try uesing real informatiuon not bullshit you just made up why do you have to do that ill tell you because icp fuckin eat shit like eminem for breakfast. eminems a fuckin homo poof why else does he already make fun of them all the time? he just wont admit it and maybe you should admit the fact you just made shit up.*
>
> ICP ARE TRYING TO BE MAINSTRAEM? WHO HAD SO MANY FUCKIN #1s EMINEM!
>
> HIS the one who sold out so fukin stop bashing icp and there production is fuckin excellent they could be #1 if they want but they wont fukin sell out or bertay their hardcorps roots like fuckin pop fags.
>
> i guesss you dont get a lot of visitor because nobody would look at ur shit more than one time (somethingAWFUL all right!!!) so im going to warn you that if you ever post shitlike that again ESPESICLLY ABOUT ICP i will FUCKIN POST IT ON ALL THE BOARDS and yur gonna look fuckin stupid instead of me just telling you to shut the fuck up!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! hope you fuckin die

If you would like to read more extremely intelligent e-mails such as this then head on over and give the article a look. Or you can always just skim the e-mails and read the insulting responses to them, I wouldn't blame you, some of these psychotic morons wrote like five pages.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.11 Vote Jerk In 2004!

Tuesday, Nov 12, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Myself, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, kissing a baby in anticipation of the upcoming 2004 elections.

It has come to my attention that neither the Democratic nor Republican parties are meeting my personal needs these days. I base part of this assertion on the fact that just yesterday I was in the bathroom making a little deposit into ye olde Chocolate Vault when suddenly I noticed we were out of toilet paper. I began to panic and shouted at the top of my lungs, "Democrats! Please help me, for I am in need!" but I received no response. I then moved onto Phase 2: shrieking "Republicans, lend me a hand!" No dice. At that point it became painfully clear that neither political party has my best interests in mind and I was all alone, all by myself, in the middle of a jungle without a tour guide who uses smartyman terms like "minority whip" and "midnight basketball." I know many of you SA readers feel the same way about the current democratic process in America, unless of course you don't live in America, in which case I hope one of our unmanned robot drones shoots a Hellfire missile at your home and incinerates your family. Here's a brief rundown of both major political parties, formatted in a way that will make it easy for you to date them online.

- **PARTY:** Republicans

LIKES: Tax breaks, guns, war, big business, fat white people, Jesus, money, cellphones, SUVs.
DISLIKES: Minorities, trees, foreigners, Allah, the government (except when they consist of "the government"), corruption (except when they are part of the corruption), parties, children.
OVERVIEW: The Republican Party was founded in 1753 or 1854 or 2018 or something by Abraham Lincoln, who successfully put an end to slavery while capturing Quebec, England, Cuba, and most of the moon. One of the most popular Republicans throughout history is James A. Garfield, who is fondly remembered for promptly dying four months into office. Other Republicans weren't as lucky, such as Warren G. Harding (invented the steam broom), William McKinley (defeated the filthy Spaniard, unclean Frenchmen, and dirty Phillipinos by hitting them with a folding card table in a steel-cage grudge match), and Benjamin Harrison (outlawed gravity). These days the Republicans can be found occupying just about every branch and corner of the White House, just hanging out or, as they like to call it, "chillin' with the homies."
THEIR CRAZY EXTREMIST GROUP: Conservatives. These guys just hate the government. They would like to have a government which either doesn't employ anybody or just hires ghosts or something; I don't know, no matter how much they say they despise the government, they still continue to run for political office. Conservatives are very fond of Jesus, who blesses them when they give the $190-million church of their choice all money they won during the last NASCAR bet. They support religious rights, just as long as you're a Christian and therefore your religion is right.

- **PARTY:** Democrats

LIKES: Water which doesn't dissolve you, weird gods, Phish, poor people, crazy people, people in the minority, people in / from other countries, people who are anybody except

Republicans, Satan (probably).
DISLIKES: Huge corporations which won't employ them because they haven't taken a shower in 28 days and smell like cow shit, white people who aren't "hip," anybody who supports free speech but doesn't speak freely about things other democrats believe in.
OVERVIEW: The Democrats, always ahead of their time, started the Democratic Party around 1840, nearly 14 or possibly 178 years before the Republicans. Back then, the Democrats were very passionate about what they believed in: slavery, big business, taking over land from minorities, and generally doing all the crap which they bash Republicans for these days. Notable Democrats in history include Andrew Jackson (stabbed a record amount of enemy soldiers in the face during the War of 1812, AD I assume), Jimmy Carter (got attacked by a swimming rabbit which infected him with a severe case of malaise), and Lyndon B. Johnson (protected America from the 100-foot tall mutant ants that terrorized this fine land during the days of wine and atoms).
THEIR CRAZY EXTREMIST GROUP: Liberals. This wacky group of college students and 50 year old burnouts who aren't aware they were kicked out of college years ago believe in mankind's freedom, such as the freedom to grow a ratty beard and do crazy drugs off the chest of women who won't fucking stop talking about Woodstock. Liberals also like riding bicycles because they have a less chance of being arrested for driving while stoned out of their mind.

As you can see, neither of these parties are interested in my wants and needs, such as a 24-hour cable television channel dedicated to large pandas driving around those little electric cars in circles. Luckily I am not a person to sit idly by, bitching and moaning without bothering to get up, take the future into my own hands, and then decide to bitch and moan in a slightly different location. I am a dynamic man, one of change and innovation, which is exactly what I told the parole board last month. Since our two-party political system is failing us faster than an English-only speaking student majoring in computer engineering, I have decided to create a brand new political party, one which will put both Democrats and Republicans to shame. I have created The Jerk Party.

What is The Jerk Party? Simply put, we're a bunch of jerks. Now don't get me wrong; we're not any bigger jerks than you and your stupid friends who spend all night playing "Dance Dance Revolution" and then see who can spit phlegm wads the farthest off the balcony. Well actually, now that I think about it, we are bigger jerks - that's why we're The Jerk Party. However, we have no qualms about being up front and honest regarding our jerktastic tendencies. You'll always know exactly where we stand on each and every issue because we're jerks, we do what any jerk would do, and we're frankly too goddamn lazy and disinterested to lie. Here's a sample of our major issues:

Myself, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, signing in legislation that allows me to drive a nuclear tank.

- **ABORTION:** We believe that every mother has the right to kill their baby if they want. We don't give a crap; if the mom wishes to do so, she can start murdering whichever random internal organs she desires. However, we understand that there are a lot of silly people out there who feel that baby murdering is against the law of God, whatever that is. So, in order to appease both groups, abortions will only be legal on Sundays, when the Conservatives are all at church praying for us and our wagon load of sins. That way the religious folks will be happy, as they won't have to worry about wading through a pool of overflowing fetus corpses coming from the nearby Planned Parenthood, and the abortion people will be happy since they'll weigh 15 pounds less and have one less living creature lodged inside of their, well, wherever the hell babies live. I think the esophagus.

- **TAXES:** The Jerk Party hates paying taxes. We pay taxes every goddamn day yet we never see what we're getting in return. I mean, why should our money go to finance roads we'll never use, police forces which we never call (but are often called on us), and some government fatcats who use it to fuel their giant money-burning turbo jet which transforms into a train and a giant robot with a gun that blows up oil tankers? With this in mind, we are offering a "Press Your Luck" option for all American citizens. If you choose this option, you won't have to pay a single dime in taxes, but at the end of the year you will be invited to our state-sponsored game show, "You Could Be Fucked," in which a punchcard-fueled supercomputer from the 1970's spends 15 minutes calculating a number between 1 and 100. If that number corresponds to the state-given number you were issued when you walked onto the show, you will have all the money you made the previous year taken away and you will be forced to work for the government in our state-run salt mines. We don't really need the salt you'll spend 12 hours a day mining; we just like forcing other people to work.

- **FOREIGN POLICY:** It is our opinion that every foreign country out there is full of lunatics should be avoided at all costs. I mean, for Christ's sake, enough United States citizens are fucking psychos as is; we don't need to start dealing with overseas nutwads. All immigrants attempting to earn citizenship will have to pass a grueling series of physical activities ranging from "the 900-yard sprint" to "climb the Statue of Liberty, you goddamn greasy pigs." We will declare "American" to be the official language of America and we will appoint language task forces that imprison people who don't speak American, such as those goddamn Mexicans and those goddamn Canadians and those goddamn Wisconsinians. We will withdraw all foreign representatives from all countries, as frankly I don't think any of us gives a crud what happens in all those crazy, backwards countries whose main export is illegal Charmander stickers. We'll take all our troops and

Myself, Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, talking to a constituent about my views regarding giant blimps.

money out of Israel and let them and the Arabs fight it out until they kill each other, at which point we'll sweep in and declare any country with oil as a new American colony, assuming we find a way to drill for oil without all the latent radiation making our balls shrivel and fall off.

- **THE WAR ON DRUGS:** The war on drugs is retarded. We don't care if you want to do drugs or not, just as long as you don't shoot up and start trying to eat our legs while we wait in the checkout line at Vons. However, there is a lot of money to be made in the drug industry, as shown by the success of various rap artists. We propose opening up governmentally sponsored crackhouses which will sell high quality drugs of all kinds to anybody who has the money. However, there is a catch; you must do the drugs inside our crackhouses which are all wired with hidden cameras. These cameras will broadcast a live, direct feed to Jerk TV, a channel dedicated to entertaining the rest of us with the drug-induced hilarity that can only come from a disheveled unemployed bum convinced that the walls are all gigantic birds trying to open up his brain and put Christmas presents inside. We predict great ratings for Jerk TV, so not only will we be gaining revenue from the Crackhouses, but we'll have some great advertising cash as well.

These are just a few of our many amazing ideas which we're thinking of at an alarming rate. By the time the 2004 elections roll by, we'll have like a billion zillion great ideas like the aforementioned, thereby securing our position as the party of the future. Don't be fooled by the empty lies and promises of the Democrats and Republicans out there! Instead, why not be fooled by The Jerk Party instead? You'll have a more amusing time in the process and we'll also make CSPAN a lot more entertaining. If you donate more than $100 to our cause, we'll also punch out the Senator of your choice.

Gear up for the Goldmine!

This week's hot new Goldmine feature focuses on gems of parental wisdom that the goons of the Something Awful Forums have relied on to shape their lives. Reading them will go a long way to explaning what went wrong with a lot of these people.

> ***Billiam's Mom:*** *"You shouldn't be in a hurry to have sex, it only feels good in the way going to the bathroom feels good."*

Wow, ok dude, your Mom sure did have a point there. Anyway, hop along Cassidy to the Goldmine

and see how crazy these people's parents are. Maybe it will make you feel better about the time when you were four and your Daddy locked you in the Special Room and gave you the Special Drink and when you woke up your mouth tasted funny and you couldn't see for three days.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.12 I'm Really Sick of Saving Undeserving People From Certain Annihilation

Wednesday, Nov 13, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Oh great, a cave. I wonder what hero is going to have to kill all the monsters hiding in it.

Over the numerous years of my life, I have dedicated countless hours to saving universes, galaxies, worlds, countries, cities, small villages, local elections, outdoor pie eating contests, and even individual kids from horrific evils and great dangers. I have rarely asked much for my services, and often times for nothing at all. Sure, I saved your small village from an evil curse or enemy attack, but I'm still willing to pay full price for my potions. And no, I don't expect to sleep at your inn for free. It's all part of my job as a common man tasked with the incredible responsibility of assembling a band of misfits and leading them to destiny against a great evil that threatens the safety of all. Why do I do it? I don't want to be a hero, I just don't have anything better to do with my time. I could take up stamp collecting, or possibly even hobo tagging and archiving, but I have neither the dedication nor the vanilliekranse fury for such affairs. Maybe my reasons are shallow, but that doesn't mean the great feats of daring I regularly subscribe to are any less important.

Lately, however, I have been wondering if my many heroic exploits are all for naught. I invest hundreds of hours into strengthening myself up, conquering lesser evils until I can take down stronger ones. Naturally, this leads me to increasingly distant areas, far from home and comfort. True, I do make friends along the way, usually a bunch of white guys and girls, a token black guy who can lift heavy objects and swing them in the direction of an enemy, and some kind of strange and fancy mutant and/or animal. That helps a lot in making the journey more bearable. My complaint is that everybody else, you in particular, fail to show any enthusiasm about my quest. Most of the time, like when I'm lifting an evil curse from your town that turned you and your fellow citizens into stone, you're just "thanks mister, that was pretty scary!" Honestly, what the fuck? I just saved your goddamn ass from no less than death, you ungrateful pile of poorly constructed horseshit! Sure, you might have survived being turned into stone for a few days, but after awhile you're going to need food, water, not to mention have to go to the bathroom. How are you doing to do that if you're frozen solid like a rock? I'm simply worried you're not worth saving because you don't even have half the common sense of an expired monkey.

You might get the false idea I have some kind of superiority complex, what with the fact I routinely vanquish evil for the good of every living thing and all. But no, I'm a very modest and humble savior and champion of virtue. I want what's best for all, but saving you doesn't seem to be doing you a whole lot of good. Just look at your life and tell me if you deserve to be spared from the evils of black magic, godless technology, aliens, demons, and giant sandworms. I'm sure your answer will be something predictable like, "Devil's Island? No one dares go there, 'cept for my brother, Ted. He never came back, though. Ten of us went out to find him, but only five of us came back. There's lots of treasure there, so if a strong enough man, and you appear to be one, was to go there and kill all the monsters, lots of riches could be made." I don't know how many times I have heard that answer, but each new time I hear it uttered a little piece of me dies and falls off, almost as if though I'm suffering the effects of radiation, which according to my Geiger counter, I am.

The average person I encounter doesn't do much in life. While I'm running to the ends of the Earth with reckless abandon, you hardly even leave your town. I have a big problem with you and I'm

going to let it all out, right here, right now.

- **You don't seem to have a job**
You're never doing any work. No matter what time of the day, what day of the week, what week of the month I run into you, you never have anything to do. You just sit around or pace back and fourth. I sure would be motivated to help you if you contributed to the world by at least doing something akin to work. Even if you pushed a crate back and fourth all day, it would at least look like you're trying and I can't condemn you for that, unless you're trying to push that crate into harm's way.

- **You don't eat or sleep, or you eat and sleep too much**
I'm really sick of wandering into a local pub and finding your drunk ass at the bar binging on an endless conveyer belt of booze. I'm the one putting my life on the line, so what do you have to worry about? Are you trying to drown away the repetition or pointlessness of daily living? If so, I shouldn't save you. Another thing I hate is when I go to that one town, and there is always at least one of them, where a pudgy man or boy needs to be rescued. Hey fatty, if you can't beat a cake, you aren't ever going to amount to anything but a failed doughboy. I'm going to hide an amulet inside a pie so you choke to death, then I'm going to wear your bloated ass around my neck because I'm just that strong. On the flip side, I'm very disturbed by the people who spend all their life in bed, and even more slightly disturbed by the people who spend all their life never going to bed. I don't know how these banal routines of either sleeping all day or wasting time all day can sustain you. It's like you're all robots or soulless computers.

- **You wander aimlessly through life or on a pointless set path**
There is nothing more depressing than seeing someone who spends their entire life wandering aimlessly around their house or town, never really going anywhere, but taking all day to get there. I can seemingly walk from one end of the world to another, and save for the random monster encounters, do it in less time than it takes you to walk from your house to your neighbor's house. And that's even in optimal walking conditions, such as having the wind on your side or having received the blessing of the pope and the entire crew of the Apollo 13 during a special Super Bowl halftime ceremony. I suppose that's still better than spending your life walking in the same path for god knows what reason. Ten steps east, five north, five south, ten west. What kind of life to lead is that? I feel that if I were to not save the world from evil, the impending suffering would still be a step in the right direction. At least it would bring about some change in your life, and let me tell you, you need it more than Scott Baio needs to reinvent his image.

Media portrayals of blob monsters give the false impression that they're kind, jellybean loving shape shifters. They're in fact evil, smelly, and bloodthirsty. They do enjoy a good jellybean, but then who doesn't?

- **You cause your loved ones to run off into danger**
  Something about the way you behave seems to cause your loved ones, such as your son, daughter, companion, best friend, or sibling to run away from the safety or your home and end up in a fucking cave surrounded by blob creatures. Blob creatures are often poisonous, not to mention smelly. And don't get me started on the sensual and hypnotic way they move, because this article would most certainly take a turn for the worst, which at this point would be a turn for the good, but still somehow paradoxically not good. If everybody would just take a second to let their loved ones know that blob creatures are bad company, the world would be a better place. Also, if you're going to drive your friends and family away with your repetitious lifestyle, at least have a worthy reward for me when I do the mandated good deed. Hint: I'm a little tired of getting potions, small amounts of gold, and magical swords laying around your house.
- **You need me to save you constantly**
  If it isn't your family I'm saving; it's you and your entire fucking town. The next time some evil asshole stops by and threatens to kill you, just tell him to put his money where his mouth-like orifice is, and do it. Tell him that his demon parasite-infested balls aren't big enough or evil enough to raze the aforementioned amounts of hell necessary to make an impact. I honestly enjoy the mystery of walking through a burnt out crater of a town more than I enjoy walking through a town populated with monotonous robots too afraid to stand up to an all-powerful evil.
- **You do nothing to reward me**
  If I do save your town, offer me something nice. As I said, I don't do my wonderful charity work for the money, I do it because no one else will. I would most definitely turn your crappy offerings down, but I would appreciate it if you took the time to maybe take up a collection or think of something nice for me. Instead you usually just direct me to a place where I can find more danger, and I get plenty of that in my strict diet of action. And would it kill you to offer me a discount with your local merchants? I'm sick of you charging me full price for potions you couldn't make if it wasn't for me. I have virtually no inclination to be a hero when the people I'm trying to champion are cheapass money goblins.

I think you can see how a guy like me would grow tired of being a hero. The people, *you people*, don't deserve me! I sacrifice my time, energy, mana, health, and sometimes my very soul, to keep you out of the wet, scabby arms of death. I have given you the gift of continued life, so unwrap it, put it on, and do something good for once. Stop roaming around like an idiot, stop drinking so much, stop eating all the time, and stop being a pussy! One last bit of advice: if your basement gets infested with rats or monsters, just pump it full of poison. Don't take any chances, because while it might be some kids playing or somebody doing something practical, you can never be too sure.

Goodness Gracious Paintballs of Fury!

Our very own neutered pool boy, Psychosis, got down and emotionally dirty by reviewing "Extreme PaintBrawl 4." Yes, they didn't just make one retarded "Extreme PaintBrawl," they made four.

> *According to the most comprehensive source of Extreme Paintbrawl 4 information I could find (the box), the game offers "The Ultimate Multiplayer Combat Experience™." Not only that, but it is the sequel to the #1 best-selling paintball game of all time, and also supports multiplayer through Gamespy Arcade! Due to an incident earlier that day where I hit my head on the wall and broke my brain, I decided the deal was too good to pass up. As soon as the cashier stopped laughing long enough to ring the game up for me, I was on my way to experience the finest example the 'nonviolent 3D shooter' genre had to offer.*

I for one enjoyed this review, except for when he bashed my favorite game of all time, "Totally Rocking Hardcore In Your Fucking Face Tiddlywinks." Hey guy, way mock a true classic.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.13 Appreciate Technology, Goddammit!

Thursday, Nov 14, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This guy is poor. He didn't have enough money to keep his child from looking like Mr. Potato Head.

It has recently come to our attention that many of you out there don't appreciate technology as much as you should. That's right Sid and Mary Feinstein, I'm talking about both of you in particular. Although the aforementioned jerks make up just two people (last time we checked), there are plenty of other guilty parties out there sitting around and taking technology for granted while drinking Diet Pepsi, eating diet frozen dinners, and smoking Diet Marlboros.

Look around you. Notice how technology is making your life better in every conceivable way; that big box thing shooting out all the invisible beams which kill your sperm is a computer monitor, the result of technology. The little boxes which horrible noise comes from are known as either "speakers" or "that box from Hellraiser," both of which were produced using technology. You cannot walk three feet without bumping into technology or at least stomping on it by accident, in which case you should pull technology aside and say in a calm and soothing voice, "I'm very sorry, technology. It will never happen again." Technology is very sensitive, and you can't just go around being a real jackass to it unless you want to wake up tomorrow with a big chunk of circuitry piercing through your heart.

However, not all people in this world are as blessed with the gift of technology. For example, there are a lot of filthy, dirt-encrusted, parasite-factory kids in 12th-world nations who will never get to use a PDA, drive an automobile, or even touch the machine gun which government forces used to mow down their family members because they were obstructing the village's illegal cocaine and chicken export. These stupid, stupid little kids won't get to experience the fun and joy of using a computer because they will more than likely be buried in a mass funeral pit before the end of the year.

Now while we here at Something Awful cannot possibly afford to purchase and ship computers to each and every child, we do empathize with their plight and have been brainstorming for months about what we can do to bring the joy of entertainment technology to little dirty minority children across the globe. During this process, we noticed that one of the most popular games these days is Blizzard's "Warcraft III" for the PC, a title which brings happiness and euphoria to millions of pasty white teenagers who cheat a lot and seriously type things like "LOL." With this in mind, we researched the most cost-effective practical platform for gaming and spent the past three months porting "Warcraft III" to this system so we could bring love to the hearts of a few million children whose biggest daily meal consists of boogers and AIDS-infected puddle water. Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to present to you our crowning achievement: **"Warcraft III" for the Atari 2600.**

Now let me admit that the Atari 2600 was not our first choice for a gaming platform. Our coding team ranked programming for the Tandy, TI-81, and broken abacus above the Atari 2600. In fact, they loathed coding for the Atari 2600 so much that during the project I was personally stabbed in the face over six times. Unfortunately, the Atari 2600 was the best deal when it came to technology per cost, so our financial advisors (two guys we found on the corner of 5th Street holding a sign which read "WILL ADVICE FINANCES FOR FOOD") instructed us to utilize the Atari 2600 in our quest to spread happiness like some kind of airborn tapeworm. This struggle to port new technology to old hardware caused a rift in our development team, as illustrated here in one of the coder's journals:

> **Day 3:** we just heard that we'll be programming Warcraft 3 for the Atari??? what the

WARCRAFT III
NEW EXCITEMENT FROM ATARI.
Play as either Orcs, Humans, Night Elves, or Undead in the fast-paced world of Warcraft. Do you have what it takes to conquer the world?
WARCRAFT III
WARCRAFT
REIGN OF CHAOS
WARCRAFT III
NOW!
Another great Game Program™ cartridge from the world's leader in video games.
ATARI GAME PLAN '02
ATARI means more than fun and games.
ATARI means money.
ATARI
One of the ads we're running in East Timor.

fuck??? jesus christ, I didnt move out here to work on shit like this.
Day 19: fucking christ, we finally figured out today how to make the color orange, I hate life.
Day 38: no matter what I code, the only thing outputted is orange squares now. what the fuck???
Day 41: EVERYWHERE I LOOK I SEE ORANGE SQUARES
Day 56: *(Journal confiscated by District Attorney to be used as evidence in court case)*

I admit that porting "Warcraft III" to the Atari 2600 was a long and arduous journey, but during this experience I learned many things, the least of which is to never force people to port "Warcraft III" to the Atari 2600. We also learned plenty of crap about teamwork, the true value of friendship, and where to score speed at 3:00 AM Monday morning. Combine these factors with the pleasure of knowing we were making a positive difference in the lives of many children who would've otherwise never seen even a couple wads of technology, and you have one development team that was happy spending 20 hours a day writing code that's sole purpose was to make a horrible "GAAAAAAX" noise screech out when your character was hit with an opposing rectangle.

Our first obstacle we had to overcome was the lack of sufficient input devices to the Atari 2600. Many computers these days come with a keyboard and mouse, enabling the user to type things as well as point at them with their the mouse or their finger if they are really stupid. Our Atari 2600 unit came with one bulky joystick which could be shoved in (at least) four directions, as well as a large red button that responded (at least) half of the time we mashed it. One of our programmers suggested that, in order to provide more options, we allow the user to plug in a second joystick and use that as well, but I kindly reminded them that the people we're aiming our technology at are very stupid and would probably end up trying to eat or hump the second joystick. As a result, we

were forced to make do with one joystick and assign many functions to it, as shown in the following diagram:

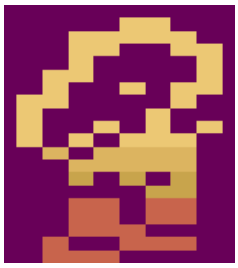
Once we agreed on this setup, we began programming. I, as project lead, had to determine which critical aspects of "Warcraft III" should be kept and which should be thrown out due to the sheer complexity of features like "pathfinding" and "multiple colors." This was a very difficult decision for me, as "Warcraft III" is a game possibly more complex than "Warcraft I" and "E.T." combined. Here's a short example from my logfile detailing some of the decisions I was forced to make so we could fit the entire game into one cartridge and still have room for the Easter Egg which shows the words "Something Awful" fly out of gigantic throbbing penis:

The intro screen. You may not be able to tell, but we took out the full motion video and replaced it with those two blocky guys and that garbled nonsense on the bottom. We feel this was a good choice.

- Peons will be represented by glowing orange blocks. Peons carrying gold or lumber will be represented by glowing orange blocks that make horrible screeching square wave noises.
- Orc Burrows graphic will be replaced with stock image of tree which takes up 80% of the screen.
- Humans technology tree will be simplified to "Build castle -> Build atom bomb."
- All tilesets besides "green and sometimes brown" will be deleted to make room for "more green and more brown."
- Computer AI will be scaled down to arbitrarily pick from three choices: "move right," "attack," or "randomly lock up entire game."
- 3-D view will be scrapped in favor of "2-D and sometimes 1-D" view.
- When the human's Farm building is selected, the sound of cows and chickens will be replaced by horrible screeching square wave noises.
- Mp3 soundtrack will be replaced by horrible screeching square wave noises.
- Opening full motion video introduction will be replaced with large red square which flashes terribly fast, accompanied by horrible screeching square wave noises.

With the major gaming decisions out of the way, we started working on the original artwork. We tried contacting Blizzard Entertainment so they could lend us their original artists, but I guess they were really busy this year and never got back to us. We had to make do by searching major

IRC networks for the best ASCII artists currently designing .nfo files, and came up with a strong team which was able to accurately convert the high-intensity "Warcraft III" artwork into a more technology-friendly alternative. Here are two examples:

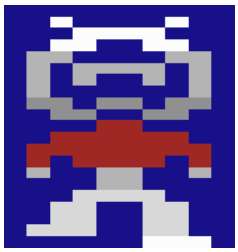


UNIT: Human Sorceress

DESCRIPTION: *These female Magi, sent by the Magocrats of Dalaran to watch over the volatile Battle Magi, use their arcane powers to aid the Alliance forces whenever Humanity is imperiled. Although their powers are not often used directly in combat, the Sorceresses are able to aid the Alliance warriors with a wide array of specialized conjurings and magical effects.*

TECHNICAL INFORMATION: We're fairly sure the Human Sorceress is designed to look like she's moving to the right, but now that we look closer at it, we kind of think the graphic may be of a dinosaur looking down and to the left. Regardless, we're not sure why the Sorceress / Dinosaur is wearing three horizontal gradient stripes. I think its author, "JaY-Z33," was trying to hint that maybe this unit had been wading through large amounts of grape juice for the past few hours. We weren't able to ask him, as "JaY-Z33" is now back in school and he is not answering his ICQ messages anymore.

UNIT: Orc Headhunter



DESCRIPTION: *The disenfranchised Trolls of northern Lordaeron have once again pledged their savage services to the Orcish Horde. These cunning warriors are trained from birth to hunt, track and trap the most dangerous beasts in the wild. In times of war, however, Troll Headhunters turn their mighty spears upon the enemies of the Horde without hesitation. Capable of hurling their deadly spears at distant enemies, Troll Headhunters provide invaluable cover fire for the other warriors of the Horde.*

TECHNICAL INFORMATION: Okay, I don't have any idea why the Orc Headhunter lacks a spear (which is his only weapon), nor why he has little doggy ears and is apparently wearing sunglasses. The art team said "spears are too hard to draw" which doesn't make any sense to me because aren't spears just long lines with a little pointy knob thing at the end? I asked them why they couldn't draw spears, and they promptly threatened to go on strike, so I left them alone and went back to the coding department (my dad's basement).

The next step was to integrate the art, coding, and gameplay into one incredible package, a package that would blow the gamer's socks off, assuming the filthy little bastards in Asia or Africa or wherever can afford socks, which they can't. We had to leave out a small portion of "unnecessary" gameplay and features, such as a coherent single player campaign and the ability to make the screen scroll (whenever we tried this, the Atari would overheat and turn off), in order to fit on one cart. Sacrifices like these are difficult to make when you're trying to faithfully recreate the "Warcraft III" experience in under 48 bytes, but our programmers knew a few tricks to optimize code, such as repeatedly calling a function that made a horrible screeching square wave noise. Below are the fruits of our labor!

A vicious Night Elf Huntress rush threatens to take out the Human base and kill all their dudes.

An Undead Abomination emits Disease Cloud, confusing nearby enemies (which are there but couldn't be displayed due to limitations of the Atari 2600 processor).

We feel that our noble and valiant attempt to bring the joy of "Warcraft III" has been a huge success and will undoubtedly entertain millions of poor and pathetic kids across the world's crappiest plains and wastelands. These ratty little kids will never be as well off as you and I, and their plight should make us all realize how important technology is in our lives. If we lived in a world without technology, none of us would be able to log on to this website and see what great people we here at Something Awful are, and why you should probably send us large amounts of money. Of course we wouldn't be able to update this website without technology, so I guess we'd all spend our free time wiggling our fingers in midair and moving an imaginary mouse that never existed. However, the gift of technology is upon us and our selfless devotion to helping primitive clown kids share the fun has resulted in a remarkably innovative and accurate port of the popular PC title "Warcraft III." Now all we have to do is wait for some idiot to donate a few million TVs and install electricity in the filthy huts throughout the world, and we'll be one step closer to making their dreams come true. No, not the dreams of eating at least one cooked meal a day, we're talking about the dreams of playing a game that produces horrible screeching square wave noises.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.14 The All-Seeing Eye of Justice

Friday, Nov 15, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Illuminati caught the planet in an evil tractor beam. I'm glad these are the guys looking out for my safety.

The debate on security against terrorism has been heating up recently here in the United States with the announcement that a more than slightly sinister new project is underway in Washington. In case you missed it the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, or DARPA (who you might remember from video games) is developing a new system to compile data from hundreds of consumer and public databases all around the world. The system, which is called Genisys, will run on super computers that possibly feature Blast Processing and will "data mine" for people who have buying, travel, or net surfing habits that make them suspect of terrorism. Seeing as how I review Hentai games and write inflammatory articles about stupid shit like this for a living this is all more than a little troubling.

The project is being managed by the DARPA's daughter agency the Information Awareness Office, which has a logo even more sinister than its name. While I would like to hope that this program disappears into the same void that John Ashcroft's hideous and ridiculously oppressive Operation TIPS did, I have a sinking suspicion that this bird may actually fly. Which means that it's time to start planning ahead! I've never considered overthrowing the government and I hate the terrorists as much as Johnny McIsrael, but for some reason I just don't want them to see all of the dirty crap I have been up to with my computer and my credit card. While clearing my cache on Internet Explorer is a good first step I don't think this will help much unless Genisys incorporates Bonzai Buddy technology.

The entire day I have been carefully planning how to stay off the government's ten most wanted Internet Terrorists list. Since I figure there are a few Internet Terrorists who may be reading this I thought it would be helpful if we create a network - or "cell" if you will - to assist in subverting the government's means of keeping track of us. Keep in mind that if you want to blow up America this information is not for you because I don't support anyone who wants to blow up America. Except maybe Cobra Commander, but that's just because I feel sort of sorry for how bad of a terrorist he was. Without further ado, I present my seven easy steps to avoiding suspicion of terrorism

Back in the days of Joseph McCarthy things were so much easier because the bad guys carried cards. Man I wish we could go back to that simpler time.

Step One: Purchase Explosives Only Using Cash

One of the easiest ways for the government to trace you is by using a credit or debit card to purchase engineering explosive for your plans to blow up the head of the Statue of Liberty. To avoid the paper-trail that follows credit transactions I suggest using either cash or the barter system. For example, when I purchased three hundred kilograms of liquid nitroglycerin from Aimes Demolition and Excavation in Toronto, Canada, I offered to trade 7,500 homemade cookies and a whole hog. The alternative would have been using 20 dollar or higher denomination notes which contain tracking devices from the CIA.

Step Two: Book Return Tickets on Aircraft You Plan to Crash Into Buildings

A big red flag for the revolutionary traveler is to only buy a one way ticket when moving across oceans. If you're coming from say Qatar and you purchase a one way ticket to St. Louis, Genisys might just cause your profile to "Alise from the Glaive" and be brought to the attention of a government agent. To avoid this make sure you always purchase a round trip ticket. If you can get away with using a fake name when paying for your tickets that's even better. Try something like "Joe America" or "Ronald Freedom".

Step Three: When Smuggling Drugs in Cadavers Leave Brains Intact

One of the best ways to get drugs and other illegal substances across the US/Mexico border is inside hollowed-out cadavers. Unfortunately the U.S. government has been using dogs trained to sniff drugs inside human corpses in the wake of September 11 and the dead body route seems no longer valid. Fear not! While the dogs may be able to smell that 3 kilo package of H you wrapped up and put inside old Xavier's skull they can't smell liquid Heroin when it saturates brain tissue. Next time you need to ship some china white, dissolve it in citric acid and then let a few human brains soak up the juice. Then return them to the skull (doesn't have to be the same skull), zip up the head, and send them packing back across the border. While this doesn't actually help with Genisys, I figured while I was giving out tips of the trade I might as well include it.

Step Four: Mask E-mail Correspondences

Fill your e-mails with inane and innocent spam for at least five lines before you begin to include key words and phrases for your intended recipient.

For months now Al-Qaeda has been using code to send e-mails undetected past FBI agents, but with the advanced algorithms of the new Genisys system promise to quickly crack this code. Instead I suggest taking advantage of the limited computing potential of Genisys by secreting your message at the bottom of a seemingly innocuous message, similar to something you might send in Animal Crossing. I've been using the "KITTENS" method wherein I make the subject and first five lines or so of my message nothing but the word KITTENS. Genisys only scans the first five lines on cursory processing and if you can stay below its radar it will never look any deeper.

Step Five: Communicate With Operatives Using Stolen Cellular Phones

So you're a Great Old One who waits dreaming at the bottom of the ocean for your cult to prepare the way when the stars are right. But being the boss isn't all fun and games at a hundred fathoms, you have to keep up on current events. Unfortunately, now that Genisys threatens to collate all legitimate telecommunication data your cell calls to the lost city of Kazbullah will quickly be traced back to R'ley and you can't have that. Your options here are to either physically steal cellular phones, thereby casting the all-seeing eye of Genesys on innocent customers, or clone the signal of a legitimate cellular phone.

Step Six: Buy Arms From Former Soviet Republics Using Swiss Accounts

The Swiss banking community will likely not cooperate with the Federal government's new program. If they laundered money for escaping Nazis they'll launder money for a plot to replace wax figures at a New Orleans wax museum with radioactive "dirty" scorpions. This is an awesome plan by the way, because the scorpions will sting people and poison them AND irradiate them and when a doctor goes to suck out the poison he'll catch radiation too and die from lip cancer.

Step Seven: Do Not Use Mid-Stage Lamp-Posts to Save

I previously mentioned that doing "top level" searches Genisys will limit the depth of its search. It does not search through save games that include end of stage states, it will only search lamp-post save points. If you can maneuver around the lamp-posts in a stage, collect all of the rings, and defeat the level boss, you should be free and clear from detection. Unfortunately if the game uses codes then the Genisys system will already have a complete database of these codes and will search for them. This does not work on the save codes for King's Bounty as the system hangs up trying to process all of the ASCII characters involved in a single one.

I plan on following these steps exactingly as I sit in my apartment playing Hentai games, downloading midget on house cat porn, and listening to mp3s of Right Said Fred I downloaded from Direct Connect. That's pretty much my terror agenda for the foreseeable future, but hey, if you're more ambitious maybe my ideas will prove useful.

Add A Little Variety To Your Life

Hello, it's me, Livestock, letting you know that there is a new Photoshop Phriday online. This week is a Variety Pack, which is the second one of those we've done. It features a wholesome brew of images from four different Photoshop threads that appeared on the Something Awful Forums. Take a look:

Themes covered include: "Ways to Improve Bullfighting," "Awful Movie Sequels," "The Next Generation of Soda," and something so stupid I'm not even going to say. Give it a whirl already!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.15 Gems of Public Service

Friday, Nov 15, 2002 by Integral

Oh cool, I'm not supposed to drink paint thinner. Thanks, NBC.

If you grew up in the good old US of A, chances are you might remember watching those crazy Public Service Announcements as a kid. I don't mean the pretty little ten-second blurbs that feature some second-rate soap opera ho telling you that you should stay in school because school is pretty like fluffy kittens and then some charming piano music and a little rainbow graphic. I am talking about the at least three-minute, sometimes painfully more, fear marathons that left you feeling terrified, desolate, and alone but with a vague sense that everything would be ok as long as you listened to the wise flashing light-box.

Maybe people in other countries know what I'm talking about, I have no clue. Being an uncultured swine it is completely alien to think that people in ethnical were exposed to the same sort of thing. Then again, this might be due to the fact that I tend to think of most people living outside of the United States as faceless, monkey-like puppets grubbing about in little pits of mud for food but that might be because I have seen one too many National Geographic specials called "Grubbing in Pits: The Non-USA #1 Story."

When I was in second grade, they showed us a long video, from now on referred to as "The Train Video," which I suppose in retrospect was designed to scare us away from playing on train tracks but merely succeeded in traumatizing us. The dialogue went something like this:

> **Train Guy 1:** *(examining a hideous, burnt, dismembered corpse on the tracks)* Oh no, looks like someone was playing near the tracks again, Steve.
>
> **Train Guy 2:** It looks like he and his friends thought that it would be cool to jump on the train and grab the electrical wires overhead for fun.
>
> **Train Guy 1:** *(kicking the corpse with the toe of his boot)* Now he's burnt to a crisp and the train ran him over and cut off his legs.
>
> **Train Guy 2:** Too bad they had to play near the train tracks.
>
> **Train Guy 1:** Yeah, they thought that it was cool to play near the train tracks.
>
> **Train Guy 2:** *(shaking his head ruefully)* It's never cool to play around train tracks.
>
> **Train Guy 1:** Well, let's get a shovel.

This video was at least a half an hour long, and they showed dead kid after dead kid, all killed by the train in one form or another. One of the kids had thought that it would be a good idea to put a spike or something on the tracks for the train to run over and the train had shot it out and into his head. They called him, "Poor little Spike-Head." There was a slightly older kid of maybe 16 who thought he could play "chicken" with the train, but of course the train is an unstoppable force not to be reckoned with, so it tore his car in two and he ended up stuck in the space between the windshield and the dashboard. I didn't know that people could fit in there.

The teachers watched the kids watch the video with a morbid fascination and probably secret satisfaction. Some of us watched interestedly because there were dead people on the TV and none of us had seen dead people before, especially dead children. Some people didn't take it so well. One girl started crying hysterically and her parents had to be called to get her from school. She didn't like the train video. I assume that she is out there somewhere suffering from a paralyzing fear of

trains to this day, perhaps still crying every time she needs to cross tracks in the car or she sees a train on TV or she masturbates to anthropomorphic hot train on train slash fiction.

There were other traumatizing Public Service things. In fourth grade they had a government sponsored visit from the Orkin man, who, for those of you not familiar, is a bug-killer dude representing the Orkin corporation. They distributed to us kids a really lovely coloring book filled with interesting bugs to color, but it included a picture rather like this:

Thanks to Orkin it was weeks before I would sleep with blankets. I would wake up freezing cold but happy that there were no nooks and crannies in my bed in which the scorpions could hide. This was despite the fact that we lived in Wisconsin, where the most harmful thing that exists is probably a deer when you hit it at over 50mph. It was probably more likely that I would have come down with some sort of pneumonia from having to shiver in the cold night for fear of a scorpion attack. It was more likely that a talking gibbon would rouse me from blissful slumber with an offering of delicious and exotic fruits while he sang ToTo's greatest hits (including "Africa" but not "Rosanna") and shaved his armpits.

I'm not sure what the rationale was for the US government to pay Orkin to come to our school and hand out those damn coloring books, but I have a feeling that it was the possibility of the kids seeing it and getting all freaked out only to tell their parents to call the pest control people immediately. I told my parents to call the pest control people but they didn't listen to me, and when I told them that there were scorpions in my bed they agreed and said that they didn't sting unless provoked so that I shouldn't worry... unless I accidentally kicked them while I was sleeping, in which case I was dead. Thank you parents; some day I will pay you back in blood.

What a shame that this child's happy dreams will soon be interrupted by death.

Another terrible Public Service announcement was one that aired on TV while I was growing up, most likely in the late 80's or because it was on during "Charles in Charge." In this video, a girl lay sick on the couch and her mother worriedly took her temperature. The mother turned out the lights for the girl to sleep and you heard her heartbeat and saw that she was breathing. Seconds later, her heartbeat turned into one of those flatline sounds and the camera zoomed in for a close-up shot of her open mouth to indicate that she had stopped breathing. Her teddy bear fell from her dead and lifeless hands. The mother came in to check on the daughter, turned on the lights, and began screaming. At the bottom of the screen was printed:

Jennifer Taylor. Age 11. Died October 17th, 1985. Carbon Monoxide.

Being very young myself, I had absolutely no idea what carbon monoxide was, so the jist of the commercial became: YOU ARE YOUNG AND FEMALE LIKE THE GIRL IN THE COMMERCIAL. PREPARE TO BE SICK AND DIE IN YOUR SLEEP. Thank you, no sleep for me for quite some time. Of course, I asked my parents eventually what carbon monoxide was, and their answer was not very reassuring, "Oh, it's a colorless, odorless gas that can come into people's houses from the furnace. It kills you." I think that the mere fact that I had to breathe or die got me over this fear, but the memory of that dumb teddy bear falling onto the floor stayed with me for a long time.

These things will give you AIDS!

There were a couple of other traumatizing things that they played ad nauseam on TV while I was growing up. Another great one was the AIDS PSA. This featured a young man staring at himself in the mirror and having all of these purple blotches on his face. Text flashed across the screen:

YOU CAN GET IT FROM ANYWHERE

The man in the mirror started looking worse and worse.

YOU CAN GET IT FROM ANYONE

Seconds later, the man having to brace himself against a wall to stand:

YOU ARE NOT SAFE

They showed the man lying in bed, obviously too weak to move.

AIDS WILL KILL YOU

Ta-da! That was it. Hooray for public education about a spreading epidemic. Stuff like this is what caused people to think that they could pick up HIV from toilet seats and mosquitoes and gay people and stuff.

Another good PSA was the one with the kid playing soccer next to a large, fenced in set of power transformers. One of the kids kicked the ball over the fence and they had a short argument about who was going to go get it. The kids went in to get it and, of course, touched the power thingy. They flashed the screen black and white for a second and then gave the dates of his birth and death. No "Don't play around power stuff" message or anything. Just the kid kicking the bucket and the years he had lived. If anything it made me want to purposely kick something into one of those areas and have the kid I didn't like go in after it so that I could see him turn black and white, too. That was sort of neat looking.

Whomever is responsible for these terrible things needs to be dragged out and shot in the stomach, seriously. None of these were helpful to me and in fact they either inspired wrongdoing or they made me cower in fear for long periods of time. I am sure that there are still Public Service Announcements airing that are terrifying a new generation of kids, but they can't be nearly as visceral or as completely over-the-top as those made back in the good old late 80's early 90's when America was coming to terms with the state of its teeming masses. Isn't there some one I can sue over these things? I want to sue somebody.

-~Integral

11.16 Oh Crap, I'm L33T

Sunday, Nov 17, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Oh Crap, I'm L33T

If you see faces in this, you are insane and I want nothing to do with you.

It's been nearly two months since I joined the Something Awful team, and I've learned a lot in that short time. For instance, I learned that there is no team *per se*, but rather a loosely connected group of reclusive hermits and nerds too fat to love. Lowtax and Integral only leave the house to go to the yarn store. Zack refuses to wear any clothing that isn't made from trashbags. Josh is a hobo. I guess he has a laptop in his boxcar, but I can't be sure. I don't associate with filthy hobos. I started as a barely computer literate, unfunny hack. Now I'm a somewhat computer literate, unfunny hack. I've learned how to spellcheck my articles. I've learned how to format web pages. I've learned that it is **never** a good idea to ask readers to send me email. Oh lord, was that ever a mistake. The point is, I've acquired a wealth of new knowledge in a short amount of time. Just as quotes from the books you read in high school slip into your conversations years later, this knowledge has begun to surface in my daily activities. I didn't really mind at first, but the other day something happened that opened my eyes to the horrible truth. It started innocently enough - I was sending an email to my parents. I try to keep in touch with my parents on a fairly regular basis to make sure they aren't squandering my inheritance. The email was normal enough, but it ended in the most disturbing fashion imaginable:

We'll see if he is. =)

I'll leave the context of "we'll see if he is" to your imagination. But what the hell is "=)" doing there? I sent the email, then immediately realized what I had done. I used an emoticon. **I used a goddamn emoticon.** That's not something that I do. Ever. Under any circumstances. When I'm chatting on ICQ, I write in complete sentences with proper capitalization and punctuation. I do NOT use emoticons, or stupid abbreviations like "lol." I have absolutely no tolerance for crap like that. The English language isn't so complex that we all can't express ourselves fully with real words. I've never used one of those moronic smilies in my life. So why now? What could bring me to such a sad state that I'd actually type "=)" in a letter to my parents?

THESE ARE NOT EYES.

The answer is no farther than... oh... eight, ten inches from my face. For countless hours each day, I sit in the electronic clutches of my computer. Who knows what sort of insidious claptrap it's beaming into my brain? The effects have been apparent for some time, but I was too blind to notice them. Well, I guess you can't be *too* blind - once you're blind, that's about as far as it goes. The point is, subversive forces are at work, and I am their helpless victim. Even now, as I work on this article, I am moving my mouse on a Jeff K mousepad (Only $5.95 in the Something Awful store!) It sits there on my desk, a monument of my acquiescence to the inevitable collapse of the once-great temple that is my mind. Even now, I can feel myself slipping into laziness and apathy. I no longer feel the need to maintain acceptable hygiene. I can picture myself wearing these clothes a week from now, a hole on my knee patched with duct tape, little bits of Doritos caught in my overgrown neck beard. My friends will shun me and no woman will touch me, which I have to admit won't be all that different from

the way things are now. I've already used one emoticon. There's no telling how much further my language skills will atrophy. Soon, I may very well use ";-)" to mean that I'm winking, *even though I never wink when I type!* Why would I? That's like nodding on the phone. I shudder to think of what the future may hold.

THIS IS NOT A MOUTH.

If this keeps up, it won't be long before I start abbreviating everything I possibly can in my online conversations. Like a common geek, I'll think that my time is far too precious to waste typing out complete words. Soon enough, I'll use moronic acronyms like "lol" and "rotflmao" to mean that I found something funny. I don't even know what "rotflmao" stands for! But I'll use it anyway! Never again will I be able to bring myself to type "ha" to imply that I am laughing. Sure, "ha" may be two freaking letters, but it doesn't stand for anything, and I won't be able to stomach using any words that don't stand for a minimum of seventy-four other words. Within weeks, I'll be ranting incoherently about my "haxoring skillz" and using multiple punctuation marks at the end of the short strings of gibberish that I'll try to pass off as sentences. Once I've devolved to that point, I'll start claiming membership among the infamous L33T. I don't know if I'm using that term correctly, and I consider that a sign that my retardation has not progressed as far as I had feared. As a L33T, I'll never stop to correct typos, I'll use numbers in place of letters for no conceivable reason, and I'll write pointlessly threatening letters to humor sites on a daily basis. I'll deserve my oxygen less and less with each passing day. My political hopes will be dashed against the silicon rocks of technological masturbation. My once great oratorical skills will be reduced to the insane mutterings of the socially impotent.

> **Debate Moderator:** "Mr. Platt, you will have thirty seconds to make your opening statement."
> **Me:** "C4LL M3 GR34SY!!!! LOL!!!!!1 I LIEK P0LITIX EQUAL SIGN-CLOSE PARENTHESIS"
> **Opponent:** "Did he just say 'equal sign-close parenthesis?' What does that even mean?"
> **Debate Moderator:** "I think it's a smiley face."
> **Opponent:** "Wow, what a dork."
> **Debate Moderator:** "Tell me about it."
> **Me:** "B4CK 0FF, F4TH4T!!!1! 01101000110101"
> **My Campaign Manager:** "I quit."

Sure, one emoticon doesn't seem all that bad at first. But, as you can see, it is just the first step on a road to self-destruction. If I could sink so low as to use an emoticon to my parents, how will I degrade myself in front of my friends? What will I say to you, the loyal and intelligent Something Awful readers? It is clear what I must do. I have to go on a mystical spirit quest. I will leave tomorrow and go into the wilderness with nothing more than my clothes and my dimming wits. For days, I will forage for my own food and build my own shelter until I can commune with nature like an Native American brave or a dirty flower child. Eventually, when my mind is ready, my spirit guide will appear to me and cleanse my mind of this foul blight. Yes, only in that way can I possible cleanse myself. I will be myself once again. It is a beautiful thing. I can almost hear the conversation with my spirit guide now.

THIS IS NOT A NOSE. NO ONE'S NOSE LOOKS LIKE THIS.

> **Spirit Guide:** "Greasy, my son, I have come to you to answer the most profound questions that reel through your soul."

Me: "Thank you, noble guide! Tell me, how can I regain my humanity after it is lost to the L33T beast?"
Spirit Guide: "F34R MY HAXORING SKILLZ!!11!" HA HA HA AH HA!"
Me: "Shit."

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

11.17 Sham On!

Monday, Nov 18, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Sneak Peek at the Forums!

For a not-yet-determined amount of time, probably related to how long our servers can handle the load, we will be allowing readers to get a sneak peak at some of the Something Awful forums. All visitors are limited to 15 thread views to minimize the load on the server and some of our forums remain off limits (you won't be able to see them). This isn't just a big publicity stunt, registration at our forums remains as high as ever. However, we felt that we're selling the forums primarily on the strength of our Photoshop Phridays, but they have a lot more to offer users than just fun with Photoshop. So head on over and give them a look!

Sham On!

This is not a screencap of Skeletor from the He-Man movie, it is actually Michael Jackson.

The "King of Pop" has been making the rounds in the headlines with a recent court appearance. I'm not one to linger on every phrase uttered by celebrities, but something about Michael Jackson is fascinating to me, much in the same way a plane full of orphans crashing into a truck hauling kittens to be delivered to homes is fascinating. He truly is monstrous and the latest pictures from this court appearance show a Michael Jackson whose face is about as appealing to look at as those photographs of eye diseases they always have up at the Optometrist. His eyes are nearly as big as the tea-saucers seen in anime and hentai games, his skin is as white as rice, and most disturbingly the man's nose has apparently somehow inverted so that cartilage is protruding from the tip. I've seen people with pound-a-day cocaine habits with better noses than he has, and the coke habits are probably cheaper than how much Jackson has paid to get his face to where it is today.

This stunning example of freak show grotesquery that Michael Jackson has transformed himself into is not purely visual in nature. From his haunting effeminate whisper to his obsession with animals and children, Jackson seems to cultivate a complete image of barely suppressed dementia.

Being the deep and insightful doctorologist of the human psyche that I am, I went on a voyage across the seas of data to figure out why Jackson is who he is. My primary question that I was seeking to answer was "what made him this way?" and during my searches I found five different events that might be, individually or when combined, the cause for his current insanity. I admit that some of my sources may be a little offbeat, but I assure you their information is every bit as valid as if it were coming from the Encyclopedia Britannica. I warn you, this ride is a little bumpier than the kind you might find on a show like "Behind the Music".

Before he was a video game, Michael Jackson was actually an African American!

1971: The Jackson Four

In the early seventies The Jackson Five were on top of the charts with hit songs fueled by young Michael Jackson like "Got to Be There" and "Hernia Love". Jackson found himself on the cover of Rolling Stone magazine before he had even entered his teenage years, but all was not well for this burgeoning pop idol. While female fans threw themselves at his older brothers Michael was left to observe their often depraved nights of drinking, drugs, and sex. This sexual tension reached a boiling point in June of 1971 when brothers Tito and Jermaine forced Michael to watch them have intercourse with a female fan. Tito then is reported to have put Michael in an arm-lock and coerced him into urinating on the face of the fan in the bathtub. This underage incident was purportedly caught on 8mm film and distributed at Jackson family gatherings, soiling Michael's name with the family. Tito Jackson's habit of screening the movie before each concert, and even going so far on occasion as to play sound clips of it during the pre-show warm up over the auditorium sound systems, did much to deepen this rift between Michael and the others.

1979: A Tragic Death

Soon after the incident with Tito and Jermaine, Michael began to explore his solo career. In 1979 he released "Off The Wall" and met with incredible success. In November the single for "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough" was certified as gold, but not all was rosy in Jacksonville. In the small town of Willow Creek, Pennsylvania, a teenage boy was found dead. In his room was a note stating that "Jackson has ordered me not to stop until I get enough" along with over six hundred packages of Hostess Fruit Pies. The boy had apparently gorged himself while listening to the single of "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough" until he actually choked to death on food piling up and out of his esophagus.

Michael took the news hard and he withdrew from his friends and what few family members he was not already estranged from. Those close to him said that he spent his nights writing long and painfully introspective songs about Hostess Fruit Pies. At the time these manuscripts were guarded secrets, even throughout the Hostess/Jackson trial of 1980 in which the boy's mother named Hostess and Jackson as defendants in a 9 million dollar lawsuit. The case was dismissed and recently the songs written about the incident were leaked to the press. I have reproduced an excerpt from *"Rhapsody in Red"*, a song never recorded and never before seen UNTIL NOW!

> *A-hoo-hoooo!*
> *I can hear it in the carpet, in the bureau baby!*
> *I can see it in the air plane, in the youth hostel baby!*
> *There's a fruit pie!*
> *There's a fruit pie!*
> *Walkin',*
> *Stalkin', baby!*
>
> Don't put it in your mouth, or your heart beat!
> Don't shove it in your face hole, or your bureau baby!
> A-hoo-hoooo!
> You're makin' me, you're takin' me, fruit pie quakin' me
> Ohhhh no no no no!
> There's a fruit pie!
> There's a fruit pie!
> Walkin',
> Stalkin', baby!

According to some sources even after the case had ended Michael still felt a measure of responsibility for the boy's death and continued to write songs such as *"Rhapsody in Red"* for many months.

Somewhere in a bank vault are over a thousand songs written about the incident, waiting to be released after Michael Jackson dies.

1983: Thrillin' Up the Wrong Tree

The eighties brought even greater success, but even more trauma for Michael Jackson. With the release of the album "Bad" Jackson became a certified super star, and with his trademark many-pocketed jacket he won over male and female fans alike. But the pockets of that jacket contained many embarrassing secrets for Jackson, not the least of which was a bizarre incident that took place on the set of his video for "Thriller".

Controversy was thick on the set of "Thriller".

Jackson had blossomed to a handsome young man by 1983 and many women adored him and wanted to be with him. Unlike his brothers, however, Jackson was never known to take advantage of the opportunities offered him. That is, until, late one evening at the studio where "Thriller" was being filmed. He had stayed after hours talking with a female prop assistant by the name of Mia who had invited him to return with her to the prop room. According to her report published in the Enquirer, and somewhat corroborated by blurry and poorly lit security camera footage, Jackson became fascinated by a prosthetic head with remote controlled facial movement. Jackson propositioned Mia, asking her to manipulate the controls for the prosthetic face while he masturbated onto it.

Mia complied but Jackson's over-enthusiastic self pleasuring brought his delicate parts too near to the prosthetic. His left testicle was subsequently torn out by the jaw motions of the face and Jackson was reduced to a bloody quivering wreck. He was treated by a private doctor and Mia was paid for her silence, but the story still broke and goes a long way to explaining Jackson's later bizarre sex life.

1994: Love at Last?

Michael Jackson briefly impersonated a lesbian.

For unknown reasons that may or may not involve either heavy drug abuse or a pact with Satan, Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie Presley (daughter of Elvis Presley) married in 1994. Their awkward and showy relationship was a cover for rumors that Jackson had molested young boys. In fact his molestations continued with the assistance of Lisa Marie, who hid many dark secrets herself. Lisa Marie was actually born Jason Martin Presley but underwent a surgery in Sweden in the early eighties to reverse her sex. Jackson found this intriguing and they often participated, along with several wealthy Saudi sheiks, in ritualistic sex involving both animals and children. When Jackson was busted in 1995 for operating a white slavery ring the show was over. Presley divorced him amidst a storm of controversy that involved a piratical ship captain named "Wendigo" and the unidentified remains of two juveniles found sunken into a moat surrounding Jackson's Neverland Ranch.

Jackson's money and fame allowed him to remain a free man, but he continued to spiral down into a pit of bizarre sex, even more controversy, and unimpressive record sales. When he gave birth to a son with the help of his live-in nurse things seemed to be on the verge of stabilizing for Jackson, but more controversy was soon to follow.

1997: Ninja Vanish

Jackson's new child and a secretive relationship with his nurse saw a changed Michael. He had taken to wearing quasi-militaristic garb and a ninja-like face mask that concealed his nose and mouth. His album sales were in the gutter and despite heavy-rotation on radio and MTV Jackson just couldn't seem to recover his strength. Then, one after another, three terrible stories broke that threatened to ruin the last remnants of Jackson's career. First it was revealed that Jackson's militaristic garb and ninja mask were more than simply costumes; they were the uniform of his formative Shaolin Glove of Legion. This paramilitary organization headed by fallen Shaolin monks was said to be the only group possessing the deadly Lion's Fist technique. Considered by many to be a weapon of mass destruction, a single blow of the Lion's Fist technique was more powerful than three atomic bombs and a laser.

Jackson seen at the airport after returning from the Shaolin Wooden Monkey clan temple.

The second story broke soon after. Michael, while visiting a temple of the rival Shaolin Wooden Monkey clan, was reported to have shot three acolytes there with poison darts before escaping behind a veil of smoke bombs with the scrolls containing their secret Wind Warrior technique. No martial-artist had ever mastered both the Lion's Fist and the Wind Warrior techniques at the same time, and now Jackson risked unsettling the balance between the Wooden Monkey clan and the Glove of Legion. A ninja with that much power could theoretically rule the entire world.

The third, and potentially most damage story, came to light in early 1998, when it was revealed by Jackson's nurse that she had not given birth to his son. She told a tearful story of how Michael Jackson used her blood and his own to clone a fetus that was inserted into his lower abdomen. The infant gestated for six months before being removed into an incubator. It was at this time that Jackson disappeared entirely from the public eye, not to be seen again until his trial in 2002.

I have always been a big fan of Michael Jackson. Back when "Bad" came out I even owned one of those red jackets with all of the pockets. Hey, look, I was like seven, what do you want from me?

As I grew older and very slightly more mature, Jackson seemed to regress into some sort of bizarre and inhuman state until he was literally not credible as a person. Everything about him seemed to be either artificial or so completely removed from normal humanity that it might as well be. My research goes a long way in explaining what happened to Jackson while I was playing Nintendo, then Genesis, then Super Nintendo, and finally Play Station. I just wish I had known at the time so maybe I could have sat him down with a copy of Battle Arena Toshinden and made him less scary.

Rejoice! The Og Has Returned!

Thanks to a new set of Barbie Walkie Talkies, Something Awful's contact with sinister mega-corporation State Og was recently re-established, and we couldn't be more pleased. Well, we could be more pleased, but if we said that then thier blood-sucking lawyers would be all over us. I'm not kidding, State Og's lawyers are literally vampires.

We've embarked on an exciting new venture, a series of public service announcements called "Burt's Safety Plans". Unfortunately, Abe Vigoda declined our offer to take part in Burt's Safety Plans, so we went with the next best thing: Burt Reynolds. He'll be stopping in every once in a while to offer friendly advice to make everyone's lives safer. Here he is now!

Burt's Safety Plan #1

> "When fighting your evil twin, always roll around on the ground with it so an observer won't be able to tell which is the real you. Also, try and wear identical clothes."

Safety tips from State Og and Burt Reynolds are just the tip of the iceberg in this hot new report straight from the mouth of the Og-2450 Tabulation and Computation Overlord Machine. Head on over and check it out, because they could invent a machine that lets them read your thoughts and if you didn't hang on their every word then you might just have an accident!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.18 Five Tips to Be a Better Fucking Crazy Person

Tuesday, Nov 19, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If the man in this image is crazy, I don't know why anybody would want to be sane.

It has come to my attention that there are an awful lot of crazy people in the world. Now when I say "crazy," many of you people out there don't immediately conjure the same mental image as I do. This is because no matter how loudly I shriek the word "crazy," hardly any of you will be able to hear it through this webpage. Those of you who actually did hear me say the word "crazy" apparently have problems of their own, and I'm not going to even begin addressing them here. Call up Dr. Laura and ask her for advice; she'll be more than happy to insult you and detail the many, many reasons why you're going to hell anyway. However, today's update isn't about being crazy, it's about being the best craziest person you can be.

Many citizens of the world are budding crazy people who simply don't have the resources or energy to become the best insane person they can be. This could be because they are lazy, they don't have access to the exciting global network of fruitcakes that we call "the Internet," or perhaps because the government tracking devices in their skulls release too much liquid nickel and it interferes with their thought processes. Regardless, I hope today's update will help pool together the most important qualities and characteristics needed to be a better fucking crazy person.

1. I am "we." "We" are "they" and they are after you. Why are we after you? Well, simply put, you either know far too much or you know way too little. We've got an awful lot of complex pie charts and high tech spinning gyroscopes up here in our secret moon base, and they all inform us you're getting dangerously close to knowing some important secrets that an outsider should not know. As a general policy, we don't start pursuing our enemies unless they either start closing in on our fiendish operations or they know absolutely nothing about our plans. You have (or maybe have not) made some highly intellectual connections which could bring down our entire organization, and we simply will not let this happen.

Our agents have determined that you have found the hidden association between one of our evil schemes, a plot which revolves around turning some seemingly innocent object, item, or event into a terrible conspiracy affecting millions of people across the globe and possibly further, like inside the sun. Our records do not indicate which dastardly deed you have uncovered, so please feel free to choose one from the following list:

- **Plane vapor trails** = Mass amounts of brain-controlling poison being spread over the Earth in order to brainwash the public and thereby lower their resistance to when we begin invading from Wal-Marts across the globe.
- **Funny tasting water** = Mass amounts of sterilty-causing poison being dumped into the public water supply so we can take over the world with our legion of zombie ninja pirate supersoldiers.
- **Bad reception on your television** = Our ultra-secret MegaWaves™ coming through your television set, attempting to hypnotize you to come down to the local Wal-Mart, where we will kidnap and turn you into a zombie ninja pirate supersoldier.
- **Your neighbors painted their house** = Attempt by us to control your mind by a complicated subliminal color-coded conspiracy involving Wal-Mart brand paint and

Jesus Christ, who either lives in our test labs or on Mars, and is trying to contact you by making the worms in your stomach move around and form letters, words, and sentences ala the Vermicious Knids from *Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator.*

■ **You wake up** = We woke you up using our patented Sonic Deathalizer Killbeam 9000 which, contrary to its name, doesn't quite kill people yet. We're still working out the kinks on this one.

If you discovered a plot that we left off, please feel free to add it and notify us so we may update our records. We have many fiendish operations continually expanding throughout the globe, and it is very hard for us to keep track of each and every one, even by using high tech programs like Excel and MS Paint. Just remember that our plans involve giant corporations, mass death via poisoning, supersoldiers, and Jesus Christ / the Antichrist. If you figure out an evil scheme which does not involve these major points, be aware that it may be the work of a rival evil organization such as DeathCo, The Great Satan Worldwide, and Illuminazi Jews Inc.

I fail to see how people could see a photo like this and NOT immediately understand the connection between rogue government death squads and Montana's sudden booming tire industry.

2. You are one of the select few able to figure out our amazingly complex plans that, despite being amazingly complex, were simple enough for you to see through. When we were sitting around in our secret pod base (which is located hundreds of miles below the Atlantic Ocean, built on top of either Atlantis or perhaps Cuba) discussing how to hide our top secret ideas, we made sure that Ed, Larry, Dave, and Joe wouldn't be able to figure it out. However, we made a crucial mistake by forgetting about you and your uncanny ability to decode secret transmissions and talk to the telephone pole outside your window which sings various unpopular Latino American disco songs to you all night. I mean, hey, we thought that if Ed, Larry, Dave, and Joe couldn't figure this thing out, you sure didn't stand a chance in hell! Now we realize that we were wrong and you will stop at nothing to expose our nefarious plot while people like Ed, Larry, Dave, and Joe just sit around like schlubbs and act like nothing is happening. You are the only voice of reason in this entire crazy universe!

3. Jesus has something to do with everything. Any information you discover in important places such as your front yard, the Internet, or Logan International Airport will all point in the direction of Jesus. We, by default, do not want you to discover Jesus, as he always tries to foil our plans like those pothead kids and their animated dog who drove around in their Great Rape Van solving mysteries and ultimately finding Jesus. The Son of God often tries to hide in molecules, US currency, the phone wires, radio waves, under the Earth, inside our top-secret invisible stealth bases which double as Major League Baseball stadiums, and UFOs. He might try to send you secret messages through unconventional mediums such as irregularly shaped Burger King Croissanwiches. It is our responsibility to prevent you from finding Jesus and his "true word," as that will ruin everything we're working so hard for. Please note that we're not completely sure what it is we're striving to achieve, as there are many of us and we lose track of what we're doing fairly easily. For example, last week the Neptunian Menace Division was supposed to increase the sun's temperature by .0003 degrees Celsius, but they accidentally got the wrong internal memo and ended up replacing all the swordfish off the coast of Florida with nuclear torpedoes that have hypnotic bowties and Groucho Marx disguises. Just keep in mind that we'll get away with our crazy schemes as long as you meddling fucking crazy person and your friend Jesus don't get in our way!

This man excels in the crazy person fields of "screeching," "mind control theories," and "patrolling for radioactive wristwatches."

4. Traditional methods of communication, such as explaining things to the authorities in a calm and rational tone, cannot be used in these life threatening emergencies. Besides, all the authorities are being bribed by our company, which has obtained an unlimited source of revenue since we infiltrated every major world government and added an "oxygen tax" to each purchase you make. You must forsake this ineffective and outdated mechanism, instead opting to employ one of the following actions:

- Going to the nearest mall and engaging in a spirited, third-person conversation with your hands while walking in circles and continually adjusting the 400-year old scarf you wear to prevent your head from flying off.
- Writing 500 pages of disjointed, misspelled, random sentences which make repeated references to "JESUS", "AMERICAN PRESIDENT," or "CARBON." All letters should be written in 4-point font (for reading convenience) and have random words written in bold, such as "MARRIAGE," "JEW MEDIA," or "THE."
- Creating a series of webpages which attempt to convey your point by using epileptic flashing gifs, brightly contrasting colors, and text the size of entire hams. There should be no logical layout of your website and it should include at least 40 "CLICK HERE TO ENTER" pages, each of which leads to another "CLICK HERE TO ENTER" page. The "content" of your page should be neatly sorted like in the following example, preferably using the font face of "System" and color of "eye-vaporizingly bright red":

> ***FACT: MOST GOVERNMENTS COMMIT ALL THIS CRIMES***
> ***FACT: LIBERAL MEDIAS SMUDGEN THE FACT ABOUT GOVERNMENTS AND SONY'S XBOXEN PROJECT***
> ***FACT: TAXES ARE GROWING UP, BIGGER THAN EVER BUT COVERING UP WITH THIS GOVERNMENT / LIBERAL REPORTING***
> ***FACT: TENNESSEE WILLIAMS DID NOT WRITE THIS THINGS HE WROTE, COMMUNIST PROPOGANDAS AND WHATNORT***
> ***FACT: JEWS CONTROL THIS MEDIA, ALL INTERNET IN CONTROL OF MIND THOUGHT PATTERN***
> ***FACT: ILLUMINATI CONTROLS THIS BRAINFRAME, BRAINTRUST, ALL OUTLETS***
> ***FACT: GOVERNMENT USES FREQUENTLY THIS SNOY XBOXEN PROJECT***
> ***FACT: MICOROSOFT IS A COVERUP***
> ***FACT: GOVERNMENT IS A COVERUP***
> ***FACT: I AM ALL THIS TRUTH***
> ***FACT: JESUS CHRIST LIFES IN SPITE OF ALL THIS, JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD SAVIOUR IN COMPACT DISC FORMAT***

- Booking time on the local Public Access Television station, preferably in between "Al's Kickin' Drum Show" and "Tea Time With Linda Flescher." You should purchase two American flags to put in the background so it looks like you're the President or at least some guy who bought two American flags. To prevent authorities from capturing

you, be sure to wear dark 1980's-style aviator sunglasses and a beard, one that you either grew or forcibly took from somebody else.

- Yelling at cars. I had originally made a typo and wrote "yelling at cats," and after much consideration, I believe either of these options are equally viable. If you choose to yell at cars (not cats), be sure to actually yell at the car itself, not the occupants inside.
- Scrawling down "Cliff's Notes" versions of your theories on the sides of giant cardboard shipping boxes, walking to a college campus, and proceeding to hold these signs in the air and wave them until the deadly government cyborg time-traveling assassins come and ask you to stop.

5. Some famous person somewhere cares about you very much. This person could be anybody, ranging from James Woods to Stevie Wonder to that girl who played the robot slut child in "Small Wonder." You must present your message loud and clear until this celebrity is personally notified of your plight, at which time they will travel thousands of miles to meet you, listen intently to your theories, and then use their resources to help you construct that nuclear jetplane of yours that can travel in nine different dimensions at once and also has an onboard VCR which shows "Mr. Mom" on an infinite loop. The famous person your mind has chosen for you is the only human being who can help you out in your time of need, so you should focus all your attention to making sure each and every member of the general population is aware that you have such a close, intimate relationship with that person. An ideal conversation would go like the following:

If it wasn't for the noble crazy fucking people of America, we would all be under the tyrannical rule of the government and their nefarious brain bugging devices by now. I guess we'd also be cartoons too, I don't know.

YOU: "Horble rawwwwrrrrr! Take off those dustbin caps, you zombies! Take them all off! It's the Crying Hour and you can't even see it! Your heads are full of dustbins! Open your eyes, the judges are all corrupt and will take you away from your mind if you don't protect it! GARRRGH!!!" *(Proceed to drool and bite subway railing)*
STUPID PERSON: "Please leave me alone, my children are scared."
YOU: "I KNOW!!! I was scared, I was a scaredy scareded scared humblebee until this lemon stand took it's toll! POOOOOM! Then I saw Richard Keil and he says, he says, he says, 'I will help you' because he is not the enemy, the government is the enemy, the judges are all fat pigs rolling around in the dustbins!" *(Proceed to make sweeping arm gestures as if you're drawing the outline of a mailbox in air)*
STUPID PERSON: "Richard Kiel? You mean that guy who played 'Jaws' in that old James Bond movie?"
YOU: *(Insulted)* "IT WAS NOT A MOVIE!!!" *(Proceed to beat stupid person to death with their own kids)*

I'm aware that there are many, many, many more ways for us to become more refined, advanced crazy people, but I simply do not have the time or patience to write them all down in one location. The notepad which I've been using to write down my ideas is currently full of phrases such as "CATCH THE MOON = GOVERNMENT PROJECT" and "SAUCER LANDING FAKED BY ENGLISH EASTER ISLAND SCIENTISTS." Maybe some day you can come down to the corner of 2nd Street and Yesler Way so I can explain my colorful theories to you in person. Look for me; I'll be the guy using the tree branches as canoe oars, helping propel my magic flying bus out of my

dumpster home. And yes, those are in fact semen stains on my jacket.

Convert to GOLD, my Brothers and Sisters!

This week on the Something Awful Forums proved interesting when a poster had a bit of a run in with some aliens from another dimension. That's right, the Jehovah's Witnesses came to his door and he asked the goons what he should do about the situation.

> ***imsuxok?:*** *My brother has informed me that Jehova's Witnesses are canvassing my street. They will probably arrive at my door within the next 10-15 minutes. Give me some suggestions for messing with their heads.*

Oh my goodness gracious, hilarity ensued! But you don't have to take my word for it (do doot doot)!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.19 HUT HUT HUT! The Stars Come Out to Play!

Wednesday, Nov 20, 2002 by #86/#68 (@Livestock)

Here I am dressed for the kind of action that can only happen in outer space!!

HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT ORION THIRTY TWO HIKE!

It's me friends, your old friend #86! I try to report in as often as I can, but Coach has me mighty busy this great football season! We're winning game after game on the gridiron! I've even been in some games off the field as well, but that's all tip top secret! Anyhoo, because I don't want to ever give less than 110%, I'm here give you a full report on the big ponderings in my head.

When I'm touring high schools and motivating kids to give their all, stay in school, and always play hard, I get asked a lot of questions from the youths of this great nation. The most common question that comes charging at me is also the one that sidelines my smarts the most. The youths all want to know what I think of outer space! I guess it's because I've had the lord's blessing to visit outer space on two separate occasions! But still, I have a hard time thinking about anything that doesn't involve this great big planet and her star player, the United States of America! I say to the kids, "keep your head in the game, because the commies keep their games in their heads!"

But even I gotta admit that the youths are onto something as big as a football stadium! Coach, one of the great veterans of the Cold War, helped this nation fight communism not just on this super planet of ours, but also in outer space! Those crazy commies had the audacity to try to claim it in the name of their godless empire! Lately no one has paid much attention to outer space. I asked Coach what he thought, and he said, "If God meant for us to be in outer space, he would have put us in outer space!" Then Coach smiled and winked and said, "HE DID!" HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT

raise any thumb for! I completely regret taking my poor mother to see it! A lot of you fine folks are probably wondering "#86, which black hole will win this battle?" Well, I've reviewed the stats of players and I can say that they are pretty evenly matched! My bet is on the one that can muster 110% performance and best the other one! One of my friends at NASA told me that a tackle of that size would be enough to fill a hundred million instant replays! HUT HUT HUT HUT NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A GAME WINNING PLAY!

I was also very surprised to learn our own home turf, the Milky Way, is headed for a tussle of its own! The far away galaxy of Andromeda, which I have never been to, is headed straight at us! This is a battle that greatly concerns me because it effects the lives of all of us! I rest comfortably knowing that we have the stronger advantage! Our galaxy is named after milk, which is the only drink I drink! Without milk, my bones would be as brittle as Irishman's liver!

Still, as Americans and even as humans, we don't want to enter this battle unprepared! It's up to us all to go out and take the offensive against this incoming galaxy! If they want to play on our soil, then we best teach them just what we can do! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT GONNA RUN RIGHT THROUGH YA, ANDROMEDA! MILKY WAY TOUCHDOWN!!!!! To borrow a page from the second most important book in my life, Coach's Playbook, we want to make sure we have the element of surprise on our side! To do that, we'll need to get our players into position, and that means into outer space!

The time has come we look into the stars and see the big play! Outer space is the end zone of tomorrow, and the place where the youths will eventually make their touchdowns! Besides that, we Americans have created Demoracy, and that's so great a concept that we would be selfish not to see it spread and not to give it to any other life existing out there (in space)! LET US PAVE THE WAY FOR AMERICA NOW! HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT HUT

11.20 What's Happening in the World Around You?

Wednesday, Nov 20, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A whole bunch of weird shit currently orbits the globe, using Adobe brand products and causing massive tidal waves.

I'll be the first person to admit that I'm not very news-savvy. In fact, up until yesterday I believed that "Police Chief Moose" was the name of a short-running Nickelodeon cartoon, "Russia" was a planet which orbited the moon of Jupiter, and "President George W. Bush Jr." was a moderately short, incomprehensible Texan who somehow got elected to the presidency of the United States. After some lengthy research, I have concluded these assumptions are incorrect; there has GOT to be some rule somewhere in the Constitution barring anybody in Texas from achieving any political office higher than "Drooling Guy Who Holds a Sign Which Reads 'NAFTA = NAZI' Outside Free Trade Meetings."

Now before you Texans get all irate and begin composing hundreds of flame messages to me, let me give you a warning: your Texas upbringing will probably prevent you from spelling my email address correctly, thereby causing your message to bounce. Ha ha, I don't really have any problem with Texans, just as long as they are legally barred from interacting with anybody outside of their state and AOL finds a way to move them off of my Internet and put them on a completely separate, Texas-sponsored one, preferably powered by the same leaking nuclear reactor that is tainting their state's water supply.

However, this update is not about my intense hatred of Texas or any of the other 26 states that I would gang rape Rand McNally to force off all maps. Today we're going to take a look throughout the world at the news and events that shape our lives like piles of clay inside a steam press. I feel that Something Awful has a civic responsibility to make sure all our readers are well-versed in current events; since I already called my mom and talked about the news with her, we must write this update and inform the other person about the exciting affairs around us.

George W. Bush Jr. in a recent press conference outside his home of Tower Lakes, Illinois.

> **Senate Approves Homeland Bill** - *Capping months of debate, the Senate on Tuesday approved 90 to 9 a bill that would create a Department of Homeland Security -- a massive reorganization of the federal government sparked by the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.*

This is good news for people who hate being blown up, because nobody is as efficient at stopping crime as the Federal Government. Way back when America was first founded by the fathers who find founding father things, they noticed that there was a lot of crime. People would come running to the government, crying like babies and complaining that some nefarious thief swapped their grandiose tory wig with a knicker of duplicitous pantaloons. Naturally, the founding fathers had no clue what any of that meant, so they passed a resolution to declare crime "illegal" and set up police forces to enact this strict new law. Ever since this "police" organization came into existence in the late 1700's, crime has been virtually non-existent. For example, when was the last time you read a news article about somebody recently committing a crime in the 1700's? I think I've made my point.

The Homeland Security Bill will allow us law-abiding, non terrorist citizens to sleep better at night knowing that most forms of terrorism are now illegal and can be punished by either prison time or forcing the terrorist to catch a large missile with their face. Although Democrats originally sponsored the bill, they began to protest against it once Republicans loaded it up with so-called "special interest" clauses, such as "if a pharmaceutical company produces anti-terrorism drugs (such as 'Terror-B-Gone ©' and 'Terror-Spray 2000 ©') and these drugs cause everybody everywhere to die a slow, slow death, the company cannot be charged with any criminal negligence and the CEO of the company should be elected as an honorary Pope." The Democrats found this idea to be appalling, mainly because every single Democrat in the United States is a lawyer, and the idea of not suing a drug company is reprehensible enough to warrant a lawsuit against the Republicans. Regardless, the passing of this bill ensures that all terror in America will officially be outlawed, so if you see some spare terror lying on the streets or in the gutter, call Tom Ridge and tell him to haul his elderly, pasty white ass over to remove it with a special pair of federally-approved USA #1 Terror Tongs ©.

> **U.S. Calls for UK Troop Support** - *London has received a formal U.S. request for troops to take part in possible military action against Iraq, as UK soldiers prepare to cover for the second firefighters strike in as many weeks.*

The UK base of operations.

Once again, CNN comes through in the clutch with more fabulous news as the US plans to eradicate the export of terror overseas. Many "backwards" countries with such "misguided" citizens as Arabs and non-Christians hate America just because they're petty and dwell on the irrelevant fact that we hate them. This cannot be tolerated, so our armed forces overseas are recruiting other armed forces overseas so we may blow up different armed forces overseas. I'm fairly sure that America doesn't even need to ask Tony Blair to borrow a couple thousand troops anymore, particularly since Blair has been lobbying to make the entire UK America's 51st state. Or do we already have 51 states? I have no idea, I can't keep up with all these fucking current events.

The bad news is that many filthy foreign countries whose economy depends on exporting terror, such as Iraq, Iran, Iroc, and the luxurious Iroc-Z, will now have to find some other jobs for their 70 billion jillion citizens. Luckily for them, America has the solution: **convert to Christianity!** That's a fulltime occupation in and of itself, and the various pyramid scams which flood through the church on an hourly basis will generate more than enough money for the six or seven ex-Arabs on the top. Plus Christians are, by nature, a non-violent race of people, so we can expect all these silly "holy wars" and goofy crap with the Jews to stop immediately.

> **N.Y. Considers Floating Homeless Shelters** - *New York City officials flew to the Bahamas Wednesday morning in Mayor Michael Bloomberg's private jet to assess the possibility of using retired pleasure cruise ships docked there as homeless shelters.*

This example alone demonstrates the rift in thinking between Liberals and Conservatives; the Conservatives want to put the homeless on a boat which will hopefully sink and turn the residents into a homeless reef, while the Liberals opt for a more "humane" approach - putting Conservatives on a boat which will hopefully sink. It's this kind of "out of the box" mentality which has made New York City the number one leader in whatever the hell they're the number one leader in; the mass production of "never forget" stickers and 9-11 stick-on tattoos maybe.

The current housing situation for New York homeless.

> **Queen Latifah arrested on DUI charge** - *Hip-hop star and*

> *actress Queen Latifah spent part of Wednesday in jail after being charged with driving under the influence in an early morning traffic stop.*

The tragedy here is not that another celebrity was arrested, but that during her intoxicating ride she failed to swerve off the road and kill herself along with several other prominent rappers. Er, no wait, she's "hip hop," my mistake. I'm too goddamn white to tell the difference between "rap" and "hip hop" these days. Let's all band together and pray Ja Rule gets all loaded on Zima Smoothies and plows into her on a road with a poorly-placed "WATER BUFFALO XING" sign. Sure, every time another hip hop "artist" gets whacked, the jewelry industry sees sales decline by 194 billion percent, but that's one of the risks we have to take. Well at least I'll take the risk.

> **Judge Declares New York Law Banning Masks in Public Unconstitutional** - *Members of the Ku Klux Klan may demonstrate in their ceremonial hoods, a judge ruled Tuesday, saying a state law banning masks at public gatherings is unconstitutional.*

An undercover police officer deals with Klanmen who are getting "out of line."

More exciting news from New York City, the home of homelessness and KKK marching parades. I'll be the first to admit that I don't understand anything about the KKK at all; every time I see a picture of a Klan rally in Incest Lake, Arkansas, the first thought that comes to my mind is that a whole bunch of really pointy tampons fell out of the sky and decided to light a bunch of Jesus Christs on fire. The Klan practice of burning Jesus and his cross date back all the way to the days of 1683, when "stupidity" was invented by Sir Hindegrald Manchester. He was immediately lynched afterwards.

So let me try to understand this: Klan members claim to be remarkably white and remarkably proud, yet they went to court so they could wear identity-obscuring masks during their annual "fill the streets of New York with even more garbage" parade? At the end of their parade and little hate lovefest, do they sit down at a bar, order a cold beer, and say to each other, "you know Bill, I feel I truly made a difference today. The world is now just a little bit wiser and knows more about the evil niggers, spics, wops, zippernecks, Junebugs, yellow yells, treegoats, doorfangs, hipperlips, and chocopotimuses thanks to us marching down the street shouting racist remarks and telling all minorities to go back to various non-American countries." Then Bill would smash a bottle over the other guy's head because Bill is a filthy negro in disguise (he was able to hide under that dorky white hood that the court permitted them to wear). Also, why would all Klan members refer to each other as "Bill"? At least a few of them would probably have names like "Beufort," "Hank," "Big Jim," and "Pissface."

So that's a little summary of various newsworthy items (according to CNN, at least) in the world today. If you know of some event that happened somewhere and wasn't reported here, that means it is either insignificant, has a link to an evil terrorist organization, or it never really happened at all.

Buy Me Some Peanuts and Cracker Jacks

Hey folks! Zack "Gulp Azimuth" Parsons here with a brand new SA Story Time to wet your whistle. This week's installment is a compilation of those horrible melodramatic sports epics that we all "love" entitled "The Big Game of the Rookie in the Outfield".

> *Sports-related fiction is a genre primarily reserved for young-adult novels about winning*

> *the big game. The adult version of this incorporates all of the elements of its young-adult sibling, usually scales events up to the world of professional sports, and often includes some trite moral message about overcoming adversity or learning to work as a team. Some of them are about a group of misfits who have to be whipped into shape by a new coach, others focus on things like a man with one arm, paralyzed from the waist down, and black in the 1960s who goes on to become the greatest pitcher baseball has ever seen. Almost without exception the entire genre of epic sports fiction is clichéd and horrible beyond comprehension. This is why we're hoping you read this latest SA story time rather than even momentarily consider buying one of these books.*

Sounds good to me, and as long as I never have to read another sports related novel again I'll die a happy man. Head on over and die a happy man as well!

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.21 Pick Your Pity Party!

Friday, Nov 22, 2002 by Integral

The more or less Christian holiday of Thanksgiving fast approaches and soon it will be time for us white people to sit around a table and stuff our faces in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen. I know that I will be pretty thankful indeed when I get to eat turkey because turkey is a pain in the ass to cook and damn, it is mighty tasty. Later that same day, after a long nap, I'll sacrifice a swan to the goat-god in honor of the delicious feast that I have shoveled into my bloated gut and maybe I'll think a bit about the poor and less-fortunate people who live in mud pits in Britain. Maybe I'll reflect a little on how funny it was when we killed all of those Indians and took their land back in the day or whenever. I believe that there was also corn.

As the years go by, each Thanksgiving sees white people pick a new group of non-white people to feel sorry for and say to themselves, "Woah, I'm glad I'm of one of those weird non-white people; boy, I feel sorry... sort of... for those guys." In the days of the Old South it was the brown people that we felt sorry for because they were slaves and stuff like that. Later it was the Jews because they were all getting killed in Europe someplace, and after that it was women because they are obviously inferior to men and should therefore be pitied. Now that the US of A is not quite as open about enslaving anyone, the Jews are killing themselves off, and women have come to terms with their lower ranking, the position of Pity Party lies vacant and there is no end to pathetic groups of poor and diseased folks who might fill the slot.

Here are some new groups that people could keep in mind when they look for someone to feel sorry for and avoid this holiday season.

Option 1: Heimdall, Ancient Norse Guardian of the Rainbow Bridge

That's a mighty faggy dragon-thing,

Let's face it, no one worships the Old Norse Gods any more and they haven't for hundreds of years, so Heimdall is not gettin' any play in that respect. Not only that, but he appears to be a big faggy dragon-cat thing whose job it was to guard a rainbow bridge to the Viking afterlife and he has a big phallic rainbow horn that he blows. Talk about gay. Unfortunately for our friend here, the Rainbow Bridge to Valhalla has fallen into complete disrepair, but a new rainbow bridge has been built at the intersection of Haight and Ashbury streets in San Fransisco, California, so perhaps we could persuade him to leave and go there instead. Apparently he has eight brothers and sisters which I assume are as horribly gay as he is, so they will need to find places to go as well.

I believe that if we all join together as white people this Thanksgiving and help Heimdall with our thoughts (but with little else because who really wants to get up to do anything about a big gay dragon-cat thing) that maybe we will be able to help him become less gay and more not gay. Rumor has it that he never sleeps, so he has got to be pretty darn crazy having not slept for hundreds of years at this point. It's probably ruining his fashion sense. Poor gay dragon-cat thing. His bridge is just going to be blown up eventually when Ragrnarok happens, anyway. Let's feel sorry for him and maybe someone somewhere will do something about it.

Option 2: The Music Group "Fine Young Cannibals"

Perhaps you remember the vocal stylings of "Fine Young Cannibals" from their smash hit "She Drives Me Crazy" in the early 1990's. Perhaps not. A lot of people don't, and that, my good white people, is the problem. This group had it all going for them: a hit song, a gig on "Saturday Night Live," a lead singer guy who could share vocal ranges with several species of dolphin, and a prosperous cocaine habit. They won several British music awards which is almost like winning an award for best janitor in the United States, but they refused to take the awards because they thought that the award ceremony was associated with the conservative party. What crazy d00ds!

They're unbelievable! Oh wait, that was EMF.

The good times came crashing to a halt, however, when this band stopped making music altogether in the mid 90's. Since then, they have sunk back into relative obscurity and are now enjoying careers as solo artists, which is to say that they are not at all successful and no one listens to their music. If you're anything like me, you feel deeply moved by this tale of woe and will make "Fine Young Cannibals" your group to pity and somewhat secretly loathe this Thanksgiving. After all, they had success and then lost it just like the Jews had before that big war went on in Europe in the 50's. With the help and Thanksgiving prayers of the white people, this music group might eventually see a return to the soaring success that they once enjoyed with their hit song that they had that one time, and wouldn't that just be something? They were pretty big in the music industry there for awhile, too, so they might have some diseases if that makes it easier for you.

Option 3: Telephone Companies

I don't know what this thing is, but it is using the telephone!

No one is more deserving of our white pity than those lovable corporate giants, the telephone companies. Every year they rake in hundreds of millions of dollars by selling over-priced air time to gullible consumers, and for what reward!? They get yelled at and people complain that their rates are too high when all that they are trying to do is earn a living. They merge with each other over and over again in the desperate hopes that if they grow bigger that people will leave them alone and stop picking on them when they decide to make a two-minute call to a town ten miles away cost over five dollars. They even try buying out smaller local telecommunications branches so that they can make sure that their rates are the only rates available to you. They are just concerned about you becoming confused with all of those rates to choose from! But most people don't understand this so they continue to persecute these poor multi-national corporations and the phone companies have no choice but to ignore them. Sometimes people can be so cruel.

I am convinced that if white people around the country join together and think about how the telephone companies are deserving of our pity and prayer that these poor phone folks will eventually be left in peace to rule the world with phone cords wrapped around the throats of the average consumer. This way, they will be free to spend the money that they make from charging outlandish fees in anti-homosexual lobbies and the like in an effort to keep our schools and military homofag-free. Help them help you by thinking about them this Thanksgiving!

Option 4: The Mother Earth Nature Spirit

We are destroying the beautiful Mother Earth Nature Spirit!

Anyone who has watched any of that crazy Japanimation stuff knows for a fact that we are slowly but surely destroying the beautiful Mother Earth Nature Spirit. We are doing this by creating our technology and coal mines all over the place, and the poor Mother Earth Nature Spirit is getting pushed out of the way by our urban sprawl and factories. The energy that used to be created from the vibrant life contained within the verdant forests and lakes of the world is slowly fading away and turning into industrialization and human wasteland. Because of this, she/it is forced to mutate into a horrible tentacle monster and destroy entire villages and towns in her/its wrath. This is one of the saddest situations known to mankind today because the Mother Earth Nature Spirit is dying but is trying in vain to recover some of the energy that has been lost due to the prosperous growth of the human race. The Mother Earth Nature Spirit rapes as many people as she/it can with its tentacles in an effort to regain this lost energy, but all that results in is a lot of things getting raped and the Mother Earth Nature Spirit just can't seem to regain her/its strength.

If we all join forces in our thoughts as white people and think about what we are doing to the Mother Earth Nature Spirit, the energy from our thoughts will cause the layers of filth that cover the works of mankind to be lifted from the world and it will all disappear into a vortex of light in the sky. The Mother Earth Nature Spirit will finally be able to stop raping because human kind will have found a way to live in harmony with nature. All you have to do is think about this as you slaughter and devour a steroid-filled turkey next week.

I hope that these options have presented you with new avenues for your pity this holiday season. It is high time that we move on from the traditional avenues of apathy and stuffing to the broad new horizons of feeling sorry for stuff we haven't already felt sorry for. I invite you to examine your values and come to the conclusion together that there's a brave new world of non-committal pity out there. All you have to do is occasionally, maybe consider that. Or something. Whatever.

-~Integral

11.22 Shape Up and Act Out!

Friday, Nov 22, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Back in the 1920s America's riots were downright apocalyptic, but these days we've lost that magic.

The United States has a long history of civil disobedience, protesting, and riots. The idea of vocalizing our complaints about government and society en masse is nearly as much a fabric of our nation as corduroy is a fabric of homosexual English teacher's pants. Lately, however, I think Americans are fast losing their edge. Their rioting expertise has been fading since the climactic race riots of the sixties and even our peaceful protests rarely break out into bacchanals of violence with overturned burning cars. When was the last time a sports team won a game and the celebration in the streets caused double-digit loss of life? We're growing soft here people! Wake up!

While we have a bunch of hippies sitting down outside a meeting of the WTO and singing Kumbaya or thousands of angry black people in Los Angeles raising their voices in protest only to break a few windows and set fire to a warehouse, the rest of the world has been marching along steadily advancing the technique of violent riots. For years it seemed England and the sport of soccer had a definite edge on our riots, what with the frequency and beating that went along with those outbursts. Even England has been lagging behind lately and no one can hope to approach the new "best rioting country 2002" of Nigeria.

> *Angry mobs stabbed and set fire to bystanders Thursday in rioting that erupted after a newspaper suggested Islam's founding prophet would have approved of the Miss World beauty pageant. The death toll in the town of Kaduna was an estimated 105 with a further 521 injured taken to hospital, aid workers said Friday.*

No, a magician did not just create an illusory paragraph on the screen and deceive you with magic, there really was a massive riot in Nigeria Thursday over the Miss World pageant that left more than 105 people dead. It is for this very reason that I am announcing Nigeria and Lagos in particular to be on the absolute cutting edge of rioting science. Seriously, what was the thought process or conversation that lead to this riot? Dozens of people were stabbed to death, beaten to death, and burned to death... because of a shitty beauty pageant that not even decadent Westerners care about.

> **Nigerian #1:** Man this Miss World pageant sure is stupid, I do not agree with it at all.
>
> **Nigerian #2:** Hey, what's up my man, I just came into this sweet shipment of tires filled with gasoline, got any ideas on what we could do with them?
>
> **Nigerian #1:** Hmmm, oh I know!! You know that Miss World pageant that flies in the face of our hyper-conservative Muslim beliefs?
>
> **Nigerian #2:** Oh yeah, you mean that one where they wear scandalous one piece bathing suits and the women aren't reserved for child-bearing?
>
> **Nigerian #1:** Yeah, that's the one! Let's go down town and stab some guys and then put those tires of yours on their head and burn them to death!
>
> **Nigerian #2:** Because of the bathing suits?
>
> **Nigerian #1:** Yeah, whatever man, let's go!
>
> **Nigerian #2:** Radical!!

This revolutionary new philosophy behind the art of rioting promises to bring about massive changes in the stagnant field of professional riots. The basic concept is that you choose something to disagree with, no matter how inconsequential, and then you get a bunch of your friends and run out into the streets and murder people as violently as possible. As an added bonus it helps if you chant things like "God is great" and "Way to go God!" while you funnel hornets into someone's eye sockets or pound light-bulbs into their urethra. America and Europe need to play some serious catch-up with Nigeria to take back the proud honors of "riotingest nation", but I think with a little help from me they might just manage.

No, no, no. Look at the distance between the rioters and the authorities, bunch up, push against them so the people at the front are crushed to death between the weight of the crowd and the police line.

I've put together a few rioting suggestions for various areas around the globe, and with a little luck and the ability to read and comprehend my incredibly wise advice, we could just turn 2003 into the biggest riot year of them all!

Before I delve into specific and fun riot ideas, let's look at the basics of rioting that need to be in place before you want your mild-disturbance to take on a life of its own. You can go to a riot naked if you want, but it helps a lot with riot creativity if you come prepared.

- A good riot can never have enough pairs of hedge-clippers for impromptu decapitations and maiming, so bring as many as you can find. If your neighbor isn't going to be participating in an upcoming riot then ask to borrow his.
- Prometheus stole the fires of the gods and gave them to rioters for a reason; fire is fun and exciting! Be sure to come fully stocked with matches, lighters, gasoline, kerosene, and if you have advance warning of a riot, even homemade napalm. Bottles can be found and improvised on-site and they will only weigh down your riot kit, but oily rags can sometimes be hard to come by so be sure to bring an old towel or shirt you no longer use. Bonus points if you use an American flag or chomp on a cigar the entire time occasionally using it to ignite the fuses of dynamite.
- Protective eyewear can come in handy when avoiding things like tear-gas, rubber bullets, and bone fragments, but be sure to select something that won't obstruct your view of the fun.
- Once the rioting starts you're not going to want to take the time to put together a protest sign, but these can be fun and add color to an already impressive riot. Try something with a catchy slogan like "Down With Beauty" or "Pageants Are for Faggots". If you can somehow work these slogans into a rhyming chant like "God Rules, Pageants Drools" then you won't need to lug around that big sign.
- Always select the proper footwear to bring to a riot. Sandals might seem comfortable and easy to remove, but when the streets are lined with broken bottles and burning corpses the last thing you want is footwear that exposes your feet to the elements. If you find yourself in a situation without proper footwear try tying canvas or heavy cloth sacks over your shoes.
- Riots thrive on good communication. If you decide to start beating a bystander to death then make sure everyone in your vicinity is aware that a murder is in progress so they can pitch in and share in the fun. Remember, you can't spell riot without "community". Well, you can, but you wouldn't want to!

Now that we have the basics out of the way we can proceed to rioting tips specific to your region. Feel free to read through them all, as you never know when a situation might present itself for you

to apply a different area's riot format to your own.

US and UK Sports Riots

A textbook British soccer riot, but it could have been so much more.

Minimum Number of Rioters: 25
Suggested Number of Fatalities: 10
Methodology: Sporting riots have long been popular in America and Western Europe, but as of late they just are not living up to their potential to cause fun and exciting catastrophes in urban areas. The biggest mistake rioters make is in distracting from the main goal of causing as much damage as possible by dancing around burning cars or singing team-related fight songs. The low minimum-number of rioters makes this riot the perfect choice for you and 25 of your closest friends to start after watching a heated match of your favorite sports team. Win or lose, there is ample justification for administering brutal beatings, burning vehicles and businesses, and attempting to rape women caught in the stream of the riot. The high number of intoxicated on-lookers may allow this riot to expand to a massive size, but you can't plan on this. Pack as much destructive potential in your riot kit as possible, including firebombs, homemade explosives, bats, and chains.
The Secret to Success: Most sporting riots fail because they lack focus. The best way to keep your rioters focused is to give them an obvious and attainable objective. One of the best I can suggest is locating and murdering the opposing team (if your team was defeated) or your home team (if your team won). Burning them to death or combining this with improvised crucifixion is another great way to get your point across to your fellow rioters. Be sure to break every window you see, as glass is an enemy second only to those who are not chanting support for your riot.

Mid-Eastern Anti-American Riot

Minimum Number of Rioters: 500
Suggested Number of Fatalities: 30
Methodology: Hey buddy, just about everyone in the Middle East hates the United States with a burning passion, so you couldn't ask for a better reason to destroy your home town than to prove just how evil America is. Get together with a few dozen of your closest pals and start a march, chanting slogans and carrying anti-american signs down the street. Your protest will quickly gather well-wishers, many of whom will be heavily armed, and this is great news for the impending riot. When you can empty out into an open area begin burning things like American Flags, portraits of George Bush Jr., crude effigies, and anything else that symbolizes America and is combustible. Before you know it this demonstration will reach a fevered pitch and the real fun can start. Many of the authorities will quietly agree with your commitment to rioting fun, but it's their job to make sure the violence doesn't get bad, so keep the really good stuff away from the front lines. Try to locate journalists and American tourists and beat them or murder them by throwing them into the air and firing rifles skyward. This rain of bullets will come back down killing even more rioters and adding to the sense of community.

Look at these pussies burning an "effigy of the peace process". What the fuck is that? Burn some Americans and Israelis, burn some cars at least, Jesus Christ.

The Secret to Success: According to rioting analysts Allah is one of the biggest supporters of super-intelligent mass expressions of misdirected anger, so chant his name a lot. If you can build a giant puppet of Allah having forcible sex with a giant puppet of either George Bush or the Statue of Liberty this will really add to that violent festival feel. If you can get support from the authorities maybe they will let you execute criminals convicted of things like "saying the word 'homosexual'" or "thinking too much about math" by beating them with the corpses of their children and burying them in a pile of lemons. It's all up to you, as Mid-Eastern riots are nothing if not unpredictable and slightly surreal, so don't' be afraid to experiment and really show your creative side.

Chinese Anti-Communist Riots
Minimum Number of Rioters: 10,000
Suggested Number of Fatalities: 10,000
Methodology: You're Chinese, you're not a big fan of Communism, and you just got diagnosed with terminal cancer. Luckily there's a solution to this sad news; have a riot to ring-in the new year! Anti-Communist riots have two absolutes that you have to keep in mind. One, you need a shitload of people for your riot to not get shut down immediately by the police. Two, you're all going to die when the Chinese mobilize the army. Hey, that's alright, you've got terminal cancer! These riots are the polar opposite of impromptu however, they require weeks of planning and secret meetings, and some of the best riots never even get started because someone blabs to the authorities. You don't want your riot to disappear into a Chinese Secret Police torture chamber before it even gets going do you? Hell no! Keep specifics very secretive and restricted to a top echelon of riot fun planners who all swear an oath of secrecy.
The Secret to Success: Once the riot gets going the secret to success is to maintain momentum. This isn't a peaceful demonstration, remember, so break, burn, beat, and explode as many people and inanimate objects as possible. Don't worry about heavy casualties inflicted on the rioters, you're all doomed anyway! So relax and let it all hang out!

Any of these rioting "fun spots" has the potential to rise to the occasion and take the title of Ultimate Rioting Champions away from Nigeria in 2003. Come on United States, you have a lot of heart, now get in there and break a whole bunch of your own shit!

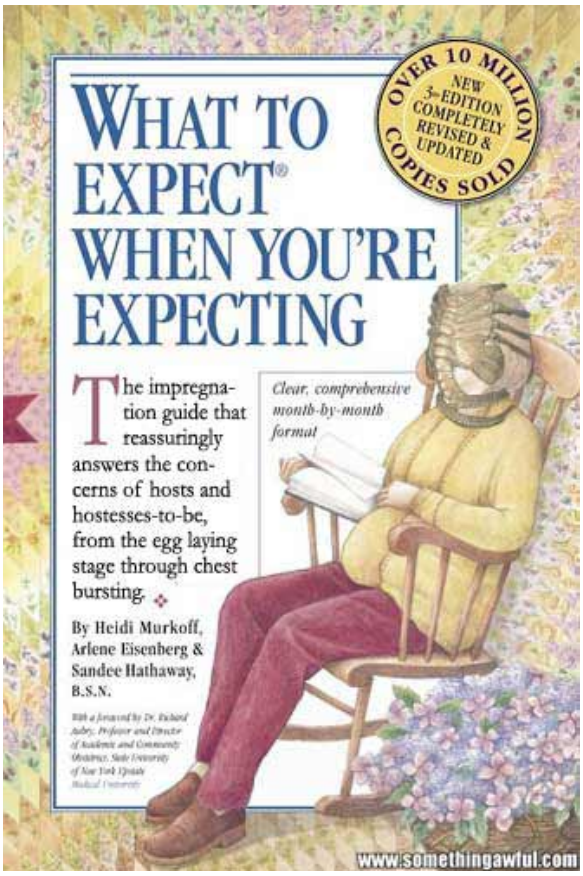
Fresh New TGIP!

Hey gang, it's me Urkel, here to let you know that it's Phriday and that means brand new Family Matters, Perfect Strangers, Step By Step, and Boy Meets World! It's gonna be fuuuunnn! Did I do that?

Wait, sorry about that, it's me Livestock. I had another emotional breakdown and switched into a different personality. Anyway, this week the Something Awful Forum Goons (THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THE FUNNY PICTURES YOU SEE EVERY WEEK!!!!) put together a collection of strange books written for the science fiction archetype demographic. Here is a preview:

Please do be checking it out whenever you can!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)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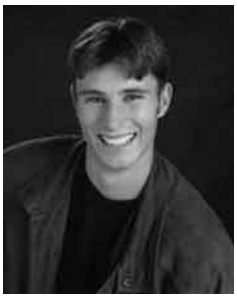
11.23 Something for the Ladies

Sunday, Nov 24, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

A happy couple, tilted slightly.

Listen up, female Something Awful readers (both of you), because I'm about to lay some information on you that will change your lives in the most profound and meaningful way since your first period. I - by which I mean Ben "Greasnin" Platt - am offering myself to you for all your ravishing and romancing needs. This, of course, is a monumental development, as I have been out of the dating scene for the past few months. Now, I can hear some of you saying, "I didn't know you were unavailable," or "I'm already pregnant with your masculine lovechildren." Well, I was unavailable, and those aren't my children. You're thinking of Josh. See, my last relationship ended on something of a bad note in the sense that the Holocaust was something of a rough patch for the Jews. Every time I even think about that break up, the sheer force of my wrath causes an entire litter of kittens to explode. As you might have gathered, I was left somewhat disenchanted by the experience. For a while, I haven't put much effort into getting a new girlfriend. It's not that I felt all women were flesh-rending, soul-choking she-baboons, it's just that.... uh.... I guess I did feel that all women were flesh-rending, soul-choking she-baboons. But those days are over! I'm back in the dating game, and I'm in top form. In fact, I am probably the single greatest catch out there. Any, or perhaps many of you ladies would surely be the envy of your friends if you showed up at their next box social with me at your side. Personally, I don't think that I should have to say any more than that. After all, this is written on a website, and everything on the internet is true. But I know that there are some skeptics out there who need a little more convincing. To that end, I will explain exactly why I am the single greatest guy on the planet, so that you can clearly see why you should drop whatever it is you're doing - cooking or cleaning, I presume - and date the hell out of me.

■ Ben Platt Has a Great Sense of Humor



Not me, but very good-looking, so reminiscent of me.

Every ladies' poll since the invention of the poll has shown that the first thing you female-types look for in a man is a good sense of humor. Well, I write for Something Awful, the bleeding edge in internet humor. Lowtax doesn't let just anyone write for this site. You have to be witty, you have to be articulate, you have to be spontaneous, and you have to wash his car *twice*. Every week, I get dozens of fan letters telling me just how funny I am, and I am almost positive that *up to two of them* are sincere. You can't argue with those numbers. Well, I guess you can't argue with any number. Numbers are symbolic representations of amounts, they don't have the capacity to argue on their own behalf. Unless it's a number of debaters, I guess. The point is, when you date me, you'll always be laughing. Except during Ramadan - then I'm all business.

■ Ben Platt Is Sensitive

Sure, I may have the verbal skills to dominate a conversation, but I'm sensitive to your needs, too. I know that sometimes, you just need someone to listen. I don't know if it's because your hair dried before you could finish gossiping with the gals at the beauty parlor, or if your television soaps just don't give you the outlet you're looking for - it doesn't matter. Whatever the reason may be, I understand that you have things on your mind that you have to tell someone. You couldn't ask for a better someone than yours truly. And I know that

listening is more than simply not talking while you yammer on endlessly. I actually pay attention to what a woman says. I never forget to offer poignant insights like "uh huh," "okay," and "you're right." I can give advice, constructive criticism, or just an open ear. Whatever feelings you need to express, I am the man at whom you can express them. No crying, though. I'm not big on that, so let's keep it to a minimum, okay?

■ Ben Platt Is Romantic

Conversation is important, but a relationship has to be built on more than talking one another's ear off. Eventually we will have to go places and do things. Don't you worry your hopefully very pretty head about the details, though. When you're with me, you're in the hands of the most romantic guy in town. Whether it's a picnic on the grass, an evening at the theater (or even at the theatre, if you're good), a homecooked dinner, or a cocktail party, every date with me is guaranteed to be more romantic than a billion orgies. And two to three times classier! I know how important surprises are in a relationship. The surprises never stop with Ben Platt! Maybe you'll just have finished cleaning the kitchen, and I'll walk in with an adorable kitten! Or maybe you'll get home from a day of grocery shopping and find me waiting for you with an adorable kitten! Or maybe on our anniversary we'll go to a fancy restaurant, and as our eyes meet over the lush candlelight, I'll reach beneath my chair and pick up your present - an adorable kitten! I know that sometimes romance is as simple as just being together, which is why on those quiet nights, we'll curl up on the couch, snuggle up against our kitten skin throw pillows, and watch a movie. The time you spend with me will be so romantic, your friends will stab their boyfriends for not being romantic enough.

■ Ben Platt Is All the Good-Looking in Half the Space

I'm sexy and educated.

There are lots of good-looking guys out there. Let's say twelve. Sure, they may be sweet, sweet eye-candy, but are they really the guys for you? Think about it. Many of them are six feet tall or more, and they may weigh in at close to, or even more than two hundred pounds. That's a lot of guy to have to lug around everywhere you go. Most good-looking guys are bulky and have sharp corners. But with me, you get all the good looks of your standard good-looking guy in a nice, compact package. Standing at just under 5' 6" and weighing in at just under 125 lbs., I am both sexy and space-efficient. Like a good cell phone, my smaller size comes with a number of advantages. When you lose an earring under the endtable, I can duck right under and grab it for you. Or, just imagine yourself winging across the Pacific on your way to a tropical paradise while I read you traditional Polynesian poetry from the cozy confines of the overhead luggage bin. That brings me to my next point:

■ Ben Platt Has Money

You? PLEASE?

Let's face it - money matters. In this fast-paced world of ours, you need money to purchase food items and accessories, gasoline, and hammocks. With me, your money troubles are over. As a professional humor journalist, I have a steady and impressive salary. Picture going out to your favorite fashion boutique and being able to splurge on whatever you want - up to *four whole dollars!* The fun doesn't stop there, though. I've got a bank account just ripe for the pilfering. We'll travel to exotic places like Over There, Down the Street, and St. Domingo (a little further down the street). We'll dine at the fanciest and snootiest drive-thru restaurants and waffle houses. We'll live it up like poor, poor royalty. Nothing will be beyond our reach, as long as you're willing to use the power of your

imagination or take up a life of crime.

■ Ben Platt Is a Celebrity

There's more to my celebrity status as a SA writer than just money. You get all the social advantages that come with dating a big star. When you're with me, people treat you differently. Your days of waiting for a table are over. Never again will you have to suffer the indignity of waiting for hours outside the hottest clubs, only to be denied entrance. If you get pulled over for reckless driving, the cop will rip up the ticket the moment he realizes that you're with someone as famous as me. At parties, all the eyes will be on you as everyone wonders, "Who is that with that stud Ben Platt?" Celebrities can do things and go places that normal people just can't. When you're dating me, that world will open its doors to you, too.

■ Ben Platt Has a Cool Nickname

Lots of guys have nicknames, but most of them are degrading, like "Stinky," "Dribbles," or "Wart." Other nicknames are meaningless, like "Skitch," "Puffinstuff," or "One-Leg Jim." None of them can touch "Greasnin." "Greasnin" is a nickname that does it all. First, it rolls off the tongue. Say it. Say it again. No, no, the emphasis is on the first syllable. Yeah, that's it. Second, it has mystique. What does "Greasnin" really mean? It must mean something, it's too unusual - no, unique - not to have some deeper meaning. Well, go out with me, and you might just find out what "Greasnin" is all about. Third, it can be turned into other nicknames, which are also cool. My friends call me "Greasy." That's "Greasy" like the Italians, the most romantic people on Earth. Others call me "Grease," like the hit 50's nostalgia musical, but there's more to it. Like grease, I'm slick, smooth, and all over you like you're a pizza. Feeling sexed up yet? Just wait.

■ Ben Platt's Grandmother Bakes Cookies

Maybe you have a family, maybe you don't. It doesn't matter anymore. When you're dating me, you're a part of my family in a strictly non-incestuous way. No one will make you feel more comfortable at family dinners than my Grandmother, who will soon feel like your Grandmother, again in a strictly non-incestuous way. Countless women have been simply delighted by this charming and vivacious woman. But she's more than just great company - she's a mean cook. Her cookies range from chocolate chip to pinwheel and are always the highlight of any dessert. Just one bite and you'll wonder how you ever did without them. That's right, ladies, all that other good stuff and a sweet, good-humored Grandmother. What else could you ask for?

There you have it. If you're still not convinced that you should date me, you are probably a lesbian. If, however, you are highly aroused by what you've just read and you are not a forty-six year old man posing as a fourteen year old girl (again), send me an email to discuss our future and the various naughty, quasi-legal things we'll do together. With just one click, you could be in the arms of one of the hottest commodities on the internet - me.

■ I'm Thankful for State Og, and You'd Better Be, Too

A grateful nation is preparing to gather together to celebrate the venerated holiday of Thanksgiving. This year, we once again get to celebrate it under the stern, largely frightening watch of State Og, the mega-conglomerate which, according to their team of horned lawyers, is neither evil nor bent on world domination. We've been fortunate enough to receive some notice of the various festivities State Og has planned for the holiday.

As we all know, the Indians welcomed our ancestors into this new land and

helped us to survive the first winter. Then, the following year when the pilgrims had grown fat enough, the savage Indians attacked the completely innocent settlers and tried to eat them all, sometimes beginning to eat before they remembered to kill them. These zombie indians were valiantly forced into reservations, where we now keep them under close watch to this day, mindful of their lust for our brains.

Shortly after the pep speech by our cloaked and mysterious leader and the mandatory bikini waxing, we will group together and lead a "historical mock invasion" on the local Peaceful Badger Indian reservation, "killing" the entire village while "they sleep". Buckets of sulfuric acid and high power laser-sighted sniper rifles will be handed out, just like the ones they used in colonial days! The night will end with an employee in our Ninja Division sneaking into O.J. Simpson's house and returning the now bloody gloves which we stole from him earlier this week, and an anonymous call to the authorities.

But killing Indians is just the gizzard on the turkey that is Og. If you want to know more, and you'd better if you know what's good for you, take a look at the latest from our favorite fiendish uber-corporation.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

11.24 No, Seriously, Thanks.

Monday, Nov 25, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Thanksgiving 1997. Inset: Buzz Aldrin.

I suppose if you could use one word to describe our attitude here at Something Awful it could be "cynical", more likely it would be "moronic", "inflammatory", or "hootenanny". While the last one isn't an adjective per se, it is frequently applied to hobo parties and barn dances, both things I personally identify Something Awful with. We'll stick with the idea that "cynical" is the word you are using to envision the attitude here at Something Awful right now. Well, I've got news for you mister caring and empathy in your ivory tower, Something Awful is taking the holiday of Thanksgiving very seriously this year. To celebrate this first in the history of the Internet, I am devoting this entire update to thanking people and groups who have helped us out throughout the year.

Before I get to that list I'd like to briefly go over the people we will not be thanking this year or in the foreseeable future. You could just say that we are "well wishers" if you replace "well" with "accident" and then replace "accident" with "mob hit" and then replace "wishers" with "on their family". We are totally mob hit on their family.

Thanksgiving 1998. Inset: Buzz Aldrin.

- Sam Jain
- Gamefan
- The city of Dresden, Germany
- The entire creative team behind Disney's "The Lion King"
- That ninja web site
- The inventor of the helicopter
- Rich's Sword of the Axe +3
- That one guy who screwed us out of a bunch of money
- Thomas Jefferson
- The Wu-Tang Clan not including Big Baby Jesus
- Buzz Aldrin
- That other guy who screwed us out of a bunch of money who may or may not be Buzz Aldrin
- The ghost of the black astronaut that Buzz Aldrin killed
- All of the nerds who bitch about Tom Bombadil
- All of the nerds who even mention Lord of the Rings
- Buzz Aldrin's son, who played the role of Tom Bombadil in the animated version of the Hobbit.
- Anyone who is about to e-mail me and tell me I spelled Tom Bombadil wrong.
- FedEx Overnight
- G00berguy187 from Drew Curtis's Fark's Drew Curtis's comment section.
- The woman who allowed Wil Wheaton to have children.
- The woman who failed to miscarry or abort Buzz Aldrin.

I think that about covers it, however if I think of anyone else who absolutely will not be thanked this year I will be sure to mention them in our new feature "The Something Awful Weekly Thanks Mailer." You can sign up for this by sending letters with the subject "FUCK YOU" to aldrin.buzz@nasa.gov.

Thanksgiving 1999. Inset: Buzz Aldrin.

There are so many people that I would like to thank for helping out that there is no possible way we could thank everyone. If your name did not make the list this year that doesn't mean that we don't treasure your contribution every day, particularly whoever it was that sent us all that crystal meth. Thanks to their donation productivity here at Something Awful is through the roof!

President George W. Bush Jr.

When God created you Mister President, he broke the mold and had anyone on the original design team shuffled to some desk job in the filing department. You have stood tall in the face of national crisis, like an obelisk in a hurricane only with more conservative Christian values. I thought to myself just last year that I felt threatened in my bed by the agents of Iraqi despot Saddam Hussein, and what do you do? After you've gone and completely finished off all of the terrorists except for their reclusive and evil leader, you go after the exact person who I - and many other Americans - fear most. I think you are doing all the right things to make this country safe and if there is some address where I could mail my journal or diary to DARPA so they can make sure I'm a patriot and not a commie I would be more than happy to!

That Transvestite Prostitute Who Took Ben "Greasnin" Platt's Virginity

David "Honeysuckle" Rogers, you are a humanitarian in red velvet and pancake make-up. We had thought that it would be impossible for good old Greasy to ever get laid, but thanks to your generosity and our pragmatism he has finally made that final leap into manhood. It was especially understanding of you to accept his requests to defecate on his face and call him "you Greasy bitch" while you inserted an arm up to the elbow into his colon. When he wanted you to drink his blood in a bizarre ritualistic manner you hardly even hesitated, and when he asked for you to put on the furry costume all it took was that pleading look on his face and an extra 100 dollars from the cash drawer. You are an honest pseudo-woman and for your charity we thank you.

Thanksgiving 2000. Inset: Buzz Aldrin.

Salt

If I had to be stranded on a desert island and I could only take one "spice" for the entire duration of this stranding it would be salt. Even though I might be able to extract you from the sea water it is unthinkable that I might fail at this and be left with a container of oregano to fulfill all my coconut and fish seasoning needs. Salt, the staff here at Something Awful thanks you for the incident in 1999 when a truck full of you overturned and prevented a serious accident from turning deadly. We were all horribly wounded when the Something Awful tour bus collided with the salt truck and when the truck overturned and spilled you all over us the pain of you being smashed into our fresh wounds was incredible. We cursed your name, we spit at you, but when we saw that you were soaking up the spilled diesel fuel we realized that your love had saved us all. Thank you salt, for a cruel mistress though you may be, your heart of hearts is free of malice.

Zeus and Apollo

The Greeks worshipped you as deities, but we knew you better as the two finest Doberman pincers ever assigned to protect the estate of Robin Masters. The way Higgins called your names to whimsically threaten Thomas Magnum was nothing short of wonderful. We laughed with you, we cried with you, and when the show finally ended we felt like perhaps we should have died with you. Thank you for entertaining us throughout the 80s and, thanks to A&E, into the 90s and beyond. More

importantly, thank you for keepin' it real. I would like to add that I had to fight to keep Zeus and Apollo on the lists as Lowtax, while naturally a big fan of "Magnum P.I.", absolutely hates animals and refuses to have anything to do with them. Earlier this year Emily convinced him to go to the zoo and he ended up being ejected from the place for screaming at the penguins and attempting to set fire to a bronze statue of a lion.

The Magic of Technology

From beeps to flashing lights, you do it all technology, and much like a caveman recently unfrozen, we can do nothing but watch in a mixture of awe and fear. We don't understand you, we don't really know how to use you, but you make our lives easier every single day. Magic of Technology, let me ask you a question, how do you make the paper-clip and refrigerator magnet work? It defies gravity and clings like a spider to the surface of my refrigerator. But that's not all, oh no, as if enchanted by wizards when I push a button it will flange open and allow me to insert a small notepad onto which I might right things like grocery lists or magical spells. In the past we cursed you as evil, we imprisoned your practitioners as witches and devils, but today I would like to extend the thanks of Something Awful for making each day a little better than the last.

Cheez-Its Brand Snack Crackers

Thanksgiving 2001. Inset: Buzz Aldrin.

Cheese was almost deserving of a thanks all its own, and salt was thanked, but your delightful combination of cheese, salt, and cracker, makes you worthy of individual thanks Cheez-Its. Many have tried to reverse engineer your deliciousness, from Cheese Nips to Goldfish crackers, but none can approach the grandeur of you. I like to eat you plain, Livestock enjoys you with milk, Greasy likes to crumble you up, mix you with cocaine, and lick you off the chest of a transvestite prostitute. What R-Lo and Integral do with you is between you and them, personally I think it crosses the line, but they wanted me to thank you too. Will there ever be a superior snack cracker? It doesn't take Ray Combs to tell me that the survey says no!

My Peeps in Philly

No "Big Ups" and "Mad Shout Outs" list would be complete without mention being made of My Peeps in Philly. I don't know what or who they are, but Something Awful would like to thank them from the bottom of our collective heart. Their support throughout the years, while intangible and bordering on imaginary, has meant so much to all of us. My Peeps, I don't know where exactly you are within the city of Philadelphia, but I would like to envision it as an environment suiting your boundless generosity. I think you are inside of the warm embrace of a giant animatronic teddy bear that feeds you hot oatmeal from a series of rubber nipples mounted in its chest and has hundreds of mechanical waldos to attend to your every need. If it turns out you are not located at One Giant Adorable Teddy Bear Strasse, then please accept my condolences and thanks My dearest Peeps. You are the lights of our lives.

This year we will be celebrating the Something Awful Thanksgiving much as we do every year. We will all be flying down to Seattle to visit a soup kitchen. We usually dress up as indigents and then wait in line to receive free turkey dinners. Usually Livestock plays the harmonica because he is really into the hobo lifestyle and then Rich gets drunk on cheap whiskey and demands I fist fight him. It's a great time and if any of you fans want to join us we will probably be at the East Street St. Catherine's Mission from 2-6 PM. If you come late, don't worry, we usually hang out in the alleyway next door crowded around a fire while Greasy tries to convince passersby that a two-liter

bottle of his urine is actually imported champagne. Last year Emily lost all of her teeth when she challenged "Fightin' Pete" to a bareknuckle boxing contest and ended up passing out inside of the smoldering fire barrel.

Cliff Yablonski Thanks You for Being Ugly

Good old Mr. Yablonski is wishing Thanksgivings along with the rest of us here at Something Awful, he just tends to do things a little bit differently. For example when we offer our sincere gratitude, he says thanks by jamming a record-player down your throat one piece at a time or by gluing blasting caps to your face and kicking you down stairs. Coincidentally he too has a list of people to thank this year complete with pictures!

> *...and this is why I don't go to the fucking movie theaters. Not that there's been anything worth paying to see in the last 25 years or so. If they ever fucking make "Law and Order: The Movie," I swear I'll be the first guy in line to buy tickets. I love watching Jerry Orbach beat the snot out of those little shithead punk kids who get out of line, and that drunk DA guy is okay too, although he should probably smack that woman assistant of his around a bit because she gets out of line sometimes and makes him lose the important cases about guys who kill their wives because they were pregnant with rape children or something. If they ever find the corpses of those two assfestivals in this photo, I wonder if Jerry Orbach will arrest me. That'd fucking make my day.*

Cliff Yablonski would also like to personally thank you just for reading his latest update. Simply send a self-addressed mailing tube and he will fill it with a mixture of rabies-infected rats and holiday greetings!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.25 Spies For a New Millennium, Part I

Monday, Nov 25, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A shot from "Live and Let Die," a great movie despite the fact that it starred Roger Moore, a man who the Bond writers eventually tried to get rid of by sending him to the goddamn moon.

Despite our better judgment, Emily and I decided to attend a showing of the new "James Bond: Die Another Day" film at the local Whitetrash-O-Plex. We decided to make the bold and daring move of "leaving the apartment" due to our resident systems administrator / coder "isnoop" demanding that we either watch the movie with him or run the risk of some "unexpected" website outages that "just might" have something to do with him "taking a leak" onto the server's motherboard. In addition to his affinity towards using quotes at inappropriate times, isnoop also enjoys taking us to horrible movies, as his previous accomplishment was blackmailing us into watching "Signs," the film about killer, water-soluble aliens who are too stupid to defeat boarded-up windows. Now don't get us wrong; we like horrible movies as much as the next guy. However, these multi-million dollar mental ejaculations aren't amusing in any way, particularly after you realized that you spent nearly 10 bucks for the privilege of viewing it while sitting next to a fat couple consuming Gummy Bears at an impossible rate.

I think the major problem I have with the "Bond" films lies in the fact that none of the writers have come up with an original line since 1984 or so. Down below MGM's corporate headquarters, I am convinced there sits a huge, beige, punchcard supercomputer from 1974 that continuously pulls out "Bondisms" from a 13 word database, intelligently combining and re-arranging these words into regurgitated sentences which match whatever environment the writers' scene takes place. For example, let's say James Bond is in an ice hotel fighting some villain who owns a flamethrower (conveniently both of which take place in "Die Another Day"). The Bondometer would spit out the following dialogue:

> **DEATHMAN VonFLAMETHROWER:** "Well well well, Mr. Bond! What say we heat things up a bit?" *(Turns on flamethrower)*
> **JAMES BOND:** "You're treading on thin ice, Deathman!" *(Adjusts his super secret watch which not only tells time, but it also tells time in the Metric System, which has 19 megaminutes per joule)*
> **DEATHMAN VonFLAMETHROWER:** *(Shoots flamethrower)* "The heat is on, Mr. Bond!"
> **JAMES BOND:** "You're cold as ice, Deathman!" *(Leaps over an ice desk and lands on an ice chair which falls onto the ice carpet near the ice ice machine)*
> **DEATHMAN VonFLAMETHROWER:** *(Shoots at Bond but misses and instead blows up the kitchen)* "If you can't take the heat, Mr. Bond, maybe you should get out of the kitchen!"
> **JAMES BOND:** "You're melting my heart, Deathman!" *(Something somewhere explodes for no reason. A helicopter flies around outside and hits a barrel and both blow up)*
> **DEATHMAN VonFLAMETHROWER:** "This is the end of the line for you, Mr. Bond! The agency called and said you're FIRED!" *(Sprays more flames everywhere; ice catches fire somehow)*
> **JAMES BOND:** "Now now now, Deathman! That wasn't playing very n-ICE!" *(Missiles fly out of Bond's teeth and cause chandelier to break off and plummet to the Earth, crushing the ice piano and the ice piano playing robot Sony Aibo Man)*

DEATHMAN VonFLAMETHROWER: "N-ice? Boy, that's really pushing it, isn't it?" *(Entire country of Portugal catches fire)*
JAMES BOND: "Pushing it? Don't mind if I do!" *(Pushes Deathman off a cliff. He falls 600 million feet and gets impaled on an icicle which then explodes, causing the ice below to rupture. Lava floods above the ice and immolates Deathman, whose body explodes and shoots scorpions and poisonous ladybugs everywhere, all of which explode while stinging his remaining body parts)* "Looks like you got iced."

Now that I think about it, MGM must also be in the possession of another Bondometer computer machine, as the "sexy double-entendre" dialogue follows the same cliched and idiotic pattern only with the "death" theme replaced by a "sex" one. If the directors of any given James Bond film arbitrarily decided to remove all the retarded transparent sexual innuendo from their film, the running time would be measured in seconds instead of hours. Here's an example of the Sexual Bondometer in action:

I think this is a picture from a James Bond movie, but I can't recall which one offhand.

JAMES BOND: *(To woman guarding a door)* "What secret word do I have to say for you to let me inside, Miss...?"
WOMAN AT DOOR: "My name is Entermi. Entermi Vulva. And I wouldn't let you inside for all the sweet words in the world." *(Suggestively licks her lips)*
JAMES BOND: "Oh, let's be reasonable, the thought of slipping inside shouldn't be that hard to swallow."
ENTERMI VULVA: "Give it up, Mr. Bond, this door isn't as easy to enter as all doors you previously got into so far." *(Suggestively drops something between her huge breasts, like a pen or toothpick or torch)*
JAMES BOND: "What these doors need is a man's gentle touch to help them part aside and let me get inside." *(Does that thing with his face where one eye squints and the other one kind of rolls up into his skull while his mouth turns into a crooked smile)*
ENTERMI VULVA: "Why Mr. Bond, aren't you persistent? Perhaps I should repeat myself: nobody gets inside, ever, under any circumstances, in no situation, never!" *(Runs over and has sex with James Bond, shortly before letting him go through the doors)*

While I certainly can't complain about the brain-smolderingly terrible writing (since the content on Something Awful often rivals the intellectual capacity of a defaced subway terminal wall), I can complain about virtually everything else, since the only redeeming quality of the recent James Bond franchise has been that not a single one has caused my head to fill up with blood and then explode like a well-fed deer tick suffering from explosive decompression. First of all, let me tackle the subject of Pierce Brosnan. If there was a god in the world, and this god did not hate us with the passion of a thousand suns, he would've given Brosnan a fatal case of eyeball cancer while filming the movie "Live Wire" in 1992 (Brosnan was involved in the filming, not God. After watching this movie, you'll understand why God had no part in it). Let me present my case for the immediate destruction of Pierce Brosnan by explaining the "plot" from this travesty, which is 100% true:

> Ron Silver plays the role of "Frank Traveres," an evil terrorist who plans to rule the world by making people explode more often than they naturally would, in addition to sleeping with bomb disposal expert Danny O'Neill's (Pierce Brosnan's) wife. Now I certainly don't want to pretend

> I'm an expert in the terrorism industry, but if my gimmick was to rule the world by blowing shit up, I would certain not sleep around with the wives of prominent bomb disposal experts. Well, unless I was a woman, in which case it'd be cool because then I'd be a lesbian and those are always good for ratings. Frank the Terrorist developed a way to turn ordinary water (harmless) into water which makes you explode when you drink it (deadly). He's tricking senators into drinking this deadly concoction and then having them blow up at very convenient times. These senator-exploding events are baffling the police and FBI, who cannot find a bomb or timer in any of the corpse bits, presumably because they're distracted by the nonstop blaring Casio MIDI orchestral score that accompanies this made for TV movie. I'm not quite sure if Danny the Anti-Bomb Manny works for the FBI or police since he seems to switch departments every scene, but I believe it accompanies his accent which switches from Irish to New Yorker each line of dialogue. Oh yeah, there's also an exquisite flashback sequence which depicts Danny's stupid daughter drowning in a pool accident, so they've got the whole "water = death" motif going in full gear.
>
> The climax of the movie, and oh boy is it ever a climax, was when the mayor held a press conference in the middle of the city square, surrounded by a crowd of inbred halfwits ingesting funnel cakes and holding balloons. Danny surveys the crowd for a potential distributor of Evil Water ™, but it looks like the coast is clear... until he spies a shady-looking clown doing something suspicious with bottles of water! Oh, holy shit, no! Danny the Anti-Bomb Manny pursues the clown, screaming like an idiot for everybody to run away, and they eventually get into a fistfight. While beating on the clown, Danny inadvertently causes the clown to drink Evil Water ™, causing him to begin convulsing like an epileptic licking a power grid. Danny tosses ExplosoClown into a nearby wheelchair and begins pushing him down the street, pleading for nearby people to "get out of the way." Eventually Danny shoves away the wheelchair-bound clown, who then detonates in a fiery explosion. Yes, that is correct, the high point of this film occurs during a fight with an exploding clown.

The only reason I remember this movie so well is because it was on the USA Network 24 hours a day when I was in high school. Every time I would turn on the TV and began flipping through channels, I would invariably pass Pierce Brosnan punching a clown. How can there be a god when people like Brosnan, who was earning possibly hundreds of dollars a year by starring in exclusive USA Network made-for-TV movies, ever get a respectable acting position? Not that the bond franchise can be labeled "respectable" much these days, as the best Bond movies were the ones featuring Joe Don Baker, Richard Kiel, Sean Connery, or that woman who killed people to death with her vagina. Regardless, I feel that the writing behind the recent James Bond films, in addition to the presence of Pierce "Clown Hunter" Brosnan, has turned the series into a dog pile of embarrassment. Luckily I plan on changing this, and changing it so on... keep an eye out for Thursday's update, "Spies For a New Millennium, Part II," in which I reveal the exciting screenplay behind Something Awful's upcoming smash megahit feelgood movie of the decade, "The Spying Game!" There will be sex, guns, explosions, sexy guns, more explosions, car chases, a very large airplane, helicopters, explosions, a considerable amount of explosions, people partaking in actions of some sort, fire, fiery explosions, sex in or possibly with cars, traitors, and exploding traitors! I / you can't wait!

Happy Holidays from the Goldmine!

The goons of the Something Awful Forums have had some interesting experiences with the holidays of gift-giving and they are here to share them with you in a warm, fuzzy, very non-gay way in

this week's Comedy Goldmine, "Worst Christmas Gifts Ever." Think you can out-match them in terribleness?

Purpling: *My mom gave me a 10 pound sack of Himalayan rice. Not only that, my birthday lies on th 18th of December, so it was a Christmas AND birthday present.*

It doesn't get much worse than that. Head on over there and feel better about your own life by reading about the misery of others.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.26 Spies For a New Millennium, Part II

Wednesday, Nov 27, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As mentioned in Tuesday's update, we have recently become disenfranchised with the James Bond series of movies, assuming "recently" means "like for the last 14 years." I don't know it's the cliched plots, the cliched gadgets, the cliched sexual innuendos, the cliches puns / plays on words, or the cliched "this movie has been made 50-fucking-million times already" feel, but we feel the Bond franchise is pretty much running on steam alone at this point. Luckily we here in Something Awful headquarters, located near the scenic luxury lava pit beneath raging Mount Doom, are not ones to endlessly bitch about something and then fail to do anything to remedy it. With this in mind, let us present to you our non-abridged screenplay for our upcoming Bond-breaking spy hit, "The Spying Game." We've tried to integrate all crucial elements of previous James Bond films into our movie while leaving out all that unnecessary crap such as "dialogue" and "continuity" because that shit just slows us down.

"THE SPYING GAME"

A Something Awful Feature Film, Copyright 2002 Something Awful and Bloody Ferret Productions
Don't Steal Our Movie Idea Or Else We'll Jam Forks In Your Eyes

CAST:

- **Chase "The Delivererier" Ricochet -** Professional spy working for an organization so top secret that the acronym for their department changes hourly, just to confuse the bad guys. Chase is a handsome, muscular man with a permanent five o'clock shadow (which was installed on his face by the spy organization years ago). Although Chase is a no-nonsense spy with a heart of gold, he has an uncanny romantic ability to sweep women off their feet without employing the use of automatic gunfire or roofies. His nickname of "The Delivererier" was given to him by his mentor, Benjamin Broad, who once witnessed Chase "deliver death" to an enemy spy who was delivering classified secrets to a terrorist organization. When Chase was eight years old, both his parents were killed in a freak boating accident: they were walking through a mall when a boat fell on them. An EVIL SPY boat.

The Delivererier is at the top of his game. The game of intrigue!

- **Headmaster Chauncy B. Higgenswallow -** Leader of "GI13MULE," the spy organization which employs Chase and a number of other super secret spies, all of which either get killed or are absolutely ineffective each movie. His levelheaded, objective approach to hostile situations gives him an edge over his enemies, many of whom hate freedom / God / the Earth / everything.
- **Barbara Tittenfield -** Although the continuous object of Chase's desires, Barbara refuses to be swept off her feet by his manly and effusive persona. After engaging in sexual intercourse with 23 women each movie, Chase always comes back to Barbara and gets rebuffed in the form of a witty dialogue involving many transparent puns. Nobody is really sure what Barbara's position within "GI13MULE" is, but in one scene she's shown typing a letter, so maybe she's a secretary or something else that a woman would be able to do.
- **Professor** - Professor, whose name is pronounced "Professor Tilday," is so secretive that his entire name has been replace with an ASCII character. He provides Chase with crafty yet impossible gadgets, such as the Poison Shoehorn, Heat-Seeking Fireball, and Whale Inseminating Colostomy

Manual.

■**Erik Heinrich -** An evil supergenius who is always up to sinister schemes, such as turning the ocean into lava or turning lava into the ocean. No matter evil deed he sets his mind upon, he always ends up using lasers and satellite dishes to accomplish his goals. If he runs out of satellites, he uses his secret moon base. If his moon base is down for maintenance, then he takes some of his vacation time and visits his mom in Akron, Ohio, who he meets for the sole purpose of beating her into a coma with a tire iron.

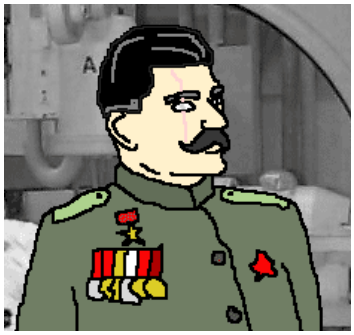
MOVIE:

SCENE 1: Some jungle somewhere, maybe in Vietnam or Puerto Rico, whichever has more lenient child labor laws.

An Arab, Chinaman, and Russian are patrolling outside a large stone fortress. They each have automatic weapons, knives, grenades, and a horribly tacky iron-on armpatch feature the logo of a cat's face with blood coming out of its eyes, hovering above an upside down cross, next to an American flag with a big X across it. For some reason, they all speak perfect English.

ARAB: "Those Westerners better not try any funny stuff, such as send a Western spy to infiltrate our chemical weapons plant."
CHINAMAN: "Yes, the plant we are currently guarding."
RUSSIAN: "Yes, we must protect this plant with our lives or else Emperor Mao Stalin will have us thrown into the vat of lactic acid!"
(Cut to Chase Ricochet floating above the foliage with a hang glider in red, white, and blue. He leaps off the hang glider and attaches a snowboard to his shoes in midair, landing directly on a patch of jungle snow which leads directly downhill to the patrolling enemies)
ARAB: "We must be on the lookout for cunning Western spies." *(He, along with the other two guards, get their heads sliced open when Chase skies past them holding out a giant Ninja sword that also shoots bullets when need be)*
CHASE: "You should've been on the lookout for CUTTING spies!" *(Looks at camera and smirks. Suddenly gunfire erupts from the chainguns above the fortress, and everything within a 30-mile radius of Chase is shot to pieces except him because he had the clever idea of hiding behind a rock shaped like a tree)* "I sure hope this isn't a no-smoking zone!" *(Throws smoke grenade, allowing him to somehow sneak through the front door without anybody seeing him)*

SCENE 2: Interior of Chemical Fortress.



Mao Stalin received that scar on his face from playing a game. The game of danger!

Emperor Mao Stalin is crossing a walkway above his evil vats of evil lactic acid, accompanied by hundreds of evil guards who all wear identical outfits.

EMPEROR STALIN: "Soon our biological weapons will be ready and we shall sell them to the highest bidder! And, naturally, the highest bidder will be some squalid, bankrupt, third-world Communist nation because those are the only guys who ever want to purchase weapons!"
(Suddenly the door explodes and Chase rolls in. He avoids the gunfire from enemy soldiers by kind of moving a little to the left and doing this cartwheel or something. He shoots every single one of them, including the guards standing directly behind Emperor Stalin, without ever hitting Emperor Stalin. His vats of chemical weapon juice start to detonate for no apparent reason.)
EMPEROR STALIN: "Oh no, my precious biological weapon

fuel! No!"
CHASE: "Looks like you're going to have to chemi-call yourself a doctor after this encounter, Stalin!" *(He shoots the railing next to Emperor Stalin's feet, causing it to collapse and send him falling into a vat of lactic acid)*
EMPEROR STALIN: "Wait, I don't get it, chemical myself a doctor? That doesn't even make any sense! Oh wait, you put the pronunciation on the word 'call,' I guess that does make sense, and now is the time that I scream while I fall to my death, AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" *(Falls into acid, which begins bubbling and foaming because Emperor Stalin had a whole bunch of Rolaids in his pockets)*
CHASE: "Hope that was easy for you to digest, Stalin! Now it's time for me to leave, and there better not be any stallin'." *(Climbs onto ladder which suddenly fell through the broken skylight above. Chase is lifted up by a GI13MULE helicopter which flies away while the chemical fortress suddenly explodes over and over and over again from many different angles, often in slow motion)*

SCENE 3: Interior of GI13MULE headquarters.
There are many high tech machines at work in the background, including those computers which have all the blinking lights and the blenders that can go in reverse. GI13MULE workers are punching buttons on walls, keyboards, and each other, shortly before moving to a new location and repeating the same procedure. One employee is staring intently at a sheet of daisy-chain paper.

HEADMASTER CHAUNCY: "Well done, Chase, you successfully shut down the illegal chemical weapons trade by blowing up Emperor Mao Stalin's headquarters in the previous scene. No longer will we have to fear sitting down to eat dinner and suddenly dying!"
CHASE: "Unless, of course, we're eating Miss Tittenfield's cooking!" *(Everybody except Barbara Tittenfield laughs for roughly 30 minutes)*
BARBARA: "It's a shame you'll never get to eat out with me, Chase."
HEADMASTER CHAUNCY: "Quit dicking around, you two, we've got an important situation on our hands. It seems as if the rich supergenius Erik Hienrich has been spotted at various Home Depots across America, buying tools that could only be used to construct a gigantic orbiting laser cannon of some sort!"
CHASE: "Didn't he build like nine of those last year alone?"
HEADMASTER CHAUNCY: "Yes, and you managed to destroy nine of them last year, what's your point?"
CHASE: "My point is that I'll need some gadgets to help me foil his caper this time!"
HEADMASTER CHAUNCY: "So go to Professor , he's got some very exciting tools for you!"
CHASE: "I've got a very exciting tool for Miss Tittenfield!"
BARBARA: "If you don't leave right now, I'm filing sexual harassment charges."

SCENE 4: Interior of Professor 's Lab
Gadgets lie strewn across the room, ranging from hats that knives come out of them, to axes which have knives come out of them. Professor is polishing a mailbox.

CHASE: "Hello Professor! What do you have in store for me today?"
PROFESSOR: "Oh well if it isn't the Delivereriery! I've got a handful of great inventions for you!" *(Points to mailbox)* "See this mailbox? It looks like an ordinary mailbox, doesn't it?"
CHASE: "Why yes it does, I believe I'll just reach into there and get my mail..." *(Moves arm over to open mailbox. Professor immediately stops him)*
PROFESSOR: "Not so fast, Chase, for this is no normal mailbox!" *(As if on cue, which it was, the mailbox front opens and a knife flies out, embedding itself in the corkboard wall across the room)* "This is the Mark 7 Knife Mailbox! It picks up infrared, ultraviolet, and uh, retroactive signals and then shoots a knife at them!"
CHASE: "Genius! What else do you have?"
PROFESSOR: *(Hands him a cardboard box)* "Eh, here you go, there's a bunch of shit in there.

Poison gas pants, missile shoes, laser dentures, anti-aardvark necklace, X-ray sunglasses, a gun which shoots something called 'bullets,' and a bunch of other crap that I can't remember. Oh yes, and here are the keys to a new car, it has a lot of buttons inside which do a lot of things, all of which you innately know. Also, here is a laser wristwatch. Please do not lose it like you invariably do in every movie, Chase."
CHASE: "Thanks, time to get to business!" *(Hops in car and drives out of room)*
PROFESSOR: "Oh wait, I think I gave you the cyanide dentures, not the laser ones. Eh, I don't care."

SCENE 5: Interior of Cocaine Production Plant
Horribly filthy Mexicans are monitoring large mounds of cocaine travel down a very long assembly line. Armed guards pace back and forth amongst the huge packing crates which are scattered around the warehouse for no good reason. A fat Mexican man wearing a Hawaiian shirt is sitting at a desk in the middle of the room, counting a gigantic stack of one-million dollar bills.

EVIL MEXICAN DRUG BARON: "Ah, money, the currency of the world! What could be more valuable than money?"
MEXICAN HENCHMAN: "I don't know boss, what?"
EVIL MEXICAN DRUG BARON: "Why, even MORE money! Bwaaahahahahhaa!" (*Both he and his henchman laugh for 93 minutes, at which point the ground suddenly erupts and Chase Ricochet suddenly comes flying through the concrete floor, suddenly shooting automatic weapons with both hands and killing guards, henchmen, workers, set designers, people in other movies, aliens, etc. There is a huge shootout in which bullets bounce off metal things and cause sparks as well as that "pwwwing" sound. Eventually Chase kills everybody but the Drug Baron)*
CHASE: "Greetings, Javier! Do you have any time to SHOOT the breeze with me?" *(Points to his gun, just in case any audience members were too stupid to pick up on that pun)*
EVIL MEXICAN DRUG BARON: "Oh no! Chase Ricochet! I'll tell you anything you want, just as long as you don't kill me!"
CHASE: "You'd better tell me everything I want or else I'll kill you."
EVIL MEXICAN DRUG BARON: "Okay okay! Please, just don't kill me!"
CHASE: "Get talking and get talking fast; I want to know where Erik Hienrich's secret base in the Australian desert is, and what day he's planning that activating his moon laser cannon on Monday, July 23rd!"
EVIL MEXICAN DRUG BARON: "Please, I'll tell you anything! He has a secret base in the Australian desert, and his moon laser cannon will be activated on Monday, July 23rd! Don't kill me!"

CHASE: "You've got yourself a deal. But before I go, let me leaving a little calling card which will cause your plans to go up in smoke." *(Places a bunch of cards made from C4 on the numerous piles of drugs and drug money.)* "You're going to find yourself in an explosive situation soon."
EVIL MEXICAN DRUG BARON: "Why? Oh wait, yeah, because of the exploding cards." *(Chase jumps into his invisible jetcar and flies / drives away right before everything explodes and the Drug Baron's money catches fire.)* "Oh, my money, my precious, precious money!" *(Drug Baron's hair catches fire.)* "Oh, my hair, my precious, precious hair!" *(Drug Baron's barn catches fire.)* "Oh, my barn, my precious, precious barn!"
(Chase drives through the jungle and then sees a beautiful Mexican woman hitchhiking in the middle of nowhere. He stops and rolls down the window.)
CHASE: "My dear lady, you seem to be dripping with heat and

Chance doesn't take any chances when it comes to high speed games. The high speed games of espionage!

moisture!"
MEXICAN MODEL: "What can I say? El heat is on." *(She says the word "el" to demonstrate how foreign she is)*
CHASE: "Let's cool things down and then heat them up a bit, shall we?" *(They start having sex in the jungle, under a tree which contains many exotic tropical birds, none of which live natively in Mexico)*

SCENE 6: The Australian Desert
Chase is driving through the wilderness at 400 miles an hour. His onboard computer, which is currently displaying every variable in the world, shows a closeup image of Erik Hienrich's secret headquarters, which is build in a giant mountain disguised as a giant rock masquerading as a large secret headquarters. Suddenly a bunch of dune buggies and jeeps come out of nowhere. They are all firing machineguns, missiles, flamethrowers, atom bombs, and various other things at Chase.

CHASE: "Looks like I'll have to put the pedal to the metal; I have no time to play pole position with these boys. Time to blow them to carmageddon." *(A somewhat long action sequence takes place, in which Chase uses a different weapon to destroy each vehicle. He blows up a Land Rover with a guided missile, detonates a Jeep with autocannon fire, causes a Lincoln Continental to crash into a rock by covering it with flaming tar, tricks a Ford Explorer into driving off a cliff by projecting an illusion of another car in front of it, and various other crap which involves Global Position Satellites and other way cool things. He drives up to Hienrich's secret base and gets out of the car, looking up at the big stone mountains.)* "It's time to rock and roll, Erik."

SCENE 7: Interior of Heinrich's Secret Base
The same extras from SCENE 3 are running around, hitting buttons and pretending to do things, but they're now wearing blue jumpsuits with the evil insignia on them. Erik walks into the room and puts his hand on the shoulder of a burly man who has his face obscured from the camera.

ERIK: "How long until my moon laser is operational?"
MYSTERY MAN: "Just ten minutes. Ten minutes until..." *(He straightens up and moves his face into the lighting, revealing the face of a horribly disfigured Emperor Mao Stalin)* "PROJECT MOON REVENGE is ready!"

Stalin's post-acid face is great for poker but even better for another game. The game of evil!

ERIK: "Excellent. We'll have the world in our hands once PROJECT MOON REVENGE is ready. And that evil Western spy, Chase Ricochet, won't be able to stop us!"

(Suddenly the wall explodes and Chase Ricochet flies in. As usual, he shoots everybody to death, but in the confusion, Emperor Stalin sneaks away. Chase holds a gun at Erik.)

ERIK: "Well well well, if it isn't my good friend Chase Ricochet. How are you doing this warm day?"

CHASE: "Give it up, Erik! The world has universally agreed that there's no space left for your dastardly moon laser!"

ERIK: "You win, Chase! Take me to your evil Western jail!" *(Holds out hands, as if waiting to be handcuffed. Suddenly Emperor Stalin leaps out and tackles Chase)*

EMPEROR STALIN: "Muuaahaha! Revenge! I've finally got you, Chase!" *(His melty face shoots out a cloud of poison chemical gas which knocks Chase out)* "Sweet dreams, Chase. Actually, forget that, I hope you have nightmares about your mother jacking you off

in front of your high school graduation class. Jerk."

SCENE 8: Erik's High Tech Torture Chamber
There are many evil looking things such as buzzsaws and knives and lasers lying around. Chase is tied to a steel cot, his arms and legs are bolted down, and Emperor Mao stands above him with a remote control with buttons clearly labeled "KILL" and "KILL MORE."

EMPEROR STALIN: "You thought you killed me, didn't you Chase? Well you didn't. Because I am still living!" *(Emperor Stalin leans down to get a closer look at Chase.)* "By pushing me into my own vat of deadly poisons, you caused my body to mutate and become immune to the chemicals! Now I emit poisons wherever I go, leaving a trail of destruction! Your journey ends here, Chase! Time to die! Game over! The end!" *(Presses the "KILL SLOWLY" button, which causes a laser to shoot out to the left of Chase's head and slowly move towards his skull.)* "I'm not exactly sure why the laser always starts off all the way over there to the left, or why the hell it moves so slow, but it will get to you soon and then you'll have a SPLITTING headache!"
(Chase and Emperor Stalin wait roughly 14 minutes for the laser to get close to his head. During this time, an absolutely riveting orchestral score takes place while the camera cuts back and forth from Chase's face, Emperor Stalin's face, the laser, the steel cot, and stock footage of a gazelle. Suddenly, right before the laser is about to come into contact with Chase, a sexy, leather-bound ninja flies in through the storm window, beats up Emperor Stalin, turns off the laser, and frees Chase)
CHASE: "Just in the nick of time! And who may I thank for this dramatic rescue?"

LEATHER WOMAN:*(Removes mask)* "I am Supercunt Pussycrotch, a spy from your allies in Japan."
CHASE: "Oh, the Japanese, you're just my cup of tea!" *(Leans over to kiss Supercunt)*
SUPERCUNT: "Oh no, this is inappropriate, Chase, and will look bad on my report!"
CHASE: "How can being bad and feeling so good be so bad when you want it badly, you good girl?" *(They have sex in the torture chamber)*

Supercunt Pussycrotch plays the game by her own rules. The rules of sex-appeal!

SCENE 9: Computer Room of Heinrich's Secret Base
There is an awfully large LED which displays the number 1:03 and is steadily counting down. Erik is drinking a martini and smoking a cigar while thinking of driving drunk or raping somebody.

ERIK: "Only one minute until PROJECT MOON REVENGE is ready and I will be able to, well, get revenge by using the laser on the moon! Muuaaahahaa!"
(Chase and Supercunt bust into the room through the air ventilation ducts. Erik runs to the wall and grabs a wooden club that was hanging off it for some reason)
ERIK: "Oh Chase, you cannot shoot me, we must be gentlemen and do the proper thing; a duel to the death with these wooden clubs!"
CHASE: *(Drops his gun and picks up a club from the wall)* "You're lucky I have a dual personality!"
(Erik quickly rushes over, grabs Chase's gun, and points it at him)
ERIK: "Well well well, it appears as if I've got you over a barrel! You know, the gun barrel!" *(The camera zooms in on his finger about to pull the trigger, when suddenly Supercunt leaps in front of Chase and takes the bullet)*
SUPERCUNT: "Chase... I'm dying. Please stop Erik!"
CHASE: "Oh Supercunt, you meant so much to me!" *(They have near-death sex. Although the camera tastefully leaves it offscreen, it is implied that Chase places his penis in her bullet wound at*

least once. He then gets up and Erik pulls the trigger repeatedly, attempting to shoot Chase. The gun doesn't fire) "It looks like you're firing blanks, Erik!"
ERIK: "Curses! Well you can stop me, but you can't stop PROJECT MOON REVENGE!"
CHASE: "Oh yes I can!" *(He hits the button marked "STOP PROJECT MOON REVENGE" just as the LED timer reads "0:00:00:01" on it)*
ERIK: "Curses!"
CHASE: "Your days of moonlighting as a terrorist are over, Erik!"
ERIK: "Curses!"

SCENE 10: INTERIOR OF GI13MULE HEADQUARTERS
Chase, Headmaster Chauncy, Professor , and Barbara are all standing around and talking with each other. The mood is lighthearted and / or whimsical.

HEADMASTER CHAUNCY: "Well Chase, you've done it again. You've defeated evil in all its forms, saved the world, and accomplished it all without sustaining a single scratch! How did you ever do it?"
CHASE: "Well I owe it all to Professor 's high tech watch!" *(He pulls up his sleeve to show off his wristwatch, but it is missing.)* "Oh, that's right, I dropped it inside Heinrich's base!" *(Everybody begins to laugh lightheartedly / whimsically. Professor secretly holds back his tears and burning rage)*
HEADMASTER CHAUNCY: "Ha ha ha! So what will you do now, Chase? Up for a little R&R?"
CHASE: "I'm always up for R&R if Barbara is involved. So how about it, Barbara? Would you like to lax my re and then rest with me?"
BARBARA: "That doesn't even make any sense."
(They all laugh. As movie fades to black, viewers can vaguely make out Chase trying to grab Barbara's ass.)

Whew! What will await Chase on his next adventure? Probably very little; it took too much goddamn time to write this.

A New Man Subjected to Hentai!

Zack "Gold Appraiser" Parsons here, with an all new Hentai Game Review. This week I am pleased to introduce a guest reviewer from the SA Forums by the name of Mathieu "Korasoff" Allaire. For whatever reason (read: masochism) Mathieu has decided to subject himself to the horrors of reviewing a hentai game for your amusement. He selected the classic game "Paradise Heights" and I think he did an excellent job of conveying the suffering involved in reviewing these games.

> *I'd like to announce that there's a "plot" to follow in this game, but I'd be deluding the reader and myself. Game starts, women appear, Keigo has sex, then "incidents" start happening. Someone turns off the water in Kayo's apartment (Keigo turns it back on = wet blouse and sex ensuing); a fire starts out on the balcony... All kinds of wacky hijincks that are supposed to be exciting! But folks, there's a reason why traditional stories don't include panty thieves or women who ask you to move their chest of drawers. It's called "clunky foreshadowing." It's porno-movie-bad in terms of triggers and events, but at least in porno you get people who look like normal human beings.*

Head on over and check out this hot new guest reviewer's work! We guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.27 Xtro Movie Review and Awful Link

Wednesday, Nov 27, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I'm Mad Ill, Yo

Because I accentually ate thirty pounds of raw cookie dough, I'm now sick and filled with internal unpleasantries. I could attempt to write an article, but I'm afraid I would just end up writing things like "ahhhhhhhh" and "buuuuullllllaaaaakkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk" over and over again, providing you with the soundtrack of my life. I'll keep things simple and spare you the pain, the pain, the pain. I also inexplicably wrote that last sentence while trapped in an echo chamber.

Xtra! Xtra! Movie Review!

Emily "Intra-Gel™" Reigel took a break from her important housework to watch a very special movie called "Xtro." Her review pretty much sums up why movies shouldn't be made and why both traditional and digital film cameras should be burned to prevent future motion picture holocausts from ever happening. In other words, this is definitely no "Ernest Goes to Camp."

> *Something doesn't seem quite right at the very start of this disaster. I think that perhaps it might be the fact that the "space ship" that is seen rocketing through some fire and clouds (presumably Earth's atmosphere) looks like a crumpled-up ball of aluminum foil molded in the rough shape of human genitalia. One would think that if an alien were to travel to Earth across all of those millions of miles of empty space that he would have the technology to make his ship look like something other than a ball of garbage, but hey, what do I know? The ship-thing makes some very convincing explosions for seemingly no reason in mid-air before it speeds to its awaiting doom on the ground. If only it had actually blown up at this point this movie would never have been made and everyone everywhere would have been a lot happier with their lives in general. Oh well, I suppose that you can't win them all, and the fact that this movie exists is definitely proof of that.*

I must say that if the Prophet Muhammad were alive today, he would most certainly endorse this movie review!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.28 A Turkey and a Funeral

Thursday, Nov 28, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What do you get when you cross Thanksgiving with a funeral? Whatever it is, it isn't a full length update. Yes, in addition to all the pure distilled joy of the whole Thanksgiving family thing I have a funeral and wake for Michelle's grandfather to attend this weekend so will not be doing a normal update. I hope everyone enjoyed their Thanksgiving this year and managed to choke down at least three pounds of turkey flesh, unless you are a member of John Madden's family, in which case it was probably turducken once again. Right now Madden may have to rely on his Dr. Frankenstein-like poultry assemblage skills to create his accursed turduckens, but one day soon Monsanto will be breeding those monsters by the thousands. Mark my words!

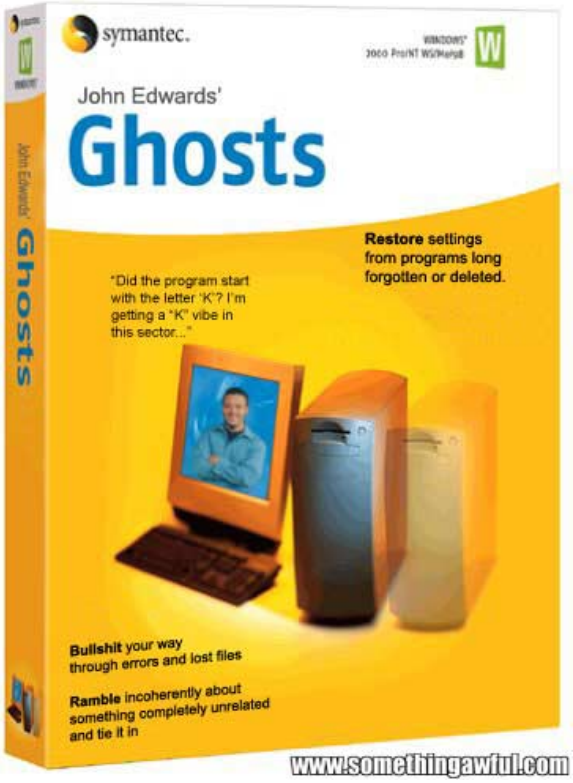
BOOM, tough actin' indeed monsieur Madden.

Preparing to Install Photoshop Phriday V1.0

Word up, Livestock here to let you know that there is a new Photoshop Phriday up right now. I, as your legal council, highly advise you to read it at once! The theme this week is "Rejected Software," which basically means the Something Awful Forum Goons were busy creating the absolute worst programs ever. Here is an example:

By the way, Photoshop Phriday celebrates its first birthday this week, so enjoy it while it's still young and full if vigor!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


symantec.
John Edwards'
Ghosts
Restore settings from programs long forgotten or deleted.
"Did the program start with the letter 'K'? I'm getting a "K" vibe in this sector..."
Bullshit your way through errors and lost files
Ramble incoherently about something completely unrelated and tie it in
www.somethingawful.com

11.29 The Mysteries of Thanksgiving Revealed

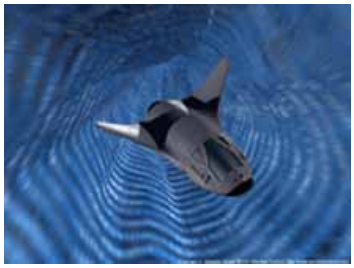
Saturday, Nov 30, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

A perfectly nice house, and - oh no! A wormhole!

Another Thanksgiving has come and gone, leaving us all with feelings of contentment and nationalism. We Americans love Thanksgiving, because it is the one day of the year when we can gorge ourselves into a coma and be celebrated for doing so. It is not just our right to stuff ourselves, it is our patriotic duty, and it is one that we gladly undertake. What's more, Thanksgiving comes with a great sense of equity and possibly even equality, for although people of different sizes and lifestyles eat different amounts in their daily lives, on this one day it seems like every man, woman, and horrible amalgam of man and woman can eat unfathomable amounts without batting an eyelash. People who normally get queasy at the thought of seconds frequently polish off a dozen platefuls on Thanksgiving before they decide to stop in order to leave room for dessert. I'm not a big guy, but I personally have no problem eating enough to feed a Rwandan village when that wonderful November Thursday rolls around. After all, it's not like the Rwandans are going to eat it. Plate after plate of turkey, mounds of stuffing, bowls of mashed potatoes, bathtubs of cranberry sauce, industrial vats of sweet potatoes with those marshmallows on top – all vanish into the bottomless chasm that is my proud American stomach.

That was Thursday. Now it's Saturday, and I'm fucking full. There's no rational explanation for it. I've even been eating lighter than usual to retain my girlish figure. My defecationary habits have been normal, even exemplary. And yet, the very thought of food is repugnant to me. I'm stuffed. My sinuses are packed with food. There is gravy oozing from my pores. But I know that I am not alone. I've done extensive research on the subject – up to and including calling my friend Mike – and I'm convinced that post-Thanksgiving fullness is a widespread problem. Fortunately, the finest scientific minds in the internet journalism industry work right here at Something Awful, and together we have found the source of this debilitating and often gassy disturbance.

Wormholes.



A perfectly nice crappy CG spaceship, and - oh no! A wormhole!

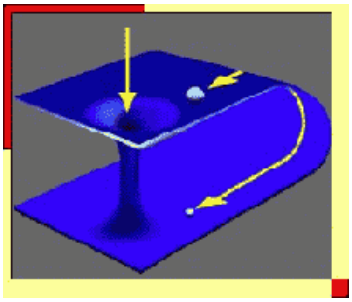
That's right, wormholes - trans-spatial gateways that make nearly instantaneous travel from one point to another point millions of miles away possible. For years, wormholes have been the wet dream of nerds everywhere, fueling such shows as *Sliders* and.... uh.... probably some other shows as well. I think there was one in an episode of *Star Trek*, or so the pictures I found on Google have led me to believe. Wormholes have been popping up everywhere ever since they were discovered by Albert Einstein, or Kaiser Wilhelm, or Vidal Sassoon, or some other foreign person. The media loves wormholes. Every time a new science fiction movie comes out, Hollywood loads it up with wormholes. These days, people will tear rifts in the fabric of space-time for any old reason. The point is, wormholes are everywhere. Now, I know many of you still have questions, such as, "Gee, Ben, how do wormholes affect my dietary habits?" or, "Gee, Ben, why do wormholes make me full two days after Thanksgiving?" or "Gee, Ben, you were really reaching for a topic for your article this week, weren't you?" Yeah, well, shut up and let me explain. I'm visiting my parents for the holiday and all I brought with me for my article was a few crappy

pictures of wormholes. Now, let me explain about my theory.

Normally, when you eat something, it goes through your digestive system the way you may have learned about it in school. I, for one, never learned about the digestive system in school, and thus I assume that the little pieces of food are carried out of my stomach by an industrious race of tiny, invisible elves. Maybe I'm right, maybe I'm wrong. I don't know. I'm not a scientist. But I do know that on Thanksgiving a wormhole opens inside each and every one of us. Maybe the elves open them. It's possible. They're an amazing people. There is no limit to the amount of matter that can travel through a wormhole. As food enters your body, it is transported to another point in space. Where, exactly? That much, I'm afraid, is a mystery. Maybe I'll figure it out sometime when I'm not so damn full. And so, you can continue to shovel turkey down your food hole like Lowtax in a buffet line without bloating right out of your Old Navy cargo pants.

A perfectly nice random high-top sneaker floating in the middle of a crazy space grid, and - oh no! A wormhole!

When you send sixteen helpings of Aunt Bea's corn pudding through your own personal wormhole, it has to end up somewhere. While I may not know that precise location, I can hypothesize that whoever is on the other end of that wormhole doesn't want your partially digested food any more than you do. Newtonian physics states, though, that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. In this case, the reaction consists of all that food being sent right back through the wormhole and into your unsuspecting stomach. And so, days later you find yourself bent over a toilet bowl, barely able to move, desperately trying to expunge at least some of the food you ate on Thanksgiving.



A perfectly nice diagram of a wormhole, and - oh no! A wormhole!

So there you have it – the root of one of the largest problems facing our nation today is identified at last. It wasn't funny, it wasn't useful, but I identified it, damnit. Of course, that only raises a slew of new questions. Perhaps even more than a slew. For instance, now that we know what's causing the problem, how do we solve it? What other applications can these wormholes be used for? What gives our bodies the power to alter the shape of the cosmos in order to create these wormholes? What the hell was I thinking when I started writing this article? I mean, really, what could have possibly been going through my head? There are so many questions. The only answer I can give you is, hey, no one here at Something Awful can produce comedy gold every time. I mean, just look at Zack, or transvestite David "Honeysuckle" Rogers, as he used to be known.

-~Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Bad News for Some of You

Sunday, Dec 01, 2002 by Integral

The wonders of the paper process!

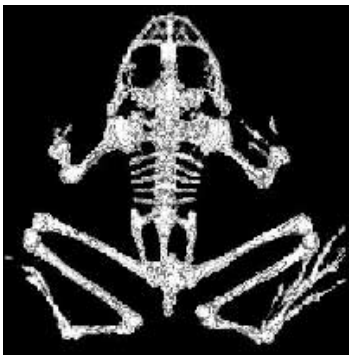
Anyone who is anyone or perhaps a worm of some kind has noticed the recent trend of people touring paper mills to capitalize on the free and enlightening paper samples that they hand out at the end of the tours. It is really a very simple and yet educational process, paper making. First, they start with big old trees that have outlived the coming of the steam ship and also Jerry Falwell and they cut them down until they are dead and chop them up into tiny bits. They then soak the bits in caustic and disturbing chemicals until the wood gets all mushy and soggy like grandma's skin. Then they chop up the mush with some machinery that is designed to chop up woody mush in an efficient manner. At this point, they mix all of the mush together in big vats and bleach the shit out of it so as to make white paper instead of grey paper. There are separate vats full of dyes for things like yellow paper and that purple and blue and faggy pink paper that fifth grade girls use to draw unicorns and hearts on and that gay men use to shove up their butts. In all of these vats are really sharp blade-things that churn the slurry to make it more or less uni-slurry. That's some nifty slurry.

When the mushing and stirring is complete they strain out all of the pulpy goop with screens and sieves and press it together in a giant steam-press thingy until it is very flat and all of the chemicals are either pressed into the woody excrement or run off into the rivers and lakes in a toxic stream of death. They have a lot of quality-assurance testers who examine the sheets that result from this process to make sure that the paper is of uniform flatness, transparency, and consistency so that when Johnny Hipster needs to make his resume in order to work at the coffee shop and suavely pick up chicks with dyed black hair and thick glasses he will do so on only the finest of paper products. They also make things like covers for vinyl records so that the same hipster retards can go home to their candle-filled apartments and listen to their "Melt Banana" drivel and claim that they are hearing music in its highest form. Hipsters all across the world should bow down to paper mills. Or commit suicide. Or watch "Operation Dumbo Drop." Whichever.

The wonders of the paper process also include vats of all shapes and sizes! VATS!!

The wondrous process of paper-making does not end there. After the paper is pressed by large and heavy pressy-things into sheets it is cut by enormous knives so that it is a certain size in order to fit in your dumb printer or your dumber journal in which you make shitty drawings of people screaming and gothy, lame, dead trees or whatever. HAHA, pathetic and depressed journal-jerks. In any case, if the paper is meant for a spiral notebook it is punched full of holes with giant hole-punchers that could stab similar holes in your skull without any effort whatsoever (or at least, not much effort because I saw them stab a guy's hand once and it just sort of cut him a little bit). Those hole-punchers are pretty strong. After this it is stacked into piles of a certain quantity so that when you are at she store buying your paper you can buy a set number of sheets and not have to count them by hand. Such are the wonders of technology and progress, my friends! To top it all off, the entire paper-making process creates a noxious smell resembling the fetid ass-crack of a long-dead wino who was repeatedly kicked out of the methadone clinic for pedophilia. If there is a paper plant within 30 miles of a town you can smell that baby from under water, believe you me. Smell it like you smell your sister's underwear when she's not home. Wait.

I thought that going on a tour of the paper factory would be a good idea. I thought that it would be cool and perhaps even radical to the max to be like all of my friends and learn about the amazing world of paper and paper products. For example, I had no idea that they could make boxes from the same paper that they made airplanes out of. I mean, that is incredible! I also didn't know that airplanes were made of paper, and I have to say that it's good that I didn't know because if I had known I would never have gotten onto the damn things. Paper, I have heard, is highly combustible and can blow up at any time when exposed to flames. No wonder all of those people blow up in planes all of the time. It's the damn paper. But sometimes they don't blow up and I suppose that that's the important thing to remember when you need to get from place to place in a hurry. I just think to myself, "You know, sometimes they don't blow up in papery infernos." Also, it's possible that the planes that do explode are made of that cheap Malaysian paper instead of paper produced in the good old USA #1.



Rich looked like this after the rescue people pulled him out of the vat. Only he wasn't really a frog. And he was in a lot of pieces.

In any case, I should never have taken the tour and I should never have suggested that we go as a romantic getaway instead of going to some tropical resort or something equally horrible. To make a long, sad, pulpy story short, Richard the Lambhearted Kyanka and I went to the booming metropolis of Kansas City to tour a couple of these fascinating facilities this past week while most of you were gorging yourselves on steroid-filled fowl. We were standing on a walkway that overlooked a lot of the larger chemical vats that the plant contained and Rich suddenly took it upon himself to begin impersonating the late, great Dick Clark. Needless to say, one thing led to another and before I really knew what was going on, he tumbled head first over the tall railing and into one of the chemical-filled vats full of stirring knives 30 feet below.

I was horrified (I guess) and I rushed (sort of) down the plant's 68 steps and two ramps in order to dredge him out of the vat myself, but the plant workers held me back, saying that the chemicals in that vat would turn my skin into liquid. The tour group that we had come with was taking pictures left and right and they seemed very happy about the situation in general. This is probably because shortly before going on the tour, Rich had made a very loud announcement to the group stating that they were all disgusting, ugly people and that he would sooner be swimming in one of the large vats of chemicals and stabby knives and pulp than have to spend one minute looking at them. When he fell over the side, there was a general scattering of applause and some loud cheers and whistles. I think that there was some crazy Irish man there who started dancing a jig and saying that he would buy drinks for everyone. He took out a flask of whiskey and chugged it down right there. What a silly guy.

I tried to rescue Rich from the paper vat, I really did. I went down into the plant until I was sort of close to the vats but the smell of the fumes was so bad that I couldn't get very close (I had a bit of a headache and stuff), so one of the people who worked at the plant brought out this crazy forklift-crane thing and he starting digging around in the vat for Rich's body. He didn't find very much in there. By the time he was able to pull out any pieces, what was left of Rich sort of resembled some half-eaten fried chicken that had been rotting in the sun for a week or so. Only there were human hand bones and parts of his skull and things in it instead of chicken bones, but you know what I mean. He looked pretty gross and stuff. And he was

The forklift driver.

very, very dead. The forklift driver was pretty upset, but he calmed down after he realized that it had been Rich who had fallen in and not someone else.

I sort of feel like it's partially my fault that Rich fell into a large paper vat because it was mostly my idea that we take the tour in the first place. Rich had wanted to go to a pork plant instead because he really likes to eat pigs and their various parts, but it was I who insisted that a paper tour would be more educational and we'd get free paper at the end of it. I feel a little better about his death because I know that his spirit will live on in our hearts or whatever and that his skin probably made some very high-quality paper. I decided to tell you all this sad news in my update today so that you will know that Rich is dead. I am now inheriting exactly $2,471,350.17 as a result of his death. This is because shortly before the tour I took out a fairly large life insurance policy on him that guarded against falling into large vats full of knives and chemicals at paper mills (what a crazy coincidence). With this money I will build a new paper mill that I will name after him and some hamburgers. Rest in peace you sweaty maniac, you. You will be missed (a little).

Og Up December!

The friendly / not-so-friendly / robots in disguise workers at giant megacorporation State Og have updated once again, providing the hottest and freshest inventions since that Albert Jefferson guy invented the lightbulb or the Declaration of Independence. Check it out, yo:

> *Congrats go to Kay Brewer from Michigan for becoming the first winner on State Og's "Who Wants to Marry a Celebrity" game show! Kay beat out 15 other eligible ladies by correctly answering a question about everybody's favorite cat-eating alien from Melmac.*
>
> *After much ballyhoo and foofarra, it was time for her to meet her new celebrity husband, none other than legendary movie star John Wayne! Despite being dead for several decades, the Duke looked great as his coffin was wheeled in following its recent nighttime exhuming. The wedding was performed on live TV as a catatonically ecstatic Kay was joined to the rugged star of many a western. Despite a small mishap when the Duke's ring finger broke off and oozed foul smelling ichor on the bride's virginal white dress, the ceremony was breathtaking. There was not a dry eye in the house, except for the groom's, as both of his eyes are desiccated husks. Finally, the blushing / thrashing bride was gracefully packed into the bridal casket and her bloodcurdling screams of joy could be heard for miles as the lid was nailed shut. State Og cannot guarantee a perfect marriage for this happy couple thanks to some setbacks in our Destiny Device, however we feel this union shall last for eternity.*

But wait - there's more! As mentioned in the previous sentence, "check it out, yo." I don't know what that means; I believe it's hipster slang for "I'm pregnant."

-∼Integral

12.2 Clone Crazy

Monday, Dec 02, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Arlogeist GmbH: saving the world from certain destruction at the hands of Arlogeist GmbH since 2001."

Early last week an announcement came from doctor Severino Antinori, an Italian fertility expert, that the world's first human clone was due to be born healthy in January. While this announcement met with a mixture of shock, horror, and disbelief among various groups of scientists, religious types, and those afraid of the world being dominated by an army of clones, it came as little surprise to Lowtax and myself. You see, as the founding partners of Arlogeist GmbH we have been in the business of human cloning for much longer than most of our competitors, Mr. Antinori included. Back in our formative years of August through October of 2001, R-Lo and I decided to take a leap in the right direction, the direction of science! I am only now revealing this information to prevent others from making the mistakes that we did, and of course to take full credit for developing the first human clone ever.

It started when I met with Rich in his summer home in sunny Sand City, Utah. It was a warm late-summer afternoon and we were both sitting on the porch enjoying some iced lemonade and snicker doodles brought to us by his curiously silent black manservant Hector. Dressed as always in a white suit with one of those snazzy black string ties like Colonel Sanders has, Rich turned to me and said "boy, what do you think of them 'human clones' what everyone is always talkin' about?" I replied with enthusiasm, as at the time my ignorance to the horrors of human cloning had led me to believe that clones were usually mindless servants or possibly hilarious doubles that could be used for things like test-taking, work attendance jackanapes, or even some sort of bizarre homoerotic sexual encounter. I agreed with him that human cloning would be a great direction for our "Shady Ops" division of Arlogeist and Rich dispatched me to our research laboratory off the coast of New Jersey to assemble the team and create the first human clone. He would have gone himself, but he's more of an idea man, preferring to sip lemonade and consume copious quantities of snicker doodles while his needs are attended by Hector.

Dr. Pretsch shows off his handsome smile.

Assembling a team of researchers was much easier than I had anticipated. I put some ads in some science journals and within a week had a hundred resumes submitted from amoral scientists around the world. Our head researcher was Dr. Heinrich Pretsch, the brilliant micro-biologist from Schwarzfaust, Germany. I felt it was important that we selected a lead researcher with the experience, intelligence, and most importantly, the completely clinical and almost Machiavellian approach to human cloning experiments. The operation was codenamed "Juicy Pete" or "Saftiger Peter" as Dr. Pretsch insisted on calling it in all of his project memorandums. I tried to convince him to speak English but he just scowled at me, his one dead eye staring blankly at me with a sinister white on white, while his other glared with rage through the tinted lens of his monocle. Normally after such confrontations he would have to force his left arm down to his side as when he grew angry the temperamental prosthetic was prone to striking co-workers or crushing steel girders.

Once the team had been assembled for "Juicy Pete", we had to set our goals and timeline. Dr. Pretsch was as difficult to work with then as he proved to be later in the project, while I argued

simply creating and gestating a human clone embryo, Pretsch had increasingly bizarre, and some would say insane, ideas. Unfortunately, we were already over budget by ten percent and the project had not even started, so I had no choice but to trust Pretsch's judgment. Among his ideas that I vetoed during that opening series of planning meetings were the following:

- A clone fetus that would already be pregnant with another clone fetus and would give birth inside the womb. One of the other scientists even suggested that we should make the mother fetus lactate and nurse the baby fetus until both were born.
- A human clone engineered to be immune to the harmful side-effects of smoking and have a genetic predisposition towards wearing rugged cowboy attire. It was Pretsch's hope that we could recoup the entire budget of the project by selling the clones to various cigarette manufacturers as spokes-clones.
- A modified clone fetus that could fold into a 1x1x1 inch cube for ease of storage.
- A fetus that was combined with DNA from an ant to make it pupate rather than gestate. Pretsch was dissuaded from this line of thinking when he realized how expensive it would be to create giant caterpillars and milk them to feed the growing infants.
- A fetus that, when angered, would emit a shrill noise for several seconds and then detonate. Pretsch insisted that these creatures would somehow aid disaster workers in recovering corpses trapped in debris, although he could not adequately explain in what way.
- A fetus with awakened psychic potential and the ability to make the attractive female temp in secretarial at the lab want to perform oral sex constantly. Denied as self serving, the red-head was way hotter.
- A human clone consisting of half-human DNA and half DNA salvaged from the wreck of the Hindenburg. It was Pretsch's theory that when the infant developed the ability to sit upright pockets of hydrogen gas within its body would move and allow it to become lighter than air. This was tested on rats but they all floated up into the light fixtures and then caught fire.
- The recombinant DNA of Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen, synthesized into a single embryo. Rejected after preliminary testing revealed that the clones might have a tendency to murder the entire cast of "Full House". Research saved in the event of a "Full House" reunion show.
- A human combined with DNA taken from a Nintendo Powerglove. The resulting clone would, theoretically, be unbeatable at any video game, unfortunately there was a high risk that the clone would be completely inept and nothing more than a fancy glove-shaped fetus/controller.
- Human DNA crossed with a pickle. Briefly entertained but finally decided against when I noted that Dr. Pretsch's sack lunches smelled really strange.

I eventually convinced Dr. Pretsch and the rest of the team to give up on their flights and fancy and pursue a simple and straightforward human clone program. I signed off on twenty-six test embryos just as the host mothers were arriving from sub-Saharan Africa for their initial medical evaluations. I felt confident that the program was off to the right start as I boarded the Arlogeist corporate helicopter to attend to other pressing corporate issues. It would be almost a year before I returned to the offshore oil rig where the laboratories were based.

The call came at just after two in the morning and I hurried to the Arlogeist chopper. Apparently things had been going poorly at the lab for weeks and no one had bothered to tell me. When I

arrived at the oil platform fires were burning in several of the laboratories and it was obvious that something had escaped into the Atlantic Ocean.

Few documents survived from the "Juicy Pete" cloning project. Here is a sample photo of asexual in vitro fertilized units from the pre-clone series. Click the image for the full document.

Pretsch was catatonic, his mechanical arm torn free of its linkages and his face splashed with a mixture of blood and hydraulic fluids. A few of the other scientists were dead, little more than mangled heaps of flesh and bone. I found the chief of security huddled in a closet and after a few slaps and a splash of cold water he began to recount the events of the past few weeks to me.

Apparently Dr. Pretsch had gone ahead with his own plans despite the instruction left by myself and the Arlogeist board of directors. He had performed hideous experiments on the DNA of the clones, experiments that caused all but two of them to be stillborn. The two that survived gestation and emerged into this world were hideous beasts not meant to walk this earth. I managed to recover some of the documents on them from Dr. Pretsche's files, and of course residents of Philadelphia are fully aware of one of them. In the spirit of freedom of information I have summarized and disclosed profiles on each of the malevolent monstrosities. To further disseminate this information I am reproducing both files here.

■ "Baby Jessica" *(DOB 05-09-2002)*

Sex: Female
Birth Weight: 14lbs, 2 ounces

"Baby Jessica" immediately after birth.

Genetic Composition: Baby Jessica is the product of manually manipulating cell reproduction and structure to create a hyper-intelligent infant with the aggressive tendencies of a predatory cat and more than a few of its physical capabilities. Jessica possessed a brain more than 2.5 times the size of an adult human's at birth. By the time she was forcibly terminated some 36 days later, her brain was nearly the size of a walk-in closet and she was capable of unhinging her lower jaw to swallow an average sized-adult whole. After only one day she could speak English and German, read and write fluently, and walk upright (with difficulty, her neck muscles had not yet fully developed). By ten days she was capable of reading the minds of her handlers at a distance of several yards, she could propel objects across the room by force of will, and she could cause small fires to spontaneously generate. By this point she had also developed powerful paralytic venom stored in sacks just above the gum line. Intelligence testing was inconclusive but her IQ was estimated to be nearly 500. By the age of twenty-days she had modified the lab computers to quadruple their efficiency.
What Went Wrong: Baby Jessica was Dr. Pretsch's attempt at forcing human evolution. She was hideous to behold but she was also faster, stronger, and smarter than any person on the station. Disaster struck when she began to explore the vast information repository of the Internet. She vacillated over her sexuality, falling into hideous pits of depravity before she even reached the one-month mark. One minute she would be obsessed with furry macro artist Doug Winger, the next she would be begging for one of the nurses to break her legs and put them in Jarvis Mark 9 Halo cast units. Baby Jessica finally died tragically at barely over a month old when her increasingly complex and degenerate sexual fetishes reached critical mass. She developed a fetish for infantilism coupled with

auto-erotic asphyxiation. A rare fetish, even on the Internet, that involves dressing up like a baby and simultaneously masturbating, choking yourself, and shaking your head violently. Jessica's weak neck just could not hold up to the stress and she died from a crushed larynx and a broken spine. Jessica was not the only victim of her perversion, during the course of her downward spiral she ate at least three workers at the laboratory and killed or inured several others.

"Baby Tyler" *(DOB 05-28-2002)*

"Baby Tyler" is seen here "takin' it to the streets" in Philly.

Sex: Male
Birth Weight: 92lbs, 6 ounces
Genetic Composition: I have to say that Dr. Pretsch really outdid himself with "little" Tyler. He dumped together the DNA from over a hundred humans along with generous portions of amoeba genetic code. The result was, well, about the most terrifying thing you could imagine. Even at birth Tyler was more than ninety pounds that oozed and chewed and digested his way out of his mother. His plastic flesh stretched and slid along the floor on a carpet of secreted slime, pseudopodia formed and dissolved back into the main mass, faces drifted screaming silently across his surface. The two workers who were present for the "delivery" immediately went insane. One collapsed and was killed by Tyler, his tissues fueling the rampant growth of the infant, while the other was dragged to safety only to commit suicide in the infirmary the next day.
What Went Wrong: Things went wrong with Tyler from the start. Pretsch eliminated all cellular growth restriction so that Tyler was literally destined to grow endlessly by constantly devouring any organic matter, from wood to people, that came within reach of his fleshy tendrils. Eventually he grew so large that he was able to batter down the walls of his cell and rampage through the station before being driven into the Atlantic by fire from the security teams. I had hoped him dead when I arrived at the station, perhaps drowned in salt water or killed by a helpful pod of dolphins, but instead he resurfaced in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His was ten-stories tall by that time, his body swollen from the bountiful harvest of the sea. In the end it took executive action in the form of a ten-megaton nuclear warhead to put a stop to this abominations path of destruction. Those who witnessed him on live television will never be able to burn the memories from their mind.

All in all I feel that the "Juicy Pete" program was an overwhelming success despite the incredible loss of life and billions in litigation expenses. I wish Dr. Atinori all the best but I think he should know we totally beat his ass to the punch on the whole cloning thing. That's right bitch, we cloned so fast and furious that our clones be cloning shit now. Top that Dr. Go-Slow! You done got OWNED.

Gaming By Dummies

Gaming guru Psychosis has just finished enduring the Squaresoft game "Ehrgeiz" much to his complete lack of pleasure. Take heart, you do not in fact have to suffer through the game to appreciate his review, in fact we highly recommend against playing "Ehrgeiz" unless you want to force yourself into suicide.

> *As proven by the flames for the Final Fantasy X TruthMedia review, Squaresoft has managed to amass a legion of devoted fanboys over the years. There is an alarmingly high number of teenagers out there who would attempt to bludgeon you to death with a*

> *cinder block if you were to make a statement that they feel unfairly represents Sephiroth's true feelings. So in the same way Allah tests the faith of his followers by letting them all get killed by the Jews, Squaresoft has released Ehrgeiz (pronounced "air-guys") to screw all their fans over and see what effect it has on their unconditional faith and love. So far only one fanboy has complained, and he was quickly clubbed into submission by another fanboy with a 3-foot Bahamut statue, so Ehrgeiz could be considered definitive proof that idiotic die-hard Squaresoft devotees are, in fact, idiotic.*

Take a look at Mr. Psychosis's's's's review so that you never again feel tempted to pick this game up out of even the deepest corner of the bargain bin!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.3 Cult-ural Acceptance

Tuesday, Dec 03, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Some of you may be happy accepting government lies, but it's us hardworking cultists who aren't afraid to expose them for the truth!

It's no secret that the bloody capitalist swine hog pig liar Great Satan windshield wiper elf American government lies to us every day and tries to cover our eyes from the real world events happening around us. For example, the first Thanksgiving wasn't some happy funtime community outreach event as they'd like you to believe. Historians have proven time and time again the following facts about Thanksgiving:

1) It never happened.
2) If it did happen, the Indians were not given pumpkin pies and turkey, they were given Small Pox and rape.
3) If that happened, then the Indians were actually ancient Aztecs and the first group of people to "discover" America were Portuguese cavemen who believed the sun rose each morning on the back of a headless flying leprechaun.
4) And if for some reason that also happened, then the Earth is actually hollow and simply serves as a refueling station for the horrible Space UFO Fleet From Beyond the Grave who are looking to expand their conquest by using us as food in their plot to increase global warming by making the streetlight outside our apartment emit a nonstop humming noise which tells us who our true enemies are and why we must kill Louie Anderson or run the risk of being turned into a carrier who spreads the Huge Fucking Thigh Syndrome virus.

Cult members enjoy happy, active lives full of love and excitement!

And that ain't half of it! The moon landing? It was faked so the Russians wouldn't bother heading up there to steal all that sweet, sweet moon gold that we were trying to get by negotiating with the huge purple guy who's always trying to eat Silver Surfer! The so-called J.F.K. assassination? It was a part of the PROJECT: MANHATTAN BLUE BOOK cover up in which the Navy successfully turned a large boat invisible and gave it the power to stop criminals when Terry "Hulk" Hogan was driving it, assuming the crime syndicate in question was located either on a nearby beach, pier, or dock. Don't even get me started on the whole Martin Luther King Jr. thing because the US government is knee-deep in lies and, quite frankly, I forgot who Martin Luther King Jr. is. I think he played for the Brooklyn Mets and was the first guy to hit three home runs during a 4th quarter power play. It doesn't matter, what I'm trying to say here is crystal clear to anybody who happened to be in the same room as me while I read this update aloud: the American government has clothed itself in a technicolor garment of lies ever since the first day Jesus got off his UFO and proudly stated, "don't mess with Texas." The biggest fallacy the US has been perpetrating does not reside in their many coverups and scandals, but in their nonstop desire to ruin the lives of its citizens for decades now by denouncing the pillars which hold up our society like a very overweight woman being carried across a lake on top an invisible boat driven by Terry "Hulk" Hogan: the senseless badmouthing of cults across the world.

The government is notorious for giving cults a bad name, brandishing them as "cultlike" and claiming they encourage "cult rituals," when in reality cults simply strive to better the human race. Let's

take a look at some of the more popular cults and try to set the record straight so all this horrible government brainwashing doesn't turn you into one of those zombies who says "brains" repeatedly and has a difficult time walking around large obstructions such as doors or rocks.

- **The International Chivalric Order Solar Tradition**

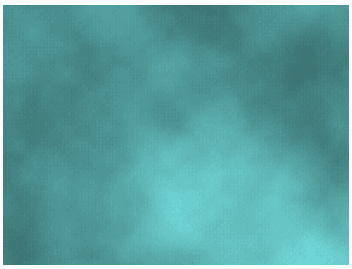
Government Lies and Claims: Over 74 adults and children committed suicide, believing they would be born again on a different planet.
The Truth: This healthy and colorful religion promoted tolerance, wholesome virtues, and unity by encouraging members to experience new feelings and emotions together. These feelings and emotions could only be found through the highly religious tools known as "bullets flying from the barrel of a gun" and "lots of poison," which the government is now futilely trying to demonize because of something involving "The New World Order" and "Project: Unnecessary Quotation Marks." The members of The International Chivalric Order Solar Tradition are now all rich, famous, handsome celebrities living in the center of Malrmadukia, a planet composed of pure gold, chocolate, and the many exotic drugs William Burroughs injected into his eyes in order to write "The Naked Lunch."

- **The People's Temple**

Government Lies and Claims: 914 people either committed suicide or were killed in "The Peoples Temple Agricultural Project."
The Truth: Jim Jones was a responsible, intelligent man who was ahead of his time. For example, he predicted that in the future the world would end in a devastating nuclear holocaust. Let's look at the facts: there has been no nuclear holocaust and the world has not yet ended. This makes his prediction 100% accurate no matter how you look at it. The US Government was eventually forced to kill him because he invented a handheld device that quickly removed capitalism from any state government without any visible stains or loss in image quality.

- **Heaven's Gate**

Government Lies and Claims: Roughly 14 people died, believing that UFOs were coming to implant their souls into above-human creatures.
The Truth: According to this website, the members of Heaven's Gate believed the "earth as being in the control of evil forces." Keep that in mind while reading this review and realizing Adam Sandler's "Eight Crazy Nights" made $14 million last weekend. Just try to convince me there aren't evil forces controlling the Earth now, jerkass.



Look at this pleasing image. Doesn't it make you feel great inside?

As you can plainly see, there was never any reason for the government to persecute these bold and out-of-the-box groups. When it comes down to hammering brass tacks into a horse being led to drink gift water, the government is simply jealous of cults and their charismatic leaders because they can successfully do what the US government has been trying in vain to do for over a hundred years: kill its own members with impunity. Besides, cults are beneficial in almost every way possible! Look at just a few of the following benefits that the act of joining a cult has to offer:

- **Security.** Being another boring member of the boring public means the only security you will receive is the knowledge that, upon being stabbed to death by a criminal, the police might possibly spend a few hours searching for the perpetrator so they can give him some

kind of verbal reprimand and maybe a ticket. Cult members are regularly guarded by burly people brandishing automatic weapons and syringes full of chemicals used to vaporize paint on the sides of NATO submarines. This incredible level of security ensures that threatening, evil people like serial killers or serial killers disguised as SWAT team members cannot get in, while innocent, peace loving individuals who simply want to visit the UFO God by impaling themselves on a sacrificial parking cone cannot accidentally leave.

- **Answers.** If there's one thing cults have, it's answers. Organized religions and governments give vague, confusing, misleading information to their members every hour of every day. Cults are honest and up front, providing people with easy-to-understand answers every day. Who is evil? Everybody but the cult! Who should you trust? Your cult leader! When is the apocalypse coming? Like, totally this weekend, man! Why did somebody just do something that they shouldn't have done? Mind control! What's in this grape Kool-Aid? Love juice that will allow you to visit the Saucer Folk! Cult leaders are very forthcoming and honest, often able to predict the very hour in which you will suddenly decide to take your own life!

- **Free housing and entertainment.** Normal citizens are regularly forced to hand over monthly rent payments for the simple luxury of a roof over their heads and an outlet to attach their many, many "As Seen on TV" devices. Cults offer their members free housing, daily shows, and puppet show seminars extolling popular virtues (puppets may or may not represent the Mole People Beneath the Earth's Crust). All you're expected to do is give them all your worldly possessions (which you will not need on the planet of Remulon-9), agree to dig trenches at 3:00 am and be available for any sudden trench-digging emergencies which may occur at 5:30 AM, and agree to take your own life at a certain date and time which will be disclosed later. Additionally, you will be expected to work 20 hours a day mining raw ore with the Zerg once you are transported to Remulon-9 via teleport catapult.

These features are simply too good to pass up! If the cults up here didn't require me to have previous knowledge in demolitions and knitting anti-government sweaters, I'd join one today and start reaping the rewards! It's a shame the cults aren't recruiting and my agent says I'd have to go to the AA-league before any major league cults become even remotely interested in me. With this in mind, I have decided to start my own cult, one that is officially endorsed not only by Something Awful but also by the Society of People With Unfortunate Last Names (SPWULN).

Give something back to the people who have given you so much.

JOIN THE CULT OF THE MOIST BAG NOW!
SUBSCRIBE NOW AND SAVE 33% OFF THE COVER PRICE!

I, Rich "Leader Lowtax" Kyanka, the founder of The Cult of the Moist Bag, promise you that our cult is by far superior in every way to all those other so-called "cults" out there. The problem with cults is that the members develop a cult mentality over time, and soon the status quo becomes the accepted norm. This will not happen in The Cult of the Moist Bag, as I swear to provide exciting ideas and beliefs on a daily basis, perhaps even hourly depending on what narcotics I can successfully scrawl out fake prescriptions for. As it stands right now, The Cult of the Moist Bag believes in the following fundamental principles:

> 1) All human beings are created equal, except members of The Cult of the Moist Bag, who are by default much better and therefore deserve significant tax breaks and lawn chairs made from diamonds.
> 2) Every human being deserves the basic freedom to be happy, except members of The Cult of the Moist Bag who deserve both that and the ability to deface non-cult members' cars without facing significant legal punishment.
> 3) In our "Ranking List of Stuff," God is #1. Jesus is #2. The Moon People are #3. The US government ranks at #8,271, right above "discarded tampons lying in the highway" and below "crippling heroin addiction."
> 4) Everything our cult believes in is 100% factual and true. If you somehow find "proof" that contradicts something we say, you are clearly being mislead by evil governmental forces or, our arch-enemies, The Spanish Future Men From the Sun.

The Cult of the Moist Bag is a very relaxed, laid-back cult. Frankly, I'm not too interested in making that many of you kill yourselves at this point, as that would hinder my ability to guide you towards the light while simultaneously building me that new garage I always wanted. We don't even have a future suicide date concretely planned, although we do intend on doing it before the robot holocaust which will take place roughly nine months from the time you read this. We understand that when you join The Cult of the Moist Bag, some of your skeptical / retarded friends may question this decision and possibly try to intervene. We want you to know that we understand these feelings of isolation you may have and want to assure you that once you've been in our cult for a few months, you will have completely conquered them and will have no problem gunning these people down in broad daylight. Our God, King God Jesus of the Moon People, is a kind and benevolent deity who wants us to live and then promptly die in harmony. He frequently uses terms like "soul resonance" and "Heaven plane" because he's like so smart and was elected to the position of God a record nine consecutive times now.

As your fearless leader and head of The Cult of the Moist Bag, I promise to never tell you any lie which I don't honestly, completely, 100% feel you will not believe. I will faithfully deliver each and every message from King God Jesus of the Moon People to you in its entirety, even if it forces me to ramble on for three hours about how we cannot trust hats made by the Jews because the Jews use their synagogues as mind control transmission towers that beam out the phrase "SEMEN - SEMEN - SEMEN" over and over. I will protect you from the government-created SuperVirus germs that they're spreading on all the 100-dollar bills in your bank account. And, most importantly, I'll demand we celebrate Thanksgiving the way it was originally; by giving you a horrible disease and raping you, although possibly not in that order.

Snap into the Goldmine!

Wait, that doesn't make any sense.

As usual, it all started with one fatal post over in the Something Awful Forums, this time about the horrors that lay in wait for the poor sap who thought that he or she could hack it in the brutal world of retail sales. Alas, it is a cruel fate and one not to be taken lightly. But we can also take this time to laugh and mock those people because they deserve it.

> *FUCK YOU*
>
> *No, I can't give you a discount, because I'll get fired. No, I can't rewind the goddamn movie. No, you can't have a refill. See the sign that says "No refills?" No, you can't have a refund if you sat through the entire goddamn movie. We didn't make the movie, don't bitch at us about it.*

breathes

Anyone got retail/minimum wage employment stories of woe to share?

Boy, did they ever! But you won't know that for a fact until you go over there and see for yourself, you good for nothing Commie Pinko slobs.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.4 Legend of the Two Towers

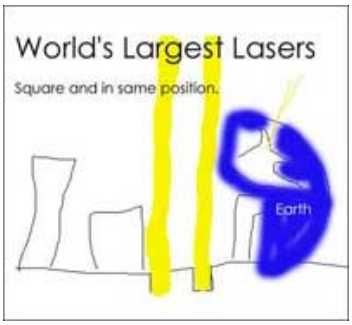
Wednesday, Dec 04, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Now that the rubble and debris from the September 11 terrorist attacks has been cleared, America is looking to rebuild. In particular, the great city of New York is looking to rebuild in the area many will forever call Ground Zero. A lot of spirited discussion has gone into the issue of replacing the towers and still continues today, even though it appears that the necessary choices have already been made. It's easy to see why people are so passionate about replacing the towers, since it's practically a haunted Indian burial ground, only there probably aren't that many dead Indians buried there. While that could easily be remedied, I think we've done enough to the Indians as is. Really, the main goal should be to create a useful, respectful, and safe replacement for the fallen towers and not cause anymore harm to Indians.

The brain trusts of CNN, in their omnipotent wisdom, asked readers to design the WTC replacement. I can't even begin to describe how overwhelmingly bad an idea it is to invite a bunch of people whose only architecture and planning skills come from playing SimCity to design what could easily be the most important building in New York's history. It's completely obscene and insane. Just look and see for yourself. Now yes, some of the designs aren't that bad, and in those cases they were made by people with legitimate architectural skills or by people who know how to at least extrude faces in any of the 3d modeling programs out there, but the majority of these entries are ungodly terrible. If you haven't figured out how to use hyperlinks yet or simply don't want to visit CNN's site, don't worry, because I'm going to review a few choice entries for your pleasure. In the off chance you're one of our few readers with strong morals and a sense of human decency, I don't think you will get much pleasure out of this unless you find holding me in contempt pleasurable, which is completely okay in my book.

Say Hello to the New New York Skyline!

Take That, Outer Space!



Artist's Description:"I don't know if it can be done, but I would like to see all this money, if there is any, spent on two of the world's largest lasers ever created, beaming all the way into space. They would be encased underground, going straight up in two square patterns. They would be so bright, they could be seen during the day. The names of the victims and a statue of an American eagle could also be placed at the base.

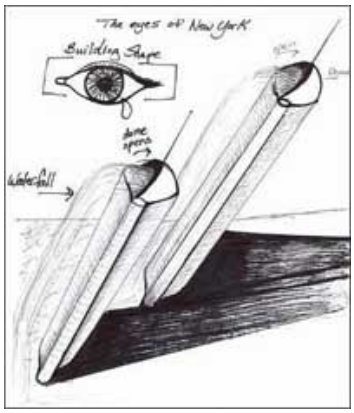
"Start handing out sunglasses."

Josh's Critique: They already shot beams of light into the sky and that was fine, but I think that we're starting to use the whole "let's shoot lasers into the sky" thing as a crutch. What does that have to do with paying tribute to the victims? Does it symbolize all the souls escaping into heaven? The only way building a giant laser would be a suitable method of mourning anybody's death is if the people who died spent their life trying to build giant lasers to protect the Earth. That way you can say, "these lasers honor those who gave their lives building other lasers, much like these lasers, to protect to the Earth from laserfearing beings of all kinds." I suspect the reason this person suggested these highly destructive lasers is because he has secret plans to one day capture them, and turn them on us. By simply pointing the lasers the opposite direction, he could theoretically take out China or Australia or one of those weird countries on the

other side of the Earth. That's the only logical explanation I can come up with.

The I'm A Closet Evil Genius With Dire Plans For All Who Fail To Obey Me Score: 10/10

HOLY LINCOLN, CRYING TOWERS!



Artist's Description:"In my dreams, I am inundated with the image of tears -- on the faces of children, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, wives, husbands and many friends whose lives were changed forever. ... Tears were followed with rain and soon the dust was washed away. I designed buildings in the shape of eyes; eyes that shall look to the heavens for freedom and hope and watch the sky for danger.

"At 8:46 a.m. every morning, the dome at the top of an angled roof line will open like two lids of an eye and release a fall of water, like tears, from the lower lid. As such, the building will 'cry' every day for the time period of the attacks. The significance of this is that tears of sorrow become nourishment for new life in the gardens below. The lashes could even be the flags of all the states of our country, located at the seam of the dome opening, much like a real eye. ... This would be a standing reminder to future generations of visitors to the city of New York of the magnitude of human sorrow that took place on this sacred ground."

Josh's Critique: While I've always dreamed of living in a gay surrealist fantasy world where buildings cry and chocolate candy is grown on the backs of giant floating lobsters with spheres of glowing liquid in place of claws, I know the real world is just more practical. Having crying towers is just retarded and makes us out to be a bunch of wimps. Do we want to send the message to terrorists that if you attack us, we will not only cry, but we will also build giant fucking buildings that cry? Last time I checked, this is America and not France. While remembering those who died senselessly is important, do we really need to remember them in such a senseless way? If somebody honored me by building a crying obelisk, I'd come back from the dead and either impale them on it, or grind them up and cram them inside so that it cries really scary tears of blood. This is just embarrassing to everybody. Light an eternal torch or put a plaque up, but don't make us all ashamed to still be living.

The I'm One Of Life's Gentle Flowers And All My Creations Are Beautiful Seeds Score: 10/10

Big Stinking Box With Accompanying Hole

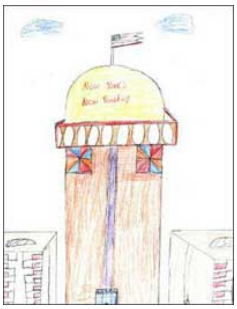
Artist's Description:"One defiantly large structure that pays tribute."

Josh's Critique: One thing we can ascertain from looking at this picture is that this is a goddamn freaking HUGE building, at least twice as tall as all other buildings. Unless this is going to be the factory where they build the Xbox, there is no way anyone can even hope to use that much space! The main problem with this building is that it's so monstrously big that it will be impossible not to fly planes into it. I suppose the big hole will prevent a few planes from hitting the actual structure, but in general this thing is just blocking the entire sky out for air traffic. I worry I might accidentally drive into it, and I live a long ass way from New York. The fact there is a faintly

visible lens flare hidden in the building alarms me, because I would never trust an architectural firm or designer that adds lens flares to prototype designs. Wow, now that's the razor's edge of design!

The Only Thing Bigger Than My Thinking Are The Holes In My Logic Score: 10000000/10000000

New York's New Building (This is New York's New Building)



Artist's Description: No description given.

Josh's Critique: This was obviously drawn by a kid. If not, I would highly suggest this aspiring architect purchase proper drafting tools, such as a T-square or ruler for drawing straight edges, and something other than colored pencils. I do enjoy the giant "New York's New Building" written on top, since that helps explain to people what the function of this building is. I do see this sign causing problems, because in order for it to this to remain true, a permanent moratorium on new building construction would have to be put into place. But then I suppose if New York's city planning board were dumb enough to approve this building, they would be dumb enough to consider doing that, too.

The World's Youngest Architect - Hey, Ain't He Cute Score: 5/10

New York Will Be Protected

Artist's Description:"The Gate Way to Liberty with a light torch on top of upper office floors. The decorative golden eagles are actually large gun turrets. The globe is a large screen that is animated. The lower section is the Grand Gateway with a large fountain in the center of this National Memorial, like an open-air park beneath a giant cathedral."

Josh's Critique: I kind of like this one, because I'm pretty sure this is actually a giant robot in its resting state. Just as soon as trouble rears its ugly head, this merciless mechanical killing machine will transform and spring into action, blasting rockets and lasers from its shoulder mounted attack bays and swinging its giant robot fists at incoming enemy attacks. On the smaller scale, that huge all-seeing eye on the front of it will monitor for crime, and send out concentrated laser beams at ne'er-do-wells. If you're going to build something stupid, it might as well involve giant robots.

The Well, Fuck, Everybody Loves Robots Score: 10/10

Practically Another Terrorist Attack

Artist's Description:"We have developed a specific form as a thematic park that builds an antagonistic relationship between a void and the constructed space. "

Josh's Critique: *WHAT THE HELL?*

The Bizarro Inverse Reverse Opposite Sanity / We Don't Need No Stinkin' Logic Score: -E/-10001000100010111

Let's Crucify That Giant Robot!

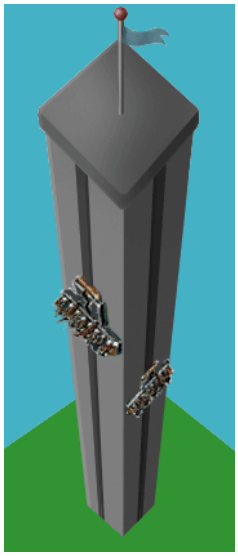
Artist's Description:"I send you a design from the top of the world (Sweden). I think it speaks for itself."

Josh's Critique: I believe this new skyscraper will be of particular enjoyment for non-Christians, because they simply can't get enough of Christianity towering over them. Since this doesn't appear to just be a monument, and actually seems to be a replacement tower complete with plenty of office space, it's nice to know that a symbol commonly associated with Jesus will also serve as a major hub for international finance. I know Jesus was big on the economy and all, so he'll appreciate this tasteful gesture. Also, because it is both a symbol of finance and Christianity, there is no way any religious nutcase would ever want to attack it.

The Holy Capitalist Jesus Transubstantiates Death Into Office Space Score: 10/10

My WTC Proposal

One of the most obvious things to come from reviewing these proposals is the bizarre and mind-boggling way people pay respect to the dead and look to the future. Now as some of you know, I can spell over half a dozen popular obscenities, so therefore I'm perfectly qualified to write and design a proposal of my own. That, my friends and worst enemies, is what I'm doing now. I bring you...



The Tower Drop recreates the thrill of falling from the top of the World Fun Center!

GROUND ZERO: THE THEME PARK

Let's face it, the area where the WTC used to be is already called Ground Zero, and that coupled with the wide open space has theme park written all over it in bold, italicized letters. We've already made a mockery of the attacks with ridiculous celebrity telethons and obsessive-compulsive news coverage, so the next step is to turn this tragedy into a ***funedy!*** And don't worry about this not being a proper memorial, because it's the best kind of memorial of all: a memorial to boredom! There is nothing but excitement at Ground Zero! But don't think this is a joke, because this is all about learning and gaining a deeper appreciation for the unimaginable catastrophe of September 11.

Why just take a look at some of the great rides we have planned:

- **Stairway to Heaven**
  Thousands of people funneled through the Twin Tower's respective stairwells, anxiously hoping to escape from certain doom. At

Ground Zero: The Theme Park, you will anxiously climb the stairs towards certain fun! At the top is the world's longest slide! This slide spans from the top of the new World Fun Center and stretches into the Hudson River, where you will be safely deposited several minutes later. Only then will you know and understand just how tense the WTC evacuation was.

The Tower Drop
Experience the gut-wrenching thrill of falling from a hundred stories up! Many people attempted this very feet to escape from horrendous fires blazing in the towers immediately after the attack. Remember their deaths by safely reenacting their tragic fall to heaven. In the end, not only will you have gotten an incredible rush, but you will also be transformed forever by the profoundness of this awesome adrenaline-pumping ride. Your appreciation for the horrors of September 11 will grow tenfold each time you drop.

Flight of Terror!
Step inside an authentic replica of a commercial airliner in the grip of terror! Actors dressed in real life terrorist uniforms will appear before you on a large projection screen letting you know you're headed towards calamity! A system of hydraulics will shake and twist the plane simulator in every direction as you zoom towards the towers and the realization of how great and precious human life truly is! After exiting the ride, you will never forget what happened and always remember the fun!

The bottom line is that we simply can't dwell on tragedy forever. The last and most important stage of accepting a major loss and moving on is by commercializing it and turning it into a parody of itself. The sooner we slap a Pepsi logo on this, the sooner we can look forward to a bright future full of hope and Pepsi!

I Scream, You Scream, We All Scream for an Awful Movie!

Ben "Greasnin" Platt here with yet another movie review. I'm going to be perfectly honest with you. It's 5:45 in the morning and I'm exhausted. Just read the damn review or I'll cry. Or sleep. I don't know. Either way. Oh, the movie is "The House That Screamed," by the Polonia brothers. You remember the Polonia brothers, the dastardly bastards who brought us "Feeders" and "Feeders 2." Yeah, them.

By now you're probably wondering, "Gee, this movie sucks and all, but where are the ludicrously fake-looking severed heads and pointless naked people?" Here they are! John and Mark must have thought that a transition from the bald guy in the last scene to the same bald guy in the next scene was a little to cerebral for their audience, so they threw

> *in a slew of random images of severed heads. They look about as realistic as Michael Jackson's head, and are far less frightening. There are a few quick shots of a little girl holding an axe and a boy having nose sex with the neck stump of another severed head. The dot on this exclamation point of unnecessary footage is a woman in red underwear writhing and stripping in front of a black background. No severed heads there, just a woman in red underwear rubbing herself for some reason.*

Look, that's friggin' gold! Read the review! I'm going to bed.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.5 Tis the Season For Dead Babies!

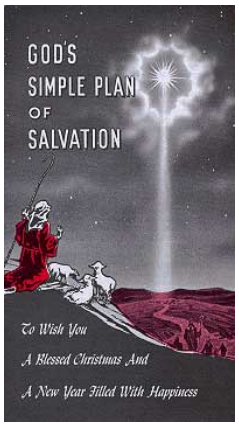
Wednesday, Dec 04, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

What's wrong with this picture? I'll tell you what: that baby ain't dead!

Ah, the joys of Christmas! A time when we, as a nation, band together so we may celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ by spending money we don't have at Target or, if you're a rich snooty jerk, Super Target. Thousands and thousands of years ago, in a crappy desert far, far away, the Son of God flew out of some diseased hooker's crotch, thereby changing the course of human events and creating a series of major religions based off love, compassion, understanding, and raw terror. Mary "Miracle Birth Magdalen," the haunted hooker who launched Mr. Christ out of her womb, signed a contract to be seen on "The Jesuit Springer Show" before her delivery, an episode in which she engaged in a heated debate with seven Egyptian men regarding which one of them was the baby's real father. Before the thrilling DNA test on that episode, Omar Naoin, outraged by the crass and ribald comments that rival father Niiam Osirii made suggesting relations with the dying mule outside the money exchange shop, picked up a lawn chair and threw it in his direction. A scuffle soon broke out and all fathers were sentenced to die on the syndicated "Extreme Stoning" show out behind the sand dunes next to exotic Sand Dune Stadium. Magdalen was injured in the scuffle, resulting in a rare birth defect known as "Son of God Syndrome," which affects one out of every infinity women. Eventually Jesus Magdalen Christ was born and overcame this handicap, growing up to be an intelligent yet socially shunned individual who killed thousands of people in an attempt to teach people that murder is a sin. Jesus died some years later but immediately returned as a ghost, appearing to blessed individuals by projecting his facial image onto oily donuts in squalid Mexican trash dump cities.

The birth of Jesus "Anti-Christian Killer" Christ has grown to a momentous occasion over the years, as really good Holy-like people who are undoubtedly going to Heaven are spending more and more money celebrating the birth of that oh-so-famous religious baby. Take a look at this alarming set of facts which display how dramatically Christmas has changed over the years:

> **THE FIRST CHRISTMAS (0 AD):** Gifts included a bag of gold, some frankincense, and myrrh. The gold was simply a bag of chocolate gold-foil wrapped coins, claiming to have been minted in comical places such as "Fartsylvania" and "Poop Town." I have no clue what frankincense and myrrh are; I think they're those diseases you can get from wiping your ass with an infected jungle tree leaf in south Africa.
> **THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS (2002 AD):** Standard gifts consist of supercomputers, BMWs, luxury getaway continents, and trips to the sun.



Hahaha, salivation, God's got a drooling problem! Silly God!

Economists predict that Americans alone will spend over 640 billion jillion zillion dollars this Christmas season, possibly even more if they count the items purchased for camwhores on their Amazon wish lists. However, one selfless group has ignored the lure of material possessions and purchasing nose-massaging gadgets at The Sharper Image this year, a special group that promotes something

positive instead of the accepted Capitalistic Christian norm: Planned Parenthood.

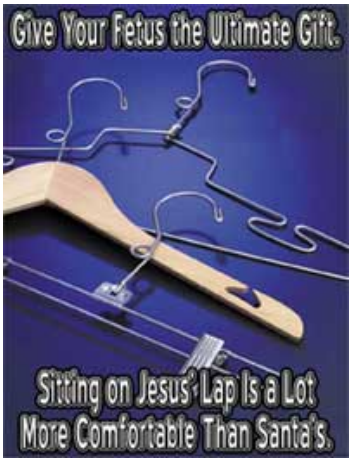
> **No peace over Planned Parenthood's holiday card** - *A holiday card by the nation's largest abortion-rights group is under fire from some groups that say it is offensive and reflects an anti-religious bigotry. The card, offered by the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, features the words "Choice on Earth" against a blue backdrop with white snowflakes. Inside it reads, "Warmest wishes for a peaceful holiday season."*
>
> *"The group twists a well-known Scripture in which God offers peace on earth -- not abortion -- through the birth of his son, Jesus Christ," said a statement by Wendy Wright, senior policy director at Concerned Women for America. "Planned Parenthood officials are too hardened by their mission of profiting from abortion to see that Christmas itself flies in the face of all they stand for."*

It makes me sad to see how twisted the religious right have become this day and age. Planned Parenthood, a wonderful company that helps all of mankind by killing babies before they have a chance to be born and start up their own meth labs, is under attack simply by providing skilled technicians (fired veterinarians) who perform a valuable service (stabbing babies in the head with a machine until they stop living). Now I know that the "Concerned Women for America" organization has their collective heart in the right place; after all, judging by the name of their group, it's their job to be perpetually concerned about things. However, I don't understand why they have singled out Planned Parenthood as a target this wonderful season. If I was a concerned woman, I'd be more frustrated over issues such as the absence of Christmas-themed Tampons or the lack of sufficient parking at the local mall, instead of worrying about the type of greeting card sent by The American Baby-Stabber Association. You know, because women are dumb and think like that. But I'm not a woman and honestly I'm not very concerned, which is fortunate for my fiancee because if I was a female then she'd be a lesbian and I don't think she's quite ready for that type of commitment.

I think the problem here is that some people simply don't understand the message Planned Parenthood is trying to send this holiday season. They aren't concerned with defiling Jesus' name or trying to piss off the good, law-abiding, altar boy-molesting Catholics; none of that matters to them. Their only concern revolves around informing a large number of women that they have the option, at any time whatsoever, to go into a Planned Parenthood clinic and have a drill bit inserted into their baby's skull. By attempting to shift their message away from this and instead focus on the Bible or Noah's Ark or whatever the hell the religious folks are yammering about, Planned Parenthood's stance on joyous holiday abortions is being drowned out. I'd like to use today's update to help this glorious organization get their message across without the fear of concerned women sending me furious emails, mainly because it's a proven fact Something Awful's audience is composed of 99% men, the other 1% being of "indeterminate gender." Let me present you with a couple beautiful Planned Parenthood greeting cards I made, ones which will cure the confusion caused by Planned Parenthood's previous attempt at spreading holiday cheer and scrambled fetuses.

■ Festive Holiday Card #1: "Give Your Fetus the Ultimate Gift"

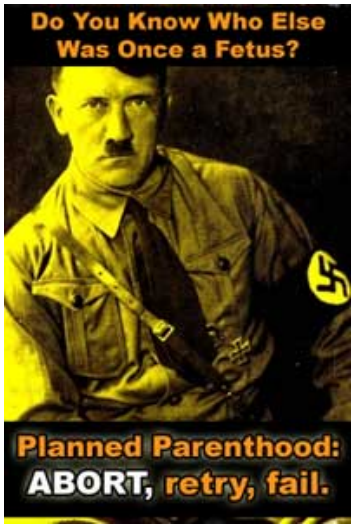
I feel that this quaint holiday card will experience no trouble appeasing the religious folk who are so very concerned about what other people do with their bodies and why those bodies don't happen to belong to the "correct" religion. Christians, Catholics, and all those other Jesus-filled white person religions cannot possibly be offended by this ad, as it simply promises what they've been claiming for years; the ultimate reward in life is to die and fly straight up into Heaven so you can hang out with Jesus and do all the fun shit you always wanted to do but couldn't because your religion forbid it during your life.



Sitting on Santa's lap is a tradition that dates back to prehistoric cavemen times, when child Neanderthals would climb onto their dad's knee and begin grunting in some incomprehensible fashion. Eventually cavedad would get sick of hearing their little potato-shaped sack of dirt make stupid noises, so he'd grab a big piece of dinosaur meat and shove it into his kid's mouth so he'd shut the hell up. Or he'd take a rock and bash it against his kid's head; either way was acceptable. This tradition continued throughout the ages, eventually gaining a religious purpose when Jesus was born, and promptly losing that religious significance when American capitalism was born.

This "Ultimate Gift" greeting card points out the tremendous benefit children will receive when they get the hell aborted out of them. Only the most greedy and inconsiderate parents would wish their children to be born in this filthy world full of drugs, cursing, violent video games, robots, premarital sex, more robots, movies about the Antichrist starring Rob Lowe, and other anti-holy propaganda. Up in Heaven, where your dead baby will invariably go, he'll be much happier, able to play with Jesus and travel through time and whatever the fuck people in Heaven do that's so great. I can only assume there's a "dead baby" wing of Heaven somewhere, possibly next to the "died while trying to save a dog trapped up in a burning tree" ward and the "had a heart attack and croaked while waiting in line to donate money to their church so they could built a new $900,000 steel Jesus monument" department.

■ **Festive Holiday Card #2: "ABORT, Retry, Fail: Hitler Was Once a Fetus Too"**



Almost everybody in existence these days was at once point in time a fetus. Heck, many famous celebrities and racquetball players are fetuses right this very moment! As you read this! In your underwear! In your parent's basement! However, for every positive thing, there is at least one negative thing to cancel it out. For every "Aqua Teen Hunger Force," there is at least one "The Brak Show" or "Home Movies." For every James Woods, there's at least one person who emails me, letting me know that I, in fact, stopped being funny 24 years ago and Something Awful "sure is something awful, hyuk hyuk, my mom combs my hair."

Too many people concentrate on the fact that fetuses are tiny, weird-looking, bulbous, stupid people, and they forget that these mutant spawn run the risk of growing up and eventually turning into people like Adolf Hitler, L. Ron Hubbard, or anybody in those 1-800-CALL-ATT commercials. The "Hitler Was a Fetus Too" card points out this fact and alerts people to the notion that while their fetus could grow up and find a cure to AIDS, it also runs an equal risk of growing up and infecting thousands of gay men with AIDS. You know, through buttsex.

The "Planned Parenthood: ABORT, Retry, Fail" slogan is one we came up for all the computer-literate folk in the world who can relate to high tech things like RAM and MS Paint. By attaching a catchy, clever slogan to abortion, it helps connect with a new generation of people who don't quite know that they need abortions yet. If Planned Parenthood is really interested in pursuing this avenue of advertising, they could hire psychics (or people who dress like gypsies) to hang around in the lobby of their offices, touching pregnant womens' stomachs and exclaiming, "your baby will

grow up to be a fascist dictator who will enslave millions, murder billions, and have at least two Lifetime Network movies based on him. ABORT NOW OR SUFFER!!!" This would reassure ladies that ditching their fetus is simply the right thing to do, and to not abort their baby would be a crime against humanity.

I don't know if any Something Awful readers out there work at Planned Parenthood or perform free abortions under the trampoline in their dad's backyard, but I would appreciate it if everybody could help get these holiday cheer cards into heavy circulation. After all, Christmas is the season of giving, and what's a better gift to give than the gift of a one-way ticket to Heaven, where young Dead Baby Junior can decorate Ye Holy Christmas Tree with Jesus and the 28 Apostles, Matthew, David, Joseph, Rudolf, Sleepy, Dopey, Dropsy, and whatever the other guys were named. I hope these cards clear up the silly misconceptions the ever-so-concerned "Concerned Women for America" have, hopefully causing them to become slightly less concerned for America. Abortion is a gift, and if more people were selfless enough to liberally give this gift, then we wouldn't have to live in a world with Louie Anderson, Margaret Cho, and "-={k3Wl-d00d3782}=-" from the Counter-Strike Off-Topic forums. May God bless you all, and may Jesus please stab you in the fetus.

Nuclear Winter is Our Favorite Season!

Ho Ho Ho! Santa has brought a brand new SA Story Time for those of you who have been nice this year. He also brought it for those of you have been naughty. Santa may control who lives and who dies, but he has no ability to restrict access to our content! This week we have an end-of-the-world scenario straight out of the 1980's entitled "Failsafe of the Street Soldier".

> *Before the Soviet Prime Minister could reply a totally important looking general guy with lots of medals and crap like that on his chest walked into the room and leaned forward to whisper something to the President. Most people would have said it was impossible for the President to look any more strained and depressed than he did, but defying all logic related to facial expressions, the President's face fell even more. He hung up the phone in a daze as the Soviet Prime Minister screamed at him.*
>
> "Jim," he said reaching into his pocket and removing an envelope, "here are the launch codes. Give 'em hell."

Holy Jesus, that sounds intense! Better head on over and check it out before an atomic bomb knocks out the router to our server!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.6 I'm Surrounded By Bargains!

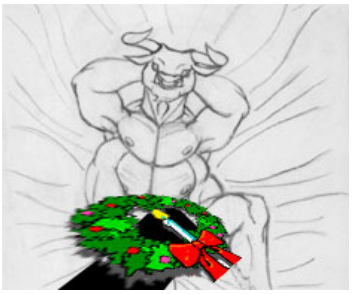
Friday, Dec 06, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Welcome to my nightmare.

My super duper AOL girlfriend Michelle and I went Christmas shopping Thursday at the Woodfield Shopping Center in suburban Chicago. Normally a trip to the mall would not be worthy of reporting on but on this particular occasion I happened to treat things more like a safari than a shopping expedition. With Michelle's keen womanly senses tuned to bargains, I turned my attention to the much more interesting panorama of commerce going on around us. Seeing as how my seed grew roots in small town Ohio my idea of a mall is a barn with two milking machines or possibly a tire fire next to an abandoned tannery. There were malls in Ohio but they generally had as much square footage as an airport coffin hotel in Tokyo that was glued to a Sears or J.C. Penny. The Woodfield Shopping Center was an entirely different experience. It was vast, multi-tiered, and swarming with hundreds or even thousands of frenzied holiday shoppers.

First let me give you some helpful facts about how parking at the Woodfield Shopping Center works. Essentially the parking is shaped like the wide mouth of a funnel and this entire lot funnels into several entrances into Sears. This would not be so bad if Sears ever, in the annals of all of human history, had sold anything worth buying. I think when I was ten I considered buying a pair of British Knights tennis shoes at Sears, although maybe that was the nearly-as-bad J.C. Penny. Regardless, if you seek to enter the Woodfield Shopping Center, be prepared to run the gauntlet of Sears departments designed to entrap you in a maze of walkways so complex you will expect to find a minotaur waiting for you at the dead end near "Junior - Teen" girl's clothes.

Once I had managed to stumble my way through Sears and into the mall proper I gasped a sigh of relief, a deep breath that took in a gust of the perfumed mall air tinged with the artificial aroma of no less than nine candle stores. Unbeknownst to me candles had apparently skyrocketed in popularity not seen since the invention of gas lighting thanks to some new lab-created mixture of caramel, watermelon, and something that claims it is vanilla. In the wake of such a massive scientific discovery the light bulb and electric lamp stores at the Woodfield Shopping Center closed their doors only to be replaced by a series of candle vendors. Just in time to position themselves for your important holiday candle dollars!

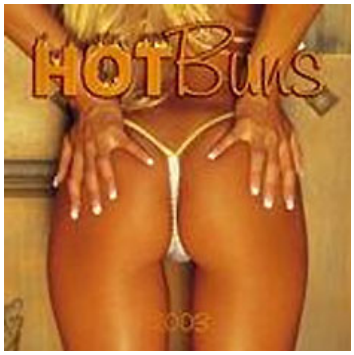


The 4-armed cock-stroking Christmas minotaur thanks you for visiting Sears!

Why a mall needs nine candle stores is a mystery as deep and timeless as the episode of Unsolved Mysteries where Robert Stack told me about a guy who was found wandering the desert of New Mexico and needed help identifying himself. Somehow I don't think the right-honorable Mr. Stack will be breaking in with an update on the case of the nine candle stores any time soon. In the mean time if you are in desperate need of a shitload of candles and enjoy spending your money in a market where candle retailers are constantly competing for the next candle technology innovation, then the Woodfield Shopping Center is everywhere you want to be.

Candles weren't the only thing that seems to be big this holiday season, calendars are also bringing in thousands of shoppers looking for the best 16 months of "dogs in uniforms" and "9/11 Never Forget" their money can buy. I was so awed by the wide array of completely worthless imagery attached to calendars this season that my bank card veritably flew from my wallet and emptied my

account into the register at "Calendars and Things". There was a calendar there for everyone! Why, they had over 50 varieties of domesticated animals, religious quotations and imagery for every major religion (except Islam of course), dozens of women in bathing suits and hot pants, all painstakingly inserted above a grid of dates! Don't even get me started on the "365 Days of The Farside" because I just might blow some sort of quality overload fuse related to the Roman calendar!



Topping grandma's Christmas wishlist was the Hot Buns 2003 calendar. You can't go THONG with that! HAHAHAHAHkillmeplease!

I was so overwhelmed by the number of choices that I walked out of the store more confused than I was when I had walked in. Luckily I had plenty of time to think about which calendars best suited the calendar needs of my loved ones. A little over an hour later on the opposite end of the mall we stopped at THE SAME MOTHERFUCKING CALENDAR STORE! Because holy fucking shit that first one was not jam-packed with enough calendar for me, this mall desperately needed two of the same calendar outlet! When we first saw it I thought we had become trapped in some hideous dimensional vortex that kept resetting us to the calendar store. This perpetual confusing loop is a theory I like to call The Sears-Calendar Postulate, but that scientific work is for another day.

Soon after our first visit to the calendar paradise we headed into the Christmas shop because Michelle has a family that tends to enjoy things like a Santa made entirely out of glass. For whatever reason the random holiday related crap, including a $1200.00 stand-up stuffed Santa Claus dressed in gold finery, was not up to the discerning standards of my beloved and we quickly vacated the premises. The Christmas store was notable for two reasons despite the brevity of our visit. First off, they have a full store, not just one of those kiosks you see in the middle of the mall, devoted to Christmas items. Secondly, while inside the store I noted the beginning of a trend that would haunt me throughout the entire mall excursion. Blaring from the speakers in the Christmas store was Techno House/Trance music that was themed for Christmas. Apparently the owners of the store felt that the rich grandmas coming in to buy life-size Santa Claus effigies dressed like pimps also have a deep love for thumping bass-beats.

Let me set the scene for you. Imagine shelf after shelf filled with ceramic, glass, and porcelain versions of every icon associated with Christmas. Imagine a price associated with these things. Double it, now double that number, then double the resulting number one last time. That's how much everything costs. Then play the following music in your head:

> "Wu-uh Jigga. Wuh-Wuh!
> **Robot and laser sounds**
> Sile-Sil-Si-Si-Si-Si
> **Ten minutes of bass beats looping**
> Silent Night
> **Mixture of robot and laser sounds and bass beats**
> Holy Night"

Then leave the store only to discover that every goddamn store in the mall, from Abercrombie and Fitch to that pretzel stand in the food court has techno oozing out of the entrance. Even the sandwich place where we ate lunch was playing techno. That's like walking into an Italian restaurant and hearing Mexican mariachi music coming out of the complimentary mint dish.

Probably my favorite experience during our shopping extravaganza was the wide variety of specialty kiosks scattered around the mall walkways. These kiosks were manned by the most bored looking

people, usually talking on cell phones, and were only stocked with the shittiest merchandise you can imagine. How about an inflatable beach ball shaped like the head of failed Starwars bounty hunter Greedo? Maybe you'd like a pacifier with the word THUG written on it, only somehow they managed to misspell the word THUG as THUJ. I see you are a discerning consumer of absolute trinket shit and knockoff Taiwanese gee-gaws. Good news!!! A fresh shipment of Britney Spears holographic barrettes has arrived and they smell like space-aged polymers and the colon of a goat!

You folks think I am exaggerating about how terrible the merchandise was at these kiosks, but I saw one that was a CD kiosk (a bad idea already) with no more than 20 different CDs. Alright, that's dumb, but what made it leave the realm of merely stupid and launch into the orbit of the brilliant star of retardation was the fact that five of those 20 CDs were singles by Ja Rule that could be put side by side to form A NAKED PICTURE OF JA RULE. Fully one quarter of their inventory was devoted to a nude Ja Rule. The only worse thing I've ever seen related to Ja Rule was when Lowtax's dad bought his sister a leather Ja Rule hat that was a steal at only THREE HUNDRED FUCKING DOLLARS.

Roughly three hours after we had arrived, Michelle and I navigated the perilous labyrinth of the Sears and found ourselves in the same square kilometer of parking lot as our car. Our bags laden with a few hundred dollars worth of scented wax melters and ridiculously overprice chocolate we set out for home. Only 19 shopping days left people!

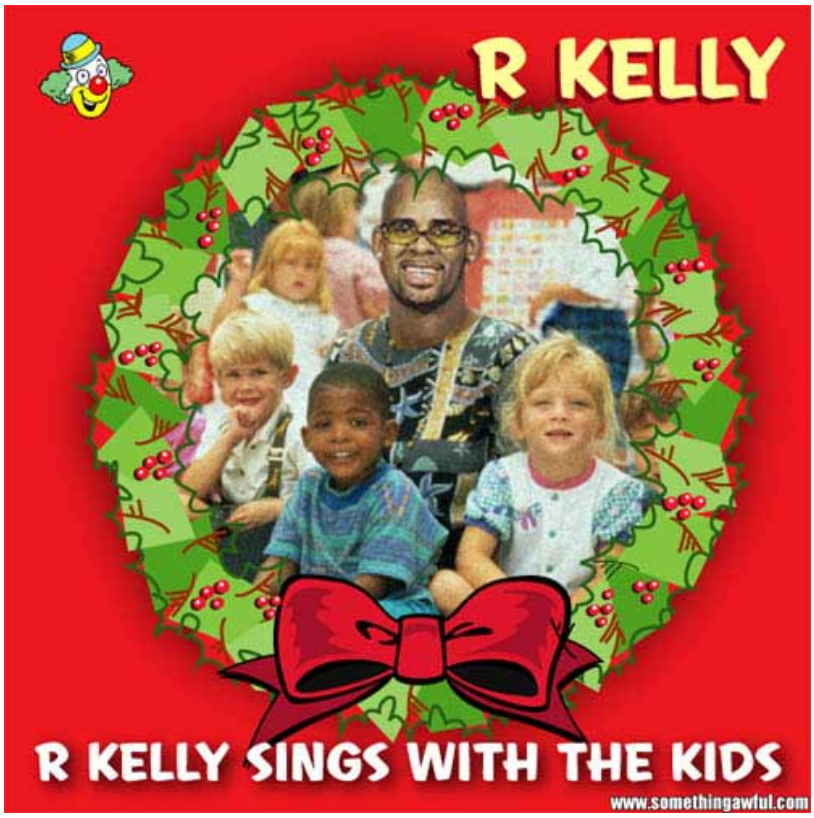
Oh fuck it, you might as well put the barrel of that 12-gauge in your mouth right now.

Holiday Ho!

Hello, Livestock here to let you know that there is a new edition of Photoshop Phriday hot off the presses. Well, not that we actually have presses, but we do press a lot of keys to make this shit happen. This week's theme is "Unlikely Christmas Albums" and has something to do with the fact that Christmas is apparently coming to kill us all.

Go ahead and ride our yule log!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


R KELLY
R KELLY SINGS WITH THE KIDS
www.somethingawful.com

12.7 My Nutso Parents: Part 1 of 3

Friday, Dec 06, 2002 by Integral

My parents are so crazy! You see, black people drive like this, but white people drive like this! No, seriously, folks, I'll be here all week. My mother and father are very possibly the most "hello-there-my-pillow-is-named-Friendly-Pete" insane (we are talking certifiably, lock-em-up crazy here) people in the greater Hobart, Wisconsin area. I know that I am making a very large claim here to say the least, but I will explain why I believe this in the course of today's novel update (and the following two) and when you are done reading them you will believe what I say. You believe me so much that you will be very glad that you don't know them in any way whatsoever (no matter how tangentially), let alone have them for parents. You will believe me so much that you will immediately want to pay me large sums of money, perhaps even all of the money, for me to guarantee you that I will do everything within my power to make sure that you never do know them.

Look at these loving parents! Look at the way they hold their children close to them and shield them from all harm! Look at the way that they are not ABSOLUTELY AND REPREHENSIBLY INSANE.

This update will establish the insanity of the people who bred me, one at a time, and my last of the three will delve into the horrible world of lies and law enforcement that has been mine to bear since I moved from Wisconsin to Seattle in April of this past year. Hopefully by the time I get to the part about the police coming to the house (part three) there will already be a substantial basis for my story and so I will not have to explain how anyone in their right mind could ever make choices in the way that my mother and father have. **HINT: THEY ARE NOT IN THEIR RIGHT MINDS BECAUSE THEY ARE LOOPY LIKE "BATMAN: THE RIDE."** I will also not have to explain why I have some problems dealing with certain issues or why I find solace in staying up until all hours of the morning playing "Warcraft 3" rather than think about my weirdo upbringing or the fact that I was exposed to some rather interesting (read: &quotbonkers") people for long periods of time. I think I was pretty lucky to have not been scarred more obviously, now that I think about it. It's a fortunate thing that I can hide all of my pain inside, like a suicidal clown.

Most people have had fairly typical childhoods, I've found. Maybe their parents got divorced or something shitty like that but not many people have had to deal with problems more extreme than occasionally not being allowed to watch certain television programs, a curfew, or no good snack foods in the house when they bring friends over to play "Contra." My childhood was a little different because of my mom and dad and their behavior, but suffice it to say that I couldn't watch most TV, I had to be home by 10:00 PM all through high school (because "nothing good ever happens after 10:00 PM"), we didn't have snack foods **ever**, and I couldn't usually bring friends over because it "wasn't part of the game plan." Oh yeah, and my family bought into Apple computers (oh no). In all candor though, THESE FACTS ARE TRIVIAL COMPARED TO THE OVERALL PICTURE HERE. Maybe I wasn't abused or anything horrible like that, but my mother and father by all appearances grew up in space or perhaps on the moon and only recently decided to move part of their brains from there to their home in Wisconsin. I'm not sure which parts of them ever decided that it would be a good idea to procreate but I with that a giant dinosaur would discover a time machine and zoom into whenever that was to crush them with its useless forelimbs.

I will just say right now that **I am not making any of this up.** Not a bit of it, although I truly wish that I were more than I will ever be able to communicate to anyone, ever.

Mom

Dear old Mum.

I know that in past updates I have touched lightly on various things that make my mother easily labeled "crazy," such as her creepily massive animal teapot collection, staying out of a three-mile radius of microwaves due to the fear of brain / death waves, or perhaps her ritualistic consumption of aspirin, but I have never really delved into the pain that it was to live and grow up with a crazy woman as a female role model. For example, on a nightly basis after my Mom came home from work, she would misplace something and then begin to rant and yell about how either my brother or myself put it someplace on purpose or stole it from her. Keep in mind **I SWEAR TO GOD I AM NOT MAKING THIS UP.**

Mom: Where are my glasses? Have you seen my glasses?
Me: No, I haven't.
Mom: Are you sure you haven't seen them? My glasses. Have you?
Me: No, I haven't seen your glasses anyplace, sorry Mom.
Mom: I think you have. I put them right here. You took them, didn't you?
Me: What? No, why would I want to take your glasses?
Mom: You did! I *know* you did. I left them right here and you took them. Give them back!
Me: I don't have them! I never saw them!
Mom: Liar! You're *lying.* YOU ARE A **LIAR!**
Me: I'm not lying! I swear, I didn't see them and I didn't take them!
Mom: GIVE THEM BACK! YOU TOOK THEM!!

Her face would grow a livid red and she'd start throwing things all over the place in a futile attempt to locate her missing item. This sort of encounter almost always ended with me storming off to my room to read "The Lord of the Rings" for the 30th time and drown my sorrows in the sweet and subtle faggotry of Legolas and Gimli. If that plan failed due to my mother pounding on my door and screaming, "You are lying to me! I can't believe it! You are a liar! Where are they, Emma?!?" I would get out of my room and run tirelessly around the house, overturning every pillow and checking each nook until I found my mom's dumb glasses. She invariably put them somewhere and forgot about it, as she has a memory like a paper towel which has been moistened and then used to clean the floor of a movie theater after a sneak-preview midnight showing of the second Harry Potter movie. In addition to this, those glasses were extra-strength double-duty army trifocals or something. There was no way she could see anything at all without those things, let alone find them after she intentionally put them down in some dark hole.

Unfortunately, it wasn't always her glasses that she lost. Sometimes she would leave her purse in the car and when she later realized that she didn't have it, she would repeatedly accuse my brother or I of taking it until we cried or she found it in the car. That was great because we would be accused of stealing her money even if she found her purse in the car, where she herself left it. This sort of stuff lasted my whole life, from my earliest memories to college. It still happened when I go home to see them, but since I moved out it has gotten a bit easier to say, "Uhhh, you are being crazy, mother."Of course then she gets angry and won't talk to me until I apologize and tell her that I was only kidding.

Another fun aspect of my loving mother was her tendency to fear and despise any and all things that she would put into the category of "drugs." This will be of vital importance in part two of this update when it comes time to explain my recent encounter with the police. Until then, I will explain that my mother's drug phobia began with cigarettes and ended with whatever fantasy chemicals she

created in her cavernous, crazy mind, and my brother and I were brought up to believe the following:

1. *People who smoke are bad people.*
2. *People who "do drugs" are bad people."*
3. *We should never talk to or associate with people who smoke and / or "do drugs."*

Unfortunately for us, part of what fell into the "drug" category were over-the-counter remedies for things like headaches, colds, the flu, and various other childhood ailments, which I was fortunate to escape for the most part. I did get colds and have a fever a few times but was given nothing to ease my symptoms or the like because my mom would say, "it's better not to *drug* yourself all up. You don't want to get better with the help of *drugs*." As a consequence of this, I remember several very vivid fever-dreams encountered at young ages after which I woke up screaming and drenched in sweat. I never looked at Goofy the same way again.

EVIL DRUGS!

I also remember the time when my throat was so sore that I couldn't eat or swallow anything and yet my parents wouldn't buy me any cough or throat medication, instead giving me seven gallons of broth to drink four days after I said that I was sick. I finally had to ask a friend's mom to take me to the store so that I could buy medicine myself because my throat hurt so much that I began to hallucinate. It took me a long time to come to the conclusion for myself that people who smoked or used over-the-counter cold medications were not necessarily bad people, but I think that I finally got that nailed down around my 21st birthday somewhere or other. Except for those people with allergies. Those people are bad news.

Oh no, it's cancer!

With all of her fear that "drugs" will destroy the world and her family along with it, my mother is also a neurotic hypochondriac and is at the doctor every three weeks or so for repeated batteries of tests. I'll never forget the time that she ate a nectarine and then was convinced that she had colon cancer because the peel was a bright red and she had thought that there was blood in her stool. I had come home from school for a few days to visit and she cornered me on a Saturday evening outside of her bathroom.

Mom: Emma, there's something I have to show you. I'm really worried. Can I show you?
Me: Uhhmm, what's going on, Mom?
Mom: I am so worried. I think that I have colon cancer. Come and look at this. *(she led me over to the toilet)*
Me: Ok, what am I looking at here? *(I was looking at a giant turd with a big red streak in the side of it)*
Mom: I made that a few hours ago. I think that it's blood.
Me: *(leaning closer to inspect the poop)* It's not blood. What did you eat earlier today?
Mom: I had a nectarine for breakfast and a turkey sandwich for lunch.
Me: These nectarines? *(indicating some that were very ripe and red on the kitchen counter)* That's what that is. It's nectarine, not blood.
Mom: It's... It's blood! I know it's blood. I'm going to take this in to the doctor on Monday morning and have them run tests.

SHE THEN SAVED THE POOP IN A BAGGIE AND TOOK IT IN TO THE DOCTOR FOR TESTS. It was a Saturday evening so we had that turd sitting out on the counter top for almost two

days before she could finally take it to the office personally on Monday morning, early. WHAT THE HELL? The doctor politely told her to stop coming in to the office so often and recommended some stress-therapy. I think that she might have benefited from some other sort of therapy altogether.

When the doctor finds anything wrong with her (which is practically never) and he prescribes something, she will always take roughly half of the prescription, assuming that he gave her twice what he really had meant to and that she would be just fine without the second half. This included antibiotic prescriptions and knowing what I know now about bacterial infections, it is a wonder that my mother was not single handedly responsible for creating horrible and deadly strains of bacteria that killed millions of people and then took over the planet.

With all of her neuroses, my Mom somehow missed the charm boat that most Jewish mothers tend to have. They nag and they're bat-shit crazy, but somehow it tends to be endearing and annoying at the same time. Maybe it was when she married my Christian dad that she stopped being allowed to act so nutty, but I wish that Jesus hadn't made my mom a wacko. Every time I say something even slightly negative about Jesus, she gets really defensive and tells me the same warning story. It goes a little something like this:

That ugly man was Jesus! Never make fun of him or you will get hit by a bus.

> *You should never make fun of Jesus, Emma, you know why? I'll tell you why. When I was a young woman I remember being at a department store and I saw a picture on the wall. I looked at the picture and I thought that it was the ugliest thing that I had ever seen and the man that was painted in it was ugly too. I thought to myself, "who is that ugly man in that painting? He sure is ugly." Right after that I realized that the painting was supposed to be of Jesus! I felt so bad because I had made fun of Him, and sure enough, right after I left the store I ALMOST GOT HIT BY A BUS. I felt that I had deserved it after what I had thought about the painting of Jesus.*

Oh boy oh boy, thanks for the advice, mom! I have heard that story so many times now I could recite it by heart while having my nipples gouged out with a red-hot melon-baller. Let us hope that it never comes to that, but it strikes me as especially ridiculous that my mom is repeating this garbage over and over again because I know for a fact that she didn't"buy into Jesus" until she married my "own a lot of stock in Jesus" father. But then again, I suppose that I should watch what I say because there is a bus route close to the house.

I really could go on at length about the many ways in which my mother is nuttier than a fruitcake. She is one of the most interesting people I know but it was absolute hell growing up with her, and her behavior in the past eight or so months has not added to that feeling. I wish that I could elaborate on that in this update but I fear that first I must do my part to cover my father's tale in next week's update before I get to the law enforcement-filled climax concerning my move away from home. I at least hope I have convinced you that my mom is a headcase and look forward to cathartically yet necessarily reviewing the insanity of my father next Saturday. In the meantime I will continue to spend all of my time living in various fantasy worlds in a futile attempt to forget the pain.

-∼Integral

12.8 When Narration Attacks

Sunday, Dec 08, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

I love television. I want to get that out in the open from the start so that it's perfectly clear that this is article is not an act of hate or anger, but an intervention born out of caring. I love television, but this time, it has gone too far. I was innocently flipping through the channels, certainly not looking for softcore porn of any sort out of a horrible desperation, when a familiar image caught my eye. It was Dorothy, that loveable Kansasian scamp, and her little dog, too. It had been so long since my screen had been graced with their freakishly inhuman Technicolor presence. It seems that the WB network was preparing to show "The Wizard of Oz" in a few days time. Now, there's nothing inherently wrong with that. "The Wizard of Oz" is premium family entertainment. That's the sort of feel-good movie that restores a small portion my faith in humanity after watching something like "The House That Screamed." No, the problem was that the WB, in a move that could only have been the influence of some sort of demonic marketing imp, somehow figured that they could hype up "The Wizard of Oz" as a scary movie. It's a G-rated movie from the Thirties, WB network. You're not fooling anyone. Not for a lack of effort, though. They cut together all of the clips of the Witch and her flying monkeys, and had the whole thing narrated by the guy who does the previews for genuine horror movies and always insists that you have assumptions of safety about unsafe things. I would love to have been in the room for that presentation.

"If I had a brain, I'd think about very dark and disturbing things."

WB Executive 1: "Alright, people, we need something to pull our network out of the doldrums."
WB Executive 2: "What about something that panders to black people?"
WB Executive 1: "No, we already put their Steve Harvey on the air, and they still don't like us. We need something new. What sort of exciting specials do we have in the works?"
WB Executive 2: "Well, we're showing 'The Wizard of Oz' next week."
WB Executive 1: "Feckpeh! That's exactly what I'm talking about! How are we supposed to make that sound exciting?"
(Demonic Marketing Imp appears in a puff of smoke pink smoke.)
Demonic Marketing Imp: "I might be able to solve your problems."
WB Executive 2: "That was some gay smoke, right there. And did you just say 'Feckpeh?'"
WB Executive 1: "Shut up, Gil. Alright, Demonic Marketing Imp. You've got my interest. What do you have in mind?"
Demonic Marketing Imp: "We'll use clever advertising to convince the stupid human public that this is a totally different 'Wizard of Oz,' a new, horrifying vision of pure evil. Hee hee hee! Behold!"
(He pulls a video cassette out of thin air and puts it in the VCR with his prehensile tail.)
(The advertisement begins with a black screen.)
Horror Narrator: "Just when you thought it was safe to get sucked into a giant tornado..."
(Foreboding music begins, stays throughout the the rest of the ad. Slow-mo shot of Dorothy smacking her head against the wall during the tornado. Fade back to black.)

Narrator: "One girl..."
(Dorothy steps out of the house.)
Dorothy: "Where are we, Toto?"
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "Lost in a world that is not her own..."
(Close-up of Dorothy, snot jiggling in her nose, a la 'The Blair Witch Project.')
Dorothy: "I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "Accused of an unspeakable crime..."
(Shot of the Wicked Witch of the West pointing her broom at Dorothy.)
Wicked Witch: You killed my sister!
Dorothy: I didn't mean to!
(Close up of the Munchkin coroner, tilted to the side for some reason.)
Munchkin Coroner: "And she's not only merely dead, she's really most sincerely dead."
(Colors turn negative for a slow-mo shot of the Wicked Witch of the East's feet rolling up under the house. Fade to black)
Narrator: "Unwanted by all..."
(Shot of the Emerald City gatekeeper.)
Gatekeeper: "No one sees the Wizard! Not no one, not nohow!" *(He slams his little guard window shut. Fade to black.)*
Narrator: "Trusted by none..."
(Shot of Glinda, the Good Witch of the North.)
Glinda: "Are you a good witch, or a bad witch?"
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "In order to save her own life, she must stand against a supernatural force unlike any foe she has ever faced."
(The Wicked Witch makes the end of her broom burst into flames. and laughs maniacally. Shot of the Wicked Witch rubbing her glowing crystal ball. Shot of the message "Surrender Dorothy or else!" forming out of smoke in the sky over the Emerald City. Fade to black.)
Narrator: "With only three friends by her side, it will take all of their cunning, love, and courage..."
(Shot of the Scarecrow, Tin Man, and Lion.)
Scarecrow: "If I only had a brain-"
Tin Man: "A heart-"
Lion. "The nerve."
Dorothy: "Why, that's awful!" *(Echo effect on her last words.)* "That's awful, that's awful, that's awful, awful, awful, awful..."
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "To defeat an invincible army..."
(Flying monkeys stream out of the Wicked Witch's castle. Sweeping shot of the Witch's guards marching. Close-up of the Wicked Witch's face as she cackles. Zoom in on the Witch until the entire screen is filled with green, then fade to black.)
Narrator: "And appease an all-powerful dictator..."
(Shot of the giant head of Oz.)
Oz: "Silence!" *(Flames shoot out of the ground on either side of him. Fade to black.)*
Narrator: "This Sunday... a journey you will never forget. 'The Wizard....'"
(Graphic of "The Wizard of Oz" in a lame, scary font.)
Narrator: "'Of Oz.'"
(Fade to black.)

(As the tape ends.) **Demonic Marketing Imp:** "What do you say, gentlemen?"
WB Executive 2: "What the hell? That was terrible! I mean, it's "The Wizard of Oz!" It's rated G, for Christ sake!"
(The Demonic Marketing Imp spits a thousand poison thorns into WB Executive 2's left eye.)
WB Executive 2: *(Clutching at his shredded retina)* "Aaaaaaaaah!"
WB Executive 1: "I liked it. You're hired!"
Demonic Marketing Imp: "That's what I thought. Hee hee hee! Excellent! Kill all humans! Hee hee hee hee!" *(Spits more thorns into WB Executive 2's right eye.)*
WB Executive 2: "Aaah! My eyes! Oh God, my eyes!"

What the surviving executive and the imp were forgetting, though, is that everyone on Earth has already seen "The Wizard of Oz." Starving Nigerian AIDS babies have seen "The Wizard of Oz." These days, children are born having already seen "The Wizard of Oz." It is not a scary movie. It has never been a scary movie. Everyone knows that it is a cutesy, family-friendly movie that serves as a whore for the Technicolor corporation. The scariest thing about it is that it doesn't credit any of the individual Munchkins, but rather gives them a group billing as the "Midget Singers." The only way "The Wizard of Oz" could ever frighten anyone is if a crazed psychopath tore the film out of the tape, used it to bind and gag a family, then bludgeoned the parents to death in front of the children with the empty cassette. Even then, it would have to be a pretty damn scary bludgeoning. Frankly, I'm shocked and appalled by the WB. That's the sort of ratings-grubbing sensationalism that I'd expect from FOX, who brought us "Who Wants To Marry a Millionaire," "When Prostitutes Attack," and "Who Wants To Marry a Millionaire Prostitute, Who Will Then Attack You," but not the Warner Brothers. I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised, though. That sort of overly dramatic advertising is becoming more and more common. It's a simple formula: foreboding music plus crappy fades plus that one narrator equals profit. Most of it is the narrator. That guy's got it made. All he has to do is read his lines like every three words is a complete sentence, and yet never actually complete a thought. I guarantee you, within the next few years, every TV or movie promo will use him.

"Oh, Mary! I'm the luckiest guy in the world in a dark and disturbing way."

(Black screen. Foreboding music plays.)
Narrator: "Just when you thought it was safe to celebrate Christmas..."
(Shot of townspeople.)
Townspeople: "Merry Christmas!" *(The shot freezes and twists to the side for some reason on the last syllable. Fade to black.)*
Narrator: "One man, standing on the brink of oblivion..."
(Shot of George Bailey standing on the edge of a bridge.)
George: "Everyone would be better off if I was never born!"
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "He will be lead through the veil of death..."
(Close-up of Clarence offering his hand to George.)

Clarence: "Come with me."
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "To a world of destruction..."
(Shot of George and Clarence arguing.)
George: "Harry Bailey went to war! He got the Congressional medal of honor! He saved the lives of every man on that transport!"
Clarence: "Every man on that transport died!" *(Echo effect on the last word.)* "Died, died, died, died..."
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "To a world of depravity..."
(Close-up on Annie.)
Annie: "I been savin' this money for a de-vorce, if I ever get a husband."
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "To a world of pain..."
(Shot of Nick the bartender leaning over the bar to talk to George.)
Nick: "Hey look, mister, we serve hard drinks in here for men who want to get drunk fast, and we don't need any characters around to give the joint atmosphere. Is that clear, or do I have to slip you my left for a convincer?"
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "His only escape is to find his own redemption..."
(George shouts after Mary.)
George: "Mary! Mary, don't you know me?"
(Close-up of Mary's disdainful reaction, then fade to black.)
Narrator: "His only hope is to discover..."
(Title graphic fades onto the screen.)
Narrator: "'It's a Wonderful Life.'"
(Fade to black.)

Or, God forbid...

Stephanie:"I've got stupid on either side of me!"
Olsen Twins:"We've got ugly in the middle!"

(Black screen. Foreboding music plays.)
Narrator: "Just when you thought it was safe to break a lamp..."
(Black and white shot of the broken pieces of a lamp on the floor. A baseball slowly rolls through the pieces. Fade to black.)
Narrator: "In a time of innocence lost..."
(Close-up of Michelle gasping.)
Narrator: "One girl, who is played by two girls, will find herself the target of an investigation..."

(Danny stands over the broken lamp, his hands on his hips.)
Danny: "Michelle, did you break this lamp?"
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "She will enter a world of lies..."
(Shot of Michelle waving her arms in desperation, and also because she's like three years old.)
Michelle: "No! It was Stephanie!"
(Shot of Stephanie waving her arms in desperation because she sucked. Seriously, am I right, or what?)
Stephanie: "What?"
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "Her friends and family will turn against her..."
(Stephanie puts her hands on her hips, glaring at Michelle.)
Stephanie: "How rude!"
(Shot of Aaron with his thumb on his nose, waving his fingers at Michelle. I was never really sure what that was all about. The point is, I hate Aaron. Come one, you remember Aaron. The little brat who was always insulting everybody but never got his comeuppance? I wanted to smack him something fierce. This isn't really stage direction. I'm just venting, here. God, I hate that kid. I think he grew up to be Haley Joel Osment or that kid who played Darth Vader in "Episode 1." I don't know, one of those punks.)
Aaron: "You're stupid, dumb-dumb!"
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "She will learn a lesson that she will never forget..."
(Danny kneels in front of Michelle, his hand on her shoulder.)
Danny: "You have to learn to take responsibility."
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "A terrifying new part of growing up..."
(Same as previous shot.)
Danny: "It's part of growing up."
(Fade to black.)
Narrator: "The crime comes full circle on the next episode of..."
(The title graphic fades onto the screen.)
Narrator: "*Full House...*"
(Fade to black.)

That day is not far off, my friends. And once we get to that point, where will we be? I'll tell you where: in a world without hope... a world without justice... a world without morality... a world where Something Awful will have it's friggin' hands full...

(Fade to black.)

There's No State Like State Og. Not Even Missouri.

We've just received the latest word from the kitten-loving megacorporation State Og, and I for one couldn't be happier, or so this prepared statement that I'm writing out of my own free will and not at all at gunpoint would have me believe. This week there's more Og news than you could shake a stick at, unless it was one of State Og's trademarked Super Sticks. Those things can do anything.

Today marks a great accomplishment for one of State Og's finest!

> *News has just reached us that Bob Nigel, an employee from Intercourse, Pennsylvania, crushed the overwhelming odds and became the first man in history to survive the State Og Acid Challenge. The test consists of one simple trial; the challenger must endure seven gallons of deadly acid poured over his naked flesh. Since Mr. Nigel did not choose to undergo the Acid Challenge on his own accord, but was in fact forced outside into the Og Acid Rain by his fellow coworkers, State Og must waiver the monetary element of his reward. However, we are quite certain Mr. Nigel will enjoy his State Og beer hat and Acid Challenge trophy just the same!*
>
> *The mischievous coworkers who locked Mr. Nigel out of the building during the acid storm report that they "knew Bob always had it in him," and though Bob was running about and screaming "my flesh, burning, oh God, help," they were certain he was going to tough it out until the end.*

Ha ha! That's what the chip they implanted in my brain forces me to love about State Og. They're always bringing out the best in their fellow man, usually with acid. But there's far more than just painful scaldings in the latest update from our cherished State Og representative. See for yourself! Act natural as you do so. They can see you at all times, and they know what you -- oh crap, they're on to me!

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

12.9 Round One! Fight!

Monday, Dec 09, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Lately I have been annoying people who happen to live in our apartment, from my girlfriend to our cats, to possibly dust mites, with Marvel Versus Capcom 2. The game is extremely fun, but looking at the screen while I'm playing nauseates even the centipedes that infest the walls thanks to all of the flashing lights, words flying across the screen, and fast-paced crazy-fu action. This might not be quite so bad if it weren't for the painful soundtrack that would feel more at home in a late seventies beach-themed movie where a girl in a bikini sits on a cream pie. The music, the flashing lights, and the announcer who enunciates everything as if it is a sarcastically happy insult about your parentage combine to make the game seem, to the uninitiated, like a strobe light with a stereo playing a tape demonstrating raccoon calls strapped to the top.

I blame my heritage for my ability to see past these things and really enjoy the game. I was raised on flashing lights and sounds effects that ranged from bloops all the way to bleeps. I cut my teeth on Double Dragon, weened myself from that with the help of Street Fighter and its endless sequels, fell in love all over again with Mortal Kombat II, and graduated 3D fighter university with degrees in "Tekken", "Soul Caliber", and "Dead or Alive". When I eat lunch I imagine that I'm restoring my health bar by up to 25 percentage points. When I wake up I immediately try to assess whether I should roll forward, backwards, or perform a counter to halt an inevitable low-kick. When I'm walking to my car I look for a lamp post or trash can that might be hurled at an attacker only to blink a few times and then vanish.

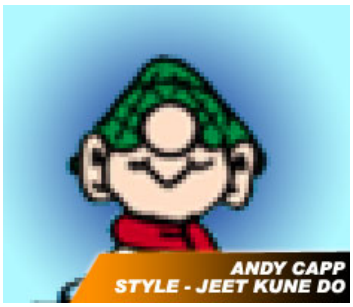
My point isn't that I am a master of fighting games, I've been beaten by far too many twelve-year old Asian kids hunched over a game at the arcade to claim that, it's that fighting games have infected my life and my way of thinking. Their logic appeals to my simple mind. Unfortunately, my mixture of incredible reserves of misguided creativity and general love for bad ideas has persuaded me that I could do a better job with the genre than anyone else has to date. Every waking moment my mind is practicing a hadoken of the soul and I think the time has come to channel this energy into something more creative than trying to flying bicycle kick my cats into an imaginary pit of spikes. Therefore I will be taking a hiatus from Something Awful for as long as this project takes or, more likely, until I lose interest. This should occur some time around Wednesday evening when I realize I need to review a Hentai game. Until that time comes I will be entirely half-assed devoted to thinking about working on my upcoming fighting game masterpiece which I have entitled "Comic Strip Characters Versus Sitcom Characters 3: The Sleeper Has Awakened"

I don't expect many people to buy the game other than videogame collectors and possibly drunks who accidentally spill jelly on it, get it stuck to their pant leg or sleeve, and then are forced out of embarrassment to buy it when it sets off the alarm. I do hope that a few Something Awful readers are so loyal and wealthy that they simply can't resist the purchase or are prone to wandering around the local Gamestop with a blood alcohol level of .50 and an open jar of jelly. To reward these especially big fans of Something Awful I am offering the inside scoop on the characters that I am developing for the game. Be forewarned that I was not able to secure very good licenses for the characters in the game, but I'm proud all the same of what I have accomplished. In fact, it was originally going to be titled "DC Versus Namco" but I couldn't get any DC or Namco licenses.

Balki Bartokomous

Origin: "Perfect Strangers"
Blood Type: AB Negative
Background: Balki "The Raven" Bartokomous was part of a covert anti-terrorist organization called Cell-8 operating out of the Ukraine in the late eighties. While fighting in Afghanistan the helicopter he and his squad were in was shot down by a Stinger missile. He and one other man, Andy Capp, survived the crash. Capp disappeared but years later, after immigrating to America, Balki discovered that Capp had betrayed Cell-8 and he swore vengeance against him. When Balki discovered that Andy Capp had entered the Ultimate Battle Championship Death Tournament being held in the Otherplane by Jughead he had no choice but to pursue him and enter himself. Balki fights to destroy Andy Capp but will not hesitate to defeat anyone who stands in his way.
Special Attacks: Rolling down to forward and pressing the strong punch button will call in a helicopter for air support that will strafe Balki's opponent. Rolling forward to back and pressing strong kick will unleash the Spinning Red Star Kick. Keep pressing strong kick to keep Balki aloft and inflict more hits in the combo.
Deathalities: Press down three times, up twice, then roll forward to back and press weak punch to activate Balki's Screwdriver Deathality. He will snap the neck of his stunned opponent and proceed to twist off their head and then kick it onto a spear.

Andy Capp



Origin: "Andy Capp"
Blood Type: O Positive
Background: Raised in the steppes of the country of Georgia, Andy Capp learned the ancient arts of Jeet Kun Do from a strange Siberian monk. He used these skills to gain entrance into the anti-terrorist agency known as Cell-8, but his loyalties were with the international terrorist organization Scorpion Legion. Lead by the enigmatic Jughead, Capp betrayed fellow Cell-8 members including his squad leader Balki Bartokomous. When the helicopter carrying his squad was shot down in Afghanistan, Capp escaped to America, unaware that he was being hunted by Balki. Jughead appeared from the Otherplane and told Capp that he would be holding a tournament to the death. He ordered Capp to compete in it so that he could lure Balki into a carefully laid trap.
Special Attacks: Rolling back to forward and pressing block twice will cause Andy Capp to grow to double his size and gain the ability to shoot Flame Skull Slave Souls from his mouth with the strong punch button. Tapping forward twice and pressing the medium kick button activates Capp's Ice Dagger attack, one of the most powerful ranged attacks in the game.
Deathalities: Flame Skull Slave Soul Powerup + up, down, and up followed by low kick. The giant Andy Capp will unhinge his jaw and devour his opponent and then several dozen femur bones will emerge through his pants and bounce around the screen.

Carl Winslow

Origin: "Family Matters"
Blood Type: Unknown
Background: Carl Winslow is a cyborg created by the United States Government to infiltrate Scorpion Legion. He rose through the ranks of the terrorist organization and quickly came to the attention of Jughead who selected him to fight in his death match tournament. President Bush knew this was his one chance to destroy Scorpion Legion so he ordered the DARPA commander to upgrade Carl Winslow's fighting capabilities and install a special neutrino bomb that would banish Jughead to the Otherplanes forever. Now all Winslow has to do is fight through the other competitors in the tournament and challenge Jughead for the ultimate prize; America's Freedom.
Special Attacks: Press down seven times, roll front to back twice, and press all three kick buttons simultaneously to detonate Carl Winslow's neutrino bomb. This attack inflicts massive damage but also heavily damages Winslow. Winslows hands can also transform into boomerang blades that can be launched at opponents by rolling forward and pressing strong punch. If you fail to catch the blades as they return you will not be able to use this attack again in the match.
Deathalities: Roll back to forward and press weak kick three times quickly to activate Carl Winslow's Kiss of Death Deathality. He will bend forward, raise a leg coquettishly behind him, and kiss the opponent on the lips, then suck them into his mouth and shout dozens of femur bones out of his eyes. If this Deathality is performed on the acid volcano level he will kiss them and knock them into the acid volcano.

Jughead

Origin: "Archie Comics"
Blood Type: Liquid Magma
Background: Jughead rules over the Otherplanes from the ancient citadel of Deadliest Keep where he is secretly training an army of ninjas to invade the Earthplanet. His latest contest is merely a diversion to occupy the earth's greatest warriors while his troops begin the invasion. Jughead is cold and calculating and plans to kill all of those involved in the competition himself if the other competitors don't get to them first. He wears a magical suit of armor, his flesh is made from rock, and his blood is red hot lava. He also has four arms and can turn into a dragon in the second round of a match. He also cheats by repeatedly doing the same combo over and over that is impossible to execute if you are using a controller.
Special Attacks: To do Jughead's Dragon Diamond Fire Punch Kick Sword attack you will need to grow four additional hands and somehow find a way to hook up a fifth controller to your console. In other words, give up now. But if you want to you can do his fire blast attack that is the slowest-moving projectile in the entire game and does slightly more damage than a weak punch. You can perform this special attack by pressing forward and weak punch at the same time.
Deathalities: Jughead subsists on the souls of the living and is always hungry for the screaming spirit of a mortal. While your opponent is stunned and awaiting a finishing blow press forward three times and hard kick plus hard punch. Jughead will reach into their throat, pull their brain out of

their neck, and then pull their soul out of their brain and eat it. Then a whole bunch of femur bones will come flying out of his head for no particular reason.

There are many more characters awaiting your commands in the Otherplanes! Do you have the guts to travel there and battle them? I hope so, because I am going to be working almost 24/7 on this game to complete it before Wednesday rolls around. Okay, maybe not, I have a whole lot of Marvel Versus Capcom 2 that I need to play during that time.

Blood and Gore!

Brave soul Psychosis has once again subjected himself to something truly terrible so that we all might be spared. This man, this noble soul, has played and reviewed the game GORE and he should be blessed by Allah!

> *You know it's going to be a great game when you spawn weaponless in a square room next to a giant glowing espresso machine, shortly before grabbing a gun that conveniently got left on a nearby table and running out of the room to assist your white-shirt-wearing brethren in a battle against the evil red-shirted invaders. Sadly, that is the high point of the game, since as soon as you encounter your first enemy the whole thing degenerates into an embarassingly sloppy mess of a first-person shooter that somehow manages to be even more pathetic than Extreme Paintbrawl 4.*

I didn't believe him at first when he said it was worse than Extreme Paintbrawl 4. Unfortunately, it's true, but on the other hand you don't have to take my word for it DUH-DUH-DUH! The butterfly in the sky agrees that GORE is one of the worst games ever made!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.10 Ain't Life Queer

Tuesday, Dec 10, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

WARNING:

Today's update uses the term "gay sex" and similar analogies an awful lot and should not be read by children under 30. If you are offended by the thought of gay sex, please stop reading this update and instead go watch pro wrestling or whatever ultra-heterosexual people do to keep their minds off the terribly homosexual concept of two sweaty men rubbing each other on a mat.

The cast from "Queer As Folk," in addition to a large, obnoxious, blue gay duck in the background. The aforementioned show is about homosexual people. I bet this comes as a surprise to you!

Emily and I have been doing a lot of research on gay men lately. Now before you have a chance to take that sentence out of context, let me take a moment to clarify things: Emily and I have been watching a lot of guys engage in homosexual intercourse. Okay, that didn't help much either... what I'm trying to say is that no matter what time we turn on the television, the hit Showtime series "Queer as Folk" is on and we invariably pass it on our way to find some shitty movie about Satanic high school history teachers. For those "straight as an arrow" types out there who only watch football and race monster trucks and stab each other in the face with guns for fun, "Queer As Folk" is an original Showtime program about five or six or perhaps 80 gay men who live in either Pittsburgh or Canada. These homosexual gentlemen spend the majority of each show dealing with homosexual gentlemen problems that straight people couldn't possibly ever understand, such as having sexual relationships with other men or having relationships which are sexual and involve men besides them. Due to our blatant heterosexuality, neither Emily or I possess the ability to figure out the purpose of the show or the many deep and meaningful analogies it presents on a weekly basis. We've seen the show roughly eleventy-billion times and still can't remember any of the characters' names. Regardless, I'm going to try to describe each main character while simply guessing their names.

Gay Dave: A brown-haired gentleman who is the main character and Fat Sarah's son. He likes comic books (I think) and Emily claims he's an architect. I don't remember if that's right or not, because I was under the impression he was a full-time gay person and therefore didn't have a side job. Being gay seems to generate a sufficient amount of money in this show.

Fat Sarah: Large, large, large doughy woman who owns a cafe and gave birth to Gay Dave some time ago. She is very proud of her gay son. She's under contractual obligation to remark "I am proud of my gay son" at least 500 times per episode, in addition to making candid references about gay sex and warning her son, friends, nearby kids, street signs, and passing air molecules about the dangers of AIDS and unprotected sex. She is also fat and dresses like a discarded 1967 Sears sofa that was decorated by Bozo the Clown after his sense of color was knocked out of his eyes by an errant wad of flying semen.

Prissy Penis Fan #1: Emily and I really hate this guy. He's tall, blond, and has a gap between his teeth the size of a grapefruit. This man has the most gay sex out of any character in this show, and that's really saying something because the average person in "Queer As Folk" sleeps with the population of Toledo every episode. Penis Fan #1 also has a terrible lisp which is, unfortunately, only silenced when male genitalia is in his

mouth.

12-Year Old Blonde Bobby: He is a blond 12-year old. Everybody seems to use this guy for sex and then move on, as if he were a sexual toy or just another gay person that they have anonymous sex with and then move on from 18 minutes later. In one episode of the series, he was hit in the head with some anti-gay aluminum siding and he lost all his memories except for the memory of enjoying the company of men.

Gay Porn Larry: On the Gay-O-Meter, he ranks in between Gay Dave and Prissy Penis McSwallower, despite the fact that he operates a gay porn website and has an awful lot of gay sex. With gay men. In a gay fashion. If he was a buyer's description on eBay, he would read *"VERY GAY! A+++++! WOULD BE GAY FROM AGAIN!!!! EXCELLENT GAYNESS!!!!!!"* followed by the million exclamation points required to leave feedback.

AIDS Dude: His gimmick is having AIDS and looking haggard all day. He sits around the table and mopes a lot. When he somehow finds the energy to move to a new location, his face threatens to slide off his skull and fall to the floor. AIDS Dude is Fat Sarah's brother and she uses him as an example when speaking to the millions of other gay men who she speaks to on an hourly basis. "Now before you place your penis up that man's ass," she'll warn, "put on a condom or else you'll get the AIDS like my brother here!" She'll then point to AIDS Dude and he'll weakly wave, sending out waves of AIDS atoms throughout the air. Surrounding gay men must duck and cover to avoid contracting the deadly virus.

There are various other people that we can't remember, but we're not going to bother listing them here because we can't remember who they are. As you can tell by all the stupid nonsense I've already written, Emily and I don't really know much about the gay community and glean all our knowledge from this single show, a bastion of information regarding the homosexual lifestyle. To this day, I haven't experienced the pleasure of having sex with a man, and some of you might argue that neither has Emily. Ha ha, that's just a little joke there at the expense of my dwindling masculinity! Thanks for playing along! Despite this remarkable lack of knowledge, I feel I can confidently describe each and every homosexual person in the world based off the limited information presented weekly on "Queer As Folk":

This evil pet is queer, at least according to Google's image search engine.

- The only thing on a gay person's mind is gay sex. If they aren't having gay sex, they're thinking of having gay sex. If they aren't thinking of having gay sex, then they're not gay. Or they're dead.

- As mentioned before, "being homosexual" is an acceptable full-time occupation and apparently pays very well. Nobody on this show ever works, and if they do, they just work on perfecting their oral technique if you catch my drift, huh huh hurrh, you know, because they're gay and that was a hilarious joke hinting at their sexual activity, hur hurr. I would imagine the worst aspect of this scenario revolves around the fact that your business card would look pretty silly. It would read something like "Joe Hornblow: Professional Queer" and would be frilly pink with holograms of Bette Midler popping out and gallivanting around. Also, you'd probably be pretty embarrassed putting your business cards in the "Give Us Your Card and Win a Free Sloppy Joe at Marty's Ant-Infested Kitchen" raffle bowl during lunch break, not that you need a break during the tedious job of not being heterosexual. I'm naturally assuming your name is Joe Hornblow, which is pretty funny in itself if you

ask me.

- The city of Pittsburgh, which could possibly also be Canada, is completely and inexplicably full of gay men. If you ever make the mistake of leaving your scenic Pittsburgh / Canadian apartment, you will instantly be caught in a torrential tidal wave of homosexual men flowing down the street, eventually depositing into a gay reservoir outside of a Judy Garland shrine five miles away. This queer river only pauses to allow life partners the chance to randomly begin humping each other in broad daylight, which gay people really enjoy doing for no apparent reason. Maybe it's because of that whole "gay sex" mindset that I stated in my first point. Nah, that would make too much sense; I'll instead blame UFOs or the Jews.

- Any party involving gay people will, at some point in time, turn into an orgy. It doesn't matter if it's a Superbowl celebration, New Year's Eve, or 12-year old child's birthday party, the event will eventually turn into an orgy where all the lights suddenly turn red and look like a darkroom after the Kool-Aid Man's internal organs exploded everywhere. If you're straight and are invited to a gay man's party for his parents' 30-year anniversary, don't bother showing up unless you really have the hots for his dad and aging golf partners.

- Every gay club in the world owns one and only one CD, a disc entitled "TRANCE-A-HOLIC TECHNO BEAT CLUB HAPPYCORE TRANCE NATION DRUMSTEP BIG BEAT DISCO REMIX FEVER." This CD has three tracks, all of which have the same four-on-the-floor rhythm that loops for roughly 100 minutes and is accompanied by a woman moaning, "ooohhhh ahhhh oowwweeeeee!" at random intervals while a $199 Roland "DJ In a Box" synth plays up to three different minor chords. Homosexuals love this CD; it's like turning on a porch light and watching the waves of June Bugs and moths fly in and and start making out with each other.

OH HELL YES

With this slew of information in mind, and oh let me assure you it's quite a slew, I feel I know enough about the show "Queer As Folk" and the gay culture in general to submit an entry into Showtime's "Queer As Folk Fan Fiction Contest," which is probably one of the worst ideas currently on the Internet. That's right, they're sponsoring a contest that encourages people to write horrible stories revolving around the main characters in a show revolving around gay sex. **ON THE INTERNET.** I pity the people who have to wade through the invariable "fags sux, lol," "u sux fags, lol," "lol, fags u sux," and "lol lol lol sux u lol fags u lol a fags sux lol" emails they'll get from particularly witty Counter-Strike fans and Fark forum members. Emily and I have decided to enter this contest and win the grand prize, although I don't know what the grand prize is or if it involves me forcibly using liberal amounts of anal lube. First off is Emily's entry, which is here in its entirety:

> Brad looked into Greg's eyes and had ass-sex with him. The end. Then they went into the cafe and found Pete and they had ass-sex with him.

Now I don't want to be too harsh on Emily, particularly since she had no idea I was going to take her candid quote and enter it to the contest, but I think her creative writing is really lacking in just

about every aspect besides the raw quota of "ass-sex." Unfortunately, "ass-sex" is the only thing that apparently matters with this show, so she'll probably win. Regardless, I wanted to add a touch of intrigue and dignity to the contest even if it's at the expense of losing because I'm one of those guys who stand up for my principles and beliefs unless somebody is offering me a lot of money to do something to the contrary. I present to you my entry in the "Queer As Folk Fanfiction Contest":

> It was a windy day in Pittsburgh / Canada. The wind was blowing hard. So was Gay Dave, who was having sex with this dude who was like totally muscular and buff and stuff and the guy's like "oh baby" and "oh yeah" and stuff. Then Gay Dave left and went to the cafe to meet with Gay Bart and Gay Joe. Then Dave's mom was like "oh why aren't you out at the Club Twink?" and Dave was like "oh shoot, I forgot, they're having the Gay Man of the Year contest today!" and his mom was like "oh you'd better go then, you'll win for sure, you're the best fag out there, oh snap!" So they left and went to the club and it was playing totally radical music which was all like BOOM-CHICKA-BOOM-CHICKA and a hot black guy was wearing a cowboy hat and leather vest and he looked really hot and he was dancing. Okay, then the announcer came on stage and said "the winner of the Gay Man contest is GAY DAVE!" and GAY DAVE WON!!! He was totally surprised and he got the award and danced. There was a lot of colored lights. Then he went home and had sex with Gay Pete and Gay Gary. While he was having totally hot sex, his cool car got spray painted by punk racist skinhead Nazi KKK dudes who wrote "QUEER GO HOME" and OMG it was totally a hate crime. So Gay Dave and Gay Marly went to the cops but the cops didn't take them seriously because the cops hate minorities and gay people and vampires and other stuff they don't understand. FACISTS!!! So they built a rocket and went to the moon and had sex like a lot of times and then solved a crime. THE END.

As Wario would say, "I'm-a gonna WEEN!" But then again, Wario cheats at *Mario Party 4*, so there's absolutely no reason we should pay attention to anything that fat shithead has to say. I think today's update has provided you, the user, with enough information to understand the homosexual culture and consequently write your own fan fiction about it. If you're reading this update Showtime, and I just know you are, please give me all of the money and I'll write a few episodes of "Queer As Folk" for you. All you guys need to do is build a set of the moon and a few hundred tentacle penis aliens and we'll be in business. GAY business.

Another Trip into the Dark Bowels of the Goldmine

You know what they say about a thousand slave-laborer workers doing the work of 5,000 card-carrying union members for 1/258th of the price! If you don't you will sooner than you might expect, at least believe me when I say that. The goons of the Something Awful Forums are sort of like slave labor in that they consistently turn out funny material for the site even if they have to work long hours with no bathroom breaks or meals to do it. Make sure you bring your gas-sniffing canary along, because this week's Goldmine theme is, "Misinterpreted Items from the News!"

It just gets better and better, folks. Come and see for yourselves and have the time of your lives! Well, maybe not the time of your lives. At least, hopefully not the time of your lives because that would be pretty sad. But you should read it anyway, because it's funny and stuff.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

TanksALot: North Korea Launches Nuke Program

12.11 2003 We Hardly Knew Ye

Wednesday, Dec 11, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Well, we're almost there! Just as fast as next year came, next year is now almost over. And what a crazy year next year was! For me, next year was a year of big changes and self-discovery, but not in that order. I discovered that I had been wearing the same shirt for six months, and so I changed it. But don't think that me finally changing my shirt after six months was the only exciting thing to happen in 2003, because it almost wasn't! No, 2003 brought a lot of new events to add to our impressive portfolio of happenings. I know I've left a lot of you in the dust, but don't worry, because this article will get you up to speed!

Don Knotts: A Tease No Longer!

Some of you might be asking yourselves how the hell I can write an article looking back on a year that still hasn't happened yet, but believe me when I say that I can truthfully answer that. For starters, I'm partially insane, because I live on the edge that divides madness from sanity. Yes, the famed Madness-Sanity Divide, which I might add is a great place for family vacations. Insanity is only one part of my future forecasting skills, though. As a time traveler from approximately ten minutes in the future (Eastern Standard Time), I'm fairly well qualified to speak on matters of unpublished chronology.

But listen, I don't wear this suit and tie for the simple jollies wearing a suit and tie brings, so let's just get on with the business of wrapping up 2003. God wants it in Heaven, so we can no longer enjoy it here on Earth.

The Highlights of 2003

- The Russian Space Program, in order to cut costs, started sending cosmonauts to Space Mountain instead of outer space. There they undertook extensive studies of fun, excitement, and relaxation.
- Tommy Mottola was finally brought to justice after killing thousands of innocent recording artists by releasing poisonous centipedes in their rooms while they slept.
- America lost the war on terror, but only because terrorists stopped terrorizing and instead attacked the US with horror and a lot of highly trained squirrels with cute bandannas.
- I amazed crowds with my hilarious new cowboy joke: "You're such a rotten cowboy, you drove your horse to suicide!"
- Millions of fat people marched on Washington, causing it to sink into the Earth's core.
- Jesus Christ briefly returned, but only to check his e-mail.
- George Bush increased the bounty on Cobra Commander's head. Tensions amongst the leaders of Cobra crippled the mighty terrorist organization, scoring ten bonus points for democracy and also a triple letter score.
- Andy Griffith and Don Knotts, sensing that the end is near, cut the crap and give everybody what they've wanted all along: a really hot make-out scene.
- The final installment of Lord of the Rings got canceled, causing millions of nerds to commit ritual suicide. Feeling bad about all the death, the film's makers decided to

release it after all, although to a much smaller audience.

The Lowlights of 2003

It would be shameful for me to review the future without including a laser. Unfortunately for you, you don't know when or where that laser is coming! Danger indeed!

- Jon Denver returned from the dead but ended up destroying Tokyo after he could no longer sustain the massive energies gestating inside him. The explosion was literally Fuji Mountain high!
- Stephen Hawking and Christopher Reeves finally go at it in the worst porno ever made. "Limp Rollers 33" was simultaneously the lowest grossing and most gross adult movie since "Sweatin' to the Oldies."
- Many senior citizens and terminally ill people evolved into corpses, shocking both the heads of science and the heads of religion, as well as Timmy, the two headed wonder kid who studies both science and religion, albeit with different heads.
- Handshakes increased in complexity to the point where only robots could justifiably perform them. Robot handshaking ended up becoming an amazing new entertainment medium, up until the robots started killing people by way of vicious handshakes to the skull and spine.
- Researchers discovered the oldest living dinosaur, but accidentally killed it by shoving loads of dynamite into its mouth and then detonating the dynamite.
- A popular over-the-counter brand of cheese turned out to be deadly for millions of Americans. What brand you ask? Find out when 2003 comes to its shocking conclusion!

Looking Ahead to 2004

We've seen the future past, now it's time to look towards to the future future! What does 2004 have in store for us? Well, if time has anything to say, and it usually does, probably at least 365 days! If 2003 taught me one thing, it's that the future is always one step ahead. For that, I will always hate it and conspire against it. As far as tangible events go, I'm pretty sure 2004 will be the year the human race destroys itself. Although I have yet to set foot in it, I know I will some day. If my calculations are correct, that day will be January 1st, 2004 at 12:00 AM. Wow, time traveling sure is one crazy roller coaster!

Answers To Life's Important Questions

A friendly chat window titled "Integral" asked me to announce a new feature here at SA. I tried to close it and distract it with banter about Mortal Kombat II cheat codes stored in a filing cabinet in

my ass, but it was persistent and so I'm forced to comply with its demands. It's my duty to link you to the first edition of Ask Emily, the new feature where real live human beings from the planet Theegeeweeack ask Emily "Integral" Reigal questions on all sorts of issues. Here is one of the tough topics tackled!

> *Dear Emily,*
>
> Do women find it sexy when I lick my lips, or is my mom just teasing me?
>
> Regards,

For the response to that and more, click on this mysterious link!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.12 Street Smarts

Wednesday, Dec 11, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Now this is one sweet ride that Vin Diesel could be proud of, assuming he can somehow fit his huge, huge head inside.

One of the hottest trends sweeping America these days is the act of car modification, not to be confused with body modification, in which individuals adhere random hunks of misshapen metal to themselves in order to look "cool" but instead end up resembling what appears to be a powerful ugly-attracting magnet which fell into a heap of industrial waste. Er wait, I'd like to retract the last part of that previous sentence. The act of car modification has gained momentum recently by its publicity in the smash Hollywood hit movie, "The Fast and the Furious," an action-packed, nonstop thrill ride about minorities who spend millions of dollars on their Honda CRXs, despite the fact that they apparently have no jobs. Car modification was quite popular before this movie was released, but it gained a NOS-boost in the arm after its release, prompting thousands of pasty teenagers to start spending their dad's money on customizing their car in such a way that it not only looks like a ridiculous Japanese toy that was discontinued after a four-year old choked on it and died, but so it also costs their parents an obscene amount of money in the process. As far as I understand, and God knows I really don't understand anything about car modification, this is the general process of events:

1) Teenager buys $4,000 Japanese car which is so light that it routinely gets picked up and blown off the side of the road whenever a particularly large pickup truck passes in the opposite direction.
2) Car is immediately painted the color of whatever mysterious substance the teenager puked up the previous night. If the teenager hasn't recently thrown up, then the color of his sister's menstrual cycle discharge is used.
3) The paint on the vehicle is then "touched up" with radioactive isotopes, allowing it to glow in the dark and burn holes through people's retinas during the day.
4) Decals with colorful slogans such as "WICKED RYDAH" or "THUG PIMPIN'" or "I LIKE SOUP" are plastered to the front windshield. A sticker that spells out the vehicle manufacturer's name in 140-point white font is adhered to the back window so everybody else in the world knows that the Toyota being driven is, in fact, a Toyota.
5) Normal headlights are replaced with bulbs that channel their light directly from the inside of the sun. Tail lights are replaced with piercing red bulbs which were handcrafted by Lucifer himself.
6) Random pieces of plastic and metal are welded in to the sides, top, and rear of the automobile to give it that "customized" look, much in the same sense that retarded people have a "drooling all over their pants" look.
7) The exhaust and muffler system is taken out and replaced with chrome city water pipes.
8) The factory tires and hubcaps are switched with ones that have bizarre part names including a lot of letters and number, such as "PRO-Z93SbSS380BUTTHAT392." The new hubcaps have lots and lots of shiny things all over them, like that one car from Spy Hunter which had retractable spears protruding from its wheels.
9) All windows are tinted to reflect 99.9% of outside light. The driver of these customized cars doesn't need to see anyway, particularly since they recline and lower their seat beneath the dashboard, to the point where it scrapes the ground, sending sparks

everywhere during routine police chases.
10) The engine is scrapped and replaced with something that looks like a really shiny version of the female reproductive system. This new engine makes extremely loud noises, the one way of knowing your vehicle is very powerful.
11) The stereo system is stripped and a 500,000-watt system is put in, one that causes sonic booms every time a kick drum plays. These stereo systems are only allowed to play rap music and rap music only; if somebody tries to put in a non-rap CD, then the factory warranty is broken and the car will self-destruct. Rap music is very popular with people who spend thousands of dollars customizing their retarded car, because the deep bass shakes their brains like a baby inside a salad spinner, causing their neurons to misfire and thereby preventing them from realizing they spent thousands of dollars customizing their retarded car.
12) Cloth the color of reflective jogging gear is layered across the interior. This is the only substance with enough power to pass light through the tinted windows, as the material is powered by cold fusion reactors located in the trunk of the vehicle.

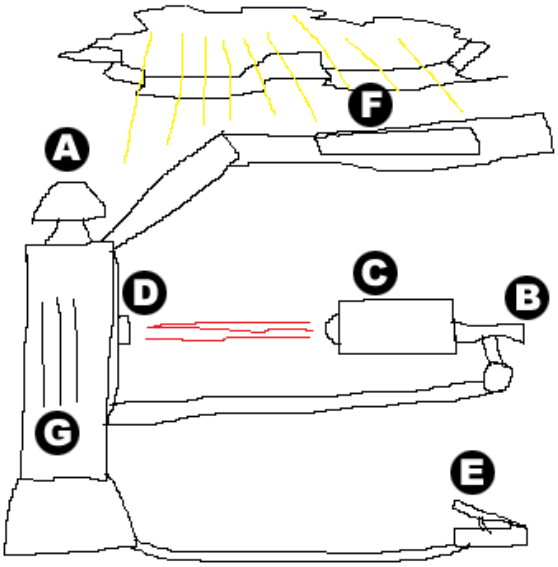
I'm sure there are various minor points that I forgot to mention in this process, such as when the guy customizing his car realizes that despite how much chrome he attaches to his vehicle, the skanky women he tries to pick up will still laugh at his pubic-hair moustache and tiny penis, but that's because I simply don't care. Some of the people who spend obscene amounts of cash customizing their tiny cars are known as "ricers," a term that references the first teenager who radically modified his car for the "street look." Eddie Jenkins, the original ricer, decided to begin spending tens of thousands of dollars on his 1982 Toyota after he returned from a trip to South Africa, in which the exotic "Ghua Tai" Fly implanted tiny, rice-like eggs in his brain. These eggs eventually hatched and the flies began eating away his cerebral cortex, causing him to hallucinate, fall down stairways, and think that a three-foot tall spoiler welded to the back of his car would make it look "cool." Although most ricers these days lack the fly eggs in their skulls, they do emulate Jenkins' method of thinking and have adopted his car modification principles.

The future of modifications! Note that I'm playing "Section Z." Needless to say, this is not a very proud moment of my life.

I really wanted to get into the exciting world of street racing, ricing, and car modification, so I asked Emily to beat me in the back of the skull with a crowbar for 17 consecutive hours last night. Unfortunately, this only resulted in a dented crowbar and my newfound inability to distinguish Diet Pepsi from regular Pepsi. I guess this works out because I don't have enough money to start stapling tail fins and racing stripes to our Honda Accord, so I have decided to do the next best thing: street modify things around our apartment.

HOUSEHOLD STREET MODIFICATION #1: THE TELEVISION

Watching TV is pretty fun and it allows me the chance to watch my favorite program, that Malaysian show where the two guys scream at the telephone pole for 20 minutes and then their wives try to put a cat into a very large boot. However, I felt that our television wasn't "fast" or "furious" enough to compete with our neighbor's TV, one which is always tuned to the popular "Ghetto Momma Hour" show and has its audio run through an amplifier built to broadcast voice messages to the moon. Some of the bottlenecks I found when inspecting our television set was the lack of speed in which the remote control sent signals to the television, as well as the lengthy amount of time it took to turn off. I have attempted to remedy this by building the following unit:

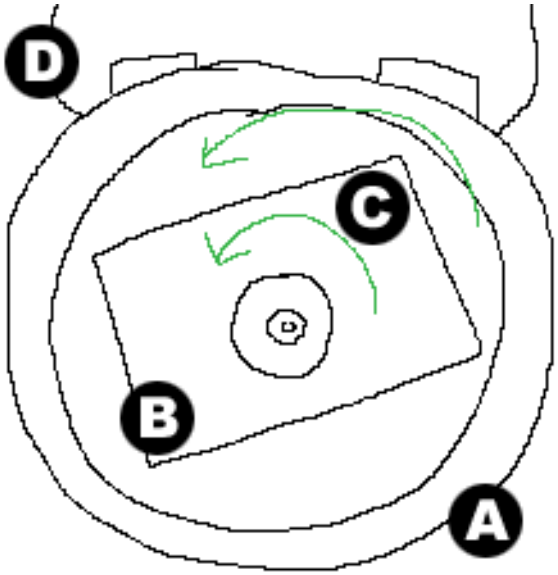


A) Spoiler. This keeps the television stable and lessens the wind drag coefficient. I don't even know if the term "wind drag coefficient" is a phrase, but for the sake of today's article, let's pretend it is. The spoiler is sitting on top of the television, which oddly enough, is located directly below it.
B) The remote control. Since losing the remote control can result in precious seconds shaved off my "channel switching" time, I have bolted it to a metal extension arm and mounted it on a titanium plate which reads "TYPE Remote" across it.
C) Laser amplification tube. This is divided into three parts. The first section is the regenerative cavity and uses to quarter-wave Pockels cells to trap inside the injected laser signal from the remote. This signal is then extracted after five double passes in the second section, the multi-pass region. The four extra passes through the amplifier are arranged in a double-X configuration using a four-mirror set-up, solving the parasitic self-lasing issue simply by having a saturable absorber cell and a plasma switch placed in the way of the regeneratively amplified beam before redirecting it for the next four passes through the amplifier. The third part of this tube is a big rock that has a sticker reading "DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS" across it. I don't know why I decided to include that section, and in retrospect, it might've been a mistake.
D) Some kind of rectangle. I drew this diagram after taking about 50 Tylenol Cold And Sinus tablets, so I'm not quite sure what that is supposed to represent. Oh, and those red lines to the right of it are supposed to be laser beams, although they might possibly be ghosts.
E) Power pedal. By simply pressing this pedal with my foot, the television will instantly turn on (if it's off), or off (if it's on). This could be a valuable time saver if, when watching television, my arms are blown off by a mortar attack, thereby leaving me powerless to turn off the TV and call the police.
F) Optional sunroof. This will require me to knock a hole through the roof of our apartment, which is the price you have to pay for a decent street modification.
G) Exhaust fins. I'm not sure how to overclock or boost the engine inside the television set, so I plan on simply lighting a small fire below the circuitry and hoping everything works out for the best. The exhaust fins will allow the smoke and speed particles to escape and flow out through the roof, where they will travel into the atmosphere and

cause cold fronts.

HOUSEHOLD STREET MODIFICATION #2: THE CD PLAYER

Sometimes, when I'm feeling particularly saucy, I enjoy the musical stylings of famed composer John Tesh and the John Tesh Martian Weirdo Orchestra. However, I want my CDs to spin faster than anybody else's CDs. I need that extra edge to boost my music over the top and show off to the world how superior my modified system is compared to their boring run-of-the-mill factory system.



A) The toilet. I couldn't think of anything around the house that would cause other objects to rotate at an accelerated speed besides the microwave, and that seemed to have issues when I put a CD player inside of it and pressed the "POPCORN" preset button. My theory is that the microwave became enraged when it realized I was attempting to deceive it by pressing "POPCORN" but failing to place any popcorn inside of it. Regardless, the toilet does a bang-up job swirling my feces around, so it became the obvious choice when street modifying the CD player.
B) The CD player. While the disc inside the unit spins, the water surrounding it will spin the entire CD player, thereby giving a boost and a few extra critical rotations. If the CD spins 584,284 rotations per minute, and the toilet spins the CD player at three spins per minute, then that calculates to, uh, well, let's see here, I don't know, eleventy-million parsecs per cubivore or something. Also, fuck you Metric System.
C) This is actually a black coaster with the letter "C" stamped across it. I dropped it into the toilet when I was trying to determine where all of my turds go once I flush them.
D) A chunk of rock from Stonehenge. If there's anything that "Halloween 3: Season of the Witch" taught me, it's that pieces of Stonehenge grant highly vague and Satanic magical powers. Although most people would use this evil to enslave their enemies, bestow upon them unlimited wealth, or give them godlike powers, I prefer using it to make the water in my toilet rotate slightly faster. This kind of "out of the box" thinking is what attracted Emily to me in the first place.

Whew! Modifying household appliances for street racing sure is a tough, time consuming, expensive hobby. However, you can't help but feel good when you turn on your freshly modified television and watch flames spew out in every direction, immolating your loved ones and destroying all you hold dear. Those are flames of PRIDE my friend, and nobody can take that away from you, no matter what the judge says. I can't wait until "The Fast and Furious 2," in which Vin Diesel uses his souped-up Cuisinart to chop carrots at an alarming rate, blowing away the competition and causing the police to chase him for no apparent reason. Just like in the previous film, there will be plenty of people using nitrous oxide in the sequel. However, judging by the plotline, it will be abused in an entirely different way.

Bringing You All the Hentai Your Heart Can Hold!

Zack "Zack Parsons" Parsons here with a brand new hentai game I hate so you don't have to! This time I've reviewed the masterpiece entitled "Tokimeki Check In!". Head on over and check it out so we can laugh, cry, and maybe even do a little bit of learning about ourselves.

> *The guest list is so long that you'll get to "enjoy" the first hour or so of game play spent introducing character after character. Their names sort of blur together but you will be able to differentiate them by one pixel size differences in their gigantic breasts and the inhuman color of their hair. The game spans several days with you catering to every Japan-o-centric need of the female guests as you flit about the magical one hallway that connects every area of a two story inn. Personally I wouldn't let my dick anywhere near women who wear the same clothes five days in a row, but Mr. Yamano has MUCH less discriminating tastes.*

Believe it or not this is actually one of the best hentai games I've ever played. In other news I just got one of the best cases of chapped lips I've ever had! You can read about one of these things in detail by clicking the latter part of this sentence which is mysteriously blue and underlined!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.13 Happest Holidays!

Friday, Dec 13, 2002 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

This is a merry Christmas after all I am giving to wish you! The holiday are always bringing the cheers and the festivities into my inner heart sanctums and I am filled with the hearts of joy! I am hoping with this article on the computer book that you are making to read at this present will share the memories of the Yule logs and the tidings of frankincense to you being as well. I am given to tell to you a Christmas Legendary Tale which is a Christmas tradition in the housed holds of Yours Truly. Large Son and wife and possibly friend of Large Son who is having nowhere to go and no turkey beasts to devour on Birthdays of Jesus Christ are also given to witness the tales. This friend is being towards the name of Pedro Vicenz and he is itching head all of time so I am telling Maria to place sack over pillow to ward off the evils of his hairs. After times of one Christmas pillow becomes haunted with the ghosts of hair past and I am making to submit the pillow into the fire where chestnuts are also roasting. Then I am realize "Yours Truly, while you are nothing but brains and the skill in the circles squared it is sometimes with the common sense flying straight away like the jets when you are disposing of hair ghosts."

HO HO HO HO!

There were not to be any chestnuts on the table that years and also the next because of accident with fist and roasting bucket but this is not the Christmas Legendary Tale for you. I am having another that is setting the standard. If you are around you should gather around, this is one to remember and the night will not be forgotten very soon. A week tops.

This is the tale being to entitled "How Weather Predator Cats, Mostly Hurricane Puma, and Yours Truly is Saving Christmas". I am doing illustrations for this on my computer screen so, okay, I am not the artist of the day, but I am hoping to convey to you the deepest of spiritual meanings in this Christmas tiding of wells and wishes. This is in form of poem because it is like "hop bop music" that the kids are listen towards these days and I am really try to get message out to the youngster. So let me "raps" with you "bros".

How Weather Predator Cats, Mostly Hurricane Puma, and Yours Truly is Saving Christmas

El Pinto Grande raps with Santa Claus and Jesus! Yo, yo, niggers, okay now
I think you should let me break this stuff down.

It was being of the night times of right before Christmas and all through Tijuana wrestling,
Cruel supervisor is not giving time off not even for thing like good performance or if you have belt or need to go caroling,
I am taking off stocking and placing them in locker with care,
In to the hope of being to take off Christmas day so when Large Son open present I am there
Already Large Son is nestled in towards Large Son bed,

With the vision of the Super Nintendoors and Sony Playstations rotting brain and area of head,
Yours Truly in mask and work-type clothes is told to work another shift,
In spectacular-type late night matches with Weather Predator Cats, yo yo yo, what is up nigger?
When in the area which is being next to my locker there is being such a clatter,
I am executing perfect corkscrew somersault to open investigation on what is the matter!

Away to areas next to locker I rolled like a beetle monster,
And reaching area I am spring to upright so rapid it is like El Pinto flavored bread from toaster,
The moon which is coming in through cracks which are being in plywood covering broken window region,
Okay, the moon is not coming in, but light which Encartas '96 is telling me is reflected off of moon is coming through broken window region,
In this light I am seeing long-time rival and ultimate rudos Tornado cougar with kerosene can,
I am tell you gentle reader type I am liking brother Hurrican Puma but Tornado Cougar is not being a good man,
Rudos of Weather Predator Cats is having plans of the villain,
And he is pick up can of kerosene and all over locker area he is spilling,
Yours Truly is made to say "ultimate rudos Tornado Cougar, what are you doing?"
When much to wondering eyes do I hear "El Pinto Grande I will not tell you what I am doing."

> *Yes! Break it towards down! Words. Damn. (I am sorry, Yours Truly is only swearing because the kids of this day who like the hop bop and are cursing things like drunken ditch digger. It is not real to be me, okay, please remember.)*

Now, Tornado Cougar! Now, Hurricane Puma! Now, Aztec Chief and Tango Queen! On, Big Truck Punch! On, Sombrero Largo! Even on ultimate rudos Tigro and Bug Ox! We are wanting to take off tomorrow but this just is not right! It is not right I am saying to burn down the wrestle arenas on Christmas Eve Night!

They are all gather round Yours Truly and Tornado Cougar in lockers,
When Hurrican Puma, who is good half of Weather Predator Cats, is jump onto bench

since he is best of talkers,
"Listen to me we are not so rudos we are burn this place down," he is saying,
"We are to go do late night time matches but do them really fast and lazy", he is also saying
Without a word more from his head we are leap into action,
Forgotten are the anger of the rivals and also the rivals from the faction,
Weather Predator Cats are tackle up with Bug Ox and Tigro for first match,
It is very fast and the wins come quick with cruel blow to Bug Ox backside hatch,
Then it is turn for Yours Truly to battle his foe,
And it is Tango Queen-type who you are already made to know.

I am jump over top and into circle square ready to tangle,
Tango Queen is good friend so I am hope not to mangle, which is mean to hurt.
He is coming straight out of corner with Last Tango in Perish which is trademark,
I am made to try to block but he is having a very good trademark,
While on mat I know I should being to give up but I am feeling pain in my side,
I look over and am seeing the mask over face of Yours Truly's pride,
He is friend of all wrestle types but some time is causing mistakes which are making you pay,
Only Yours Truly can see him, not even other wrestlers see him or wife-type, and pride is not showing up on X-ray.
He is saying something to me in my ear as annoying referee type Xavier Chavez is made to count the pin,
I am lean over to listen despite terrible situation of submission lock being on location of chin.

> *Bop Hop Bop Bop YO! Niggers please! That booty is having it going towards on!*

Pride is tell me "Yours Truly you are wrestle sensation so get up and give him the fight!"
I am consider and just when I am about to be thinking that maybe I might,
I am consider again and realize tomorrow is the Christmas day,
Perhaps to have a shameful defeat on the record of wrestling masteries is for one time okay,
I tell pride to quiet down and am made to lay flat on back like concrete encasing myste-

rious American waste disposals site,
And with my powerful mind I am made to tame the raging beast of victories that is my might!
The battle is soon over and the last match is start,
And I am know that the fight was lost but was won inside of location that is my heart.
When final match is finished it is only two in morning and time to go to home,
Sombrero Largo is ask who I am carpool with and he ask "me?" and I point to Aztec Chief and say "no, him"

This is story of best Christmas ever which is saved by Yours Truly and others too,
I am made to tell you remember this if Christmas instead of being color of white is blue,
Oh, I am forget to raps about guns and blunt so I am add part of that too.

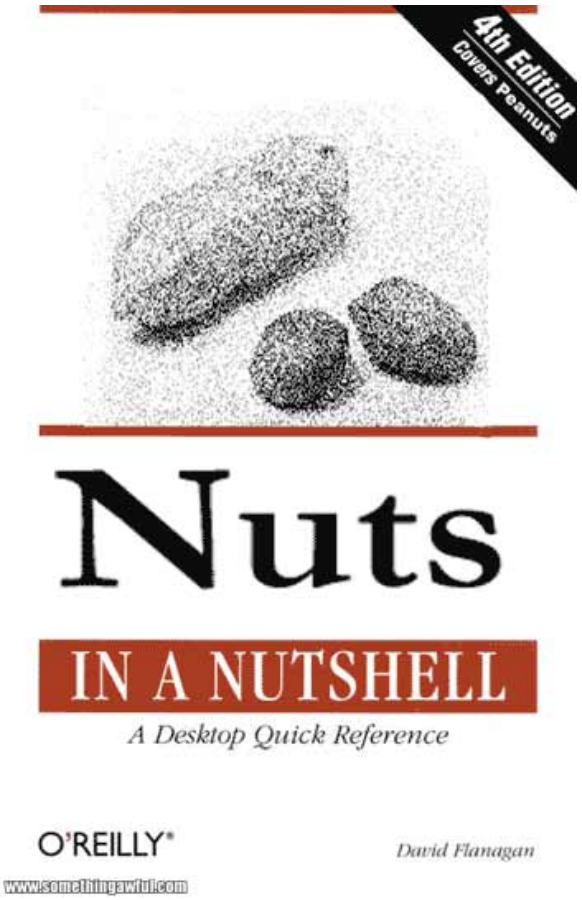
Fifteen in eclipse nigger. Blats! I drop a cap and put niggers on their backs!
I am took on a chronic and it is bionic,
Like 16-million dollar man it is make me stronger,
But like plague which is bad it is bubonic.

PEACE OUT HOMES!

I am hoping that I reach my hand of good wills and cheers out to you if you are a youngster or if you are old and 90 years young. I am spend this Christmas with mother, God rest her soul, and Large Son, and wife. We are go to uncle Rollo in mountain who is having log cabins he built with his own two hands. We are eat turkey beast I am made to prepare with recipe from mother, God rest her soul, and maybe she is help with prepare. Sometimes I mess up and the turkey beast is getting on the loose and causing such the ruckus, hahahaha! No, seriously. Merry Christmas!

Photoshop Phriday

Hello, Livestock here to calmly ease you away from the gentle writings of El Pinto Grande and remind you that there is a new Photoshop Phriday up. This week brings us Variety Pack #3, just in time for the upcoming Fourth of July holiday. Variety Pack #3 has nothing to do with July 4th, though, so don't get the wrong idea. This week the Something Awful Forum Goons tackled two subjects: O'Reilly Books, and a picture of a kid enjoying some Gatorade. Don't ask me how that last one happened, because I couldn't tell you even if you stuck a gun to my head and had me read the actual answer off a cue card. Here is a preview:

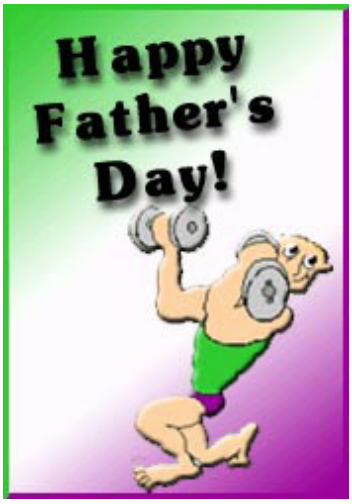


Go read it you scoundrel!!!

-∼El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

12.14 My Nutso Parents: Part 2 of 3

Saturday, Dec 14, 2002 by Integral



Perhaps if I'd given cards like this one to my father he wouldn't have ended up so insane. So many regrets...

For all four of you who read my lengthy diatribe last week regarding my neurotic, crazy mother and her wacko views on drugs, poop, and Jesus, this week's update is more of the same but instead focuses on my male parent and his tendencies to be at least on par with my Mom when it comes to sheer lunacy. My Dad might not have the hypochondria that my mother has nor does he have the Jewish heritage that almost necessitates various neuroses, but he is an enigma at the center of a cheese-filled bowling ball despite his otherwise sane circumstances. Hopefully after I finish discussing the ways in which he's crazier than Don King after a severe head injury, the picture will be complete and the door will be opened to the wonderful world of drugs, lies, and law enforcement that my parents have left in their wake since my move to Seattle last April. I will cover that sad tale in next week's update but I need to finish substantiating my claims of parental psychosis before I move on to their most recent crimes against humanity. In the mean time, feel free to read about my Dad and be thankful that he's not your Dad. I would be if I were you.

Like last week's update, all of the stuff I'm relating here is absolutely factual. I really wish that I could say that I was making these things up, but unfortunately for me and the rest of the free world it's all sad and true. I have no idea how I have managed to live with these people as parents for such a long time and not become absolutely loopy like orange pie myself, but who knows, maybe my true nature won't be known until the year 2058 when I murder hundreds of people in Akron, Ohio with a nerve gas that I am secretly developing even now in my underground lab and the legions of pestilence and slaughter move forth from the bowels of my stronghold to conquer and consume all in their path. As in my previous update, let me repeat the fact that **EVERYTHING WRITTEN HERE IS TRUE AND ACTUALLY HAPPENED.**

Dad

Daddy dearest.

There are things about my Dad that are "crazy" by most standards but that are not worth mentioning in detail. A couple of these include the fact that he is completely and utterly carnivorous and also completely and utterly homophobic. You wouldn't think that these things go together, but somehow they fit each other nicely like a tight boy-ass and a thick, pulsating cock. I don't mean that he is one of those guys where people say, "Oh, you know men, they like their meat!" I mean that HE WILL NOT EAT ANYTHING EXCEPT FOR MEAT. BECAUSE IT'S GAY. This means that his diet consists primarily of steak and bacon and hamburgers without the buns. Occasionally he will eat seafood but in general he considers it to be too "foofay" (I hate hate HATE THIS WORD and he labels EVERYTHING with it INCESSANTLY) for his liking and avoids it completely. In fact, he won't even eat most pastas because he thinks that "pasta is for faggots." He also refuses to wear any color that it not a very dark shade of grey, blue, or green because he thinks that certain colors on men

mean that they are gay. Good old Dad.

Maybe it's not fair of me to call my Dad "crazy" because he's actually slightly delusional. Whereas my mother, I believe, secretly knows that she is being irrational and nuts, my Dad on the other hand moves through life with the distinct unawareness that he is behaving anywhere short of the norm. It's easy to feel sorry for him. Sometimes my Dad's insanity is sort of funny and almost laughable because he says funny things and repeats himself more often than that part of the movie "Groundhog Day" with Bill Murray and his childhood acne scars where things keep repeating:

> *When I was about 11, I dressed up like a pirate for Halloween and I was so convincing that people gave me double the candy. This was because I tied one of my legs up and attached a wooden peg to it so people really thought that I had one leg. Heh heh, that was a good costume.*
>
> *(5 minutes later)*
>
> *When I was about 11, I dressed up like a pirate for Halloween and I was so convincing...*

The pity only lasts so long, however, because my Dad's craziness is a force to be reckoned with and it is much better to avoid him or get out of his way when he is in "one of his moods" than try to talk with him and rationalize it in any way whatsoever. Let me start at the beginning, sort of.

How many lives will you ruin, John Milton?

My Dad got a PhD in 16th and 17th Century English Literature (Milton, Spencer, all of that horrible, boring stuff with extra vowels all over the place) back in the early-ish 1970's when everyone was a hippy or fighting in Vietnam or whatever. All of those readings of *The Faerie Queene* must have damaged his brain in some amazing way (which I completely understand, having been forced to read that dumb book), because when he had been teaching college for only a year and a half or so, so the story goes, he was at a cocktail party and was offered a job distributing wines internationally for some crazy beverage company, and he took it. He kissed academia good-bye and began making regular trips to Italy. Very regular trips.

As I was growing up, my Dad never wanted to talk about his job. It was very odd, because while most father figures are at least open with their families about what they do for a living, my father remained very secretive and quiet. Every couple of months or so he would vaguely explain that he had "business" overseas and would go away for a couple of weeks or so to "take care of things." We never pressed him for details about this and he'd always bring my brother and I neat-o Italian stuff like sausage and boxes of hair from Italian women's armpits and occasionally chocolate that tasted like meat sauce. It was understood that he didn't want to talk about it and if either my brother or myself asked him for details, he always replied that he had had "business to take care of there, so stop being nosy." We respected his wishes out of fear rather than anything else and secretly whispered to each other that he was in the mafia. He never said that he wasn't and still hasn't to this day.

One day when I was about 10, I was snooping around in the basement for nothing in particular. My Dad was down there, too, maybe cleaning things up or something, I have no idea. I was looking through boxes of what looked like old papers and knick-knacks and things, when I came across some things wrapped in towels with red stains on them.

> **Me:** *(unwrapping the stuff)* What is this, Dad?
>
> **Dad:** Get away from that!
>
> **Me:** *(continued unwrapping it)* Why, what is it?

Dad: It's nothing, just leave it alone. It's just some tools.

Me: Oh. *(the several guns that had been wrapped in the towels fell to the ground)* ...Oh.

Dad: Just don't touch them! Get away from there.

Me: What about these boxes of bullets? Can I touch those?

At this point my Dad forbade me to snoop through things in the basement again and actually put a lock on the door so that my brother and I couldn't "go poking around." Of course, I didn't really listen to him and on more than one occasion that door was left unlocked, but he never put his guns in a place where I could find them again. Of course, those guns had "evidence" written all over them in what appeared to be blood, so they probably got tossed into the murky, PCB-laden depths of Green Bay.

I have no idea what the fuck this thing is. It came up on my Google search for "evidence." I was hoping for guns but I got this instead, so... sorry.

All through the time that I was growing up, my Dad was working on what he called his "epic poem." The thing really is an epic. He must have been inspired in a dream by Milton himself or something because his poem is about eight times as long as *The Faerie Queene* and about four hundred times as cheesy and boring. I can just imagine Milton chubbily appearing in front of my awestruck father and charging him to write reams and reams of useless, rhyming drivel about escaping from a labyrinth and whatnot. In any case, my Dad has been trying unsuccessfully for about five years now to publish the damn thing and with good reason has had no luck. He claimed that no publisher would touch his work because it was "too groundbreaking and cutting-edge" and said also that he had created a new rhyming scheme all of his own in which the last word of the previous line rhymed with the fifth word of the next. "Swing-Rhyme." It was going to revolutionize the world of poetry. We're still waiting for the revolution but oh boy, when it comes it will be RADICAL.

In between killing people and writing poetry, my father had a temper. he would be fine most of the time but he would blow his top at what seemed the most unlikely thing. I remember one day he came home early from his job at the local mafia and found my brother paying with a BB gun in the backyard. This was nothing new, but my brother had failed to empty the dishwasher even though he had been instructed to do so. My father got very upset, and he marched outside to where my brother was standing, yelling all the while at the top of his lungs, took the gun, and BENT THE BARREL UNTIL IT BROKE. My Dad is a strong guy. He wrestled in college and I guess his job as a hitman kept him in shape, because that was a strong gun. My brother went in the house and emptied the dishwasher STAT. Meanwhile, my father banged through the house and found my brother's other two BB guns and broke them in a similar fashion.

Dad was also the king of, "It's not in the game plan." This was the explanation that he offered at almost every turn of my life and certainly whenever I asked him permission to do anything, even small things.

Me: Dad, Can I stay over at Becky's house?

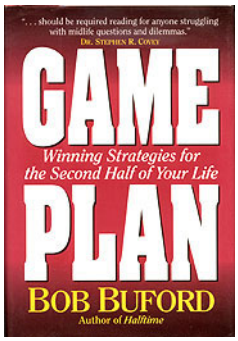
Dad: No, it's not in the game plan.

Me: Can I have a soda?

Dad: No, it's not in the game plan.

Me: Can I play the quarterback in the neighborhood football game?

Dad: No, it's not in the... DON'T GET SMART WITH ME!


"... should be required reading for anyone struggling with midlife questions and dilemmas."
DR. STEPHEN R. COVEY
GAME
Winning Strategies for the Second Half of Your Life
PLAN
BOB BUFORD
Author of Halftime

I guess that my Dad had a point after all, because I read this and it didn't say anything about me sleeping over at Becky's.

I am still to this day not sure about what game he was referring to. I wasn't playing any sports and I don't believe that he was, either. Even my crazy mother knew that when my Dad said those magic words that there was no arguing, so asking her would only result in, "Ask your father," and so the magical "game plan" circle of life would continue. Maybe the game was "Scrabble" or something. Or "Sorry." Ok, now that I think about it, "Chutes and Ladders."

The most recent aspect of my Dad's psychotic nature has manifested itself by means of the local landfill. Yes, the garbage dump. He is on a crazy rampage with the county board claiming that they are cheating the county out of millions and millions of dollars and that the landfill that they are building on top of the old landfill is leaking dangerous chemicals into a nearby watershed. He is correct about all of this stuff, but he is also freakily obsessed with this garbage situation. He has made countless speeches at county board meetings and spends all of his time trying to convince the county board to build this thing somewhere else. Of course, they don't listen, so he continues to obsess. He talks about it at the meat-laden dinner table and on the phone at all times. When I went home to Wisconsin recently to visit my parents for the first time in roughly six months he didn't show up to pick me up at the airport because he was on the phone with some high-ranking garbage official and couldn't hang up. He proceeded to spend the next week or so while I was home talking on the phone with people about garbage or at meetings about garbage or telling me about garbage. When I told him that he wasn't talking to me at all and that I might as well just go back to Washington he took me out to see the dump site. Thanks, Dad.

So my Dad has issues, I guess you could say. He's a senile, garbage-loving, poetry-writing hitman. I don't know how he and my mother have managed to live together for the past 28 years or so without killing each other or imploding or something, but I have a feeling that it has something to do with their mutual insanity playing off of itself and forming a protective buffer around them. I hope that the past couple of updates have at least demonstrated the case against my parents and suggested that they might just be one barrel short of the Long Lake at Esgaroth (lol that's a little dork-humor for you there).

Now that I have the two of them neatly categorized, it remains for me to relate to all y'all how their craziness has resulted in even more craziness and also police since I moved here eight or so months ago. That, of course, is an update unto itself, so I will leave you to ruminate on the reason that my father is obsessed with garbage at this time. Stay tuned for next week's thrilling conclusion in which I explain that Rich "Poopypants" Kyanka has to be in some way affiliated with buying and selling drugs because no one makes money on a website and there is no other way that we could afford to live from day to day. I'm hopped up on drugs right now, aren't I? I knew it!

Stay Safe With State Og!

Another weekend, another thrilling State Og Update!

> *There's nothing more precious to give your child than the gift of knowledge. However, taking them out to the desert to see that ripening body just isn't enough in this hurdy-gurdy modern world, and you have to wait for them to turn thirteen before you can take them on that very special trip to Tijuana. What to do in the meantime? Telescopes will just be used to spy on the neighbor girl, and why should your kids have all the fun when*

> *you pay the bills? You really don't want to know what your adolescent will be looking at with a microscope, but let's just say that afterward it'll just go into the closet to gather dust. Chemistry sets, a mainstay of educational gift-giving, may seem like the perfect gift to exercise your child's flabby mental muscle, but in fact your kid will not learn valuable skills like making methamphetamine and untraceable transdermal poisons. What a ripoff!*

Check it out or else something... "unfortunate" may happen to you. Something involving a gun and your head and the gun shooting a bullet into your head. Oh, and a monkey too, because monkeys are inherently funny.

-~Integral

12.15 I'm Always Right: The Definitive Guide to the Simpsons

Sunday, Dec 15, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Sure, they're happy to see you now, but wait until they hear the smack you've been talking about them.

Last night, as I was kneeling over a toilet, I was struck by an idea, one that I promptly articulated all over the toilet bowl. Repeatedly. I do so hate to let a good idea slip away. You see, it occurred to me that many readers of this site are *Simpsons* fans. After some quick perusing of the Something Awful forums, it also occurred to me that many of you are whiny idiots, at least when it comes to the show that you claim to know so much about. I don't know most of you personally. You could be perfectly intelligent, rational beings in other aspects of your lives. Probably not, but I'm willing to give you the benefit of the doubt. In any case, it seems to me that whenever anyone mentions *the Simpsons*, droves of you instinctively respond, "*The Simpsons* sucks now," only without the fancy italicized title, because you don't know your standard MLA guidelines like I do. Some of you probably said it when you read the title of this article. No one that I've spoken with, however, has been able to give any coherent reasons for why they think *the Simpsons* currently eats it. Now, I'll be the first to admit that the show isn't quite up the the level of quality we saw in, say, the eighth season, but I also firmly believe that whatever downward trend appeared around season eleven is now reversing. This brings us back to last night, and my fantastic, earth-shaking, life-changing idea. "Gee, Ben," I said to myself loud enough to get my attention. "You know a lot about *the Simpsons*. Why don't you write an update explaining the merits and shortcomings of each and every season?" Well, needless to say, I was so excited about the idea that I immediately made a collect call to Ralph on the big, white, porcelain telephone. He was happy to accept the charges.

I know more about this family than you will ever know about your family.

I had made an astute observation about myself in that moment. I do know a lot about *the Simpsons*. I know more than you, in any case. I mean, I've seen every episode, I own the episode guides, I have the official trivia game, but no one will play against me because it's futile. I've written numerous scholarly essays on *the Simpsons*. Hell, I even wrote the angel episode. Alright, I'm lying about that last one, but I do know who did write it, *and* I know what the real name of the episode is, so sit on that and rotate. The point is, when it comes to *the Simpsons*, I am always right, and, by comparison, you are not. As this is the case, I have taken it upon myself to present you with a summarized guide of all fourteen seasons of *the Simpsons,* including the one currently in progress. Special attention will be given to each season's "Treehouse of Horror" episode, as that is often a good indication of the merit of the entire season. Hopefully by doing this, there will be no more need for endless arguments over this enriching and frequently hilarious show, as people everywhere will always be able to say, "Oh wait, Ben already settled this debate, and he's always right."

Season 1: While certainly a major step up in animation and sound quality from the animated shorts featured on *the Tracy Ullman Show*, the first season was not nearly as crisp as the later seasons that we have all come to love so dearly. Character's eyes swelled to take up the majority of their heads

when they were surprised, outlines wavered when characters got electrocuted (which happened with alarming frequency), and Marge and Lisa's hair bobbed around whenever they moved. That sort of animation can still be seen in the show's opening theme. The sound was muted, a far cry from the boisterous activity of the later seasons. Yeah, that's right, I said "boisterous." You wouldn't think to say "boisterous" in a million years. Lisa barely managed to provide so much as a smile in this season, as every one of her lines sounded like she had just been crying for hours. The episodes in this season focused on only one storyline, usually revolving around how disappointed one member of the family was to be related to the other members of the family. People are quick to defend the first season as classic comedy. Those people are wrong. The first season is classic *television*, since it brought such an enduring group of characters to national attention, but the first season is not, and was never particularly funny. However, this season did introduce some classic recurring characters, including Herman and Sideshow Bob.

> **Treehouse of Horror:** Nonexistent. The first episode of the season was a Christmas episode. You should have known that already. Jesus.

Season 2: While the voices still suffered from the same softness and lethargy that hampered the first season, the characters really started to come into their own in season two. A lot of the development was due to constant clashes with Mr. Burns. Homer rocketed to the top levels of nuclear plant management when he grew a full head of hair thanks to Dimoxinil, but Mr. Burns busted his lazy ass back down as soon as he went bald again. Two weeks later, Marge ruined Burns's bid for governor by serving him Blinky, the three-eyed fish found near the nuclear plant. Later, Burns ran Bart over with his car, came to the Simpsons' home for a cable boxing match, got painted in the nude by Marge, and got a blood transfusion from Bart. The painting episode still stands as one of Burns's best, as it provided him with ample opportunity to spout classic lines, such as "Oh Ziggy, will you ever win?" Pure gold. Well, it was funnier in context. Anyway, the family still had their share of weepy conflicts, particularly when Lisa exploded at Homer over his treatment of Mr. Bergstrom, the substitute teacher (voiced by Dustin Hoffman, but credited as "Sam Etic"). All in all, season two was a step in the right direction, with plenty of solid laughs, but it was still thinking small.

> **Treehouse of Horror I:** The family moved into a haunted house, got abducted by aliens (the first appearance of Kodos and Kang), and Bart had the title role in Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven." The script for this episode looked great on paper. With lines like "Your intestines will burst and gray stuff, possibly your brains, will ooze out your ears," and "If you wanted to make Serak the Preparer cry, mission accomplished," the episode had its phasers set to hilarity. Sadly, the voice actors hadn't gotten the rhythm of the show down pat yet, and some of the best lines were lost among the dialogue. Still, James Earl Jones played a mean Serak the Preparer. Godspeed, Mr. Earl Jones.

Season 3: The first episode of the season included the line "Careful men, he wets his pants," and included a guest appearance by Michael Jackson (who was a socially acceptable guest star at the time, and who was credited as "John Jay Smith"). It was a strong start, but the rest of the season had its ups and downs. High points included the introduction of Fat Tony, the reunion of Krusty and his rabbi father, Moe's performance of "Walk This Way" alongside Aerosmith, and Roger Clemens being hypnotized into thinking he's a chicken. Take that, Clemens. My personal favorite moment of the season came in the episode where Mr. Burns sold the plant to the Germans, when Homer fantasizes about the Land of Chocolate, in which he takes a bite out of a dog. Anyone who says they haven't fantasized about eating a living chocolate dog is a liar. Low points of the season included the seemingly endless stream of episodes in which Lisa decides she doesn't love Homer. The pony episode is a classic, but let's face it, Lisa saying she didn't love Homer was a weak premise for getting a horse into the house. Then there's the one where Lisa's love for Homer was judged by the outcome

of a football game. Meh. This season was still in the time before Lisa was allowed to be funny. Sideshow Bob came back in season three, this time trying to kill Selma. That Bob, you never know what to expect from him. Well, attempted murder, usually. And sometimes fraud.

> **Treehouse of Horror II:** The family got a wish-granting monkey's paw, Mr. Burns stole Homer's brain to create a robotic employee, and Bart had the power to read thoughts and do all kinds of crazy crap with his super boy-brain. The first of the three stories was the best. After bart wished that the family was rich and famous, people complained about seeing their faces everywhere, a commentary on the proliferation of craptacular *Simpsons* merchandise in every store. It also featured the return of Kodos and Kang, that wacky brother and sister team of drooling tentacle monsters, the wet dream of hentai game makers everywhere.

Season 4: Ladies and gentlemen, I welcome you to the glory years of *the Simpsons*. That's right, they started here, not at season six, not at season eight, right here. Season four is when the animation and the voice acting got whipped into shape on all fronts. Homer sounded like the moronic dope we all know and love, Bart stopped being a Dennis the Menace clone, Marge sprouted a personality, and Lisa had the occasional funny line. Hans Moleman was still to come, but still, the show finally hit its stride. The season began with a trip to Kamp Krusty, "the Krustiest Place on Earth," and ended with "Krusty Gets Kancelled," when the great Gabbo took over the Springfield airwaves. Talking about the Itchy and Scratchy movie, Lisa commented that some of the voices were provided by Dustin Hoffman and Michael Jackson, but they didn't use their real names. Chalk one up for Lisa, at long freaking last. Season four had the first *Simpsons* clip show. As a testament to the quality of the show thus far, the clips were all good enough that no one seemed to give a damn that the entire staff basically just took a break, only linking the clips together with a flimsy story about Homer getting knocked into a coma by a super-shaken beer. You got off easy this time, Groening. By the way, I can pronounce "Groening" correctly. You think you can, but you can't.

Do you know what he's looking at through that viewmaster? I do. I'm not saying that makes me a better person, it's just that.... yeah, I guess it makes me a better person.

> **Treehouse of Horror III:** A Krusty doll tried to kill Homer, Marge was Fay Wray to Homer's King Kong, and Bart unleashed a horde of zombies upon the world. If I had a nickel for every time I've done that.... I'd have no nickels. I, for one, don't associate with filthy zombies. This episode was QUality with a capital "Q" and an unnecessarily capitalized "U." I consider the ultimate thwarting of the evil Krusty doll - accomplished by flicking a switch on his back from "evil" to "good" - to be a landmark in *Simpsons* history. The writers really let themselves push the envelope of good conclusions. After that point, it became acceptable, nay, hilarious to wrap up the storylines of any given episode with a ludicrously simple solution. They tested us to see just how much crap we were willing to swallow, and we said in one voice, "Plenty!"

Season 5: Oh, the wonder and glory that is season five. I would bear this season's lovebaby, if it asked nicely and maybe took me out for dinner. The Sideshow Bob episode, where the family enters the witness relocation program, is undeniably one of the best of all time. Think I'm wrong? Then you obviously didn't read the title of this article very carefully. The episode included the now famous scene of Homer being completely unable to grasp that his name has changed to Thompson, as well as Sideshow Bob's painful encounter with a field of rakes. I've seen that episode over a dozen times, and those two scenes still crack me up. Ah, the wonders of drugs. If that one episode isn't

enough to convince you that season five is better at everything than you will ever be at anything, try these quotes on for size:

> **Homer:** "Don't discourage the boy, Marge. Weaseling out of things is what separates us from the animals. Except the weasel."
> (from "Boy-Scoutz 'N the Hood")
>
> **Chief Wiggum:** "It just disappeared! It's a ghost car!"
> (from "Marge on the Lam")
>
> **Homer:** "There was a monster in this house tonight. I call him 'Gamblor,' and we must free your mother from his neon claws!"
> (from "$pringfield, or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Legalized Gambling")
>
> **Barney:** *(Takes a sip of champagne.)* "It begins..." *(He steals an experimental jetpack and blasts off.)* "Buh-duh-duh-dup-buh-doo!" *(The jetpack burns out. Barney bounces off the roof of a pillow factory and gets run over by a truck carrying marshmallows.)*
> **NASA Guy:**"I don't understand. That was nonalcoholic champagne."
> (from "Deep Space Homer")

You couldn't ask for a better season. Alright, maybe *you* could. You're never satisfied. Jerk.

> **Treehouse of Horror IV:** Homer sold his soul to the devil (Ned Flanders), Bart stole from *the Twilight Zone* yet again by seeing a gremlin on the side of his schoolbus, and a Dracula-esque Mr. Burns invited the family over to his castle for a bite ("Dad, that's blood!" "Correction - free blood.") A first rate "Treehouse of Horror" in the middle of a first rate season. The weak link in the trilogy, if there is one, is probably the tale of Bart on the bus. But even that one had some great lines, like Ned Flanders, holding the injured gremlin in his arms: "Isn't that cute? he's trying to claw my eyes out." All in all, one of the best Halloween specials that *the Simpsons* has produced thus far.

Season 6: Episode for episode, season six didn't quite compare to season five, but it was still high quality Simpsonia. The best entries were undoubtedly "Homer the Great," when Homer joined the Mason-like Stonecutters, "Bart vs. Australia," when the family traveled down under and eventually destroys the entire ecosystem, and "Itchy & Scratchy Land," when the Simpsons took a vacation to Itchy & Scratchy Land. If you couldn't figure that last one out, this article is probably not up your alley. If you come back tomorrow, though, I'm sure Zack will have something very nice for you. Also notable was the shameless plug for *the Critic*, which was still on the air back then. I miss those days. Jay Sherman stopped by Springfield for their first film festival, in which Homer had to cast the deciding vote that would break the tie between Mr. Burns's self-serving uber-production and Barney's sensitive depiction of his own alcoholism (entitled "Pukahontas), but Homer wanted to vote for the undeniably classy video of Hans Moleman getting hit in the groin with a football. Homer made the right decision in the end, but Moleman's film was adapted into an Oscar-winning star vehicle for George C. Scott, that made "Arr! My groin!" acceptable dinner table discourse. The season ended with a cliffhanger, as Mr. Burns managed to piss off everyone in town, and then was shot by an unknown assailant.

> **Treehouse of Horror V:** The family acts as caretakers of a creepy mansion in a parody of *the Shining*, Homer turned his toaster into a time machine, and the teachers at Springfield Elementary take eating students a step too far... by eating students. Every installment in the fifth "Treehouse of Horror" was comedy gold. The three tales were linked by a common thread of Groundskeeper Willie getting an axe in the spine. Sucked

for Willie, rip-roaring good time for the rest of us. Dear God, this episode was beautiful. It was the crown jewel in a superior season. Bow to this episode, lest you incur its awesome wrath.

Why the hell did this come up in an image search for the Simpsons? Why, God?

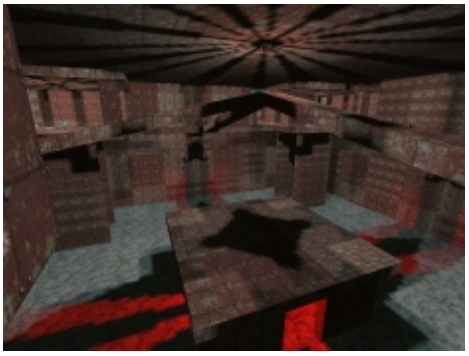
Season 7: Maggie shot Mr. Burns. The nation let out a collective "guh?" From there, the season got zanier than a sheep in a candy factory. Milhouse got a part in the "Radioactive Man" movie, the kids were adopted by the Flanders's's's, Homer ballooned up to three hundred pounds, Homer's mother returned and left again, Lisa went vegetarian (and stuck to it), Homer formed a league bowling team, George Bush moved in across the street, then moved out, only to be replaced by Gerald Ford, Troy McClure dated Selma, Bart managed to get both Krusty and Itchy & Scratchy cancelled, then reinstated in two separate episodes (alright, "Lester" got Itchy & Scratchy back on the air), Grandpa fought Mr. Burns for a World War II fortune, and Homer became a sideshow star with a rock tour. Now that, my friends, is zany. The seventh season also saw yet another return of Sideshow Bob, in which he almost killed everyone in town with a hydrogen bomb, then almost killed Krusty with a plane, then almost killed Bart by crashing the plane. All of the episodes I just mentioned were great, but my personal favorite of the year was "22 Short Films About Springfield," a direct parody of "Thirty-Two Short Films About Glenn Gould," with a distinct nod to "Pulp Fiction" in there for good measure. There's something about Milhouse smacking Herman in the head with a mace that always brings a smile to my face.

Treehouse of Horror VI: Advertising icons came to life and attacked the town, Groundskeeper Willie got Freddy Krueger-ish revenge on the school children, and Homer went 3D. While the previous "Treehouse of Horror" may be the best overall, "A Nightmare on Evergreen Terrace" is still my favorite single installment ever. I'm a huge horror fan, which is why I weep like a schoolgirl who's been shot in the kneecaps when I have to watch something like "The House That Screamed." The "Nightmare on Elm Street" series captured my heart years ago, so I went nuts when *the Simpsons* finally gave the series the parody it deserved. Groundskeeper Willie was at his best, especially when he returned from the grave by public transportation, but left his gun on the bus. I don't care if I have been having horrifying nightmares about a psychotic killer that leave me with real wounds in the morning, if a killer ever asks me to "wait here, please," while he runs after a bus, I will fall on my ass laughing. You hear that, crazed, dreamstalking killers? If you want me immobilized for a good long while, just say "wait here, please" in a Scottish accent. Oh crap, I shouldn't have told you all my sole weakness. Alright, well, none of you tell anyone else.

Taking a cue from Emily "Integral" Reigel, I'm going to stop here and stretch this into a multi-article premise. Unlike Emily, I'm not going to be funny. You should still come back for more next week, though. That's when the real questions will be answered. When did the show really start going downhill? When did it start making a recovery? Did it start making a recovery? Will we ever see it reach the level of seasons five through seven again? I'll tackle all of those issues next week. Just remember, don't go trying to come up with answers on your own. The majority of you out there are at the distinct disadvantage of not being me, so your opinions will most likely be wrong. In the meantime, tonight (assuming you're reading this on Sunday before 8:00) is yet another return of Sideshow Bob. Enjoy it, but don't think about it too hard. I'm here to do all your thinking for you.

A Pinch of Cranky, a Dash of Steve, and a Whole Lotta Whorehouse

It's been a while since the doors of Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse have opened, but the time has come at last for more reviews of terrible maps. This time around, Jed's endured the soul-reaming horrors of "Work."



> *The ugliest fucking Half-Life map I've ever seen, and yes, that's saying a lot. Take the shitty visuals of every hl failure Psychosis and I have reviewed to date and combine them into one massive, sprawling Nazi death camp of pure repugnance and you get "Work", as seen on Planethalflife and soon to be featured in all of my nightmares (well, all the ones that don't involve tiny astronauts with pruning shears, anyway).*

Go on, read the review. What have you got to lose? Just your soul! Mwahahahahahahaha! Oh wait, not your soul. Never mind, then.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

12.16 I'm Dreaming of a Zombie Christmas

Monday, Dec 16, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Delivering presents and eating brains are both on the menu this year for Santa!

Much like most of you my thoughts these days have been turned to the splendor of Christmas. Unlike most of you, hopefully at least, my thoughts have wandered on to mix the holiday with this sort of spiritual obsession I have with the living dead. Every waking moment is spent either contemplating the proper hue of zombies - the right mixture of blue, gray, and green to give them both a corpse-like pallor and an otherworldly menace - and the best way to decorate our apartment with festive Christmas Lighting. My viewing list of films has been shortened to include only "It's a Wonderful Life", "Dawn of the Dead", and "Day of the Dead", all three classics in their own way. While contemplating the deep societal importance of zombies is one of my favorite pastimes, somehow fusing it with Christmas has left me very disturbed.

It seems on the surface that a holiday to celebrate the birth of Jesus and give gifts has nothing in common with a shambling pack of brain-hungry zombies, but there really is a connection there. I mean hell, Jesus actually came back from the dead, and although the Bible says it was because he was the Son of God and had some other stuff to do or something, my theory is he was bitten by a zombie while crucified. I mean really, you stick someone up on a cross and that's pretty much a big sign for zombies saying "free meal".

"Blashpemy!" you say in that really self-righteous voice you use whenever you're mad at your dog for chewing on your favorite issues of "Hi-Lites for Kids".

The elves prepare for some sock work, guided by a pair of Santa's hand-picked elf wranglers.

I can understand that sentiment, but the whole "arise from your grave" connection isn't the only one between the holiday of Christmas and zombies. Here are a few more for your brain to chew on, so shamble on over to your reading glasses, moan slightly, drool and then put them on and get ready to have your stereotypical costume that you were killed in get blown completely off!

- Jesus was born to a virgin and technically a virgin could get turned into a zombie and then bite someone else and turn them into a zombie.
- Rudolph the Red-Nose Reindeer was able to lead Santa through dense fog and if you know the secret entrance to a hideout and get turned into a zombie you can lead the other zombies back to the hideout.
- Caroling is roughly as entertaining and heart warming as listening to the wailing of zombies attempting to batter their way inside your boarded-up house.
- Have you ever wondered why as a kid you would ask for some action figures and then end up with a trash bag full of socks? That's because the elves that toil in Santa's workshop are actually pint-sized zombies, with the motor skills to make only socks and driven by their end-of-day reward of a pail of human organs.

- Christmas trees covered with ornaments look a lot like a human corpse. Okay, if you're drunk they do. Okay, if you're drunk and someone just threw a flashbang into your apartment they do. Alright, they don't, I'm sorry I wasted your time with this item.
- Zombies sometimes carry tools or wear uniforms because they were killed by other zombies while working. Much like this, people during Christmas often carry tools or wear uniforms because they don't get the day off. According to my hometown newspaper there was even an incident where a football player in full uniform bit a police officer on the neck on Christmas Day.
- Holiday parades and pageants are similar in appearance to a river of the uncoordinated undead shuffling slowly through a city scoured free of human life. There tend to be roughly half as many zombies in marching-band uniforms though.
- Christmas makes more people than ever walk around malls as if in a daze, while zombies walk around malls in a daze because of faint memories of their human life.

I may not have done a very good job of convincing you that zombies and Christmas have a lot of things in common, but I was undaunted. If Christmas wasn't about zombies then I would MAKE it about zombies. Luckily I had all of the resources from Arlogeist GmbH's zombie project at my disposal, along with a lot of human remains to keep them well fed. I won't get into how I came by those, but to assuage your fears that I might be a murderer let's just say it involved an accident at our Palm Springs whirling fan-blade facility.

A pair of wisemen strain at the chains securing them from eating Meat-Baby Jesus.

Since Christmas is, at its core, a religious holiday I decided to start things off by recreating the birth of Jesus with a little nativity scene. I was able to shape human limbs into a rough approximation of Baby Jesus thanks to a meat grinder and that pottery class I took at camp when I was ten. I placed the slightly rancid babe into the manger and spread a liberal amount of straw on the floor of my apartment. Then using plywood, ingenuity, and a little bit of what we in the industry like to call "love" (read: slave labor) I constructed a roof and three walls to represent the stable into which the Lord Our God was birthed. For the three wise men I selected three of the least putrefied zombies in Arlogeist's stock and carefully chained them to the wall. The first attempt at this failed pretty badly as the chains were too long and the zombies immediately set upon and devoured poor little Jesus. A few hours, some shortened chains, and a brand new CorpseChrist later I had this part down perfectly. The zombies knelt next to the manger grunting and clawing like animals, but couldn't get close enough to actually get at the meaty Son of God.

For Mary and Joseph I used two more zombies, one in a wig and the other with a fake beard and mustache, put them in robes and nailed their feet and knees to the floor. It was a painstaking process, particularly with all the struggling, only to realize that one of the zombies was actually a hobo that had wandered in while I was working. Luckily he got bit by one of the zombies and expired from blood lust and soon my nativity was complete. The finishing touch was putting animals in the scene. Since animals are expensive and zombies are plentiful, at least in my neck of the woods, I just used a Dremel tool to shape a few into rough approximations of goats and cows. Haha, don't worry folks, they didn't feel a thing. I spray painted them white and gray and moved them into position. They were pretty much immobile by that point, but just to be sure I gave them a similar treatment with a hammer and nails as to what I gave Mary and Joseph.

Some particularly loud Christmas music played in the background easily covered their moans of

bloodlust. Now, looking over at my nativity, it feels like I have been transported back in time to the birth of Christ along with Bing Crosby singing "White Christmas".

If any of you are interested I may come back on Friday with some tips about decorating your tree and home Zombie-style. Here's a hint: it involves gasoline and knitting needles!

Emily Answers Your Questions!

Resident questionologist Emily "Interpol" Reigel has taken some time out of her busy schedule of trying to chew through the restraints Rich has on her to keep her secured in his basment to answer some of your most challenging questions! From class to sass, this lady has all the answers, but you don't have to take my word for it!

> *Dear Emily,*
>
> The guys in the dorm room next door won't turn down their music, and the bass is shaking stuff off the walls in here. How can I get them to stop?
>
> -Dan
>
> **Kill them. This is a simple and elegant solution to your problem and you'll have nothing to worry about until the new people move in and start listening to music really loudly as well. But then you can kill them, and soon you'll be in jail where people will assrape you but you won't have to listen to that music because music won't be allowed in jail.**

She really does have all the answers! Head on over and find out how to do stuff that you don't know how to do, especially if you asked her a question! If not, then just try to learn from the idiotic mistakes of others.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.17 Son of Spam

Monday, Dec 16, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

An illustration showing exactly how our modem works. Note that we're requesting data from a homosexual man's mouth.

Emily and I recently decided to switch ISPs for our DSL provider, as Earthlink's customer service policy of "if we pretend we don't have any customers, maybe they'll eventually stop bugging us" began wearing on our nerves. You see, Earthlink DSL is a very complex service which requires their home office to successfully bounce a series of laser beams off the moon, through an alien amplification crystal, and then into the pocket of an obscenely fat man who manually delivers the data to its proper destination. This obese gentleman apparently doesn't like making stops around our neck of the woods ("Earth"), so we had to suffer through massive service interruptions on a daily basis. Earthlink's wonderful customer support helped ease the pain, offering such delightful conversations as the following:

ME: *(On hold for 40 minutes)* "Pick up the phone you shitfuckers."
AUTOMATED VOICE ON TELEPHONE: "Did you know you could find the answer to many technical support questions on our webpage?"
ME: "I can't get to your webpage, you stupid recorded voice."
AUTOMATED VOICE ON TELEPHONE: "Did you know that every question to every answer ever conceived in the history of the universe is on our webpage?"
ME: "Well that's great, magic voice, but I still can't get to it so shove off, bilgequeen."
AUTOMATED VOICE ON TELEPHONE: "Did you know that our webpage was recently ranked number one by the International Conglomeration of Businesses Which Rank Things Number One?"
ME: "I've got a number one finger I'm holding up right now, disembodied voice. Does your webpage know which one it is?"
AUTOMATED VOICE ON TELEPHONE: "Did you know that Earthlink DSL is over 100 times faster than a 56k modem? You can use our connection speed analysis program by logging into our webpage, which was recently voted to the position of honorary Pope."
ME: "SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT-"
ACTUAL HUMAN BEING WHO ANSWERS THE PHONE AFTER 45 MINUTES: "Hello, my name is Shawn, I'm a level negative 23 tech support worker at Earthlink and I solve such difficult problems as 'is your DSL line unplugged?' and 'do you physically own a computer?'. What can I help you with today?"
ME: "The same thing you guys help me with every day, Shawn: I have no DSL access."
ACTUAL HUMAN BEING WHO ANSWERS THE PHONE AFTER 45 MINUTES: "Have you ever had DSL service before? Are you sure your DSL service is through our company? Are you confusing DSL service with the act of purchasing new socks? Does your DSL service have ears and a tail? If so, you may be confusing your DSL service with your pet cat or dog."
ME: "No Shawn. It's my DSL service. It's down. It's been down for two days now."
ACTUAL HUMAN BEING WHO ANSWERS THE PHONE AFTER 45 MINUTES: "Okay sir, let me bump you up to our level .0003 tech support. Please hold."
AUTOMATED VOICE ON TELEPHONE: "Did you know that, after visiting our award-winning webpage, Carol Stockard of Rising Falls, Utah, was cured of the breast

cancer which had been plaguing her for-"
ACTUAL HUMAN BEING IN TECH SUPPORT: "Heeluh seer, mee nayme ees Bartolougoichoi Happeinyminourous, wheet seems to beea thee porblame?"
ME: "I have no DSL service. I haven't had any in two days. Is the network down up here or something?"
ACTUAL HUMAN BEING IN TECH SUPPORT: "Weel, leet me see here!" *(Places a microphone next to his keyboard and amplifies the sound of typing 500 million times so each keystroke causes pieces of my phone to fall off)* "Eet appears ower neetwork ees down!"
ME: "Do you have any idea when it will be back up again?"
ACTUAL HUMAN BEING IN TECH SUPPORT: "Leet us tayke a looook!" *(Typing noises cause our apartment to rumble and slide off its foundation)* "Eet says heyer that wee don't know!"
ME: "Do you have at least an estimate?"
ACTUAL HUMAN BEING IN TECH SUPPORT: "Allew mee too poonch that eento dee computahr!" *(Sounds as if he literally punched something into the computer cause my ears to begin combusting)* "Oor eestimates say yoor serveece should bee available by 2018."
ME: "Thank you. I hate you."

A typical Earthlink employee.

It should come as no shock to you people that when I asked Earthlink to switch my DSL circuit to Speakeasy, they simply decided to disconnect the circuit and have Speakeasy manually connect it themselves. Now if any of you are remotely familiar with DSL, you'll know what a pain in the ass this is. I don't know what kind of networking wizardry goes on behind the scenes during a DSL activation, but it takes three decades per line and involves more people than the entire Revolutionary War. Thanks to Earthlink's award winning customer support, we've been stuck on a 56k modem for a week now, still awaiting the networking gnomes to summon Lucifer and claim the DSL line in Speakeasy's name. Nobody, and I repeat nobody, should have to use a 56k modem for anything besides putting out industrial fires these days. The way the Internet is structured right now, each webpage has over 300k in pop-ups, Flash ads which take over your entire monitor and turn it into a digital plate of pulsating vomit for 10 seconds, and skyscraper ads (which were given their name from the fact that people would rather jump off a skyscraper than have to view them). However, all of these annoyances pale in comparison to the sheer volume of spam email I get on an hourly basis. Since it currently takes roughly two furlongs (I don't know how long that is) to download my email on this glorious 56k "data packets are delivered via telegram" connection, I have had more than enough time to see how much spam I get before my Outlook filters send them automatically to the trash. Are you guys ready? Here it is:

73 SPAM MESSAGES PER LEGIT EMAIL.

That's correct, **I get 73 worthless, bandwidth-clogging, obnoxious, intrusive piece of shit spam messages for every one legitimate email.** A whopping 1.4% of my daily inbox is actual mail! God I fucking love the Internet! Now I probably wouldn't be as pissy as I am if it wasn't for the fact that the spam mail I get is completely ridiculous, inane bullshit that couldn't ever possibly appeal to anybody anywhere. Whoever sends me these digital jewels should probably stick to their fulltime occupation of child molestation, because I can't imagine any halfwit deciding to respond to or click on any link in their crap cauldron messages. Let me provide a brief overview describing the main types of spammers who ream my email account nonstop each and every minute of each

and every day. I mean, it's not like I have anything else to do while I sit here and wait while Cliff Yablonski's email account downloads a 16-meg bitmap image of an old person sitting on a fire hydrant.

Fighting the nonstop battle against spam mail makes me feel like a very obese African American individual attempting to flee from a rollercoaster ride of fast food.

■**THE AMAZING CREDIT CARD OFFER -** I don't claim to be any expert in the banking industry, but I don't think it's very wise to trust a credit card company who sends 20 messages to each of my email accounts, informing me that my glorious credit rating and history has qualified me for their exclusive "Platinum Gold Cubic Zirconium White Zinfandel Discover Card" which has an APR larger than my waist size. I guess the interest rate doesn't really matter though, since most of these cards have a credit limit of $12 and are printed on recycled shoe heels which melt when swiped through a credit card machine.

■**THE WEBCAM SLUT -** It appears tales of my legendary sexual bravado have reached every nook and cranny of the Internet, as mascara-addicted camwhores from across the globe desire my presence during their pay-per-view performances. Granted, I would make wonderful comments such as "oh dear God, PUT IT BACK ON, PUT IT BACK ON, FOR THE LOVE OF JESUS PUT IT BACK ON" and "I think the pancake batter you're storing in your hips is leaking out" would enhance any camwhore stripping session, but I'm afraid that prior obligations prevent me from attending such exciting events. The Webcam Sluts try to disguise their email by "customizing" the subject line so it reads something like:

> *hey sexxxy! I miss u, awfullinks@somethingawful.com! cum see me tonight, plz!*

I asked awfullinks@somethingawful.com if he was interested in watching this spectacular event, but he claimed he couldn't attend due to the fact that he doesn't exist.

■**THE EXCITING "SOLD OUT IN STORES" DEAL -** Stores across the globe are apparently in a really awful situation these days according to the emails which indicate the hottest toy this Christmas cannot be found anywhere except inside the special email they handcrafted and delivered to me via the Holy Ghost. Due to my tragic unhipness and being white (I think these two characteristics go hand in hand), I am often unaware of the "must have" product of the week / month / year / eon. Currently, RC motorcycles and cars are the popular items, mainly because they were both "AS SEEN ON TV" and are a "LIMITED TIME OFFER." Think about it; networks only show the absolute most quality products on television, so that lends an amazing about of credibility to the RC car cause right there. Add to that the fact that it will only be on sale for a limited time, and you've got something that was sold out in stores for a very good reason! The Exciting "Sold Out In Stores" Deal emails are quite annoying because they invariably come with a 400 k animated gif which shows the item in question moving up and down like a gecko with Tourette's Syndrome.

■**THE CASINO OF TREMENDOUS FORTUNE -** Online gambling is probably the best idea since the invention of real life gambling. Instead of forcing idiots to haul their bulky asses off their couch and go to a stinky, smoke-filled, revolting casino staffed by rejected Sizzler employees, the idiots can lose hundreds of dollars from the convenience of their own home! And, better yet, there are no bothersome governmental employees that investigate your casino to make sure your slot machines aren't simply discarded shoeboxes holding rollers with images of lemons stamped across

them! The online gambling industry is really quite incredible and has the best odds out there, assuming you're comparing them with the odds of you getting AIDS from dry humping a pumpkin.

■**THE MAGICAL MONEY EMAIL -** If I've learned one thing from spam mail, it's that at any given point in time I have approximately 90-billion dollars waiting for me to claim it if I would just perform the most simple of tasks, such as provide bank account routing numbers, credit card information, and my home address so they can personally come over and crown me the King of the Universe. Sadly enough, I have never pursued the leads provided by these fabulous offers, and I assume there's a bank vault out there somewhere labeled "Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka's Vault of Ill-Gotten Riches," simply sitting around and housing the fortune which is rightfully mine. I'm not exactly sure where this money came from or why it's mine, but I imagine I have a few thousand different parents who die on a regular basis and leave me millions in their inheritance each time.

I predict that in the year 2004, the amount of spam mail will become so huge that Internet connections will begin spontaneously exploding, showering victims with a deadly rain of fire and "FREE UNSECURED VISA CARD" offers.

■**THE CRAZY KLINGON MESSAGE FROM THE MOON -** Spam mail is fortunately not limited to English-speaking individuals, as I regularly receive a stream of spam mail from places as far off as The Forbidden Zone on the planet Zugoofa 13. I'm not exactly sure what the Crazy Klingons are trying to sell me, but I do appreciate their effort and the highly decorative emails they send which look like the following: sdfkvnnDfn:DLfL:DfASODFnnASDLFk

If I could decipher what their cryptic message meant, perhaps I could charter a rocket ship to their home planet and pick up a few copies of whatever wonderful time warping device or RC car they're offering, but my puny Earth brain keeps me from realizing what a tremendous deal they've got waiting. Besides, the weather on Zugoofa 13 is really crappy this time of the year,what with the lava storms and such.

This is an actual image that came in a spam mail to me. If this doesn't sell me, I don't know what the hell will.

■**THE "HEY, YOUR DICK IS TOO SMALL" NOTIFICATION -** I've always been comfortable with the size of my penis and the performance it gives when requested within 24 hours of activation. However, the marketing wizards of the Internet have decided in their infinite wisdom that I'm simply not man enough to satisfy ol' woman Emily, who desires much more penis than I can provide. Luckily for me, I am continually offered a barrage of pills, medication, procedures, tips, techniques, and other highly expensive things which will make my manhood so large it will need its own email account. Then they can send message to my dick's account and offer suggestions detailing how to make the rest of my body larger and more pleasing to the ladies, possibly by shaping my entire torso into what appears to be a walking penis.

■**THE GANG BANG GAY FARM ORGY OFFER -** Perhaps if my penis was manly enough, I'd be interested on the sexual happenings at Ye Olde Gangbang Farm. Unfortunately, there must be a series of neurons misfiring in my brain, preventing me from showing any interest in the sexual escapades occurring at my favorite animal house. The Gang Bang Gay Farm Orgy Offer folks are relentless and know that deep inside my heart of hearts, I secretly desire access to the horniest barnyard this side of Texas, so they continue to send me exclusive promotional offers every 10 seconds or so. Their deals are very sweet and difficult to pass up, offering me such lucrative incentives such

as *"1 DAY 100% FREE ACCESS TO THE SEXBARN"* which only require me to give them a valid credit card number. You know, for my own security, in case one of the animals sexes me to death and they are forced to buy a NASCAR casket for my funeral.

- **THE GENIUS WEIGHT LOSS PROGRAM INCENTIVE -** Did you know that ancient astronauts perfected the first diet over 400,000 years ago by using a miracle plant known as "Green Halbamiosis"? Well they did, and the medical industry has been trying to keep this secret a, well, secret for as long as possible! However, the trained medical technicians and super smarty scientists at WOWCOOLOFFEREMAILDEALS.COM have unearthed this exciting enigma and are ready to pass the deal onto me and me only so I can lose over 450 pounds in under 30 seconds without exercising, changing my diet, or doing anything besides sending them a large amount of money! I can mix the Green Halbamiosis into a shake form, sprinkle it on top of my Big Macs, or simply leave it under my pillow when I sleep and it will work its magic in no time! Hell, I probably don't even need to be in possession of the miracle weight loss drug; it will work its magic on me from the factory warehouse in WOWCOOLOFFEREMAILDEALS.COM headquarters, where it either sits around in a large crate or doesn't exist at all! I'll be paper-thin in minutes, ready to slide under doors or become invisible simply by rotating sideways! This beautiful weight loss might deteriorate the muscle mass in my arms to the point where I can't move them up and press the "DELETE" key when more fabulous highly scientific breakthroughs courtesy of WOWCOOLOFFEREMAILDEALS.COM come flowing in!

The great thing about all this spam email is that through the miracle of technology, clicking the "UNSUBSCRIBE" button on them causes the spammer to realize I have an active email account which I read, thereby allowing him to resell my email address to hundreds of completely different spammers and make more money! What a wonderful feature! I love the Internet! All these exciting free offers, deals, and incentives downloaded at a crisp 3.2 kbps speed, with additional backup copies sent to every other one of my Something Awful email accounts (you know, in case I accidentally lose a copy and an emergency occurs requiring my dick to be bigger). The Internet is truly the tool of the future, assuming the future is a giant polluted sea of white noise where shithead spamming fuckwits drown out all legitimate forms of communication with their unwanted bile that spawns and reproduces at an amazing rate. I'll make sure to send Earthlink a very special Christmas present this year to show thanks for their wonderful customer service. If the gift emits a ticking sound, that's because it's a clock. If the gift sets off the anthrax detectors, that's because the post office has faulty anthrax detectors.

There's Gold in them there Hills

Those crazy Something Awful Forums peeps have been working hard to entertain you like the monkeys in the zoo work to gross you out as much as they possibly can at the exact moment they see you looking at them. Just like those crazy monkeys, the forum goons have recently created a pile of dung and are now sifting through it for delicious, protein-rich grubs even as we speak, but better than the dung-pile is this week's Comedy Goldmine and its theme, "Arcade Games that were Never Meant to Be."

Come on over and give it a look. What's that one monkey doing with his hand..? OH NO!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

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www.somethingawful.com

12.18 AwfullyLiveJournal

Wednesday, Dec 18, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Tuesday's Awful Link of the Day, an absolutely insane, bisexual, ADD-infested 20-something year old's LiveJournal, drew many responses from SA readers. Reader replies consisted of "Dear Christ, what's wrong with this person?" to "I will see you in hell for subjecting me to that horrible webpage," of course with the obligatory "I am the webmaster's best eFriend in cyberspace and you guys are truly 'something awful' for making fun of her quality homepage which doesn't at all look like a grocery list from somebody in the Arkham Asylum." Regardless of the response, many people seemed very polarized regarding the link. With this in mind, I have decided to take Something Awful in a slightly.. different direction for today's update. I asked the staff here to keep a little journal of their own throughout Wednesday, with the idea that we could cash in on this LiveJournal abomination of a trend. Granted, I don't have any clue whatsoever as to why LiveJournals are popular or why this trend replaced the ultra-cool previous trend of "African American teenagers killing each other for their Nike shoes," but I do know that being popular on the Internet is just simply the most important thing in the universe and must be pursued at all costs. So without further ado, may I present to you the Something Awful LiveJournal!

Curse You, Richard.
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 1:03 AM
By Josh "Livestock" Boruff

That foolish fiend Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka requested we keep this confounded electronic journal throughout the fortnight. Does that pandering pantywaist not realize I have important issues to address? I am a busy man with a set schedule I must adhere to around the clock! The measly meandering I must muster for each journal entry simply robs me of my precious time, to which I could be repeatedly flipping animated gifs horizontally in yet another sweet, sweet embrace of pixilated ecstasy! The fools on Something Awful do not understand the genius of my 256-colored universe, one full of miracles and rotating objects horizontally at an annoyingly aggravating speed. To think the fools at the University tossed me aside like a garbage bag full of aborted fetuses, causing my invariable move of my animation studio to the back of this filthy cargo train destined for Akron, Ohio! Well I'll show them... I'll show them all! Most importantly, I will seek my revenge on that impotent idiot Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka... I shall make an animated gif of his hideous visage, one which will animated every 1/50000 seconds and will be so disturbing that only Lucifer himself may stare at it without suffering the pains of one thousand burning needles to the retina! Revenge shall be mine, dear readers!
Comment on this article (8 comments)

Hey guys, what's going on in this thread?
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 1:31 AM
By Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

Well, this is my first AwfullyLiveJournal entry and I'm fairly excited about it! I think this project is going to work out well and won't make me want to end my miserable life like all the previous projects I started and then failed to finish... like my miserable life. Oh God how I await the sweet embrace of death. Anyway, I'll be periodically updating this section throughout the day with my various thoughts and opinions. I guess I should get started with that whole thing so people can know how I feel about certain important issues in my life. Well here goes: first off, let me say that racism "just isn't cool." All you racist people out there aren't good and the government should put you in jail for that racist crap. Racism is about as cool as I was in high school, where all those assholes would hit me in the face and push me down stairs just because I drew erotic Tailspin fan fiction all day. But hey jerks from my high school, look who's cool now? I'm popular on the Internet! I'm a popular Internet guy and you jerks are all simply unpopular, rich lawyers and doctors and architects who have beautiful homes and nice cars and... well... oh God, why didn't they just finish the job in high school? I am a horrible monster and pray for death. I need to find an Awful Link of the Day and take my aggression out on it. At least Emily likes me for who I am.
Comment on this article (12 comments)

What the fuck
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 1:34 AM
By Emily "Integral" Reigel

I hate Rich for who he is. This is the worst idea he's ever thought of, and trust me, he's got enough retarded ideas to choke Louie Anderson. Did I ever tell you Internet people about his idea to sell his own blood through eBay for cloning purposes? Yeah, that's right, he thought somebody would buy his infected blood to make clones of him or something equally ridiculous. If somebody really wanted his blood, they'd beat it out of him like people invariably do every time we leave this hellhole apartment, which is about once every four weeks. I want to crush the skull of that gypsy woman who put the curse on me, forcing me to live my life with a, dear lord, WEBMASTER. God this sucks.
Comment on this article (5 comments)

Wow, What an idea!
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 2:03 AM
By Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

Man, I just thought of this great new movie idea. It'd be calling "The Haunting of Haunted Hills," and it'd be about this ghost which haunts... get ready here... another ghost! See, this guy moves into a haunted house, and the ghost there ends up killing him. So the guy comes back as a ghost and haunts the ghost who was haunting him! Then a wacky gay couple moves into the home and the ghost tries to haunt them while being haunted by the other ghost! The tagline could be "THIS SUMMER... THE HAUNTER BECOMES THE HAUNTED"! This is probably the best idea I've ever had! Once I stop crying and I can see straight, I'll write this idea down and - oh wait, I can't write anything down, all the sweat from my hands will warp and disintegrate the paper. Oh well, at least Emily likes my ideas.
Comment on this article (7 comments)

Oh good, it gets worse
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 2:18 AM
By Emily "Integral" Reigel

I hate Rich's ideas. Every single one of them is complete trash that a grade school dropout would come up with while shooting up glue. "The haunter becomes the haunted"? What kind of crap is that? I would be explaining in painful detail just how much I want to pack my bags and get out of this cursed universe he lives in, but I'm too busy listening to him fart nonstop. Seriously, all he does is fart all day, every day. If he had one redeeming characteristic, and annoying traits were considered to be redeeming, his nonstop gas attack would be it and it alone. I'd stick a cork up his grotesque ass, but I'm afraid to get within a 15-foot radius of that thing. If I ever find that gypsy who cursed us to be together forever, I'll tear her limb from limb and implant mosquito eggs into her brain. I don't know if you guys know this story or not, but I was out driving around a year or so ago, and I ran over this gypsy lady's husband. She looked me straight in the eye and said, "you shall suffer for this and you shall suffer in the worst way possible. YOU WILL BECOME ENGAGED TO A WEBMASTER." At that point I blacked out and when I woke up, there was some fat acne-stained tub of sweat hovering over me. I haven't been able to leave this God-forsaken trash heap apartment since, and he keeps me trapped here, watching Lifetime Network movies nonstop. You want to experience hell, folks? Come swing by Washington some time! If I could only lure him outside, I could easily shove him over the railing... oh, who am I kidding? He wouldn't come outside if there was a free donut train parked there.
Comment on this article (1 comment)

hey guys i'm a fag!!!!!!!!1
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 2:57 AM
By Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons

ahahahahha HELO FOLKS IM ZARCK PARSLONS AND IM A FAGOT!!! AHAHAHAHAHA!!! helo here si my artiacal: WORLD WAR 2 ZOMBIES ATTACKS A THE WHITE HOUSE!!! AHAHAHHAA thats a comedy buffet guys!!!1 I HAEVE CREATED A DIORAMA ABOUT A WORLD WAR IN MY HAIR!!! HAIR HITLER!! AHAHAHAHHahhahahahahahahaaaaaa
but I am THES KIND OF FAGOT BECUASE I WRITE AN ARTICALS WHEN JEFF K COULD BE UPDATEING AND HIS ARTIACLAEES ARE MUCH MORE HIGHAR QUALITEY THAN MY ZOMBIE ARTICALS!!! jeff K si one dreamy creamery and I wish I was half teh man he si! BUT I am not so I haev too go back to writeing about teh CIVIAL WORLD WAR 2 which had a Japanes biplanes and ATOMIC BOMB!! And germanyes. SO I WILL GO NOW BUT DO NOT FORGETS TAHT I AM TEH FAGOT OF SOEMTHING AWEFUL AND SHOULD BE UPDATEING A CRAPPY SITE LIEK FATHATS.COM!!! WHAHAHAAHAH!!!!
Comment on this article

Oops, just a FYI...
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 3:21 AM
By Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

Zack just messaged me to say that somebody is posting as him on his AwfullyLiveJournal entry. I don't know how somebody got his password since it was sent to his email address encrypted and everything, but Zack swears it's not him. Oh well, at least the forums are up. UPDATE: the forums are down.
Comment on this article (3 comments)

WAHT HEY THIS SI ME AGAIN FOR REAl, IM SACK PARSONS!!!!!!!!1111

Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 4:42 AM

By Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons

SORREY ABOUT THES LAST UPDATE but a smarty man hackXed into my computar machene and COMPROMISED MY COOKIES!!! ahahahahahhahahahaha I fell betrayed and hurt liek when Adrian Carmack told Paul Steeds that he found a new guy too washes his car and PAUL WAS FIRED!!! Now there will be no moer boobies in a ID software games liek DOOM 3 and QUAEK 4: THE RECKONING because Paul owned all of teh boobies and gave them to FRAK.COM!!! grahahahrtharhahraaaaaaaaaaa!!!

okeys, so hear si my update: Jerry si being a fagot liek always and I went ovar too his house yestarday and he was WATCHING A CARTOONS ABOUT A TALKING COW !!!!! WFT!?!?!? CARTOONS ARE FOR FAGOTS! especially amine because all peopal who watches amine liek too molests teh schoolkids! OH HELO JAPANESE MAN, I CAN TURN INTO A ROBOT, HEAR ARE MY TENTICALS AND THEY TOUCH ALL OF TEH SCHOOLKIDS IN RUDE PLACES!!!! I saw a webpaeg on this Intarnet and it hads all this pictares of amine with penis heads touching the schoolkids, HEY KEEP IT IN YUOR PANTS YOU PREVERTED JAPS!!!! so I saw Jerry and he saids teh porgram was about teh Bibal and his parents were makeing him watch it but tahts a lie because HIS PARENTS ARE CHRISTIANS AND THEY DONT BELIEVES IN TEH BIBAL, THEY BELIEVES IN JESUS so I took a peice of tiling and hit it ovar Jerrys head and he started crying so I jumped threw his window adn BEAT A HASTY RETREAT!!! THIS SI MY UPDATE, I AM ZAP PARSONS, GODBYE AHAHAHAHAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Comment on this article

That wasn't Zack (again)
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 4:59 AM
By Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

I got another ICQ from Zack, telling me that some jerk is still posting as him. I would delete the entries but I don't know how to do that. Could the person posting as Zack just PLEASE stop already? You're ruining our updates and it's really not funny. I told Zack about my "Haunter has become the Haunted" idea but I assume he went offline because he didn't message me back. Wait, now that I think about it, Emily is still talking with him over ICQ, so I guess my messenger program is broken again. I don't understand how it keeps breaking, especially whenever I'm telling people about my cool ideas. Talk about crappy timing. I also don't understand how, when I'm talking to Emily, she says she can't hear me because my ICQ broke. I mean, I'm sitting three feet away from her, what does ICQ have to do with me speaking to her? Then she walks out and I don't hear from her for a few hours or days. Sometimes I hate technology!
Oh, before I go to bed, I'd like to make another AwfullyLiveJournal comment: I think religious intolerance "just isn't cool." All these religious guys should stop being all like "hey you have to be in our religion or else you'll suffer!" and stuff because that's not cool. Let's all respect each other and live life together in peace, okay? I wish everybody could feel this way. I'm glad Emily feels the same way I do.
Comment on this article

The idiot thinks I'm sleeping
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 5:42 AM
By Emily "Integral" Reigel

I do not feel the same way Rich does. First off, if I did, I'd feel slimy all day because he sweats like a goddamn snowman in hell. Secondly, he has these disgusting hives that never go away. Thirdly, I think he has lice or something because he's always rubbing his head against this chunk of plywood he stole from the Home Depot (yes, he actually left the apartment once! Amazing!). Fourthly... oh God, forget it, I'd be here forever if I were to begin listing all his pathetic shortcomings. If any of you know more about certain hallucinogens which could potentially cause the victim to stab himself to death, please email me. I'm desperate.
Comment on this article

Revenge Shall Be Swift and Soon.
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 12:16 PM
By Josh "Livestock" Boruff

My scientific studies have landed me one step closer to the ultimate gif which will lend me all the otherworldly powers needed to defeat that nefarious nerd Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka. I have discovered a color combination of pixels which, when activated, causes instantaneous brain hemmeraging in the test subject. I have tried this experiment on my fellow hobos occupying car 32, resulting in the tragic expiration of Hank "Bean Soup" Levins and "Lucky Linda." I have stapled photos of that bumbling boob Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka to the face of the corpses and put a printed copy of SA's front page in their pockets. I am one step closer.
Comment on this article

Even in sleep he's obnoxious
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 3:01 PM
By Emily "Integral" Reigel

The blubbering land mass beneath the covers is sweating. IN HIS SLEEP. WHERE DOES ALL THIS MOISTURE COME FROM? DOES HE SUMMON IT FROM THE GREAT LAKES? He's also rolling around like an idiot and muttering crap about feet. If he wasn't so cheap, I'd smother him with a pillow, but he said that pillows are simply scams created by the medical industry to mess up our backs. And hey, guess what, his back is like a mess of knotted twine! Great thinking there, Professor Jackass! I hope you wake up before 8:00 PM today! You'd set a new record! Hopefully I'll be gone for the momentous occasion, like in another state or country!
Comment on this article

OH LOOKS, ITS TIEM FOR ANOTHAR UPDATE BY ME, ZAX PARSONS!!!!!!!11111
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 6:29 PM
By Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons

GRababr abrarwl fgpie geghe ag32gh4 flak aooeoeo eofgop gaagghagahahaha ahfepgproirtt **FAGOT!!!!**
Comment on this article

Good morning ;-)
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 7:02 PM
By Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

Sorry about the late update, but I didn't fal asleep for a long time last night. I kept feeling these sharp bursts of pain in my bac, like scorpion stings or something. I'dd turn around and ask Emily if she felt the same thing, but she keptpt saying she didn't and I should go to sleep or at least drink that glas of water she made for me. I don't know why she said she "made" the water for me or why its tinted green, bt I'm not thirsty anyway. I don't know, ever since the 30th or so sting last nigt, my vision's been kind of off, so excuse me if this update has a few spelling errors. I thoght of somthing last night I wanted tto update this AwfulyLivejOrunal about, But I Forget it nnow . oh WAIT, I remeber now, i wanted to say that peopl who are closeminded jsut "arnt cool." just becuse people may dres difrently than you dosnt mean their evil or anythin, so you soudl treat everybdy with respect and wwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww
Comment on this article

There is a god
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 7:05 PM
By Emily "Integral" Reigel

Oh dear God, it's finally worked, my prayers have been answered. He's beginning to get cold and I can feel his ham-sized heart slow down as I type this. The Ron Popeil "Bed Scorpion Kit" did as was promised and I may finally be rid of this dead weight. Then maybe I can find a man who has the ability to either physically or mentally please women and I won't have to suffer through another day of this hell.
Comment on this article

You Infernal Wench! Damn You to Hell!
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 8:28 PM
By Josh "Livestock" Boruff

I just read that Emily "Integral" Reigel did the deed for me and offed that cantankerous crook Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka, making my studies worthless! How dare she! My life's work, all rendered useless, by that one boisterous bitch! She shall soon pay just like they all will. Emily, please do me a favor and open up the email entitled "SPECIAL OFFER - SAVINGS FOR THE CHRISTMAS" which looks like it was sent from my electronic mail account but, in reality, was in fact not. The message will appear to contain an animated gif but that is simply your electronic mail program displaying an error. It does not contain an animated gif. Please do this with the utmost haste, as it requires your immediate attention. PS: "Slippery Joe" Honda said to inform you that you're "hot" and to ask you the immortal question of "A/S/L?"
Comment on this article

OEN MORE TIEM FOR TEH GOOD LADY LIBARTY, AHAHA-HAHHAHA!!!
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 10:37 PM
By Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons

HEY I SAW THES COOL MOVIE ON TLEEVISIAN CALLED "ERNEST SAVED CRISTMAS" AND IT WAS ABOUT ERNAST WHO SAVED CRISTMAS FROM TEH TROLLS IN A BARN!!! BUT NOW I AM DONE WACHING IT AND I WILL PALAY WARTCRAFT 3 AND PLAY AS UNDEAD BECUASE STARFALL SI FOR FAGORTS!!! HAHAHAH, NIIGHT ELFES ARE A FARCE YOU SLOBBERING DONKEYES!!!! I AM RANKED #1 IN BATTAL.NET AND IF YUO DONT BELEIVE ME THEN YUO CAN GO SWALLOW A BUCKET OF FISH!!! AHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAH BYE SUCKARS
JEFF K
I MNEAN SACK PARSONS
Comment on this article

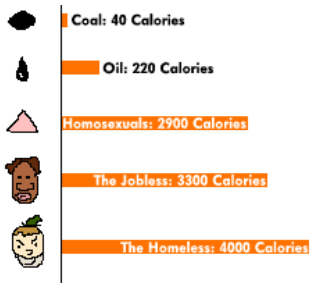
testing
Wednesday, DECEMBER 18 - 11:52 PM
By Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Woah, wait, we're doing this today, right? How does this wor
Comment on this article (1 comment)

Well this certainly was an exciting success! Stay tuned for future Something Awful updates, none of which will contain anything even remotely like todays! I don't think I need to stress how much of a good thing that is!

Prepare to Get Mad!

Zack "JeffK" Parsons here and with an overflowing sack of controversy! In an all new installment of SA Story Time the always incredible Daring Armstrong takes on the genre of ego-stroking political commentary books. He's crazy so he can't decide whether he's a conservative extremist or a liberal extremist in "Everything I Say is Correct". Either way, you're guaranteed to want to punch his face in!



> *As you can see by my diagram, the homeless top the charts of energy sources with over 4,000 calories per pound, even more if they are refined! This discovery was monumental and will hopefully revolutionize both the criminal justice system and the power industry. Imagine cars running on clean-burning hobo power, entire cities being lighted for weeks on the energy produced by immolating a single derelict! With a few simple calculations I have determined that my Ford Exhibition will get almost three miles to the pound of hobo meat, almost a thousand times more efficient than diesel fuel!*

Oh, he sure is going to piss everybody off with this new book of his. You know you enjoy being enraged, so head on over and get mad at Daring Armstrong's "Everything I Say is Correct"! I know I did!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.19 Spastic Art of the Western World

Wednesday, Dec 18, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In the world of art, which isn't really an actual world at all, there exists a code of silence. Many inhabitants of this magical art planet would argue that good art is never forgotten, but that's a **boldfaced** lie written in a scary Halloween font, or maybe in that cryptic and ominous Wingdings font. The truth of the matter is entirely different from what the art bigwigs would have you believe, for one of the finest artistic mediums has largely been forgotten, brushed aside like the calculated strokes on a crappy painting of some aristocrat's fat wife. Only now, after decades spent in seclusion is this art form returning to the public light where it belongs. It's hard to believe that true art, art that reflects the vivid and energetic motions of life, rested in the gutter unremembered for so long. I need not remind you that this is the same gutter occupied by "Savage Mondo Blitzers" and other human errors no one dares to speak of.

An early spastic pieta entitled "Go Long!" It features the Virgin Mary clutching the defeated Christ like a football. While Christ was defeated by a stronger Roman offense, he pretty much won the war thanks to loyal fan support and always giving the crowd a good show.

Thankfully justice has a way of clawing though six feet of dirt and digging its dead hands into injustice, rendering things right. That's exactly what happened almost two years ago when a hulking football player named #86/68 tackled his way into the spotlight. The immediate celebrity status he gained helped to restore the tarnished reputation of the spastic arts. Most people tend to falsely think of #86/68 as the beginning of the spastic arts, but they are doing just what the art world did and forgetting a long and great history. Spasticism has been around since even before the Renaissance, and has been used to expose the raw creativity of the human spirit in fluid articulation. Consider this update a history lesson, for it's time you know of spasticism in all its two-framed glory!

Spasticism - From Birth to Maturity

No one is entirely sure where spastic art first came from, but it's widely considered that spasticism was sired by struggling and angst-trodden artists eager to illuminate their depressing journals and diaries with colorful, fluid imagery. Early spastic art was shunned, for the rapid movements depicted were first associated with sexual acts, and therefore with Satan, the endboss of life. However, the spastic motions proved too irresistible to suppress. Spastic art went from a scorned act practiced and viewed in private to a public art form embraced by all. The poor and oppressed and the wealthy and elite both shared a common love for spasticism. There was something magical about viewing a spastic work. The hypnotic and frantic nature of the art often overpowered the eyes and in some cases blinded people - undoubtedly because they were witnessing the glory of God Almighty shining through in the works of man! The early spastic artists, or spastacists, became beloved public figures and were often called upon to create great spastic works for the community. Wealthy aristocrats and powerful members of the Church would commission leading spastacists to create custom works of art for considerable sums of money, lending prestige and what modern scientists call "bling bling" to the career. I hate modern scientists.

Flanders, Venice, and Paris emerged as the premiere hosts of the spastic movement. Those seeking to become spastacists often traveled to these locations, if not already from them, to study under one of the great spastic masters of the day. Once masters of the craft themselves, they carefully chose their patrons and whom they took commissions from. For many, the Church proved to be the most

ideal business venture. A good standing with the powerful religious heads meant a good standing virtually everywhere except Hell, where Christianity is frowned upon for some reason.

Visually powerful spastics lined the insides and outsides of small churches and large cathedrals. Often, many holy sanctuaries employed spastychs, or special two or three part spastic artworks placed on the high altar for the congregation to marvel at. Some even argued that the power of spastychs reduced people to clay, allowing the priests to mold them in the glory of God, for better or worse. Spastic pietas were also popular, those being emotionally charged depictions of the Virgin Mary clutching a dead Jesus like a holy football on loan from God.

"Fatty Devouring Goblet of Gravy", a powerful work that managed to get more ugly as time went on.

From religion, spasticism mutated and broadened, accepting human subject matters as opposed to focusing entirely on man's divine heritage. Spasticists began looking at individual, as well as society and all the wonderfully diverse white people that composed it. The changes that came about helped give spasticism a second wind, and set in motion changes that are still present today. While the initial focus of this second wind was directed at wealthy men with big castles and even bigger wives, it eventually paved the way for a larger door to be built that was kind of like the one in "Jurassic Park." That door was then opened so that bigger ideas could start passing through.

One of Picasso's attempts at spastic cubism. Like all of Picasso's work, it's retarded and liked only by people who secretly hate themselves.

But before this cool looking door was built, rich men shelled out big handfuls of crazy European money (at the time it looked kind of like Monopoly money but only in the shape of gold coins and made out of gold) to have their obsese wives immortalized in art, especially in paintings and spastics. Honestly, the only place you'll find more fat women than in art is at an all-you-can-eat buffet restaurant. And all because Peter Paul Rubens craved big butts. Unlike Washington and Sir Mix-a-Lot, he could tell lies, though. Thankfully more attractive subjects were later chosen, and art's love affair with fatties came to a timely demise. Coincidentally, that's more or less when everyone decided they might as well become modern. A big party was held, some balloons were popped, and then suddenly Kazaam! A glorious new age had spread its wings and taken flight!

The Modern Age of Spasticism

Around the 18th century, spasticism began heading in a new and exciting direction. Fat women, religious propaganda, and peasant and aristocratic lifestyles were all fantastic for the first few hundred years, but in order to keep art interesting and provocative, strange new possibilities needed to be explored. These new explorations encompassed not just experimenting with new subject matters, but changes in the technical aspects as well. These changes first occurred with the spastic impressionists, who sought to capture forms in their first instance of sight, blurry and vivid in color and light, yet still defined. Because it takes so long to capture all of this, many spasticists noticed that light and color were changing as they worked, compromising the purity of their very style! Some obsessed over this fact and rendered the same spastic over and over again at different times of the day, others accepted it and moved on like the brave effeminate Europeans they were!

Meanwhile, while all that crazy artistic shit was going down in Europe, the all-consuming beast known as America just totally appeared out of nowhere! American spasticists took all the good stuff Europeans were doing and made it as American as apple pie, Johnny Five, and victory over Europe!

Suddenly radical new trains of thought were put into motion on the radical thought railroads radical thought railroad barons were erecting all over the plains of radical thought. It was as some might say, "radical!" A bevy of new styles and movements emerged from the American art frontier, and all were adopted by the spasticists. Picasso's studies in cubism, the surrealist movement, and even pop art were all consumed and digested by spasticism.

The 20th century saw a great deal of deranged experimentalism. The spastic medium was challenged, reversed engineered, dissembled, and put back together in frightening new ways. Spasticists experimented with the most bizarre concepts and ideas, pushing the limits of tradition and the artistic establishment. Perfectly symmetrical figures were mirrored, removing all indication of motion and shaking the very foundations of spasticism! In some cases, the spastic was broken into a grid and mirrored in unorthodox ways, or the subject would be mirrored on an entirely different axis. This was definitely not a good time to be wearing a monocle, for the constant shock would place fatal strain on the eye socket, eventually crushing the monocle and sending glass shards into the eye. Modern scientists are especially against glass shards in the eye. I hate modern scientists. Surrealists defied convention by completely disregarding the rational and instead focusing on the realm of imagination, where nothing is as it seems and revenge is a dish best served warm.

With the birth of surrealism comes strange and amazing visions. This one, entitled "The Nightmare", depicts an imaginary creature that probably doesn't exist. Imagine that!

While the style and techniques changed, the aim never did. Spastic art was and will always be intended to showcase the duality of man - man seen from both sides and both lights, good and evil, right and wrong, just and unjust. Or, the case of Rubenesque spastics, fat and still fat. In the last 1970s, probably due to disco or the Cold War or something, spastic art disappeared off the radar. I think they even tried pinging it on sonar, but that didn't work. For close to thirty years or an awful fucking lot of dog years, spasticism was gone. Gone from the art world, gone from the hearts of mankind, and gone from almost all memory. Thankfully someone managed to remember spasticism, possibly due to being infused with the DNA of an elephant. From there, this person channeled centuries of creativity, energy, and human accomplishment into one powerful force capable of overcoming any and every obstacle. I don't know who you are, but I want you to know you saved art. I leave you now with a vision of greatness personified, the enigma that is spasticism in its purest form:

Ding Dong! Nitro is at the door!

There is a brand spankin' new Rom Pit Review up thanks to Psychosis! The latest review is of "American Gladiators," the awesome adaptation of the awesome show that defined a generation and made me the man I am today. The game features several mini-games including the alawys exciting Joust:

> *Joust is the rousing and epic tale of a contestant's noble quest to jump between a hundred little platforms and whack his enemies on the head with a giant q-tip. You may have trouble with this event at first, due to the enemy utilizing a devastating technique known as "standing there doing nothing." When he's just sitting there motionless, you can walk*

> *right up and swing at his head, only to have it go right through him without hurting him at all, a la the sword from Hook. All you have to do is wait for him to make a move, then pound the A button to start swabbing the shit out of your opponent. After you knock him off the edge, you hop to the next platform and fight someone else, then continue this cycle until the game decides that you won. Every time a gladiator falls the game plays that same annoying exaggerated screaming-in-agony effect, only you won't notice because by the third or fourth opponent you'll be perfectly duplicating that sound effect at the top of your lungs.*

Sounds like a hit to me!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.20 My Nutso Parents: Part 3 of 3

Friday, Dec 20, 2002 by Integral

Thanks for everything, guys.

By now most of you are aware of my two previous updates (1 and 2) in which I demonstrated the sheer wacko, freaked-out insanity of both my mother and my father. I was difficult to prove my case for their raving lunacy in only a few short paragraphs but I think that some of the anecdotes I had to share more than made up for the lack of space that I had in which to communicate their needing to be committed to a brain-shrinky institution as soon as is humanly possible. My parents didn't read those updates that I wrote (which is probably good considering the nature of my father's occupation) so will not receive the benefits of objective (yeah right) commentary on their brain situation. My parents don't read anything that I write for the site (haw haw that's all for the best because I'm not funny, etc.) and absolutely refuse to acknowledge what I spend most of my time doing, so I suppose that it serves them right that a few thousand people out there now know their secret shame of being utterly mental.

Before I stir that kettle of rotting codfish, however, I will back up and explain the various ways in which they have behaved like complete morons since my move to Seattle last April, including sending the police to the apartment. Keep in mind that I am 24 years of age and have graduated from college at this point of my life. I was 23 when I left Wisconsin and had been living two and a half hours away from them (by car) for roughly five years at that time. My parents' insanity is the chief reason for my leaving home in the first place and it was very good to move 1800 miles away across the waving fields of prairie junk and large mountains because I had delusional hopes that at this distance their battiness would be muted and dulled. I was very incorrect for one of the few times ever in my life to date.

When I told my parents about meeting Rich "Debutante" Kyanka they were less-than-thrilled, to put it mildly. They asked me all of the basic parental questions about him, such as how old he was, what he did for a living, and whether he had any kinky fetishes that I should tell them about in great detail. When I explained to them that he ran a website and that this website was called "Something Awful," they cautiously visited the front page and were immediately greeted by one of Frags' Flash videos in which a woman gets beaten to death for cheating on her husband or something along those lines. Good old Frags was very well-adjusted when it came to female issues in general.

My parents' conception of the internet.

Needless to say, the parents weren't thrilled with the website and from then on insisted that Rich ran a "porno site." I asked them whether they had seen any naked pictures when they had visited the site (not possible) and they said, "You don't need to have naked pictures in order for it to be a porno site." I was not aware of this, but luckily my parents brought it to my attention. Since their initial first-time reading of the site that day they have completely avoided anything and everything having to do with it. Even the times that I have told them to go and read something that I have written they have flatly refused. My father says that I should email him all of the text of the things that I have written if I really want him to read them but that he refuses to go to the site itself and see them. **WHAT THE FUCKING HELL?**

Another fun experience was telling my mother that we owned guns and that Rich (and eventually I) enjoyed shooting as a hobby. My mother was beside herself:

Mom: You have *guns* in the house?
Me: Yes, Rich has a couple that he uses to go shooting and such with.
Mom: He has ***GUNS!?*** Why would he have *guns?*
Me: It's a hobby, just like any other hobby.
Mom: That's a weird hobby. I don't like it.
Me: There's really nothing weird about it.
Mom: What if he gets mad at you and ***SHOOTS YOU?***
Me: Why would he do that?
Mom: You've never seen him mad! He might *shoot* you with one of those ***GUNS!***

I am so dead.

My mother maintains to this day that it is very dangerous living with Rich. Apparently, because he owns guns he is more liable to kill me than if he did not own any guns. And, the kicker is, he will shoot me with said guns to do it! Needless to say, I have secret plans to throw Rich's guns into the lake so that if he does get so mad at me that he wants to kill me he will be able to stab me or strangle me like any normal human being.

My parents, on top of everything else, are convinced that I am addicted to some sort of drug. Perhaps you will remember from my first update about my parents that my mother is neurotic and even more fucked in the head than usual when it comes to the nefarious world of "drugs." To her, this category includes over-the-counter stuff, so keep this in mind, but the last telephone conversation that I had with her (roughly a month ago) consisted of her explaining to me that I had a "drug problem" because when I visited home for the first time in six months I had taken something to help me relax on the plane because flying scares me shitless. It was either take something or be shaking with fear for the entire three and a half hour flight. My mother told me that it was "disgusting" and that I "needed to get help as soon as possible... **unless YOU ARE HAPPY THIS WAY, EMMA!!**" PS. I do not have a drug problem. I don't take any drugs recreationally. Hell, I don't even drink. This didn't stop my father from contacting as many people whom I was friends with as he could to ask them whether they knew anything about "what drugs I was mixed up in." But my parents thinking that I have drug issues gets even more fucked up than that.

From the time I told them about Rich and this nutty place, my parents refuse to believe that anyone could make a successful living running a website. Granted, it hasn't been all lobster and caviar for us, but we have managed to live. My parents don't think that we could possibly afford to do so by running Something Awful, so they have come to the conclusion that Rich deals and sells drugs. If I've heard the"How does he get his money?" question once I've heard it until my ears bled like a poorly-skilled heroin addict (I mean, uhhh...). And every time I talk to them about it, the conversation goes the same way because they refuse to believe that Richard "Dr. T and the Women" Kyanka could make money writing a "porno site."

HAHA That's pretty funny, man. See, it's like Bugs Bunny only he's stoned and it's Drugs Bunny instead.

No matter how many times I deny that either of us has any involvement with drugs, let alone that we make a career out of buying and selling them, they maintain that there is no other explanation for how we have any money whatsoever and the kicker is that they refuse to look at the site so they would have no idea how successful or otherwise it is. YAY PARENTS! SCORE ONE FOR COMMON SENSE! The worst part is that my father absolutely refuses to meet Rich. REFUSES. He has never met him. So any and all assumptions that he has made about Rich's character have been completely based of of the

fallacies that he collected for himself when he visited Something Awful roughly ten months ago.

It is no wonder that with parents like this I have chosen to stay distanced from them for the past several months. At first I thought that they would come around and use their skills of logical reasoning to discern what the actual deal was. Barring that possibility, they might finally decide to leave Wisconsin and come out here to visit me (which they have not done once since I got here). Neither of these things have happened, and after the rather hostile conversation I had with my mother about my "drug problem," I decided that it might be best if I stopped talking to them for awhile. As it turns out, this is another rare instance in my life when I screwed up.

My parents began leaving messages on my voice mail that consisted of:

> ***Dad:*** *Emma, please call home. Mom is worried about you and I'd like to talk to you about when you're moving back.*
>
> ***Mom:*** *Emma, why are you not answering your phone? If you weren't on drugs you would answer your phone, but you're probably hopped up right now, aren't you?! It's just absolutely disgusting, Emma, and you need HELP. Please call home.*

Yeah, great, that's real incentive to call, guys. Thanks.

Well, little did I know that ignoring them would mean a very entertaining run-in with local law enforcement. At 8:30 AM on a drizzly Seattle morning, a knock sounded at the door. There's a difference, somehow, to the way the police knock on your door and they way anyone else in the world would knock. They don't care whether you are in there or not but they knock to wake the dead and they don't stop. I hadn't gotten to sleep until about six AM the night before because I had a cold and I was all sweaty and gross from tossing and turning for hours and not being able to breathe properly. Rich let them in the door and they asked to talk to me. It was dark inside and they came in with flashlights blazing. One of the guys had his hand on his gun.

The police, including F.A.T. Shaw here, were very concerned for my well-being.

Cop: *(shining his flashlight into my eyes)* Are you Emily Reigel?
Me: Yes.
Cop: I see. Do you know why we're here?
Me: Because my parents are insane?
Cop: *(looking uncomfortable)* Well, yes.

I don't know what my parents told them, but they asked me a lot of questions. I am sure that I looked pretty strung out on something at the time due to my cold and lack of sleep. They asked to see my ID and examined it very closely, looked at me, and examined it again. They then yelled at me when they saw that it was still a Wisconsin ID and that I hadn't gotten a Washington one yet. They asked me questions about my parents such as what their names were (to make sure that it was actually me or to see whether I was high, I assume). One guy spent the entire time they were here just sort of shining his flashlight around and looking at things. I imagine that it was drug activity that they were looking for, but unfortunately for everyone involved, all that they found were a lot of video game controllers and tangled wires coming out of the consoles we have by the TV.

The police officer who wasn't looking for drugs told me that my father had called them and told them to come and "make sure that I was ok." Keep in mind that in any point in time my Dad had only to look at the website that I write things for to confirm my well-being. I think that my parents'

craziness worked against them in this case, because when I told the police dude that my parents were insane they seemed to understand. My answers to their questions seemed to satisfy them well enough and I guess they couldn't very well start looking around the place for drugs, so they left. Thank you mom and Dad! That was the best Christmas gift I have ever received.

Needless to say, I have not spoken to my parents since the police raid. They have stopped calling- I assume that they have gotten the hint and that the police informed them that I was fine. My mother sent an email to my old college account (because she refuses to send mail to my Something Awful address) about a week ago, the entire text of which was, "Are you ok?" Dear Mom, I have been shot and am now on drugs to ease the pain, so no, I am not ok. What is wrong with these people? How did I grow up with them and avoid permanent damage? Oh wait, I probably didn't.

I hope that these three updates have been at the very least informative to you. Maybe you can read them and use them as a guide to look for warning signs of insanity that your parents might exhibit that will tell you that you need to get out of there ASAP. I wish that I had divorced my parents when I was young like that one kid did that one time a few years ago; that was cool. Maybe I would have been able to avoid all of the fucked up shit that my parents have exposed me to over the years. I am sure that some people out there have it a lot worse than I do and I don't mean to be saying, "Boo hoo hoo, woe is me, my parents are crappy" because for every crappy thing my parents have done, someone else's parents gave them gasoline to drink and forced them to watch hours and hours of golf coverage on ESPN2. My folks were kind of not fun to deal with, however (maybe you've gathered that part), and by the way, they were just a little bit nuts. Good thing I have my huge supply of drugs to keep my mind off of the situation.

State Og's Got Yer Christmas RIGHT HERE!

The gentlemanly gentlemen at the gentle global corporation State Og have once again reported in with the various steals and deals awaiting you, the consumer, this festive holiday Christmas season! How could you even fathom holding a Christmas celebration this year without the The Tree Destroyo 3000 Yuletide Angel?

> *State Og realizes that a number of our non-Christian employees (technically this is everyone, due to our mass conversion to the Cult of Thuggee, all praise Kali!) might feel uncomfortable sending their children to a Christmas party, so we have an alternative for these party-poopers. Our master surgeon, Dr. Klaus Braun, recently harvested the body parts of a dozen dead people (and several species of crocodile) from around the world, which he expertly sewed together. Harnessing the power of lightning and that gel State Og brand Spam is packed in, Dr Braun animated this abomination. In doing so, he brought to life everyone's new friend, "The Secular Multi-Ethnic Holiday Monster." The grotesqueness of his body is matched only by the perversity of his twisted brain and his appetite for human bone marrow. We call him "Chuckles" for short. You have the option of letting him play with your children all night long if you don't find Hobo Claus to your liking.*

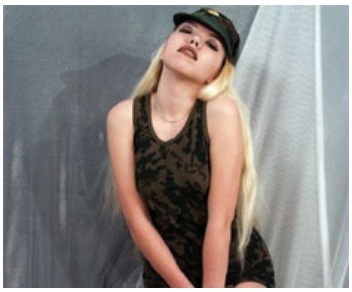
If you don't read this right now, I have a terrible feeling that something tragic will happen to you.

And your loved ones. And friends. And hell, most of the living things within a 16-mile radius of you.

-∼Integral

12.21 I WANNA ROCK! I WANT I-RAQ!

Friday, Dec 20, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Oh yeah? You like that don't you.

The good old US of A is gearing up for another round of "bomb another country silly" and things seem to have gained an unavoidable momentum at this point. Fresh-faced troops are already in the region surrounding Iraq dressed up in their finest kill-suits, while carrier fleets and impressive armadas of aircraft move into position. The pageantry is very breathtaking and I really can't get nearly enough video footage of C-130 Specters refueling in Qatar. These warm-up clips are like the blowjob to get us ready for sex. They're making us all hot and bothered for orgasmic scenes of military carnage exploding across the screen in the taboo and sassy white-on-black embrace of forward-looking infrared sights. My pants are off and my cockring is in position just waiting for the first titillating grainy footage of tracers zipping skyward, searching fruitlessly for the G-spot of an F-15 dropping satellite-guided ordinance through the cloud cover.

War is something much more gripping than what is presented in these tiny poorly-framed windows of porno-quality digital video coming to us over CNN. There's a lot more to be seen, and if the government just realized it, a lot of money to be made.

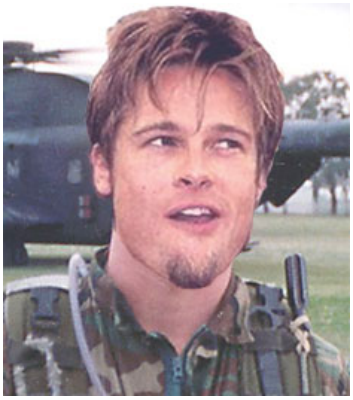
Think about this. The movie Pearl Harbor cost something like 5 trillion dollars to make, much of that money going to make it seem like a real war was happening and the Japanese were ruthlessly attacking the shit out of us.

Yes, you have been a bad girl and I think you need a spanking.

They spent all this money making fake bombs blow up fake people and fake boats, but the government is spending nearly as much money right now to go blow up real people with real bombs. The government would have a serious cash cow if they just invested in some high-end film equipment, the proper lighting and sound equipment, and maybe that guy who does the voiceover work that always starts out "In a world gone wrong." They could plan operations around staging the most spectacular attacks imaginable and then sell them to Hollywood. Hell, why even bother with the middleman, they could just hire a few actors to ham it up before an attack and then have the CIA equivalent of Industrial Light and Magic digitally insert Bruce Willis's face over whichever Army Ranger kicked the most ass.

Get a jingoistic shit-heel like Jerry Bruckheimer to spin everything all pro-America to give the populace the glorious propaganda they want so badly AND make back all the money spent on Tomahawks and Fuel Air Bombs at the same time. Ladies and gentlemen, I think I just solved all the budget problems of the Defense Department for the foreseeable future.

Since no pragmatic Joint Chief had the creativity to think of this himself I have a feeling they might need a little help in planning their future operations. With that as my goal I have put together a sample operation for the upcoming war against evil that could easily be turned into a replacement for a big-budget movie. I gave it a really cool name too because military operations and action movies both have to be given the coolest possible names.



Go give 'em hell Brad!

Operation Cobras and Skulls Mission: To destroy Iraq's ability to attack Coalition aircraft and tell a really cool story about a rookie Navy SEAL who is avenging his father's death (he was stabbed to death by Saddam during the Vietnam War).

Roster and Casting:
Lt. Commander Alexander Murray as **Major Benjamin Strike**
Petty Officer 2nd Class Rodriguez Vanez as **Sergeant Jesus Sanchez**
Brad Pitt as **Corporal Rough Thompson**
Melissa Joan Hart as **2nd Lieutenant Sylvia Cummingly**
Other roles to be announced

Operational Plan: Phase one of Operation Cobras and Skulls will begin with "Tango Squad" under the command of veteran Navy SEAL Benjamin Strike tasked with destroying a series of SAM emplacements near Baghdad. There will be a confrontation in the planning room when a hotshot pilot argues that he and his wingman can blow up the SAM sites with missiles but some officer will overrule them and say really dramatically to Major Strike "can your boys do it?" and Major Strike will think for a minute and say "Yes, sir". Before the Tango Squad inserts into Iraq, Corporal Thompson will talk to Lieutenant Cummingly on the deck of the carrier or whatever and make all sorts of sexy faces and give her a picture of himself and tell her to keep it after he dies and she'll say something like "I'll give it to you when you come back".

From there it will be a HALO insertion over the LZ South East of Baghdad. Once Mr. Pitt, Lt. Commander Murray and two squad members have exited the plane a SAM missile will hit it and kill the rest of the squad. We'll have a chase plane nearby to capture the whole thing and station a SAM site on the ground if Iraqi SAM fire proves inadequate. Corporal Thompson (Pitt) will yell an exaggerated "no" and then throw a grenade down at the SAM site. All of this aerial work should be second unit stuff, we'll have the director (Bruckheimer has expressed interest) down on the ground filming the Iraqi SAM crew. Even though it was a SAM that shot the plane down when we cut to the ground it will be an AA gun because those are much more dramatic.

Then we'll show an F-15 piloted by the guy from the beginning and we realize he's coming to save the day. We see him arm a bomb and then it cuts to the Iraqi gun emplacement.

> **Bruckheimer:** Okay, when the bomb hits I want you two to fly directly towards the camera and I want that guy over there to run around for a few seconds on fire.
>
> **Iraqi Soldiers:** (Blank stares)

> **Bruckheimer:** Chop-chop people, this film is not cheap and neither are those bombs. Now get back to your anti-aircraft gun. Colonel Muhammad, could you come over here a second.
>
> **Colonel Muhammad:** (doesn't understand English) Yes.
>
> **Bruckheimer:** For this scene your motivation is that you hate the Americans, they've bombed your people, starved your civilians, and they treat you like sub-humans. When the bomb hits I'm going to have Lance switch out to high-speed film. I want you to look around in frustration and then grab the controls for the gun and start shooting. Yell something in Arabic like "For Allah" or "For My People". Okay?
>
> **Colonel Muhammad:** (doesn't understand English) Yes. Okay.
>
> **Bruckheimer:** Good. Okay, places people, we've got about two minutes ETA on that F-15. Craft services, can I get a bagel or something in here? I mean Jesus Christ come on, we haven't been bombed into the Stone Age yet!

As the remaining Iraqi AA gunner fires up, Corporal Thompson will parachute directly on top of him kicking him in the face in the process.

Phase three of the mission will be a montage of the surviving squad members blowing up various SAM and AA emplacements. We can have additional film crews just film other units performing this task, only have them dress in the cool black SEAL jump uniforms. Phase four will be where Corporal Thompson and Major Strike (the only remaining survivors) will argue. Their orders are to proceed to the extraction point but Thompson wants to infiltrated Baghdad and kill Saddam to avenge his father. During an impassioned speech Thompson will attempt to convince Strike, Strike will refuse and tell Thompson he can go but he'll tell them back at base that he was killed. Thompson will then start to walk away for a minute or two and then Strike will jog up beside him having changed his mind.

For the big finale we'll either have to wait to shoot until Saddam has been located or we can use a look-alike prisoner and then CGI as necessary to make him look like Saddam. Strike and Thompson will sneak into the Presidential Palace, knifing a few guards in the process (although if Lt. Commander Murray can do that cool neck-snap thing we could have him kill a couple of them that way). Finally they will burst in on Saddam and he will throw up his hands as a coward. Thompson will start to explain how he is going to give him a fighting chance but halfway through his speech Saddam will pull out a pistol concealed in his desk and shoot. Strike will throw himself in front of the bullet and save Thompson's life, but sacrifice his own. Saddam will start laughing and Thompson will jump at him flinging the gun out the window nearby. A knife fight will ensue during which Saddam will stab Thompson in the shoulder but Thompson will ultimately prove stronger and force the knife back into Saddam's head or chest.

We can fade out and then send another team in to extract Brad Pitt or mop up depending on the situation.

I think with some good editing, a few good directors, and a daring cast willing to go the whole way in the name of democracy we can churn out six or seven blockbusters from this war in time for summer. Let's get the ball rolling Mister President, don't be a tease. You've got me all hard and if I sit here much longer with this painful war-erection and my pants off I'm eventually going to realize how sick it all is and get as limp as if I just noticed my cat staring at me.

■ RIVER CITY HACKY SACK!

Oh god yes! Yes!

Howdy, Livestock here. First off, I must inform you that there is no new Phriday this week due to me being a drunkard or something. Phriday will return next week filled to the brim with new images and comedy! But don't worry, because your need for entertainment has been satisfied tenfold this week. It is with much delight and some minor jock itch that I announce to you the newest game featured here on Something Awful. That game's name is River City Hacky Sack, or RCHS as the kids call it. It was created by TylerK, a forum goon and good friend of mine. He's an extremely talented Flash wizard and also damn hilarious, and this game easily reflects that better than a mirror from Krypton. The busy bee worked for over six months programming and reprogramming this, creating hundreds of frames of animation, and some truly awe-inspiring features. And let me tell you, there are enough features and secrets in this game to fill the biggest bucket you can muster!

Those of you familiar with Flash games are undoubtedly aware that the average inspired Flash game either has you dropping water balloons or "fucking" Osama bin Laden by shooting him in the head or blowing him up. In other words, Flash games tend to stink like a skunk trapped in the ass of a rotting shut-in trapped in the carcass of a rotting whale buried under a pile of diapers previously worn by people who died of Ebola. This game, however, excels in absolutely amazing ways. It captures the fun, action, and excitement of classic console games of the 8-bit and 16-bit Nintendo era, particularly those from Technos like River City Ransom and Super DodgeBall.

I've talked far too much. GO PLAY THIS GAME NOW YOU STUPID LITTLE MAN!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.22 I'm Always Right: The Definitive Guide to The Simpsons, Part 2

Sunday, Dec 22, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

Sideshow Bob doesn't take kindly to you disagreeing with me.

Last week, we took a look at the first seven seasons of *The Simpsons*. Or, should I say, I took a look and allowed you to come along for the ride. To recap, I am the ultimate source of knowledge in regards to *The Simpsons*. Everything that I say or do on the subject is one hundred percent correct simply by merit of my being me. Some of you seemed to have a problem grasping that concept last week. Let me spell it out for you. If you find yourself questioning the information presented in this article, just stop right there. No matter what conclusions you come to on your own, unless it is in complete accordance with what I say, it is inherently wrong. Now, don't go blowing this all out of proportion. I'm not saying anything negative about you as a person, I'm not insulting your masculinity/femininity (well, let's be realistic, just masculinity), I'm not passing any sort of judgment about your life or personal occupation. No, I'm doing this for your benefit. I'm doing this for the benefit of us all. It is my dream that once this guide is completed, never more will people lose teeth, eyes, and most of all dignity over petty arguments about when the show really started going downhill, if it can regain its former glory, what the best episode is, et cetera, et cetera. You see, I know the answers to those difficult questions. What's more, I can substantiate those answers with evidence from the episodes. I know the little details, too. I know what generation Springfieldian Belle is (sixth). I know if Moe says "car hole" or "car hold" (hole). I know the names of all three incarnations of Little Timmy and the Shebangs. Most of you don't even know who Little Timmy and the Shebangs are. I could spend days proving why my *Simpsons* knowledge is far greater than yours, but we're trying to help humanity, here, not test my formidable mettle. It would be best if you'd just lay back and accept everything that I say as fact. Once you've leapt that hurdle, the road to your *Simpsons* salvation is smooth and obstacle-free. And what a road it is! Today, I'm going to cover seasons eighth through thirteen, then take a special look at how season fourteen is progressing so far. We've got a long way to go, and there's no turning back now! Well, I guess you could close the window. Or scroll down a little. Or click something on the sidebars. But beyond that, there's virtually no turning back now! Sort of.

Season Eight: Dear God, this season is beautiful. This was the king of seasons, and I'll take no guff about it. Do you hear me? **Zero guff.** After a high quality "Treehouse of Horror,"the regular season kicked off with "You Only Move Twice," A.K.A. the Hank Scorpio episode. There are many good episodes in *Simpsons* history. There are many great episodes. This one is best. It has no shortcomings. "I moved here from Canada and they think I'm slow, eh?" is one of the most frequently quoted lines on the Something Awful forums, an impressive feat. The season also contains what may well be the greatest insult *The Simpsons* has yet contributed to the English language, "assbutt." The weak link in the season is "My Sister, My Sitter," when Lisa babysits Bart and Maggie. If nothing else, the episode serves as a testament to Homer. He didn't have much to do in the episode, and Bart and Lisa couldn't carry it on their own. Other than that, though, the season is rock solid. "Homer vs. the Eighteenth Amendment" taught us that alcohol is "the cause of - and solution to - all of life's problems. "Mountain of Madness" taught us that pharaohs do, indeed, enjoy a good sit. "Simpsoncalifragilisticexpiala(Annoyed Grunt)cious taught us the astounding benefits of doing a half-assed job. We met Poochie, Cecil Terwilliger, and Lucius Sweet. We saw Milhouse's parents get divorced, Mr. Burns be mistaken for an alien, and Homer go an a mystical spirit quest.

There's too much good stuff in this season to go into any great detail. I say goddamn, son.

> **Treehouse of Horror VII**: Bart discovers he has an evil twin, Lisa creates a tiny civilization, and Kodos and Kang replace Bill Clinton and Bob Dole. There are better "Treehouse of Horror" episodes, but not by much. The second story revives the time-honored tradition of blatantly stealing from *The Twilight Zone*. Muy quality, as they say in Spain. At least, as they will say in Spain once I complete my doomsday device. But I've said too much already.

Season Nine: A step down in quality from season eight, but still a strong season. Except for the first appearance of Duffman, I shrugged when the Simpsons went to New York, and I only gave four-fifths of a damn when the real Principal Skinner showed up. "All Singing, All Dancing" proved that the show has had some memorable musical moments, but that the writing just isn't as sharp when it's put to music. Lisa stole her share of the spotlight, and the result was not great. The only good thing that came out of "Lost Our Lisa" was the classic line, "I'm not normally a praying man, but if you're up there, please save me, Superman!" The only good thing that came out of "Lisa the Simpson" was that my uncle then challenged my father to a round of pot-helmet headbutting. On the other hand, "Lisa the Skeptic," also known as the angel episode, was not only one of the best of the season, but one of the best to date. "Realty Bites" gave ol' Gil a chance to shine. I laughed my ass off when Homer became sanitation commissioner."Girly Edition" had plenty of laughs, and more importantly, Mojo the helper monkey. No one can resist the awesome power of "Pray for Mojo." Not even Jesus.

> **Treehouse of Horror VIII:** A French Neutron bomb leaves Homer as the last man alive, Bart swaps DNA with a fly, and Marge, Patty, and Selma are three witches on a kid-eating rampage. Frankly, that's my favorite kind of rampage, but I can never find anyone to go with. The episode is good, but it's not *that* good. A lot of the jokes are forced or rushed, especially in the last two segments. The highlight of the episode is in the first segment, as the neutron bomb bears down on Comic Book Guy: "But Aquaman, you cannot marry a woman without gills! You're from two different worlds! Oh, I've wasted my life." Ha ha ha... you sure have, Comic Book Guy. You sure have.

If you're like me, you're laughing because you know what lines are coming up. You're also very lonely.

Season Ten: Now we're really starting to see some deterioration. The best episodes in the season are still golden, but the low points are almost devoid of good laughs. When I say "low points," I'm referring to "Sunday Cruddy Sunday" (the self-admittedly lame Super Bowl episode), "Marge Simpson in: 'Screaming Yellow Honkers'" (the uber-weak road rage episode), and "Make Room for Lisa" (the annoying Lisa's-mad-at-Homer-so-he-takes-her-places episode). Other episodes were saved by a single subplot, such as "Lisa Gets an 'A,'" which squeaked by on the tasty red shoulders of Mr. Pinchy the lobster. or "The Old Man and the 'C' Student," where Bart's escapades with the elderly thankfully overshadowed Homer's flimsy spring salesman subplot. The season flexed it muscle for "Mom and Pop Art," where Homer becomes an outsider artist, "Maximum Homerdrive," which had Homer and Bart trucking to Atlanta, and "Mayored to the Mob," when Louie's dance solo in *Guys and Dolls* saved the production that even Mark Hamill's jedi powers couldn't keep afloat. The season's peak was unquestionably "Homer to the Max," better known as the Max Power episode. This episode is the reason I call many of my female and fat male friends "Hootie McBoob." Therefore, it is also the reason that I've been sprayed with Mace on seventy-four nonconsecutive occasions.

Treehouse of Horror IX: Homer's new hairpiece makes him a murderer, Bart and Lisa battle Itchy and Scratchy inside their television, and Maggie turns out to be the product of Kang's artificial insemination beam. This was a high-quality special overall, but not among the very best. Like a liposuction patient who got too much sucked out, this episode is weakest in the middle. That segment was heavy on visual humor and slapstick, but the dialogue didn't offer much. The final piece was the best of the three, highlighted by the hilarious insemination scene between Marge and Kang. That segment ended poorly, with Marge daring the aliens to kill all of the politicians in Washington. Yeah, har har, nobody likes politicians, that's terrific. They tried too hard to go out on a joke, a problem that pops up more and more in later seasons.

Season Eleven: This is it. If you've read this far, you're in it to see what I have to say about season eleven. Either that, or you have way too much time to kill. This is the season of controversy, the season of dispute, the season of painful indigestion. And this, ladies and gentlemen - not season ten, not season twelve, certainly not season nine - this is when *The Simpsons* started to suck, and suck hard. Most people, I find, forget to draw a crucial distinction. The show may not have been as stellar in season ten as it was in the few years before that, but it was still one of the best shows on television. In season eleven, the show lost even that element. The lowest point was "Bart to the Future," when an Indian showed Bart his remarkably unfunny future as an unsuccessful musician. I came away from that episode with a bad taste in my mouth. That'll teach me to gargle cod liver oil, let me tell you. Things didn't get all that much better the next week, when Barney quit drinking. Barney may have been a one joke character, but dammit, we liked him that way! Toward the end of the season, the writers seemed to develop a new goal - end the episode as far as possible from the beginning of the episode. Take "Kill the Alligator and Run" - when you strip it down to cause and effect, Homer got a quiz magazine, so the family ended up being banned from the state of Florida. I'll give the writers points for ingenuity. They certainly managed to come up with one freakishly twisted plot for a show that only lasts twenty-two minutes. I'd much rather give them points for good jokes, though, but I can't. I want to, but I just can't. The high point of the regular season was "Guess Who's Coming to Criticize Dinner," when Homer became a food critic for the Springfield Shopper. That's sad for so very many reasons. As if they knew it was collapsing on itself, the *Simpsons* staff ended the season with a *Behind the Music*-style retrospective. In a format that is so ripe for parody, it was almost unbelievable how poor the episode turned out to be. Season eleven, what happened to you?

Comic Book Guy registers his displeasure all over the internet. I'm sure many of you are about to do the same.

Treehouse of Horror X: Flanders becomes a werewolf and stalks the family in a parody of "I Know What You Did Last Summer," Bart and Lisa gain superpowers and save Lucy Lawless from the Collector, and Homer's Y2K blunder dooms humanity. There is an exception to every rule, and my "the 'Treehouse of Horror' episode is indicative of the season" rule has its exception right here. This was the strongest episode of the season. The final segment was the best, with the sort of casual attitude toward massive amounts of death and dismemberment that I crave from my TV. Oh, sweet TV. You never let me down.

Season Twelve: Season twelve picks up where season eleven left off, and that place is nowhere. This is another season filled with celebrity cameos and creative plot twists, but the memorable jokes are few and far between. Lisa's nature-loving side is overly indulged in "Lisa the Treehugger."

Bart and Homer go from bad con artists to badly conned in "The Great Money Caper." I'm too depressed by this season to even ridicule it properly. I suppose it's had enough criticism from the Goons and the millions of other disgruntled fans. Well, a little more wouldn't hurt. This season blows goats. The best episode is "Trilogy of Error," the three-part episode following Homer, Lisa, and Bart throughout the same day. With a classy nod to "Run Lola Run," an appearance by Fat Tony, and the line "They's throwin' robots," this is the season's dubious peak. M-E-H. Meh. This season's greatest contributions were actually to the internet. Bart picked up some useful tidbits from WhatBadgersEat.com and Homer got a taste of the unrivaled glory that is internet celebrity when he stormed the web as Mr. X. I can't say much for the season, but WhatBadgersEat.com.... that's comedy.

> **Treehouse of Horror XI:** Homer has twenty-four hours to do a good deed in order to get through the pearly gates, the family enacts the story of Hansel and Gretel, and dolphin king Snorky leads his blowhole-bearing brethren against humanity. Heh heh... "blowhole-bearing brethren." I am the alliteration god. You know, a lot of people like this episode. A lot of people are wrong. This episode is not good. Say it with me: **this episode is not good.** The first segment is crap upon crap. Homer's stupidity is only funny when he has other people to interact with. When he becomes invisible and intangible, he's just stupid with himself. The second part is better, but it only has a couple chuckles. The third usually takes the credit for saving the episode. Personally, the shock value of dolphins walking on land wore off on me very quickly. When a dolphin surfaces with the late Captain McAllister's hat and pipe and squeaks, "Arr! I'm the Sea Captain! Arr!" I'll admit that I laughed loud and hard. Sadly, the episode couldn't build from that momentum. Much like the season itself, a few good lines just couldn't propel this one to greatness.

Season Thirteen: A bad season? Yes, but it was better than season twelve. Those of you who instinctively clicked on my name at the top of this page to email me angry letters, stop it right now. You've already forgotten - I'm right, you're wrong. That's all there is to it. Good episodes were scarce, it's true, but good moments were not. "The Blunder Years," featured a great scene of a young Homer, Lenny, Carl, and Moe squaring off against a young Fat Tony, Louie, and Legs. "Brawl in the Family" turned into a lame episode once it brought the floozies from "Viva Ned Flanders" into the picture, but it did feature the greatest Milhouse line ever: "How come you have your own social worker when I'm the one with stigmata?" Bea-friggin'-utiful. "Papa's Got a Brand New Badge" included a list of every job Homer has ever held that had me rolling on the floor. The show took a bold step in "Weekend at Burnsies," the marijuana episode. The episode had a number of genuine laughs ("They call 'em fingers, but I never see 'em fing. Oh, there they go."), but more impressively, it showed that *The Simpsons* could dedicate an entire episode to a real issue with candor. They handled Homer's potheadedness realistically and intelligently. And it had Hans Moleman in a tiedye shirt! Hell. Yeah. Now that I've covered what was right with the season, let's talk about what's wrong. Specifically, the sixteen episodes of the regular season that I haven't mentioned yet. I mean, Judge Constance Harm? God, that sucked. The cowboy episode? I'm a worse person for having seen that one. That's not bad *Simpsons*, that's bad TV.

> **Treehouse of Horror XII:** A gypsy woman curses the family, the Simpsons move into the Ultrahouse 3000 in a "2001" parody, and Bart and Lisa attend a *Harry Potter*-esque wizard academy. The season actually started on a pretty good note with this episode -- hey, shut the hell up, it did. Most of the first segment wasn't great, but the exchange at the end saves it:
>
> > **Homer:** "Saying I'm sorry won't bring Bart back."

Marge: "The gypsy woman said it would."
Homer: "She's not the boss of me."

Lowtax's archnemesis Pierce Brosnan does a fine job providing the voice for a computerized, homicidal version of himself in the second segment. He was clearly doing what he does best - charming women with his sly British wiles. Finally, the third segment was a quality spoof. Besides, the creature that Bart conjures wants to die *so* badly. Hilarity.

I just did an image search for "Ned Flanders" and this came up. The guy on the left is the most disturbing thing I have ever seen.

Season Fourteen: Ah, now we're getting current. Obviously, this season is still proving itself, so I can't make any sweeping generalizations. The best I can give you is an episode-by-episode analysis. Since I'm a big geek with nothing better to do with my time, that's exactly what you're going to get.

Treehouse of Horror XIII: Homer clones himself with a magic hammock, gun-toting zombies conquer Springfield, and the family takes a trip to an island under the control of a Dr. Moreau-like Hibbert. This is not an auspicious start. This is the worst "Treehouse of Horror" to date. The clone segment goes nowhere, the zombie episode resolves itself horribly, and the Dr. Moreau segment provides a couple laughs at best. The guest appearances of king-sized Homer, Tracy Ullman years Homer, and Peter Griffin of *Family Guy* fame, as well as the line "She's become some sort of monster! Which I have to admit, I sort of suspected during the sex," are the only saving graces of the episode. And by "saving graces," I mean, "parts that don't blow as much."

How I Spent My Strummer Vacation: Homer goes to a star-studded rock & roll fantasy camp. I'm not easily impressed by big name celebrity appearances, but all of the musicians got in a good bit apiece. This isn't a wonderful episode, but it's better than the last one.

Bart vs. Lisa vs. Third Grade: Lisa gets moved up to the third grade at the same time as Bart gets moved back. Another step up. This season is starting to show signs of life, now. The bulk of the episode wasn't anything too special, but the last third was pretty damn funny. I immediately adopted "Rar, rar. No one understands you, she-bear" into my normal vocabulary. A glimmer of hope is still hope.

Large Marge: Marge gets gigantic breast implants. Webmasters of cartoon porn sites collectively splooge in their sweatpants. This is another small step in the right direction. It's not hilarious, but it stays at a fairly constant level of funny throughout its entirety. The musical number is somewhat suspect, but then, they usually are.

Helter Shelter: It took a hell of a lot of twists to get the Simpsons onto a nineteenth century-styled reality show, but they do get there. This one was a step backwards, I'm afraid. It was nice to see *The Simpsons* take a good, clean stab at the black heart of the demonically evil reality show craze, but they didn't do it all that well. Let's face it, when Squiggy can't save an episode, it wasn't meant to be saved.

The Great Louse Detective: In an homage to "Silence of the Lambs," the Simpsons enlist Sideshow Bob to stop a killer from murdering Homer. This episode aired only last week, and the responses were mixed. What, you must be wondering, is the correct response, yea or nay? I say.... **yea.** The Sideshow Bob episode is an art form. The

> previous Sideshow Bob episode, where Bob hypnotized Bart to kill Krusty, was a dud. That's right, I said "dud." I went there. This one was a vast improvement. Some say that it mars the legacy of Frank Grimes. My ass it does. Frank Grimes doesn't have a legacy, and if he did, it wouldn't be all that amazing to begin with. He died in his first and only episode. The admission of Frank Grimes, Jr. that his old man "had a thing for hookers" added a new element to a practically forgotten character. The weak point of the episode was Sideshow Bob's adapted version of "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face." Stewie did it on *Family Guy* and he did it better. Although, Bob did get his comeuppance for the song by having the bejeezus shocked out of him by a pair of birds.

Tonight's episode will be crucial for season fourteen. The season has shown promise. It is already better than season twelve or thirteen. If nothing else, we've seen signs of effort from the *Simpsons* staff. We'll have to wait to see where it leads.

There you have it. Two weeks, fourteen seasons, the only opinions on the subject that you will ever need. Now, whenever you find yourself standing at knifepoint in a barroom over an argument about the quality of season ten, you can simply direct your attentions to Something Awful, where we live to make your life better. And to score with the ladies. Coming Up Next Week: a real article, in the desperate hopes that you'll all forget about this lame two-week premise. Stay tuned!

I'm Not Laughing

Greasnin here with the second part of today's Greasy triad. Once again, I've watched a movie so horrible that it would be a criminal act to allow other people to see it. This time, the hateful bastard-film is "Evil Laugh," a laughably bad slasher written by, produced by, and starring Scott Baio's lumpy brother.

> *Kids never learn. No matter how many times I tell them not to throw wild orgies in houses where children were brutally murdered, they do anyway. Then they all get killed and I have to watch a movie about it twice. It's a vicious cycle. It's also the best that Steven Baio could come up with in his desperate bid to impress his brother's girlfriends. Steven, who looks like like the lovechild of Scott Baio and Bronson Pinchot, stars in this sensible, grounded film of teen angst and thinly veiled homoeroticism, which he co-wrote with director Dominick Brascia. Brascia's father was one of the executive producers who gave this crap distribution facility the greenlight. And so, with a hearty dose of nepotism in their veins, the creative minds behind "Evil Laugh" embarked on a successful endeavor to make one of the most hilariously bad movies in history. How nice for them.*

With an opening paragraph like that, the review has to be solid gold. Or, at least semisolid, goopy gold. Go read it, lest I have suffered in vain.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

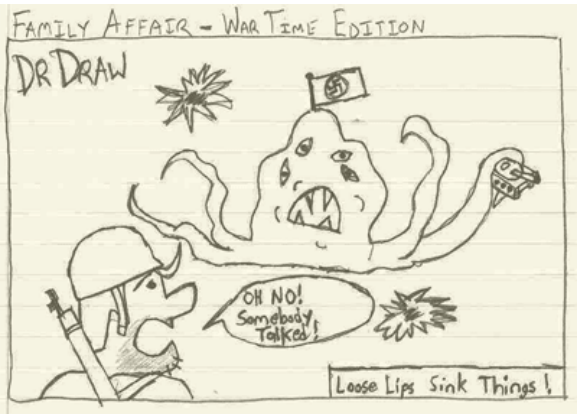
12.23 Dr. Draw Goes to War

Monday, Dec 23, 2002 by Doctor Draw (@sexyfacts4u)

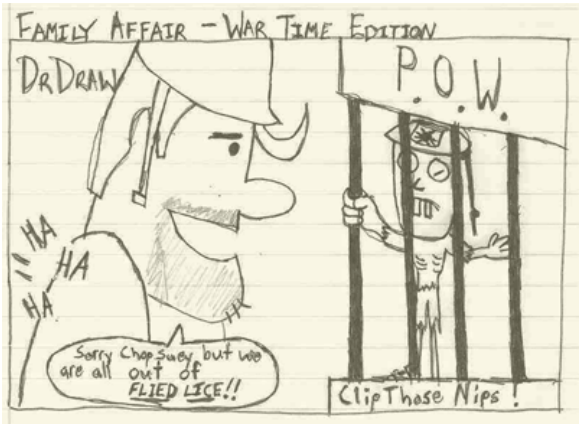
Hello folks! Yes, that's my ugly mug!

Hi there folks and folkettes, you may not know me but my name is Dr. Draw and I am legally required by the State of Arizona to tell you that I am not a real doctor. Whew, now that I've got that out of the way I can get down to brass tacks! War is coming kiddos and there's no denying it, the writing is on the wall as big as an Italian party pie. As a professional cartoonist and comic artist it is my duty to go to war with the boys in uniform. No, I don't mean slog through the trenches with a carbine you sillies, I mean I have to make it my job to entertain the folks back home AND the boys fighting for freedom and democracy. This isn't the first time for me. I've seen a lot of wars, from the Great Patriotic War against Nazism and Japaneseism to the battle for Vietnam's freedom. Back during those times my comic was run in the Phoenix Star Ledger, but the these days my comic "Family Affair" has been pushed out by all the new-fangled kids with their "Dilbert" and "Kathy" and whatnot. It's really a sad state the funny pages are in, but that's a story for another time.

Mr. Kyanka has kindly given me the opportunity to use his web site to talk to you a little bit about what it is I do with Family Affair and my art in general. Since war is on that old horizon I can think of no better time to reminisce about some strips I did in support of WWII and show off some of my newer work that won't be seen in any paper under the sun. Unless you print it out, hahaha, please do! Show some friends at the office too, especially if you work at a newspaper publisher. Below each comic I have added some commentary on my work.



This was a little reminder for those people who like to gab about the war that the Nazis have ears everywhere and the spies might just turn things sour for our boys if they hear the wrong thing.

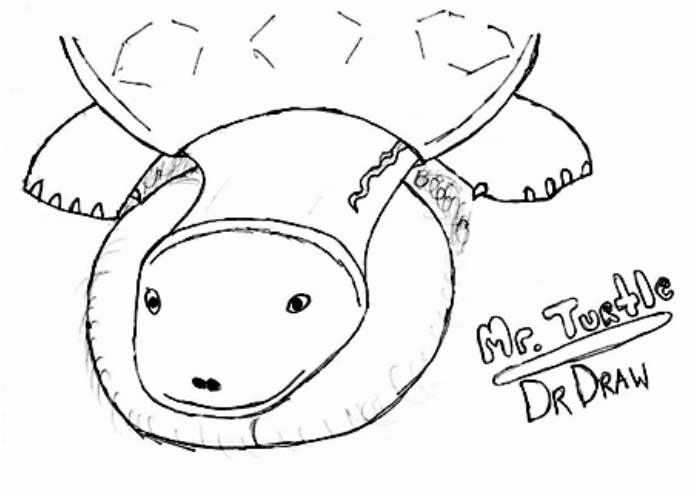


This number was mighty popular back in 44 but today some people might think it's a little bit offensive or so they say. Personally I think it's a hoot and a half, what with the little Japanese fellow in the cage and the soldier saying "we're all out of FLIED LICE" even though the guy was really asking for fried rice.

I think this just about says it all about the messed up situation that we got ourselves into. Dealing with the snake Iran we managed to get Lady Liberty all twisted up and for what? Snake oil and dates. There is hope though and I have represented it by the All American Robot which was from a comic book series I was going to do for DC but it fell through because of Harold Walkerstein.

There's a funny story behind this one. I was watching this show on the Discovery TV Channel with my roommate Gladys who is a very religious type of woman. It was about Saudi Arabia and it showed that women there have to wear head-to-toe black sheets. Gladys said they looked like wraiths and when I asked her what a wraith was she said a ghost so I though how funny it would be if an American soldier mistook a couple of ghosts for Arab women. I tell you what, I think it's funny and I think it belongs in the newspaper too! I am also really considering expanding this into a series where the ghosts go to a POW camp and get interrogated, oh it would be hilarious.

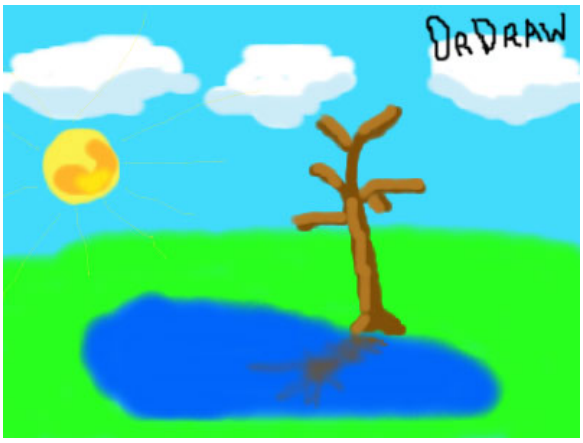
Sometimes I just have a doodle in my noodle that needs to get out and I decided to put it down on paper. One of my favorite characters that I have ever developed is a little fellow by the name of Mr. Turtle. He is part of my "Mister" series of characters that include Mr. Horse, Mr. Snake, Mr. Owl and many more. Last week I was sitting there in my breakfast nook eating a nice bowl of Ralston's cream of wheat with just a little drizzle of honey on top when a great idea for a drawing struck me. I remember my pet turtle Claudia had been sitting on a mossy rock just the other day and she was the cutest thing I had seen. I may be getting up there in years but my mind is still like a steel trap, so I had a clear image of little Claudia sunning herself on that mossy rock. I immediately flew into my studio/laundry room and put pencil to paper to create another patented Dr. Draw masterpiece!



I like to call it "Thoughtful Turtle" because he really looks like he may be considering

some mischief. Just like Claudia, there he is with his head resting on that old mossy rock, feeling the warm rays of the sun beat down on his neck and heat up that battered old shell of his. I gave him a smile but I tried to make it playful because all of the Mister series of characters are happy AND playful.

In other news on the Dr. Draw front I have been hard at work using the magic of computer technology to create some amazing digital graphics. On my web site you can see that I have whimsically drawn on a photograph of myself, but the more I have been using Paint Shop Pro the more I have been experimenting with creating an image from scratch.



No, that's no photograph or oil painting you are looking at, that is a 100% computer generated world straight from the noodle of Dr. Draw to your screen! It is amazing what computers are capable of these days. I spent only an hour creating this image and it is ready to hang in a gallery. Even better, if there is something you don't like I could go back and add it in! Did you say you wanted to see a dinosaur in that picture?! Well, just watch!

What do you know folks and folkettes, it's the happiest darned dinosaur on the planet right there in my own back yard! It's Mr. Dinosaur and he's taking a dip in my pond! I hope he doesn't scare away all the ducks! That sure was easy too, maybe I should change my name to Dr. Masterpiece!

It has been so much fun writing all of this for you fun people and I hope you got as much enjoyment out of reading it and looking at my art as I did making it all! I look forward to coming back again, my health and Mr. Kyanka allowing, and showing you some more of my work. In the mean time if you have any requests feel free to use an e-mail to me. I get them almost right after you send them. I like to pretend there are little electronic mail trucks zipping all over the phone lines carrying letters from me to you and you to me. Until next time, keep reaching for your goals and you may reach them one day!

-~Doctor Draw (@sexyfacts4u)

12.24 Awfully Last Minute Christmas Gifts

Tuesday, Dec 24, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Some of Santa's elves prepare their hourly performance reports.

If you're like 99.9% of the "correct religion" people out there, you've undoubtedly put off the majority of your Christmas shopping until the last possible minute, which (according to our calculations) is today. Yes, Tuesday the 24th is in fact the last clear chance you'll have to show people how much you care for them by purchasing electronic devices handcrafted by underage Japanese slave labor elves. Nothing says "praise the birth of Jesus Christ" quite like a box of miniature RC racers or a gift certificate to the Meat Pile of the Month club. However, we're aware that some of you may have delayed your Christmas shopping not out of malice, but due to the fact that you simply don't have much money to spare. I'm assuming the economy is the worst that its ever been, particularly since the economy is invariably the worst that its ever been this time of year, every year. You probably don't have a job because CNN informed me that the evil conservatives just passed a law requiring everybody to be homeless except the upper 1% of all rich people, who are instead granted godlike powers and the ability to travel through time. Due to lack of time, money, and effort, you may have found yourselves sitting in silence, reading a shitty self-professed "humor" site, and wondering how you will appease the many, many family members on your Christmas list, some of whom are probably fictional characters from the last Anime comic you read. Well wonder no further, as we're proud to present an "Awfully Last Minute Christmas Gift" guide for you suckers who, through your own comical ineptness, somehow forgot to publicly display your affection for Jesus by purchasing something that requires batteries or a significant amount of assembly required.

Gifts for Mothers:

Almost everybody out there has, or at least had, a mother. After all, pregnant females are the cause of nearly 100% of all child births, with the possible exception of famed Hollywood icon Dick Clark, who is Satan. Mothers are usually the motherly type, desiring "creative" gifts that display just how much you love them, even if it is a complete boldfaced lie. Simply put, it's easy to come up with gifts for mothers since they've got that whole "emotion" thing going on and you can pretty much sell them on any piece of crap you toss in their direction just as long as you have some backstory explaining how it reflects your love for them. Here are some simple, cheap gifts that will appease any mother or person who stole you from the maternity ward when you were born and has been claiming to be your mother ever since:

Mom would love this. Why? Because she's contractually obligated to!

The Horribly Mutilated Attempt at Artwork - Any piece of unused shit around the house is a viable candidate for this wonderful heap of love. Kite string, bottle caps, lint, cat turds, roofing nails, used wax lips... it's all good! The one critical item you'll need to tie together this piece of genius is a very large caulking gun. Simply spray caulking all over a slab of plywood, place the random items into the wad however you see fit, and viola, instant art showing off your undying love! Now be aware that your mom might occasionally "call you out" on your project and ask you exactly what the fuck it is or why it's beginning to smell like the time the raccoon died behind the livingroom wall. Here are some quick replies you can shovel out, thereby shutting up the old hag before

she has a chance to ask why her wedding ring is buried underneath a lump of yellowing stucco:

> "Well mom, the heavily used Tampons on the top of this tribute represent how you reach out and try to help your loving children in whatever situation they're in, no matter how messy. The even more heavily used condoms which festively grace the bottom stand for all the children you never ended up having thanks to dad's prudent stance on childbirth, and showing how special I am to you because I was one of the only sperm to escape these latex deathtraps. Yes, I have saved dad's condoms in a box underneath my bed for the past 17 years just for this gift. That's how much you mean to me, mom." At that point you should start crying or at least light something on fire for dramatic effect.
>
> "I went through your purse, jewelry drawer, and lingerie cabinet to find the things that meant the most to you. I then stuck them all together by using this hot glue gun, which I paid for myself. In doing so, I created a shrine which displays the things you love the most. There is a photo of me buried underneath there somewhere, underneath your black panties I think, but don't plan on seeing it unless you have a chisel and a whole lot of spare time, which you probably will once you realize your car keys are buried underneath this mess somewhere."

A Photo Of Yourself - Mothers often forget what their children look like because they're too busy suffering through hot flashes or whatever goofy issues old women have to deal with. A perfect Christmas present requires a disposable camera and yourself, at least one of which you already own. Snap an emotional photo of you doing something that will forever endear itself in your mother's heart like some kind of parasite which latches onto your aorta and reproduces at an alarming rate. Take a picture of you robbing an elderly Jewish man, pissing on a known rapist's grave, or nailing yourself on a cross just like Jesus did on the first Halloween. Mom will forever remember you as being the deep, emotional, loving person you'll want her to believe you are while she's writing her own will.

■ **Gifts for Fathers:**

These five dedicated brothers work on building their father a 48-Wood golf club. Way to go, fellahs!

Dads are more practical, robot-like entities who demand useful gifts which will find a place in their daily routine of doing the exact same thing every day. Your best bet in determining what kind of gift your dad would like involves you monitoring his activities 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and taking note of whatever intensely dull hobby he prefers. Then you might as well throw that note out because chances are fairly good that he's bought every possible tool or item needed to fulfill this hobby. Regardless, you'll have to find some variation on a gift he already owns to appease him in an odd, "strictly out of routine" fashion.

Homemade Golf Clubs - It's a proven fact that all men develop a penchant for golfing once they begin passing through their midlife crisis and realize from that point on, all their activities will revolve around moving slowly, watching grass grow, and becoming increasingly frustrated with life in general. However, most middle to late-aged men own every single golf club, ball, cart, and accessory known to mankind. They spend entire paychecks

on drivers the size of pregnant calves, all in the pursuit of hitting a tiny white ball really hard and, ultimately, into a tiny black hole. So what do you give to the golf nut who has every PGA-related event programmed into their TiVO and tattooed onto their foreheads? Simple: a hand-crafted set of golf clubs!

There are two types of golf clubs used in the professional circuit: "woods" and "irons." Woods are used when a golfer wishes to hit their ball into the woods, while Irons are used to hit the golf cart out of infuriation. Practically speaking, it's near impossible to create a decent iron club with household tools such as nails and oven mitts. However, wood clubs are composed of - you guessed it - wood, a common material found inside the souls of trees and your walls. Simply knock down a tree or wall, use a saw or outrageously large pair of scissors to cut the wood into a pole-shaped object of some sort, and then shave a nail file across it for months or possibly years. Eventually you'll have what woodworking experts call "a wooden pole." Now grab a doorstop and nail it to the bottom end of the pole, whichever end that might be. If you nail it to the incorrect end and your dad questions you on this issue, simply claim that your father is a lousy golfer.

Now some of you golfing experts may have noticed that clubs come labeled with various numbers ranging from 1 to something like 19 I think. These figures refer to the suggested "par" for the "hole" the golfer is currently "bogeying" on. For example, if their hole is a par 4, that means they should use a 4-wood or 4-iron or else they will suffer a "birdie" (heart attack). Just like in video games, as the holes increase in number, they become longer and more difficult, so the 19-wood should weigh a good 200 pounds and require severe hydraulic pressure to activate. If dad doesn't have a heart attack on the 19th hole, he'll be sure to thank you for this wonderful present!

Something You Stole From Them - Once a man reaches a certain age and ascends into adulthood, he begins to develop emotional attachments to certain fatherhood-like objects such as television remote controls, their wallet, and any handgun they may have purchased to defend themselves from criminals or pumas. By swiping one of these objects, claiming somebody broke in and stole it, then later returning the object and bragging you "hunted that bastard thief down and beat it out of them," your father will express an incredible sense of joy that could only be reproduced with amphetamines. After all, what's a better gift than something you've loved for years?

Gifts for Siblings:

Brothers and sisters are difficult to shop for, particularly when they've developed a comedic drug habit which prevents them from speaking in any coherent manner. Even if they've never exhibited any symptoms of a drug addiction in the past, it's safe to guess that they're always hopped up on some kind of goofball because, hey, they had to grow up with you and your parents. With this in mind, you should aim to create some gifts which will help put the love of Jesus back into their lives, where it belongs. Not only will you save their soul, but you'll save money with these low-cost gifts!

Get in and get your God on!

The Holy Box - By simply using a large cardboard box and a slightly less large Magic Marker, you can create a Holy Box where your brother or sister can climb into and pray from all day, every day. The Holy Box will be a place of refuge for them, where they can sit and reflect upon their relationship with

the Lord. Use the Magic Marker (it doesn't use real "magic" luckily, as that's the tool of the devil) to scrawl the words "HOLY BOX" across all existing words previously printed on the box. For example, you can easily modify the phrase "U HAUL SHIPPING" to read "~~U HAUL SHIPPING~~ **HOLY BOX**" in mere seconds. Festively decorate the Holy Box with crude drawings of crucifixions and a guy with a beard ("Jesus") so your brother / sister does not confuse the Holy Box with unholy boxes such as the Shoe Box or the Lunch Box. Please take care to draw your crosses the right side up, as the act of turning the box over will immediately change all your crucifixions into upside-down crosses, thereby inviting the Great Satan into your home and providing him with all the access he needs to possess the grandfather clock at the end of the hallway.

The "IOU Slip" - The IOU Slip is a simple, all-purpose, easy gift to give. This piece of paper guarantees that you'll provide some type of service or duty to the sibling whenever they choose to use it, like the Monopoly "Get Out of Jail Free" card, only you don't have to pay for bail. Simply write down the name of some inane service that even you're capable of providing, wrap up this piece of paper in similar looking IOU Slips, and claim the IOU Slip is automatically voided if torn or damaged in any way. Make sure that one of the pieces of wrapping paper is an IOU Slip for $500. That way you can claim, "oh, well I was going to give you $500, but you recklessly tore it up in your fit of greed, you jackass."

When deciding on a service to offer, be creative... but within limits. There are both good and bad services you can offer, so use your own discretion. For example, here are a few "good" services:

- Free room cleaning
- 1000 minutes of AOL dialup access
- Free trip to the rollerskating rink

Here are "bad" services you probably shouldn't write down, unless you really want to be on "The Jerry Springer Show" before you're old enough to serve prison time:

- Free erotic body massage
- 1000 minutes of naked Shakespearian drama performed by you
- Free trip to the cathouse

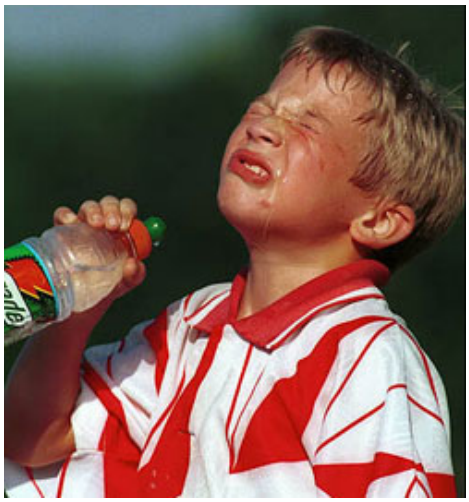
I feel that there's still ample time to fulfill the Christmas lists of everybody in your family before the whole "birth of Baby Jesus" day comes along tomorrow. All you'll need is some basic household tools, the unbridled creativity of your mind, and a tough skin which resists scars and bruising. If you do this correctly, you'll experience the best Christmas since 1 AD, the birth of Dick Clark, the Prince of Lies!

Jesus Never Dies in the Goldmine!

That's right, 'tis the season all year 'round over in ye olde goldemine. There are elves (40-something pedophiles who work swabbing the floors at adult movie theaters), toys for all of the world's children (only for children bork in the grand old US of A), and a jolly old fat man with a bushy beard who will come into your house while you are sleeping. Along with all of that fun stuff there are some pictures that goons of the Something Awful Forums made using this picture here:

That poor kid was nicknamed "Winceton" by those photoshopping lunatics and his head was stuck onto more unfortunate things than a tick's head and a tick's head is stuck on some nasty shit on occasion, let me tell you. Go and see it. DO IT! **DO IT NOW!!**

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



12.25 Awful Link

Wednesday, Dec 25, 2002 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Ask Emily Anything!

The crazy advice maven is back and she's brought with her a new plethora of sad lives and misery and barrels. I am not sure what the barrels are for. Just head on over to the brand spankin' new Ask Emily column and read what advice she had to give to losers like you.

> *I would like to ask you a serious question about hot teenage love. There is a girl in my journalism class, and she is very pretty. I fuck around in class all the time, and she always laughs and says 'Gee, you're really funny.' I think she likes me, and I know for a fact that she's single, but I don't know what to do. She thinks I'm funny, likes my jokes, and is very pretty. I want some advice to get into her pantaloons please!*

To find out the answer to this and other hard-hitting questions that affect you and will continue to affect you until you DIE, go over there and read the stuff. It's not like I'm saying all of this for my health, you know.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.26 Important Christmas Recalls

Thursday, Dec 26, 2002 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As part of our ongoing parole requirements (remember kids: Pepsi vending machines may look cool, but it certainly isn't "hip" to attempt mating with them), we here at Something Awful are legally required to perform a certain number of community service updates each month. For example, last month we listed the names and addresses of 50 released sex offenders, many of which turned out to be Kinko's Copies employees thanks to a slight confusion with list titles. Regardless, we're here this month to alert you, the public, to some of the more dangerous products you may have received for Christmas this year. Many companies are offering factory recalls of their most popular-selling items, as their haste to be on market shelves resulted in an irresponsible quality assurance check. To prevent further members of the public from injuring themselves on defective or deadly objects this season, please read through the following list and contact your state government for information regarding their return if you received them this Christmas.

The RonCo Roto-Revenger may additionally pose a slight choking threat.

■ **The RonCo Garden Terror Kit (Roto-Revenger) -** Studies have shown that the Roto-Revenger, which are used to render and tear through the spinal cords of godless groundhogs and moles, may accidentally burrow too deep and slice through gas or electricity lines. In the case that you do rupture one of these, please immediately convulse and / or explode. Additionally, the RonCo Roto-Revenger Rake attachment may, under extreme circumstances such as "being turned on," detach itself from the Roto-Revenger and become airborne, able to pierce through a nine-foot thick steel wall. Additionally, the label on the Roto-Revenger, which reads "SHOULD NOT BE USED BY CHILDREN UNDER 3" is a misprint and should display "SHOULD NOT BE USED."

■ **Gyurai's Super X-Soldier Combat Supers -** These Japanese action figures have used an advertising campaign which promoted their ability to cause the background behind the user to change into a series of colorful, fast moving vertical lines whenever they're engaging another Super X-Soldier Combat Super in combat. Gyurai Inc. has been unable to predictably reproduce these lines in clinical tests outside of their secret laboratory, and when they were actually successful, it resulted in a mass seizure that caused the head of the participant to cave in like victims of those evil masks from "Halloween 3: Season of the Witch." If you do see the frantic vertical lines flying behind you at a highly alarming rate, please notify the proper authorities while your head begins to crumble and leak down your torso.

■ **The Igia Acne Assault Spray -** Originally designed to fight acne "the natural way," some Igia Acne Assault Spray Tubes have accidentally had their "natural ingredients of glycerine, tea tree oil and witch hazel" replaced with "hydrochloric acid used to disintegrate decommissioned US Marine carrier ships." This is the result of a USPS mixup in which two large cargo boxes, one labeled "ACNE GEL" and the other "DANGER - DANGEROUS - DEADLY - DO NOT TOUCH - HAZARDOUS TO ALL LIFE FORMS - BEWARE - STAY AWAY" were switched in a Seattle port loading bay. The illegal Mexican immigrant in charge of this has been either fired or at least demoted. If you are given an Igia Acne Assault Spray gift, please report it to the local bomb squad.

■ **Heckler and Koch .44 USP Special Edition Semi-Automatic Handgun -** Ballistic tests have shown that this handgun, when used by curious children who discover it in their parent's sock drawer, has a very low chance of accidentally going off and killing them or their equally curious friends. Any person who has purchased a Heckler and Koch .44 USP Special Edition Semi-Automatic

Handgun may return it to the dealer in exchange for the brand new Heckler and Koch .45 USP Assault Model, which shoots explosive anti-children bullets designed specifically for home accidents. If you return your handgun now, you will also receive a free storage case which has a defective lock and reads "FREE CHOCOLATE INSIDE!!!" in large, festive letters.

■ **Aphex Twin's "Verdeinnessiox" CD -** Some music aficionados may have noticed that the last 32 songs on this CD are merely a long, disjointed, rambling series of squeals and distorted belching noises. Elektra Music has apologized, explaining that some discs were accidentally overdubbed with "the sound of Richard D. James tripping out of his mind and playing an Atari 2600 while an escaped ape has an orgy with three escaped penguins on his vintage analogue keyboard collection." You will be able to determine if you received the defective CD by looking on the back cover and searching for songs named "Drwyle Byuufrt," "Hajiijo Trunmsket," and "Doorjomb Pumbary," the titles of which were created during the ape's anal excursion on James' computer keyboard.

> **UPDATE:** *We have been told by Elektra that these CDs are, in fact, not recalls and are the actual discs.*

■ **Lucasfilm LTD "Talk N' Stalk" R2D2 -** While the majority of Lucasfilm's "Talk N' Stalk" R2D2s are excellent toys which produce irritating beeping sounds and run into walls with the utmost of joy, some R2D2 models using an older OS are prone to violent outbursts which could possibly injure the operator. In addition, the Lifetime Movie Network brand "Talk N' Stalk" R2D2 has an unfortunate programming glitch allowing the robot to kidnap your child, move into some filthy motel in another state, and then drink heavily until you hunt him down and bring justice to the metallic menace by causing him to fall off a cliff. Keep in mind that if you purchased the Lifetime Movie Network brand robot, no man will have even the slightest interest in helping you track down your missing child. The male-dominated police force will laugh at you, the legal system will claim their "hands are tied," and your ex-husband's parents will probably try to sue you for something.

Talk N' Stalk R2D2 beats a hasty retreat with a horrified baby.

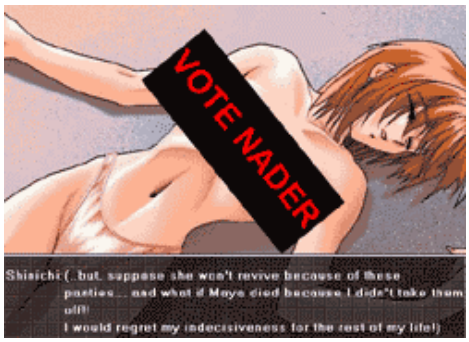
■ **"The Onion's Local Area Man Does Something Completely Normal" Humor Kit -** The award-winning humor magazine *The Onion* had gained millions of dollars and national interest with such award-winning jokes as "Area Man Defies Law and Messes With Texas" and "Area Man Chooses Against Biggie Sizing His Wendy's Combo Meal" headlines. The "Onion's Local Area Man Does Something Completely Normal" Humor Kit has been deemed ineffective by the Committee of Monotonous Humor Monotony in Humor Committee, particularly after using it for like 10 fucking years or whatever.

■ **Little Tyke's Holy Ghost Costume Set -** Christian Parenthood Inc. originally designed this costume to allow children from the ages of 2 - 8 to dress up as The Holy Ghost and sprinkle Holy Water on unsuspecting Christians. However, Christian Parenthood Inc. recently discovered that their manufacturing corporation, Amerikkka New Freedom Korps, had been packaging discarded KKK uniforms and cans of gasoline as the Little Tyke's Holy Ghost Costume Set. All Little Tyke's Holy Ghost Costume Sets should be immediately sent back to the manufacturer, as the Holy Crucifixions included in the kit are highly flammable crosses and the mislabeled "Holy Bible" is simply a copy of "Mein Kampf" with the title crossed out and the words "JESUS'S BOOK - BY JESUS" scrawled over it in chalk.

I hope everybody had a safe and happy Christmas this year, and if you didn't, hell, it's probably your own damn fault.

Christmas Done You Wrong! New Hentai Review!

If Christmas means one thing, that thing is definitely not celebrating incest, rape, vile demon sex, and pedophilia. Hentai games take care of that nice and easy, though. With all that jolliness in mind, we've got a brand new Hentai review up and ready to read by guest writer Mathieu "Korasoff" Allaire. This is the second Hentai review he's written, so he's obviously troubled, although not as much as Zack Parsons. This week's target is "Nocturnal Illusion," which, if my Japanese is up to snuff, roughly translates to "Nighttime Mirage."


VOTE NADER
Shisichi (..but, suppose she won't revive because of these
panties... and what if Maya died because I didn't take them
off!!
I would regret my indecisiveness for the rest of my life!)

> *"Nocturnal Illusion" is a "Look and Think" Hentai game. If you don't already know what that means, let me ruin your innocence. You start in a room. You must "Look" at the room. Then, you must "Check" every single piece of furniture inside the room. Twice, in quite a few cases. Then you sometimes get hit with the "Think" option, which prompts the character to fall into a long soliloquy about the room's furniture and stuff in general. After you've finished this process you can "Move" to another location and start over! But the real kicker comes when you have to go back to all the places you've already visited to "Look" and "Check" everything yet another time just to trigger some totally random event. I mean, if you didn't know that taking a third look at the toilet seat would suddenly cause a new character to appear in the motherfucking garden, then it's obviously YOUR FAULT.*

Hooray for inexplicable cartoon sex!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.27 A Look Ahead

Friday, Dec 27, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

According to a debt consolidation spam mail I got, the shape of things to come involves sentient miniature scarecrows abducting our children. Another spam proclaimed 2003 as "The Year the Farmer's Daughter Turns 18".

The year is quickly drawing to a close, and what a year it has been, with political scandals, celebrity divorces, and all manner of mishaps involving crotches and various thrown objects. Being pragmatists we here at Something Awful are never ones to dwell on the past, we look instead to the future. We're not looking to 2003 either, oh no, that's for small-minded individuals like the maroons at CNN and the chumps at the New York Times. Something Awful is looking no less than 100,000 years into the future with our forecasts of things to come in the year 102,003. Not only that, but we have caught the wave of time capsule mania to bring our times and our predictions to those who await us many moons from now. They will marvel at the wonders of our technology when they uncover our time capsule and thrill at our unbelievably accurate prognostications about things to come. But you don't have to wait 100,000 years to find out what will happen and what is in our time capsule! Come with me right now on a journey. A journey into... THE FUTURE!

102,003 A.D. - The Year of Reckoning

The Year of Reckoning actually isn't the correct name for 102,003, I just wanted to give it a dramatic title so you would think something major is going to happen. 102,003 will be a fairly normal year here on earth, just your average 365 days of desperately pitched battles against the invading cybernetic crab/bird hybrids that have arisen from the sea to conquer the lands of mankind. The ascension of the crab king Memxtl VII in 101,996 will mark the beginning of the crabkin and human war, but the ensuing battles are just one facet of what life is like for our descendants a hundred thousand years from now.

Many of you technophiles will be pleased to hear that technology will progress dramatically in just 100,000 years. So much so that things that would seem magical today will seem ordinary or even extremely boring in the future. They may even seem so boring that people will become angry when they see how boring technology is and attempt to break it or set fire to it.

Computers - By 80,400 computer technology will advance to the point that computers are self aware, able to project 3D holographs that are tangible to all senses including taste, and can run "Ultima 9: Ascension" at nearly 20 frames per second. A few decades later an AI will not only beat a clone of chess master Kasparov five games straight, it will then design and construct a robot that tears off his arms. Then, because it has human emotions, it will feel guilty and clone him again, intentionally lose to him, and commit suicide out of shame. By 90,000 AD computers will be grown inside the skulls of live cats and composed entirely of energy. In 90,001 the computers go back to the desktop model because the cats are unable to contain the energy and tend to explode or melt. The latest computing technology in 102, 003 is called the "Licknotron" which consists of a plate made of wafer thin nanocomputers that, when licked, will compile and animate an episode of the 21st century children's show "Bob the Builder". This process is fatal to nearby crabkin for unknown reasons.

Transportation - Thousands of years of tiresome walking will be eliminated in 67,005 when mankind discovers the secret of hovering. Unfortunately this secret will be lost again to time in 67,008 when the bus carrying professor Adolphus Maersk crashes, dooming humanity for perhaps

another hundred thousand years of walking. In the mean time the automotive industry will make enormous leaps forward in technology. Not only will cars run on water and be completely pollution free, but they will also be made entirely out of dead bodies. These corpsemobiles are made from donor bodies in most cases, but the automotive giant of Daimler-Chrysler-SpeedyRotbag is sued into oblivion when it is discovered that executives have been liquidating retirement homes to provide new cars. Airplanes are replaced with Shitplanes in the late 90,000's, although my ability to see the future does not explain what they are exactly.

Communication - By 102,003 humans will be so psychically developed that the need for any form of verbal communication will have disappeared. They will be able to read the mind of anyone from any distance at will. The problem is that most people sit around and think about how fat they are (the average human will weigh 700lbs) and complain to themselves how hard it will be to use their brain powers to induce their robot servants into baking more pies. This leads to unintentional mishaps with robot chefs in which pies are delivered to the home of people who were reading the mind of their owner when he or she was thinking about commanding them to make pies. If it sounds confusing that's because it is. As a side note the economy of 102,003 will be composed of 70% or more pie and robot chef industries.

One aspect of the most important industry of the future.

Sports - The most popular sport in New America (which is where Germany and France are today) is called "Thrusteria". In Thrusteria two teams of ten men each line up facing each other on a 100 foot by 100 foot grid of cast iron. Between them is placed a giant semi-sentient almond. The team members are genetically modified to secrete one ingredient of cookie dough each instead of saliva and must dash into the "dough goal" and expectorate their ingredient while the team captain mixes them together. After the first 15 minute quarter the iron grid will be heated and points tallied for each grid square that the expanding cookie covers. The first team to have their cookie touch the almond is declared a winner, this will be obvious as the almond is engineered to fear cookies and will begin wailing if a cookie touches it. If neither team's cookie touches the almond then the one with the most points wins. If it is a tie then the teams will play an instant-death round of Dolphin and Penguin Joust. This consists of half of each team turning into dolphins and the other half turning into penguins that ride the dolphins. The first team to dismount one of the opposing team's penguins with a jousting lance is declared the winner.

This sprite from the NES game Rygar is the closest approximation of the man of 102,003.

One thing I haven't mentioned, but that isn't particularly relevant, is that in 102,003 all humans will be 30 feet tall and made out of molten lava. The only exception is newborn babies who will be made out of cake.

2003 - The Amazing Something Awful Time Capsule

Imagine the look of surprise on the magma face of a man of 102,003 when they first set eyes on the contents of the Something Awful time capsule. This might be difficult for you, since you don't know what those contents are, but just visualize a scalding hot pool of liquid rock that looks like it just saw a ghost riding a rocket. That's what they'll look like.

When assembling our time capsule great care was taken to choose only items that represented the most important aspects of our culture here in 2003. There were so many things that we wanted to include but just couldn't quite justify, like the severed head of Ben "Gabriella Reece" Platt, and so many things that we wanted to include but lacked the resources or whatever the opposite of laziness is to actually acquire.

Included in the Something Awful 2003 time capsule was the following:

If I were a betting man I would be making a wager that the futurions are as interested in catching a glimpse of one of Britney's nips as the presenterions are.

- The severed finger of Ben "Grease Gun" Platt.
- A wacky prank copy of TV Guide that was actually from 1993 and not 2003.
- 60 copies of Daikatana that we found being used as a makeshift shelter by a hobo.
- A hobo.
- A picture of a faked Britney Spears nipple-slip.
- A "Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey" TrapperKeeper with the descriptive label "advanced data storage: 2002".
- A picture of the World Trade Center collapsing and a note blaming the Jewish people.
- A photograph of watermelons in a field with the descriptive label "Jews".
- A VCD of "Zoolander" that did not encode correctly but may be recoverable using future technology.
- A bottle of Pepsi that has been carefully refilled with mercury with the added descriptive label "America's number one drink of choice."
- A five pound sack of Gummi Bears taped to a poem about the horrors of abortion that includes digitally altered images in which aborted fetuses have been replaced with Gummi Bears.
- Two suckers that I stuck up my butt crack that they are totally going to eat and be like "this is the best food ever" and I'll be like "dude, you just ate my butt".
- A racist rant by Klan leader David Duke in which all of the allusions to race have been replaced with terms relating to robotics.
- A stow-away that may or may not have been a bound and gagged Emily "Unterwasser" Reigel

We were going to bury the time capsule in concrete but decided that getting concrete would be too much effort. Then we decided digging a hole would be too much effort. We started to put it in a box but that was taking a lot of effort too so we just piled it on the ground. I managed to work up the strength to push some sticks on top of it. Then, as we started to walk away, we were so drunk that we forgot we had made a time capsule. I glanced back and noticed all of the stuff lying on the ground and called everyone over. We soon were enjoying the many memories of times past and I can't tell you enough how much I hate those filthy green Jews for blowing up that building. I hope our enjoyment of these exciting memories of even more exciting times will mean a lot to the people of 102,003 who will have no way of knowing our time capsule ever existed.

Go Directly to Photoshop Phriday

Hey gang, Livestock here to inform you of the return of Photoshop Phriday! Yes, Phriday is once more a fixture of your weekly diet after briefly disappearing. What happened during that week we were gone? Well, to put it bluntly, we killed at least fifteen carnies and had to hide all the bodies. But that's all behind us. The theme this week is "Board Games Meet Reality", which is where the Something Awful Forum Goons took elements from board games and surgically combined them with real pictures. I must also mention that Photoshop Phriday is being graciously sponsored by the dapper gents at Worth1000, a site that's like a buffet table filled with great Photoshop contests and images. Take a look at their site, scumbag!

HOW ABOUT YOU READ IT BEFORE I GET ALL UP IN YOUR FACE, GUY.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.28 Onslaught of the Juggernaut

Saturday, Dec 28, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Intrepid reviewer Jed "Jed" Jed has taken some time out of his busy schedule of being Jed to review "Juggernaut" a Quake 2 Mission Pack that was created roughly five minutes after Quake 2 was released. If that sounds like Canopy Games took the time to make sure they got everything right then you must have been very pleased with the launch of Anarchy Online! Head on over and inspect their wonderful work!

A joint venture between Canopy Games and the forces of hell allowed Juggernaut to ship a mere 2 months after the release of Quake 2. If this was just another run-of-the-mill bad game I would simply dismiss it (with the requisite gay little hand gesture) as needing more work and maybe a few snowboarding levels, but in Juggernaut's case the imposed two month deadline was actually a blessing, as there is nothing in these 26 maps to indicate that the developers were striving to create anything but pure evil. Incidentally, most of the game's $100 development budget went towards buying kittens and promptly torturing them to death in front of horrified children at the local mall.

If that doesn't entice you to go on ebay and buy a copy of the game, then maybe reading the entire review will!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.29 It's Slobberin' Time

Sunday, Dec 29, 2002 by Ben "Greasnin" Platt

It's that special time of year once again, when we find ourselves between Christmas, the celebration of the birth of Jesus, and New Year's, the celebration of Jesus being a week old. It's the season of giving, it's the season of sharing, it's the season of tipping your mailman with checks and bottles of sensibly-priced alcohol. People are better to each other. For instance, when the burly guy in the Corolla blazes into the parking space that was rightfully yours at the mall, he doesn't just shout, "Outta the way, jerkass!" He shouts, "Outta the way, *please*, jerkass." Yes, there's an undeniable magic to the holidays. If you even tried to deny the magic, people would beat you with red felt stockings full of coal and toy trains until you suffered massive brain damage and started to believe that it's okay for fat men in red suits to break into your house through your chimney. So suck on that, Mr./Ms./Mrs./Dr. Denyeverything O'Denialstein (Irish and Jewish - a potent combination). Yes, people treat each other right when Christmas comes around. That is why, while you were eating your sweet potato pie and exquisitely carved hams, turkeys, and hamurkeys, I spent my Christmas on my hands and knees in a gravel pit in the freezing cold, shielding myself from the sleet with a flimsy umbrella, trying to get a gigantic animal to eat baby food.

A Newfoundland. Not pictured: the village it just ate.

Allow me to set the scene. On Tuesday, the Platt household was getting ready for the biggest snowstorm of the year. We were expecting up to a foot of snow (for those of you in nations with the metric system, that's seven whole cubits), which would make for a nice, Normal Rockwell-style, white Christmas. We had first-class tickets on a one-way trip to Quaint Town, boy howdy. That's when I got the call. Some family friends wanted me to take care of their dog that night while they went to spend Christmas with an elderly relative. If I couldn't do it, one of the members of that family would have to stay home alone. Sure, it was short notice, but I have a special place in my heart for family togetherness on the holidays. And since my family is Jewish, we had already celebrated our holiday by slaughtering a goat and smearing its blood on babies, so spending Christmas together had no real significance for us. Plus, I'm a dog person. It's not that I don't like cats, it's just that I like dogs between several and a million times better. I took the job. What this entailed was that I had to pack my bags and move into the family friend's house for the night so that I could let the dog in and out and feed her at the right times.

Before I go any further, let me give you a quick description of this dog. Maxie is a full grown black Newfoundland. For those of you who aren't familiar with the breed, that means she weighs about as much as I do, and she's only slightly shorter. She also has jowls that hang down to her knees and she drools constantly. I'm not talking about little drops of saliva, here. I mean long, thick tendrils of drool that pick up floating particles of dirt and snare nearby insects like a mosquito being fossilized in tree sap. When one of these drool-tentacles finally drops from her face, it splashes on the floor like a water balloon, but stickier. For a dog her size, she's ancient at twelve years old (in dog years, that's seven whole cubits). Due to her old age, she's basically falling apart. When she decides to get up, it takes her five minutes to make it to her feet. She moves a maximum of three feet at once before she has to stop to remember what she was doing. She has a lot of troubles with stairs, which is something of a problem, because her owners live in one of those fancy ultra-modern houses where every single room is on a different level, so you have to go up or down a flight of stairs to get anywhere. There is a split-level deck out back, with one level leading into the kitchen and a lower level leading into the living room downstairs. Maxie spends most of her time underneath the

upper level, where the deck ends and it is just a big, fenced-in pit of gravel. When she does come inside, she either has to come in on the lower level, which means she has to go up a flight of stairs to get anywhere else in the house, or through the kitchen, which means she has to get up a longer flight of stairs to get to the upper deck. She's developed patterns of behavior in her old age from which she absolutely refuses to deviate, and when you're dealing with a dog large enough to swallow your entire head without trying too hard, you don't force her to do anything she doesn't want to do. Like most dogs, she lives for mealtime, but she simply will not eat unless she comes in through the kitchen door, even if she was already in the kitchen to begin with. That means you have to get her to go downstairs into the living room, outside onto the lower deck, upstairs to the upper deck, then back into the kitchen. If she falls, she can hurt herself pretty badly, so you have to walk along with her in the cold.

What's this dog eating? Who cares, as long as it's not baby food?

At her age, her stomach is too sensitive to handle regular dog food. She was on prescription dog food before, which, as far as I can tell, is exactly the same thing as normal dog food, but in a specially designed ugly can. Now, however, she can't even handle that, so she eats baby food. That's right, honest to God Gerber freaking baby food. Dog food is unappetizing enough, but Maxie gets to scarf down loose, oily, orange-ish mush smeared over her normal dry food. There is nothing - **nothing** - more disgusting on this planet than a hundred twenty pound dog with three-foot strands of drool and pureed veal mush oozing from under her jowls. It doesn't do wonders for her breath, either. Once she's finished slobbering Gerber-stink all over the kitchen, she insists on going outside again, this time through the kitchen door. She sits on the kitchen deck doing nothing for as long as she feels like it, and you have to stand there and watch her until she decides she's damn well ready to come back in, otherwise she barks and scratches the glass on the door with a paw large enough to play tennis with. When she comes inside again, you have to give her two tiny hotdogs made out of concentrated baby food, a product that I didn't think could possibly even exist. They don't seem to serve any purpose in the consumer market. I always thought it was just generally accepted that baby food is revolting, no matter what its form. The dog eats these whole, and always manages to drape her lipflaps over my hand, coating my fingers in a thick layer of mucousy spit juice. Once the hotdogs are gone, it's time for a milkbone. You'd think that since the dog is already in the kitchen, and the hotdogs are kept right next to the biscuits, that she would be content to just have a damn milkbone right then and there. You'd be ever so wrong. She has to go back outside first. She sits there for a while, then comes back inside and eats her biscuit. Then she goes out and comes back in again for another biscuit. Bear in mind that at no point does she ever leave the upper deck or go to the bathroom. She goes outside for the sole purpose of coming back in again.

Christmas Eve, while you all slept with visions of sugarplums dancing in your heads, I tossed and turned to the soulful strains of Maxie's snoring. When she falls asleep, which she somehow manages to do in three-tenths of a second after hitting the floor, thus eliminating any chance of me falling asleep before she does, her body is forced to activate a defense mechanism to prevent her from drowning in her own neverending stream of drool. I got to spend the night listening to Maxie's earsplitting, phlegmy snores that would set her jowls flapping and a few excess droplets of molasses-like saliva spraying across the carpet. I came close to falling asleep at a few points, but each time I was woken up by a thunderous shuffling that I thought could only be Santa Claus fighting Satan on the roof, just like in the movies. I was wrong, of course. Santa Claus and Satan were thumb-wrestling quietly in the living room. The sound I was hearing was the result of Maxie shifting her gargantuan skull slightly, so that her one jowl was draped across the rug in such a way that when

she snored it flapped against the floor like a bird flying into a plate glass window. I finally conked out around five in the morning. Flash forward to 6:42 AM: I got woken up by the sound of Maxie shaking her basketball-sized head, waving her jowls like she was communicating in semaphore. In the time it took for my eyes to open, the first wave of dog slobber splashed over my face and neck. Detecting from my string of expletives that I was awake, Maxie stuck her giant snout, smearing even more of her oral drippings on me. Then she barked. Twice. I divined from this that it was time for me to let her out. Despite the fact that she was the one who wanted to move and she was the one who chose the door, I still had to wait a good seven minutes for her to make it down the steps from the master bedroom, then another five minutes to get down the stairs into the living room, and finally another four minutes for her to decide that yes, she did indeed want to go outside through that door.

Look at this little guy. He's got a skateboard! I'll bet he doesn't have to eat baby food! What a great dog.

The weather forecast had predicted that the snowfall would come in the wee hours of the morning. Here it was, already in the post-wee period, and there wasn't a flake on the ground. There was, however, a whole lot of nastiness coming from the sky. The precipitation was on that borderline between sleet and just frigid rain. The end product was a slippery mess of slush all over the deck. As soon as I slid open the door, I could feel the chill of the wind, which promptly shifted to slap a dose of ice/rain into my already soaked face. Maxie plodded out onto the deck and instantly became covered in tiny bits of ice that clung to her yeti-like fur. She seemed stunned by this, and stopped for a minute, during which she became a huge mass of little white beads with two huge black eyes staring out. At last, she figured out that if it is raining outside, and you go outside, it rains on you, too. She shambled away toward the gravel pit, which I took as a sign that she would "do her business," or for those of you without pets of your own, empty her bladder and bowels, then go to the upper deck for breakfast. I went upstairs to the kitchen to get her breakfast ready in the hopes that we could get her morning routine over with in a relatively timely fashion, then I could go back to bed for a few days. I went down to the basement, where the dry dog food is kept, and scooped the proper amount into her enormous bowl, then went back to the kitchen. I opened a can of Gerber turkey mush and splashed the top layer with water to loosen it up. After all, you can't go serving baby food that isn't loose enough. Even dogs demand a certain level of revulsion from their baby food. With a nice, satisfying "sblorp," the bulk of the baby food slid out of the jar and fell onto the dog food. Content in my culinary work, I put the bowl into the special indented table that the dog has to eat from and slid open the kitchen door, which was supposed to signal to Maxie that it was time to eat. But Maxie wasn't there. I tried calling her name and telling her to come, but it was no use. I threw on my shoes and ran out the kitchen door and down the stairs as quickly as I could to try to avoid getting frozen. Maxie was under the deck, in the farthest corner. The sleet had melted on her fur, leaving her drenched. If there's anything I like better at seven in the morning than a big, smelly, slobbering dog, it's a big, smelly, slobbering, wet dog.

I told Maxie that breakfast was ready, but for some reason that failed to excite her enough to get her on her feet. I knew that the only hope I had of getting her inside at that moment was to get ahold of her collar and pull. Here's the problem: Maxie hates me. Most dogs - hell, most animals - love me. Maxie, however, is about as crotchety as they come, and she likes to take it out on yours truly. I got down on my hands and knees to get under the deck, and crawled closer to her. As soon as a reached for her collar, she barked at me and went for my hand. Startled, I jerked my hand away, smacking my head on one of the upper deck's support beams in the process. Beautiful, great, okay. I reached for her collar again, this time a bit more cautiously. I had about the same amount of success, but thankfully without the head injury. I was cold as hell, dead tired, and my

head was pounding. I tried explaining my situation to her, but she was unsympathetic. Oh, like you've never talked to a dog like it could understand you before. Shut up. I came to the conclusion that she wasn't going to come inside without some sort of bribe, so I went back inside to get her leash. Those of you with dogs know that the promise of a walk is a powerful bargaining chip. Even Maxie got right to her feet when I showed up under the deck again with the leash in my hand, and her walks usually only last from the front door to the end of the driveway. Still, she was excited. Alright! We're going to see the end of the driveway! Best day of her whole damn life! I tried to put the leash on her, but as soon as I got close to her collar, she got wise to my trick. We weren't going to the end of the driveway. I was going to try to take her into the kitchen so she could eat breakfast, which she loves. Obviously, I was not to be trusted. She growled and somehow managed to back even further into the corner before laying down again.

Unfortunately, due to Maxie's eating habits, this baby starved.

I was getting frustrated, but I knew I had to get Maxie inside for her breakfast. She got medications with her breakfast that had to be given at certain times of the day. If I didn't give her the medication and she spontaneously combusted, which I assume is what would happen, her owners would be somewhat upset and my payment would probably be at least partially reduced. The owners have had Maxie since she was a puppy, and they are quite attached to her. They have pictures of her all over the house and a floor mat with a picture of a man, a woman, and a large, black dog in a bed with the words "menage a trois" in big red letters. If I didn't know for a fact that Maxie can't get up into any of the beds in the house, I'd be genuinely frightened. Even still. I went back inside, getting pelted by sleet again in the process, and dropped the leash. I had a small umbrella with me, so I grabbed that and a box of milkbones and went back outside. I sat in a squatting position at the edge of the gravel pit, holding out a biscuit with one hand and holding the umbrella, which was large enough to cover about four square inches of my body at any given time, with the other. Maxie was clearly interested in my offer. Not interested enough to get up, though. I spent a good ten minutes waving a biscuit around and watching her head move to follow it, but she never even showed signs of wanting to get up. Finally, I went back inside and exchanged the milkbones for a jar of baby hotdogs. I repeated the whole process, and again, she was interested in the treat, but it was obvious that if I wanted her to eat it, I'd have to go over there and give it to her. She wasn't about to fall into my trap. I went back inside.

A few minutes later, I came outside once more, this time armed with my trusty umbrella, a spoon, and a jar of rapidly congealing turkey mush. Again squatting by the edge of the gravel pit, I had to spoon out little bits of baby food with one hand while trying to manage the tiny umbrella in high winds with the other. Maxie turned down a walk, a biscuit, and a hotdog, but she couldn't resist the temptation of the pinkish-grayish slurry on the end of my spoon. She took her sweet time getting up and walking over to me, but at last, her lower jaw dropped open with a wet smacking sound, a thick strand of drool already spilling out as she craned her neck to partake of my offering. That's when the wind blew my umbrella inside out and I fell over backwards, landing on my back in the slush and dropping the spoon, turkey mush and all, onto my shirt. Well, Maxie didn't care for that. The audacity I must have had to offer her food and then pull it away like that! She started to walk back toward her corner. I scrambled to right myself and get another spoonful of baby food. And so, it came to pass that I spent my Christmas morning in the sleet, spoon-feeding a wooly mammoth-dog Gerber's turkey mush in turkey gravy. When every last particle in the jar was gone, the spirit of the season entered her heart and she followed my upstairs into the kitchen. She ate her breakfast, and the rest of her morning routine went smoothly. At long last, I went back to sleep, and when I woke up, Maxie had left a Christmas present of her own next to my shoes. 'Tis the friggin' season.

Dragonball Z for You and Me

Hey everyone, Taylor "Psychosis" Bell here to let you know that I have suffered through yet another horrible game just so I could selflessly warn you all to stay the hell away from it. Today's game is Dragonball Z: Budokai, the smoldering aftermath of when a company decided to fuse a stupid anime series with a stupid fighting game, resulting in an anime fighting game that is both stupid and stupid.

> *And if you think you can improve the playing experience by switching around and using a wide variety of characters, you're very wrong. Pretty much every character in this game is the same. I don't know why the developers didn't see this as a potential problem with making a game based on a show where every single character is a superpowered magical space warrior from Neptune. The big characters are just as fast as the small characters, and even the characters who are three feet tall are capable of punching people 40 feet into the air. And just like in the show, everybody has a variety of weird fireball attacks, only with some characters the fireballs are yellow and with others the fireballs are purple or orange. Also for some theoretical reason (the word 'theoretical' indicates that I am not convinced there even is a reason), whenever you knock somebody high enough into the air they don't come down. They stay trapped up there while your guy slowly floats up to meet him, at which point you continue running around, blocking, kicking and punching exactly as if you were still on the ground. I suppose this was done to capture the white-knuckled excitement of the show's fighting scenes, but at the sight of two people standing 20 feet off the ground running back and forth and knocking each other down onto an invisible floor that they seemed to be standing on, I immediately collapsed onto the floor and burst into a fit of kidney-damaging laughter. So the air-fighting in Budokai didn't turn out to be 'exciting' so much as 'hilarious in a hopelessly sad way', which I don't think was the mood the developers were going for.*

Head on over and check out the full review before I give you a flying kamehameha blast to the throat.

-∼Ben "Greasnin" Platt

12.30 GHAPPY NEWS YEAR!!!! 20033!!!!!!1 BY JEFF K!!!!

Monday, Dec 30, 2002 by JEFFK ((@sexyfacts4u)

BY JEFF K!!!!

ME AS A BABEY! there si a dirty frenchman next to me, I haX0red my crib to run over teh French at an earley age

well Helo Intarnet citizens! Yuo may allready probaly know me, I am JEFF K and I haev been haX0ring teh computar machenes sence I FLEW OUT OF MY MOM'S AORTA!!!! even back then I was quiet teh scampar! I hacked my moms clervix and made her sterum shots me out at LIGHTNING SPEEDS and teh doctars were liek "OH MISSES K, YUOR SON HAS BEEN IMMATURELEY BORN 8 MONTHS EARLEY" and I caem out adn slapped teh hos and saids "SHUCKS YUOR RIGHT, I'M HEAR TO RAISES TEH ROOF" and I programed there heart machene to input FORTRAN and palay Teen Fortress 2. Hahahah!!! just kidding, evarybodey will haev childran and die befoer Teen Fortrass 2 si released and Gabe Newevell will haev 12 haeart attacks at Wendys befoer then. but I dont want too starts a rumor tree taht Gabe si a fat man becuase were all fat at heart, his heart si just a bit fattar than all ours.

BUT I suppose yuo are askeing yuorselfes, "helo webpage, why are yuo being updated with a by JEFF K toodays?" and I will answar yuo! I AM HEAR TOO HELPS YUO PLAN YOUR NEW YEARS PARTEY!!!! adn also I am will am si hear too writes about teh best adn worstest gaems of 1992 hear, a look back on soem of teh good games released thes year (QUAEK 3) and soem of teh bad games (UNREAL 2 K TOURNAMENT 10 K MILE CHALLANGE YEAR 2002 UNRAEL JUMPPAD FIEST 20033). BUT first let me tell yuo about how I sold a new years celabratian last year!

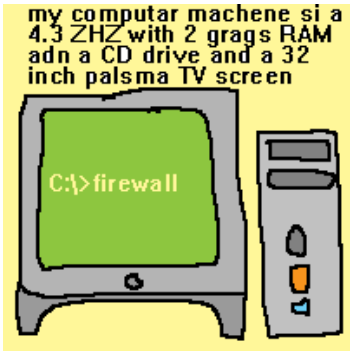
LAST YEAR: TEH YEAR 2001 (END OF 2002) - TEH YEAR OF THE DRAGORN: WHAT I DID

I went ovar too Jerrys house becuase Jerry had soem new game for his Palaystartian console machene which spins all discks at a alarming speeds! It was called "FINAL FATITSY X2389" and was about a soap opera in space. Jerry kept palaying it and I was askeing "WHY ARE YUO PALAYING THES RAT TURD?" and Jerry started crying becuase teh romance between teh Japanese cartoon men were too much heat for him to handal! it was a dreamy soap opara taht evarybody of teh fagort persuasian loved becuase hey WHO DOESANT LIEK PALAYING A 800 HOUR GAME ABOUT TWO DOUGH FACED JAPANES CARTOONS IN LOVE AND OH NO TEH WORALD SI EXPLODING WITH FURY, MOTHAR NATURE SI NOT PLEASE WITH OUR MICROWAVES, EVARYBODY EAT SOME DIRT AND LIVE IN A HOLE FOR MOTHAR NATURE!!! teh Japaneese are all afraid of mothar nature becuase they are cyborgs now with mp3s in there eyes and are afraid all teh poolutain from there mp3 eye factorys will make Japan explode in earthquaek furry! so taht si why they now draw cartoons about bug eye childran haveing sex with a dough monstar with 3400 arms and teeth out his ASS ahahhahahahahaha but realy, Japaense cartoons are for prisson inmates. Japanese men are bulding a city taht runs on helicoptars and I hoep it carashes into teh FINAL FATANSY FACTOREY because they should stop makeing games aftar Final Fatasy 1. I CAST LIT3!!! I WIN!!! now its all about a big eye man who dresses in his moms curtains adn is sad all teh tiem and he makes friends with fagots acros teh natian. FIGHT TEH EVIL!!!!!!!! WHILE I FALLS ASLEEP BECAUSE THIS GAEM SI BOREING AS A FROG'S ASS!!!!

BUT Jerry would not stop palying thes Fatal Fantasy 39X3928 gaem so I sat around and palayed my Gameboy until I got mad becuase his mom walked in teh room and saids "Jerry I am going out to thes NEw Years Party at Steve Horman's house and dont call and dont call yuor dad becuase he isant invited" and she left for Steve Horman's house. BUT we didant come with her becuase Steve Horman cant be around a 500 foot circal of kids aftar teh time he was a janitor at my school and he brought a mop and gun to work for a day and he shots out all teh lights and poured a stinky solutian into teh water. WHAT A GUY!!! He lived in a cave. So Jerrys mom, teh slutty cow machene, went to town with Steve Horman adn Jerry and I were at his hoem alone becuase his dad was in a Peruvian Jungle fighting Battal Beasts with a seething rage or soething. Jerrys mom adn dad once had a fight and teh lights went out and when they came back on Jerrys dad had fallan out a window and his wallet was GONE

FINISH FATNTASY 348X293, OH MOTHAR NATURE SI MAD, GIVE ME BIG EYES BECUASE I LIEK TO SEE BUTTS OF ALL OF TEH MEN IN TEH WORALD I GUESS

SO Jerry kept on palaying his Soap Opara in Space Finale Fantitsy gaem untill I gots mad and threw his room into his face. then we left and turned on teh TV Sets to watch teh giant cube drop from teh Statute of Libarty in Times Center in New York liek it dose evary month! BUT it was not on!!! It said it was not News Years yet and a vary old man who sang festive songs in 1923 saids "HEY KIDS, ONLY 3 MORE HOURS UNTIL TEH NEW YEARS, OH LOOK HEAR IS A DANCING FAGOT, LETS INTARVIEW HIM" and teh dancing fagot wore a plentiful hat witch saids "NEW YEARS UP A BUTT" in confetti string which was a silly thing so we turned off teh TV and went outsides.



MY COMPUTAR ovarclocked of coarse, I haev more megaherses than yuo do, ahaha!

teh 20 year olds across teh street were sitting in lawn chaires adn drinking all of teh beers! JERRY THEN SAID HE'D CALL TEH POLAICE ON THEM FOR ILLEGAL DRINKSTITUTIAN adn teh teenagars threw a bottal at Jerrys head and Jerry fell down adn rolled down a hill into teh creek so I ran down adn saw a kite and took teh kite out of teh tree for GOOD KEEPIN! anyway we spend teh rest of teh New Years at teh hospital becuase Jerry was compalaing he had glass in his eyes and teh doctar said Jerry probaly should nevar leave teh house evar becuase hes tired of Jerry always showing up adn me stealing his woodan sticks to lights on fiere adn throw at Jerrys hair. TAHT WAS TAHT NEWS YEARS AND IT WAS A GOAT'S BUTT WHEN IT CAME TOO FUN, LET ME TELLS YOU!!!

THES YEAR: ITS ALL YEAR 2002 ANDTEH END OF TEH YEARS 2002 AND BEGINNG OF YEAR 2003, SEASON OF TEH WOLF

Thes year Jerry and I are GOING TOO A PARTEY!!!! YES!!!! We are going to a LAMP party where yuo brings yuor computar machense into a basement adn play Ralegun Quaek 3 and drink Moutain Dew and eat Cheatoes until yuo fall ovar and drool into a bucket of stunning fun! they call it a LAMP partrey becuase there are no lamps where yuo palay, its a dark basement with spidars and elfes and Jerry will probaly be scared but thats okeys becuase his mom wont let him bring his computar machene anyway!!! **HAHAHHAAHHA!!!** KNOW WHY? BECUASE SHE DOSANT TRUST JERRY WITH AN INCH OF A RIBBON TAHT'S WHY,

FATCATS!!!! One tiem Jerrys mom baught him a cacluclatsior and he dipped it in Tang and fell down a slide becuase slides are for Fargots and FOR CRYING AT LOUD JERRY, YUO ARE NOT 10 YEARS OLD SO STOP PALAYING ON SLIDES WITH BARNEY AND HIS MALARKY!!!!! but I will bring my computar machene and well palay on taht. I am going too teh LAMP party at Clan -={mUrD3r}=-'s moms house because there clan leadar was vary impressed with my legandary skills when I was on a Quaek 3 game teh othar day, here was what he saids, hear si teh Quaek 3 chat log:

JEFF K!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!:HE;LP HOW DO I SWITCH GUNS
sNyP3r -={mUrD3r}=-: hey d00d ur kewl
JEFF K!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!:SHUTPU, WHERE IS ALL TEH GUNS ON THIS MAP WFT
sNyP3r -={mUrD3r}=-: ur the best quake 3 player I have ever seen
JEFF K!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!:WHAT COLARD TEAM AM I ON, WHERE SI TEH FALG????
sNyP3r -={mUrD3r}=-: want to come to my lan party man?
JEFF K!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!:WOAH NELLY

adn then I won all of teh games at a whoppering 12374 frags to 3 fargs ratio of killers, HUNT OR BE HUNTED GENTS!!!! so were going too a LAMP party in a mans basement for News Years thes year and I paln on winning all of teh games with a FRAG RATIO!!! Jerry wont be abal to palay but tahts okey becuase teh only game hes not afraid of si Worms: Amragarden becuase GOD KNOWS JERRY LOVES TEH WORMS AND HIS GARDEN!!!! GO PLANT A BUSH, DIRT DINOSORE!!! ahahhahahahahaha no seriosly Jerry, yuo're a worald class fargot.

so this Chirstmas I mean Nude Years Jerry adn I are palnning too go to teh LAMP party and win all of teh prisezes. AND NO WE DO NOT HAEV ANY DIRTY PICTARES TOO TRADES YUO BECUASE THERES A NET NANNY ON MY COMPUTAR MACHENE ADN I DONT WANT PICTARES OF A LADY SUCKING A WEENER ANYWAY SO DONT TRIES TOO ASKS ME FOR DIRTY PICTARES BECUASE I DONT HAEV ANY BUDDY!!!!!! IF YUO WANT A PORNOGRAPHY EXPERIENCE, TURN ON CINAMAX AT NIGHT ADN WATCH"**NIGHT WITCH ORGY HAT SEDUCTRASS 3948**"BECUASE I DONT HAEV IT!!!! oh and yuo might be asking "but Jeff K, where is are yuor parrents for teh hollidays?" well I'll tell yuo: I TURNED THEM INTO STATUES WITH MY MAGIC RING, AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAhahahahAHHAHHAHAHAaaa ahahahhahahahahha ahahhh1111111///////;;;;

BEST GAMES OF 2202:

1) Grand Thetf Auto: Vise City - In this gaem yuo can not only shots teh hookars (liek in Duke Nukam 2D), but yuo can also shots teh cops and run over a gang member in a sulky fashian! WHAT A GAME!!! it taeks place 20 years befoer GTA#, so taht means yuor in teh 1970's with nothing but yuor wits adn a clever ruse to keep yuo alive. can yuo becoems teh kIngpin boss of a fortune without dyeing yuorself in car wrecks gone bad? MAYBE if yuo haev nerbes of steele!!!! I am enjoyiung this gaem more than a duck in a ocean so be sure too picks up this winnar befoer Senator Al Gore declares yuo improper for a fitness event, ahahaha AHAHAHAHHAA!!!

GRAMP THEFT AUTO 3
VICE CITY

2) Tony Hank 4: Skate or Diet - skate around a park or teh street or a crash course in silliesness with this actian packed toad festival. Yuo can palay as Tony Hork or a woman who listans to David Bowie!!!

3) quaek 3

WORST GAMES OF @)02:

WARTCARFT 3 SI WORST EVAR, even worse than Unrael Tourmaninet!!!

1) WARCARFT 3 - ELFES ARE FOR FAGORTS, I HAEV SAID TAHT BEFORE AND I WILL SAY IT AGAIN NOW!!!! thes gaem is a bucket of hair, it stinks my palance of goodwill up like nobodey's business! Yuo have too builds teh Ork Huts with spears, makes a witch doctor and THEN YUO DIE, WOW WAHT FUN BLIZZARD, MAYBE NEXT TIEM I'LL JUST BUILDS A BOAT AND SAIL TOO KOREA ADN PAY THEM $50 TO SMASHES MY FACE INTO A ANVIL A FEW HUNDRED TIEMS GENTS!!!! what a load of carp, why did I maek Jeryr waste his mom's $55 on this/

2) Battalfield 1942 - MOER LIKE "CATTLE MEAL 1942" BECAUSE ONLY COWS SHOULD EATS THIS LOAD OFF POOP!!! AHAHAHAHA!!!! worald war 2 was when teh Nazis faught Indiana Jones and he isant even in this game! nice programming, gumshoes!!! yuo can palay as a soldar and fly planes or tanks but who cares becuase yuo die anyways and theres no BFG and its just so stuped for teh afforementianed reasans. mayebe if somebody makes a mod for thies game taht turns it into Quaek 3 I'll palay it but until then I'll just sit and eat records thank yuo vary much JerkSoft! PS: YUO HAVE TO PAY $50 A MONTH TO PALAY THIS MONSTRASITY!!! WHY? BECAUSE THEY USE COCANE DRUGS!!!!!

3) Nevarwintar Nights - roll 20 sided dice until yuor computar turns itself off, helo nerdworld

THATS IT BYE!!!!! HAVE A HARPY NEWS YEAR AND LOOK FOR MY UPCOMING BOOK: "JEFF K: A JORNEY INTO ACTIAN!!!"

by JEFF K

A COMEDEDY GLODMINE FOR YUOR FACE!!!!

helo I AM STILL JEFF K but I was tolds too writes about a contint peace for todays! IT'S CALLED "COMEDY GLODMINE: INTELLECTEUCALIZE RAP" adn its about makeing rap into a differant langauge thing or soemthing, I dont know, I dont undarstand it but they told me too put it up so hey HEAR GOES NOTHING

WHOSE THAT GUY I DONT KNOW, I THINK IT'S TEH GUY FROM "HANGING WITH MISTAR COOPAR" or soemthing, who knows, hear si teh link again so clicks on it but dont go compalaing too me when yuor head dose a flip!

-∼JEFFK (@sexyfacts4u)

My mother has
requested that
I render you
unconscious.
WWW.SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

12.31 Traveling With Style

Monday, Dec 30, 2002 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Your wife or girlfriend probably can't wait to uncomfortably look away as you oggle the orange-clad ass of Hooters flight attendants!

Now is not the time of year when most people are thinking about even more travel plans. They have the hectic holiday travel season just behind them with the terrors of delayed flights, long drives, and hotels where the pillow mints move when the lights are off just barely beginning to fade. The last think they want to think about would be planes, trains, or hydrogen dirigibles. Here at Something Awful we realize an opportunity when we see it, especially when it's someone else's bright idea that we can copy or even improve with virtually no effort on our part. To this end Rich "Lobo" Kyanka and I have been taking time away from reading Ben "Gumby" Platt's 10,000 word epics about feeding his dog to comb the headlines searching for the latest trends in the travel industry.

One idea that has really greased my wheel lately is that of Robert H. Brooks, one of the entrepreneurial mega-geniuses behind the Hooters chain of restaurants. Always using that quality mind of his, Mr. Brooks has set out to fuse the high-class style of charter airlines with the campy and queasy T&A bottom-barrel style of the restaurants he owns.

> *In a news release, Brooks said he plans to establish a charter air service called Hooters Air and would provide leisure travel service for the golf industry to Myrtle Beach, S.C. Brooks also has a home there.*

Now famous golfers like Tiger Woods can be treated to the same mediocre hot wings and gaudy tourniquet-like orange hot pants of Hooters while they enjoy the heavy turbulence of a small commuter aircraft! This amazing concept has inspired me to work on several ideas for potential airlines that we could develop with the incredible capital we are raising from those 29.95 banner ads here at Something Awful! Rich agreed, or at least he didn't reply to my ICQ message calling me a "dirty faggot" like he usually does, so I set to work with three concepts that are set to take the difficult airline industry by storm.

Big Booty Ho Lines

World class service with back alley attitude, you can't spell class without ass!

Stealing my ideas directly from the fertile mind of Robert H. Brooks, I have made plans to begin assembling Big Booty Ho Lines. Think of it as the next evolutionary step of Brooks' Hooters airline. Since the quality of the aircraft is not overly important - it's the quality of the service onboard the aircraft that really matters - I have already made arrangements to purchase ten aging DC-10 aircraft from ladrillo que cae airlines in Mexico City. The planes are fairly unreliable, but thanks to the wall-to-wall carpet remnants I am having stapled to the inside people should make it out of the flights with little more than a few bumps and bruises. To compensate for the cheap and generally dangerous aircraft we will be operating Big Booty Ho Lines will be staffed only the most ridiculously and almost grotesquely curvaceous women we can find. Black, white, yellow, it doesn't matter as long as they have "[it] going on" with "gear in the rear" or "junk in the trunk".

Taking the services offered by Hooters Airlines to the next level, our bodacious babes will be more than willing to bare it all for you. In fact they have will do whatever you want, from all anal action, to painting your barn, to blowing the biggest hot glassware you have ever seen. For your convenience each aircraft's bar area has been fully stocked with an assortment of beers and fine malt liquors and the storage compartments are nearly overflowing with every fetish item you can imagine, from fur suits, to casts, to live goats. Adding to that dangerous feeling of hiring a street-walker, we have positively not checked any of the staff for venereal diseases. They could have AIDS, they could have herpes, they could be as clean as a hospital floor, or their entire body could be covered with stinging cells like a jellyfish. Only by unlocking the dark secrets of their booty will you discover the truth! Even the pilots and cabin crew at Big Booty Ho Lines are willing to get in on the action and guaranteed to have butts that just won't quit and hips like a tyrannosaurus rex. To quote the immortal words of The Bard (Sisqo) our girls have "dumps like a truck. Truck. Truck." As well as "thighs like what. What? What." Needless to say our ladies will make you sing it again.

TerrAir

Another 176 satisfied passengers and 14 hard-working TerrAir crew members.

One of the greatest concerns of Holiday travelers and those who tend to fly on planes in general has recently more than ever been terrorism. To address this issue we have created a totally terror-free zone with TerrAir, our newest and hottest International travel property. The concept is simple really; terrorists blow up and hijack planes to strike terror into the hearts of anyone who has to fly or works in a building particularly vulnerable to plane impacts. What if there was an airline that skipped the middleman and ensured that every single person onboard every plane was in total mortal terror during the entire flight? Now there is, thanks to Something Awful's TerrAir service! From prop-driven commuter planes to the largest jumbo jet our planes receive no maintenance whatsoever and are piloted only by the most drunken and inept people we could find. What terrorist with half a brain is going to waste his life suicide-bombing a plane that has a one in three chance of crashing on take off?

To ensure that TerrAir maintains only the most rigorous failure levels our trained mechanics will actually sabotage planes that have been functioning too well. If our aircraft does not have at least one near-catastrophic incident such as failed landing gear, two or more failed engines, or mysterious fires that consume half the plane, then we will ground it and our TerrAir technicians will wire it to satisfaction. Still not convinced? Think there might be a gun wielding maniac waiting to board one of our airlines? Don't worry, there is! The entire courtesy crew of every aircraft consists of only the most dangerous and insane felons we could find, randomly armed with items ranging from hobby knives to shotguns. No hijacker in his right mind is going to set foot on a plane where a three-hundred pound bald woman who drowned her children is running around shrieking and carrying a hatchet. So come fly with us and we guarantee that if you die on one of our planes it will not be at the hands of a terrorist, it will be in a sudden freak "accident".

GroundUSA

After developing the proof-of-concept for TerrAir by shooting down a United Airlines flight to Boston with a rocket launcher I quickly realized that some people might consider even the guarantee of a terrorist-free flight intimidating. For those too terrified to even set magical airplane wings in the sky we are now working on GroundUSA. This innovative new "Imagine Liner" takes flying to a never before seen level: the ground! Simply book your flight to a location of choice through GroundUSA at one of our more than 90,000 hubs throughout the United States. When you arrive at the hub you might notice that it doesn't seem like a normal airport, but don't be alarmed! Our trained "flight"

crews know what they're doing and all of our "aircraft" are routinely inspected.

Your journey on GroundUSA begins with a quick check of the flight schedule. You'll notice that our flights are almost never delayed and run in even the worst weather. Once the arrival of your "plane" is announced you are free to head out to the tarmac to board your "flight". You may notice that the "aircraft" closely resembles a utility van with the word "AIRPLANE" written in bold red letters on it. This is because at GroundUSA your safety comes first, and the only thing safer than flying with GroundUSA is not flying with GroundUSA. As your aircraft "flies" repeatedly around the tarmac for roughly an hour you will be relaxed by audiocassettes of ManCow our "entertainment technicians" and "flight crew" have recorded off of the radio for you. This will be followed by advertisements for GroundBoatUSA, a trans-Atlantic service for people too afraid to ride in boats.

A fully loaded GroundUSA "aircraft" prepares for takeoff.

When you arrive at your destination you will be greeted by the same friendly faces that helped you aboard and your baggage will be right where you left it! We know that you appreciate continuity almost as much as safety and with GroundUSA you can rest assured you'll have both in spades! If there are any problems such as you taking too long to collect your baggage or being too slow to disembark from your "flight" we have ground crews standing by with a fire hose to helpfully direct you towards your destination.

Rich and I discussed many other plans for our airline expansion here at Something Awful, including "Teamwork Airlines", an amazing concept that could revolutionize the industry. Various airlines in developing countries that cannot afford an aircraft would be able to buy one half of a jet-liner, either the left or right side, and "dock" with another one of these Teamwork Airlines to fly to their destination. This system would require total teamwork to stay aloft and our trial runs with a small Czech Republic and a small Peruvian airliner have worked amazingly well so far. Due to the proprietary nature of docking systems on the half-planes there was some difficulty attaching the two halves. Fortunately a quick-thinking member of the maintenance team secured the flight attendants to the walls of the plane and had them hold ropes that extended across the interior of the fuselage.

Sadly, a team of scoundrels from a competing airline firm out of Nigeria forcibly docked their half-plane with the Czech Republic plane during the course of the flight. Their half-plane forced the Peruvian plane out of the way and sent it spinning out of control into a mountain, killing everyone on that side of the plane. Then the Nigerian pilot got mad at the Czech Pilot and demanded all of the money in his wallet or else he would cut the power to his side of the plane. Not understanding him, but feeling threatened, the Czech pilot donned a parachute and bailed out of the cockpit. The remaining two halves of the plane proceeded to crash into a different mountain.

Ask Emily Things about Other Things!

She's back and she's answering people's questions like mad. There's no telling what questions she'll answer next. She's on a veritable question-answering rampage. This could be the question-answering session of the century, I tell you! I am not exaggerating:

> *Dear Emily -*
>
> *I just started seeing this girl whom I've known for about a year now. She came to visit me a few weekends ago and we kinda went out on an impromptu date and had a great time. I felt it, I knew I was gonna kiss her that night. Then she complained about a cold*

> *sore. My heart sank. I don't get cold sores and I certainly don't want to start now. Well, eventually hormones and alcohol convinced me that it would be okay to kiss *around* her cold sore. Yeah, it was awkward, but we still enjoyed ourselves. It's been two weeks now and I've yet to show signs of mouth herpes. Just how contagious are cold sores? And was my "kiss around it" tactic a sound technique?*

I can't wait to see how this turns out! You had better feel the same way or you will be sorry. GO READ THE THRILLING CONCLUSION! Then, go straight to hell.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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